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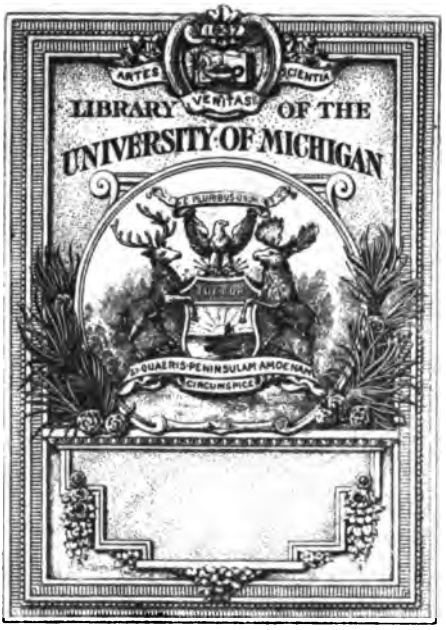
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THE CANADIAN MONTHLY AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOLUME VII.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1875.

TORONTO:
ADAM STEVENSON & CO.
1875.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1875, by ADAM, STEVENSON, & Co. in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

TORONTO:
HUNTER, ROSE & Co.,
Printers.

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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 7.] JANUARY, 1875. [No. 1.

OLD AND NEW IN CANADA.

FEW acts that we perform bring with them more of inward admonition than the changing of the date as we enter upon a new year. How often by force of habit we write mechanically the old familiar figures, only to be reminded, as we correct them, of days that are no more. The feelings excited within us, as we think of the year that has gone, vary with our individual experiences; but to all, except the very young or the very thoughtless, reflections are suggested that ought to be, and no doubt are, in a greater or less degree wholesome. The flight of time leaves us all something to mourn over, or, at least, regret. Our standard of duty and our aim in life must have been low if we have fully realized either the one or the other. There is no sense in undue self-depreciation, and when a man has, upon the whole, done well, he ought to acknowledge the fact to himself, though he need not boast of it to others. But who that has done well does not feel that he might, and therefore ought, to have done better? It is the most elevated characters, as a rule, those whose lives are the worthiest, that know least of the pleasures of self-complacency.

Not a few, perhaps, as they review the past, will confess to themselves that they have *not* done well; but, however sadly the confession may be made, the advent of the New Year, with all its accompaniments of social and family rejoicing, should inspire in such a manly trust that, in the future, the errors of the past may be atoned for or retrieved. Who indeed does not feel nerved at this time for more serious and worthy efforts? Who does not hope that the New Year will be better than its predecessor? Too often, alas, such hopes are illusory; but it is well that they should come and shed at least a transitory gleam over our lives, and raise us, though it be but for a moment, above our ordinary selves. There are cases, however, in which but a little quickening or encouragement is needed to lift a man decisively into a higher plane of life, and this, the advent of a new year, with its opening vista of hopes and possibilities, is as likely as anything else to supply. The past has indeed borne away with it many precious opportunities; but has it not also borne away our errors, and left us in present possession of experience? Let us then, at such a time as this, endeavour to realize

rather the advantages of our present position than the extent of our past failures; let us enter bravely on the advancing year, not boasting ourselves of victories yet unwon, but inwardly resolving to fight a good fight, and make the very best of what life has yet in store for us.

"The healthy sense of progress," says Ruskin, "which is necessary to the strength and happiness of men, does not consist in the anxiety of a struggle to obtain higher place or rank, but in gradually perfecting the manner, and accomplishing the ends, of the life we have chosen, or which circumstances have determined for us." To live worthily we must set before us an ideal, and that ideal must be something more than mere worldly success. The love of the beautiful and the true must enter into it in some measure, or it is no ideal at all, and our lives, guided by none but vulgar and selfish motives, will be thoroughly prosaic and unlovely. What, therefore, taking any high view of human nature and its destiny, it chiefly concerns every one to know is, what character he is building up or has built up for himself—what in fact he is, essentially, leaving accidents of fortune and position out of sight. These considerations are of equal applicability in the wider sphere of national affairs. Our trade returns give us a measure of the country's material prosperity, but they do not furnish an answer to the question of most interest to every high-minded citizen—in what direction the national character is developing itself from year to year? We know there are multitudes of men who could scarcely by any possible effort raise themselves to the level of such a question as this; but none the less shall we venture to treat it as *the* question of the hour and of every hour. We believe with the poet, that "there is a higher and a lower," and we desire that each may be recognized for what it is. It is well that the country should thrive commercially and industrially; but unless we are to accept once for all the doctrine that it is better for a man to be successful than honest, we must hold, and hold strenuously, that a nation's highest interest is its character. In the present stage of our country's development a weighty responsibility rests upon all who have, in any measure, the direction of public opinion. There are alternative courses open to us, and we have even now to choose upon which we shall enter. Shall we as a people show that we have inherited the best qualities, and are prepared to emulate the best achievements of the great historic races to whom we trace our origin; or shall we ignobly content ourselves with just enough of public virtue to save the state from disintegration? Shall we realize fully our responsibilities as a self-governing people, and make our example one that shall strengthen the cause of good government throughout the world? Shall we have the courage to look within us rather than without us for solutions of our political problems, judging of questions less with reference to what others may have done, or attempted to do, before us, than with reference to what seems best in view of our own circumstances and capabilities? Shall ours be the timid creeping temperament that waits for others to risk an experiment, shunning all initiative even in matters calling loudly for action; or shall we feel that, not only individually but as a nation, we should be prepared to quit us like men, and bear our part bravely in the struggles and chances from which no life, individual or collective, can ever be free? Shall we have real faith in liberty and truth, or shall we listen to the treacherous suggestion that the opinion of the majority should in certain matters be exempt from criticism? Shall every citizen be free to utter his sincere opinion on any and every subject, or shall we adopt the maxim propounded some time ago by a most influential authority, that the proper answer to certain arguments is to knock the speaker's hat over his eyes? In a word, shall we be

a high-minded or a low-minded people? Shall it be our aim to occupy in due time a dignified place among the nations, bearing our own burdens and running our own risks, or shall we be content to slink through history in obscure dependence, caring only that for us an adequate supply of butter be spread upon an adequate supply of bread?

These, and such as these, are the practical issues which it is given to the Canadian people to decide. We study the signs of the times with an earnest desire to ascertain, if possible, what they promise for the future. Some of them, unfortunately, are only too discouraging. An eloquent French writer asked with astonishment, some thirty years ago, how it was that, among so many clever things that had been said on the subject of popular education, no one had thought of saying that the real education of a free country lay in the permanent spectacle of its politics. This thought has been expressed often enough, in one shape or another, of late years, but even so, we do not give it the heed that it deserves. A corrupt administration of public affairs exercises a directly corrupting influence on the country at large; and an administration which, without being in the full sense of the word corrupt, is characterized by party narrowness, and by a general absence of high or generous principle, exerts an influence perhaps scarcely less injurious, because it gives a kind of sanction to the most prevalent vices of society. Of late our politics have not been gaining in dignity or nobility, but whether the people take much to heart what has been amiss is extremely doubtful. Constituencies welcome back to their bosoms representatives whose elections have been cancelled for dishonest practices. It would indeed seem as if there was a general disposition to sympathize with men who have been put to serious trouble simply because they, or their friends for them, would buy votes right and left. Localism, too, is rampant everywhere: the man elected by his fellow-citizens to Parliament or to a Provincial Assembly, knows that the special interests of his constituency, not the general interests of the country, are those over which he has to watch with the greatest vigilance, and for his dealings with which he will be held to the strictest account. It may be said that party, whatever evils it may bring with it, tends to check this spirit of sectional selfishness, inasmuch as we find certain constituencies steadily returning Opposition representatives, and so, to a great extent, cutting themselves off from such advantages as the Government of the day may have at their disposal. There would be more force in this argument if it were not tolerably well known that the constituencies practising such political heroism are looking forward to a good time coming when the loaves and fishes will be distributed upon a different principle, or, more correctly, upon the same principle differently applied. With such a prospect in view, it only needs a little tenacity in clinging to familiar associations to nerve a constituency for enduring the cold shade of opposition for a term of years. At the same time there is a *little* virtue in not going over incontinently to the winning side; and, if party is the cause of this, let party have the credit, for it needs it, goodness knows.

In a free country, the newspaper press reflects, perhaps with greater fidelity than anything else, the morals and culture of the people. We have no wish to disparage the press of Canada. In point of talent and enterprise it is a credit to the country. We have seen in Canadian newspapers many an article by no means unworthy, in vigour of thought or in literary execution, of the best journals of London or New York. There are brains enough among our writers to make the press all that it ought to be, and a much greater power for good than it really is. What we miss, as a general thing, is that outspoken sincerity which gives language its chief force. Our writers, ranged as they are on opposite sides of the great political battle-field, are

not free to utter what they think, or if they are free, do not care to use their freedom. Their articles are the pleadings of so many professional advocates, not the sincere declarations of men desirous only to lay the truth before their readers. Here and there, and now and then we see exceptions. It is hard for a man of any native independence of character not to throw off the livery of party sometimes, and boldly speak the word that he feels to be true and seasonable. When this happens, the more orthodox members of the party pronounce their erring brother eccentric and dangerous, very much as the older heads of a church pronounce sentence upon some young and ardent divine who has began to show immoral doubts as to Noah's Ark or Jonah's whale. There are shakings of the head, and expressions of regret, and predictions of loss of influence, &c.; what really troubles these sage authorities being a horrible doubt as to the prospects of party government should the practice of telling the truth in the papers ever become at all general. That such assertions of independence are not more frequent is really a significant fact. If the public, as is generally the case, is pleased to find a man discussing a public question with impartiality, why is not the thing oftener done? The reason we believe to be this: newspaper men feel that society is, in some rough, ill-defined way, divided between two parties, and that every journal must place its chief dependence on one or the other. It is very well to indulge now and then, at distant intervals, in a little bit of brilliant criticism at the expense of the party with which you habitually act, but the thing must not be carried too far, or nobody will know where to find you. The serious question will arise as to whether you are a Conservative or a Reformer; and if you are found to be neither one nor the other, you must have rare merits not to be cast off entirely by the very community it is your object to serve. As yet, unfortunately, people in general can only think of an Independent in politics as a kind of nondescript, a man of no settled views, whom it is not safe to trust. Newspaper editors and proprietors know this, and consequently it is but seldom and fitfully that the banner of independence is flung to the breeze. In fact hitherto there has been no steady breeze to fling it to—nothing but an occasional puff; so that the noble piece of bunting has hardly had time to show its pattern before it has fallen in limp disgust around the supporting flagstaff.

Another defect of our press, akin to that we have already mentioned, is the extreme conventionality of its tone in dealing with fundamental questions to which the restrictions of party politics do not apply. In England the highest statesmen in the land express, without the least reserve, their opinions in favour of, or against, the retention of the colonies; and many of the most eminent of both political parties have expressed themselves decidedly in favour of an early severance of the union, at least with Canada. Here, how many precautions our writers and speakers take! How many apologies are offered for the least concession to the opinions of those who favour separation! What copious professions of loyalty! How the necessity for discussing the question at all is deplored, and how ready every one is to move a hoist of a thousand years! When Venus has made half a dozen more transits, the question may then possibly come up for discussion in some practical shape; but at present no one but a revolutionist, or a theorist, which is the same thing, could possibly wish to regard it as a "live issue."

Now there is no question on which, as we think, dogmatism is more out of place than this one of the future relations of the colonies to Great Britain. No one can, with any shadow of reason, pretend that all the arguments are on one side; and therefore whatever view any particular thinker takes, he ought to remember that there are other and contrary opinions quite as much entitled to a respectful hearing as his own. But

what we contend for at present is, that there is no justification for the timid, and (to repeat the word we used before) conventional manner in which the question is dealt with by the Canadian press. If English statesmen, like Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone, Sir Charles Adderley, Mr. Bright, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Ayrton, can express themselves freely in favour of an early separation of Canada from Great Britain, there is surely no reason why a stigma should be attached to a Canadian who shares the same views. To grow hysterical, as some of our newspapers do, whenever the subject is mentioned, betokens at once weakness and insincerity, and is very little suggestive of faith in the destinies of this great Dominion. In England a writer like Mr. Frederic Harrison, can discuss the institution of monarchy itself with a freedom which here would have exposed him to insults on every hand: there he was simply criticised, for the most part with great good temper and moderation. In England the well-known historian, E. A. Freeman, could speak of the rejoicings over the recovery of the Prince of Wales as "an extraordinary outburst of flunkeyism." Whether the phrase was entirely justifiable we are not in a position to say; but it illustrates, at least, the freedom of speech which Englishmen hold themselves entitled to use. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, at the very time when the papers were filled with reports of the ceremonies gone through on that auspicious occasion, and when the ultra-loyal were boasting of the unshakable hold the monarchy had upon the affections of the English people, took occasion to point out how very short a time before the deposition and imprisonment of Louis XVI., all parties in France were vying with one another in bepraising their sovereign, and proclaiming how indispensable he was to the welfare of the state. Instances like these might be multiplied *ad infinitum* to show that what nobody would dare to utter here is freely uttered in the mother country, and that not by obscure or ignorant people, but by men of mark whose words command the attention of the most influential classes. Why should this be so? We boast sometimes that, though we are Canadians by residence, we are Englishmen by race and citizenship: then why not be Englishmen in temper and courage?

The same timidity that marks every expression of opinion in this country upon fundamental political questions, manifests itself not less strikingly in the region of philosophical speculation. We are not now advancing any opinions of our own upon philosophical topics; nor do we, in the most remote way, wish to claim for any set of opinions a position of advantage over any other. Our purpose is simply to call attention to the astonishing uniformity with which the newspaper press of Canada gives forth the safest of all possible opinions whenever the utterances of any "advanced thinker," like Tyndall or the late John Stuart Mill, are under consideration. Is there really such absolute agreement among all the leaders of opinion upon such matters? It seems to us that in private life men are occasionally met with who do not look with a very severe eye on either philosophical or theological heterodoxy; but, somehow or other, their opinions do not find their way into print.* The opinions of the masses in these matters constitute a law that no one seems disposed to question. We must look to the mother country again if we want to see signs of the most characteristic intellectual movement of the present age. Here we are all of one way of thinking. The infallibility of Pope Public Opinion has been tacitly decreed, and those who do not assent to the dogma are wise enough to hold their tongues.

Are there no indications, however, of a

* Certain letters that have lately appeared in the "Nation" form a startling exception to this statement.

revolt against the somewhat oppressive uniformity of our national culture. Fortunately there are, or it would be impossible not to conclude that Canada was making a very poor start in the race for national greatness. A new generation is springing up, to whom the history of the Double Shuffle is like a tale of little meaning, however strong the words may be in which it is told—a generation who do not find that their views, as to what is desirable for the country, are adequately represented by either of the existing parties, and who have resolved that their influence shall be devoted to securing for Canada a higher type of government than she has ever hitherto enjoyed. The giants of party warfare laughed to scorn at first the striplings, as they deemed them, who stood forth and challenged them to combat; but more than one well-directed pebble has smitten the foreheads of the boasters, and given them cause, at least, for serious and painful reflection.

The great service which, as we believe, the new claimants for political influence will render the country, will be the raising of the general standard of political morality, and inspiring what is so much lacking in the masses—faith in reason as applied to public affairs. The immoralities of a grosser kind which are incident to partizanship in politics, are known to every one, and have been sufficiently discussed in the pages of this Magazine; but what is not so thoroughly understood is the intellectual and moral confusion, the desolating scepticism, both as to men's motives and as to the validity of all logical processes, produced by the permanent spectacle of two bodies of men professing to speak the truth upon public questions, and yet, with monotonous regularity, contradicting one another on every point. Is it any wonder that, under such a system, true and false, honest and dishonest, should come to be regarded as words empty of meaning; since what is false to one party is true to the other, while the patriots and heroes of the one are the intriguers and corruptionists of the other? It is only necessary to talk to half a dozen average voters in succession to find how little they feel the force of any appeal to conscience or reason in connection with politics, and how very feebly, if at all, they identify the interests of the country with their own. You seem, in fact, if you try to discuss these things with them seriously, like a bringer-in of strange doctrines—a man from whom it is advisable to sheer off at the earliest possible moment.

The Party of the Future, therefore, if we may venture to call it so, has not made its appearance a day too soon. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that it has suddenly sprung out of nothing. *Ex nihilo nihil* is a maxim no less rigorously true in regard to political organizations than in regard to the visible forms of creation. There have been men in the country at all times who have been disposed to regard the exercise of their political functions as a high and important trust, and who, though they may have co-operated to some extent with one or other political party, have steadily refused to reconcile or adapt themselves to the prevailing tone of political morals. These, however, have been scattered in different places, and their voices have, for the most part, been all but lost amid the noisy strife of factions. That they have not entirely failed of influence was happily proved when the country was summarily called upon to decide whether or not it would condone the misdeeds of the late Government in the matter of the Pacific Railway Charter. We have heard the action of Sir John A. Macdonald warmly defended by men of rather more than average understanding and character. Over and over again it has been pleaded that he did nothing more than any other politician would have done in his place, and that, believing his continuance in power a necessity for the country, he was justified in using any and every means for securing that end. Why was it that

these sophistries, only too readily welcomed by many, failed to decide the issue? It was because nearly all honest minds rejected them, because nearly the whole influence of the intelligent and uncorrupted portion of the community was thrown against the immoral doctrines which, to save a party leader, were being so openly preached. Before, good men had been more or less divided between the two political parties; but the facts suddenly laid before the country bore to the generality of honest minds but one construction, and hence the immediate disturbance of the balance of parties. What degree of disapprobation of Sir John Macdonald's proceedings was felt by the average voter, there might perhaps not be much satisfaction in knowing with exactness.

It is well that a country should possess virtue enough to take a right course in great crises, but it is far better that its ordinary politics should bear the stamp of high principle. There is little merit in merely avoiding great crimes, but there is much in guarding day by day against common temptations, and conscientiously performing common duties. The question remains to be answered: How did the country get into the state which rendered the Pacific Railway Scandal a possibility? Through what multiplied omissions of duty, through what multiplied yieldings to improper suggestions did the constitutencies of this country bring themselves into the condition that encouraged Sir John A. Macdonald to employ such means as he did for perpetuating his power?

The advantage of a live party whose one great object is to promote a healthier political life in the country is that, if it is properly energetic, its influence will be felt not occasionally only, at critical periods, but from day to day; and it will thus prevent the moral tone of the body politic falling to that low point which is so favourable to the breaking out of virulent maladies. It is a great encouragement, besides, to those who are in favour of honest and good Government to know that they have active sympathizers whose efforts united to their own are likely to be productive of marked results. A third point not less important than either of these is, that when once an influential organ has begun to discuss public affairs impartially and dispassionately, the old hypocritical pretence that truth in regard to political matters cannot be had, ceases to be tenable. There are a great many persons in the world who want to do wrong but who require a pretext; if you utterly destroy their pretext there is a chance that they will not face the naked, undisguised sin. Reason may thus be made a valuable ally of conscience.

The political movement here adverted to was, at the outset, undoubtedly, an intellectual movement. It was the revolt of educated and thoughtful men against the inanity and worse than inanity of what was offered to them as political discussion. It was, we may also reasonably believe, a direct product, in some measure, of that higher culture which the universities and colleges of our land are steadily promoting. In part it was the work of one eminent and generous mind who, in proportion as his disinterested and enlightened zeal for the good of the country won him the hatred of the leading party journals, found himself gaining the esteem and confidence of all the better portion of the community—the portion, to wit, whose moral and intellectual perceptions had not been hopelessly blunted by the evil principles and methods of our politics. To say that the movement is one which attracts young rather than old or middle-aged men, is simply to say that it is one which substitutes for the cynical maxims which so largely govern men in later life, principles that appeal to generous and uncorrupted feeling. It is a matter, we think, for no ordinary rejoicing, that the youth of Canada do begin to show a lively interest in public affairs, and that they seem conscious of ideas and aspirations different from those of their pre-

decessors. As Quinet has eloquently said, "Every generation before them has accomplished its work, and they have also theirs, the sacred type of which they bear within themselves."* The men in actual possession of power tell them they have come too late to accomplish anything new or great, that political institutions have assumed their final shape, that society has settled down into unalterable habits; in a word, that the thing that hath been is the thing that shall be: but those who feel that in them the spirit of the world has renewed itself, will not be silenced or subjugated by such discourses. They have their own share of original creative energy, and must bear their own distinct part in rearing the edifice of civilization. It does not follow that because men are young they will despise experience. A great deal is offered, however, as experience, that is not experience at all in the true sense of the word. Numbers of men will tell you now, "as the result of their experience," that there is no use trying to prevent bribery at elections; and it is certainly true that the older men grow the more disposed they are to tolerate abuses—the more readily they conclude that all kinds of evils are irremediable. It is the glory, not the weakness, of youth to reject the experience that lends a sanction to wrong, and to resolve—even though it be without a full appreciation of the difficulties to be overcome—that the experience of the past shall not be the experience of the future.

We want, as has already been hinted, more originality in this country. The way to be original is, not to make a point of differing from other people as much as possible—that, in an individual, means simple affectation and vanity—but to guard against the habit of adopting from others customs and habits without any examination of their suitability in our own case. If we only copy others in so far as it is clearly for our own good that we should do so, and in all other cases adopt a line of action of our own, we shall be as original as there is any need to be. The same thing applies of course to opinions; there are some that we must take on trust, if at all, because we are not competent judges of their subject matter, but there many which we are quite competent to examine, and yet take on trust all the same. The habit of Canada in the past has been to look to England for the initiative in everything. How long, does any one suppose, we should have gone on trying controverted elections before Parliamentary Committees, if Mr. Disraeli had not shown us a more excellent way? The ballot is not an institution we particularly admire, but here again Canada follows scrupulously in the wake of the Mother Country, the Australian colonies having long preceded her in the same path. If England had not, early in the century, relaxed the stringency of her laws on the subject of Trades' Unions, it is extremely doubtful whether Sir John A. Macdonald would have had the courage to come forth two years ago as "the working man's friend." As a previous writer in this Magazine has pointed out, the costly broad gauge which our Canadian railways have just abandoned after so much inconvenience, was adopted from England with little or no thought as to whether it was suitable to the requirements of this country. It is high time that we began to trust our own mother-wit a little more, and not look abroad for precedents and examples before we dare move hand or foot. No one but a fool will make light of experience, but when for the sake of profiting by other people's experience we forego all independent movement of our own, we turn that which should be a blessing into a bane; and, in our extreme carefulness to avoid small mistakes, run a serious risk of committing enormous ones.

It rests with the rising generation in Canada to show what is in them of original im-

* "Le Christianisme et la Revolution Française," p. 13.

pulse, to show how they have learnt the lessons of the times, and how they understand the country's needs. We must profess our faith in that "Modern Culture" which a leading English Review has lately so seriously impeached.* We believe that the heart of the present generation is in the right place, and that the chief tendencies of the time are in a right direction. And, because such is our belief, we are intensely desirous that Canada should keep well abreast of the most progressive communities in all that relates to her intellectual and moral, as well as political, life. Let every one then bring to the common weal his own appropriate contribution. "Let every one," as the great Apostle has said, "minister according to the proportion of faith." A high order of faith is what we need in order to be truly useful to the State, that faith in right which comes, as the poet has told us, of self-control, or in other words, of the daily practice of right in our own lives, and the harmonizing of our individual desires with the general good. This is the faith that overcomes the only dangerous materialism of the age, that, namely, which consists in asserting and believing that selfishness is the *primum mobile* of human society, and that money is the one lever that can move the world. Its appropriate expression is not national self-glorification, but strenuous devotion to all worthy causes. The man who tries to work himself into a persuasion that the country he inhabits must necessarily be great, and glorious, and powerful, is a mere simpleton; but the man who feels deeply his own responsibility to the State, and tries to discharge that responsibility faithfully, is the type of a good citizen.

The New Year is now before us. It will bring much work for each one of us to do: to some it will offer opportunities of important public usefulness; to some it will present critical alternatives of right and wrong; to every one it will bring some righteous cause to vindicate, some evil principle to condemn. The page before us is white and stainless: let us endeavour so to act that when snatched away, its record full, it may tell of lives not entirely devoted to personal objects, of good intentions not wholly unfulfilled, of worthy aims not quite unrealized. Familiar as they are, why not quote again the solemn verses translated from Gœthe by one whose own laborious and noble life has been one of the grandest lessons of the age:

> "Heard are the Voices,
> Heard are the sages,
> The worlds and the ages;
> 'Choose well, your choice is
> Brief and yet endless;
>
> Here eyes do regard you
> In eternity's stillness;
> Here is all fulness,
> Ye brave to reward you;
> Work and despair not.'"

* London *Quarterly Review*, Oct., 1874.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

BENEATH the frosty starlight of December,
The old year silently hath sped away,
And solemn chimes are bidding us remember
That this is New Year's Day.

Yet, as old friends who, faithful and true-hearted,
Gather to talk of one they've laid to rest,
And cherish looks and tones of the departed,
And think they loved *him* best;

So, round the vanished year, its joys and sorrows,
Our thoughts still linger with a tender clasp,
And even its saddest hour some sweetness borrows,
Since wrested from our grasp.

Its springtide promise, hours of summer gladness,
Bright autumn days when Nature's bounties fall,
And hours when faith and hope have conquered sadness—
Perchance the best of all!

And though too conscious sin and failure darkens
The shadowy retrospect our thoughts pursue,
Yet at the Cross our hearts may leave the burden,
And so begin anew.

Then, turning from its dear familiar pages,
Dear, although some are blurred with many a tear,
We add them to the roll of by-past ages,
And say—A glad *New* Year

For all we love! yet knowing well that never
Since Eden's gates the angel closed for aye,
Could human wishes shut out pain, or sever
Sorrow from life's brief day!

Still, Hope is ours—man's dearest gift from heaven;
And so the old familiar wish is said,
That sunny days and bright hours may be given;
Or if, indeed, instead

Dark ones are sent by Wisdom never-failing
Our little love and wisdom far above—
His presence may go with them, still unveiling
The sunshine of His love!

And still we hope and wait that better season
That shall ring out the evil of the times,
Not yet, not yet, we hear its glad orison—
Its clear, unclouded chimes!

Still lasts the weary reign of pain and terror,
Man grinding in the dust his fellow-man—
Upholding, in his blindness, wrong and error,
Brute force and tyrant's ban.

Still Wrong, unblushing, sitteth in high places,
And Falsehood stalks with a triumphant tread,
And Greed and Avarice, with brazen faces,
Would sell the poor for bread.

And still doth brother misconceive his brother,
Though fighting, side by side, with kindred aims,
Wounding, misjudging, hindering each other
Because of differing *names!*

Soon may *He* come to whom the right is given
To rule the nations while He makes them *free*,
Whose reign is light and love, and peace and heaven!
Unto the utmost sea!

When shall it dawn—that golden age of gladness,
The world's long hope—and it hath waited long—
Ringing out war and discord, sin and sadness,
In a new Christmas song?

Perchance—perchance, that glorious day is breaking,
Whose hope the weary heart with rapture fills;
Lone watchers see its golden dawn awaking
Beyond the distant hills!

Meantime, for all we love and fain would gather
Beneath the wings of Thy most tender care,
We thank Thee, oh our living, loving Father,
That Thou dost answer prayer!

That, every helpless longing, wordless yearning,
Fain to bring help, yet powerless to redress—
Laid on Thy heart, to strength our weakness turning,
Even *our* love can bless!

But if, as some would dream, Thy love were banished
From Being's cold, material, loveless sphere,
Oh, who could breathe, in realms whence Hope had vanished—
The prayer—A GLAD NEW YEAR!

January 1, 1875. FIDELIS.

LOST AND WON:

A CANADIAN ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

BLACKWATER MILL.

"She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down;
Beware! Beware!

A WIDE landscape of forest and meadow, corn-field and pasture-land, richly coloured with the vivid hues of mid-summer, lay glowing in the intense light of the hot July sun, that shone strongly down from a clear sky, whose pale-blue tint as well as the soft pink and opal-hued bank of clouds on the horizon, was sufficiently suggestive of great heat, even if such had not made itself otherwise felt.

The sunshine lay bright and hot on the corn-fields, already yellowing under its influence; it gave a richer green to the pastures, refreshed by recent rains, and to the surrounding dark masses of forest, intensifying the deep shades of its cool recesses; it glittered on the winding river, unruffled by a breeze, lying like a burnished mirror, that reflected every hue and shade of the foliage that overhung its banks; it quivered through the soft waves that lapped up among the reeds which here and there impeded its quiet course—stirred here and there by the plash of a wild duck; and in the dam just above Blackwater Mill it gleamed golden brown through the quivering ripples that made a dancing maze of "netted sunbeams" above the long, dark, stringy water-weeds that almost covered its white rocky bed, here and there bared, and sparkling golden through the wavering lines of the restless water. The little cascade, originally dashing down its dark glistening rocks for its own mere pleasure—now tamed into a "water-power" to drive the mill—flashed back the sunshine from its snowy foam, while it sent showers of glittering diamond drops into the dark, deep pool just below, whose sombre depth of shade, beneath its over-hanging rocks, gave to the mill above it the name of Blackwater Mill.

On a grassy slope which led down to the margin of this pool, stood the miller's substantial low stone house, just far enough from the mill to soften the noise of its machinery into a pleasant, low hum, which, mingling with the rushing sound of the little waterfall, made an unobtrusive musical accompaniment to the busy life that went on within the walls of the farm-house at the mill.

And a busy life it was, as no one who knew Mrs. Ward, the miller's wife, could doubt. That comely person, who now sat knitting at the window of the large, airy, immaculately clean kitchen, conveyed in every glance of her keen dark eyes, in every line of her shrewd care-marked face, in every movement of her deft, quick hands, the impression of vigour and industry, as well as the idea that no one would be likely, under her brisk, energetic *régime*, to eat the bread of idleness. Her three married daughters had been considered prizes, as well-trained housewives, and if the one still at home, the pretty Lottie, whose acknowledged good looks were her mother's secret pride and her father's open exultation, had been, as the neighbours averred, more indulgently treated than her sisters, this was less on account of these good looks than from that curious law of proportion by which parental rigidity often seems to relax as the young birds fly forth, and only the last-fledged nestlings are left.

Certainly, the figure of the girl who now stood spinning in the shadiest corner of the

wide, cool kitchen, from which in summer all culinary occupations were banished to an outside "cook-house," and through which a grateful current of air was flowing through the wide-open opposite windows, was one on which a mother's eye might rest with somewhat pardonable pride, conscious in her secret heart that it revived the image of her own long-lost girlhood. The rich, full curves of the youthful figure, rather above middle height, the abundant brown hair that swept back from the low forehead and clear-tinted cheek, and the somewhat full pomegranate lips, suggested pleasantly what the mother *had* been, and—not quite so pleasantly—what the daughter would probably be. The bright-tinted print dress, whose simple fashioning well displayed the graceful, rounded young figure, a desideratum apparently disregarded in these degenerate days of paniered disguises, and the crimson ribbon that tied back rather coquettishly the glossy brown tresses, showed clearly that Miss Lottie Ward was, at all events, by no means indifferent to her personal appearance.

She was evidently tired of her task, as was indicated by the frequency with which the yarn snapped under her fingers, contracting her brow with an impatient frown, as well as by the constant roving glances that went from beneath the long dark eyelashes to the opposite window, where a big brown butterfly occasionally darted among the intertwining scarlet-runner and convolvulus that ran up the window-frame, or a humming bird poised himself on his whirring, glancing wings.

It was a pleasant window to look out of, that kitchen window, looking down on the deep pool below, with its opposite wall of dark rocks crested with pines, and tufted with moss and ferns, and up to the little snowy waterfall, flashing so brightly in the sun. So Lottie thought, as she stopped her wheel, and came to lean against the sill, watching her mother's rapidly-moving needles that went click, click, as if they had found out the secret of perpetual motion.

"It's too hot for spinning, mother;" said the girl, with a sigh of weariness; "I'm just going to put away the wheel till it's cooler. There's no hurry about the yarn, I'm sure."

"Well child, I don't care if you do. It *is* hot, sure enough, though *I* don't see as idle folks are any cooler than busy ones, and there's none feels the heat as much as them as are always talking about it. It's enough to make one hot to hear 'em buzz, just like that big blue-bottle fly there. But there ain't no hurry about the yarn, sure enough; and you might as well put it away for a few days. We want raspberries badly for jam and vinegar, and old Mr. Campbell told me yesterday they're just spoiling on the bushes in the marsh back of his farm. So I've been thinking you might take Hannah up there with you to-morrow, and have a good day's berry-picking; Jeanie Campbell would go too, and you could have your dinner at Braeburn Farm, and come home in the evening."

"And get all burned brown in the sun, and bitten to death with musquitoes," Lottie said, with a discontented air, as visions of torn and draggled raiment and persecuting insects rose before her, and she began to think that spinning in the cool, shady kitchen was, after all, better than the berry-picking alternative.

"Nonsense, child!" was the energetic reply. "I don't know what you girls are coming to! When *I* was your age, I always thought berry-picking the best fun going! You'll never get roses nor berries either in this world without a few scratches, but what's that to make a fuss about? And then you'll have Alan's company I don't doubt; and there's some girls I know of would go farther than that for it."

"Let them go, then! I can have it without going for it," half muttered Lottie, with a coquettish, conscious air, that was quite lost on the busy, matter-of-fact mother,

who was pursuing the thread of her own thoughts.

"And that reminds me," she added presently; "your father said very likely we should have company for supper; that young lawyer from Carrington, who was coming on business; and he said he'd ask him in to take something, of course, and mayhap stay all night."

"All night, mother!" said Lottie, surprised. It was rather a rare occurrence to have gentlemen visitors at Blackwater Mill.

"Yes, and I think it's most likely he will; for your father said he'd quite a good deal of business to transact hereabout, though I don't know what it is, and it ain't none of *my* business, neither. But it's time I was seeing about the biscuit for tea, for I suppose *you're* too tired, and when you're not in the humour, yours is none of the best; and as for Hannah, she don't make them fit to set before old Cæsar! So you just set the table, in the parlour, mind; and I'll make the biscuits." So saying, Mrs. Ward gathered up her knitting and hastened away to her biscuit-making with a brisk step that contrasted sharply with Lottie's listless air. The announcement of the expected visitor had, however, had a somewhat animating effect. Visitors from the little market town were somewhat scarce, and Lottie's mind was busy with various speculations regarding this one, as she set about getting out the best china, and setting the table for tea in the parlour, a room not nearly so bright and cheerful as the kitchen, reposing, during most of the time, shut out from light and air, in the grim grandeur of its heavy horsehair and mahogany furniture and gaily patterned window-blinds. The rather dreary attempts at ornament, the uninteresting books in showy bindings stiffly arranged upon the centre-table, the glaring bouquets of paper flowers, the coarse Cupids on the mantlepiece, and an elaborate piece of work of many colours, representing figures with curiously distorted physiognomies, amidst flowers and trees of some unknown species, testifying to Miss Lottie's achievements during a year at boarding-school, seemed only to increase the gloom of the apartment. The only thing that brightened it up in some degree was a crayon portrait of Lottie herself, tolerably like, which a travelling artist had persuaded Mr. Ward to lethim execute in return for a week's lodging, and which was considered a marvel of art in the neighbourhood. The room, with all its dulness, was the pride of Mrs. Ward's heart, and much admired by Lottie, who, unconscious of its gloom, rejoiced in the palpable fact that the furniture was handsomer than that of any room on this side of Carrington. It was, therefore, with a look of great satisfaction that she stood contemplating the *tout ensemble* when her work was completed, and the table spread with its array of gay china, preserves, and cake.

Just at that moment the clatter of horse's hoofs struck on her ear, rattling along the side road that led from the mill to the farmhouse; and Lottie, leaning out of the window to see who was approaching, met the glance and smile of a bright, handsome lad of about seventeen, who immediately reined in his steed—a well formed chestnut mare—and called out in a clear ringing tone:

"Is Alan here, Lottie?"

"Alan?—no!—what made you think so? I haven't seen him for a week!" replied Lottie, her colour rising a little, and with something of a pout.

"Well, I know he said he'd be round here about tea time, but I suppose he hasn't got along yet. He was going to fish, down by the river, and come here afterwards; so, very likely, he'll bring you some fish for tea. I'm going to ride over to Dunn's Corners for letters, and he wanted me to get him some fish-hooks; so I wanted to ask him about them. Can I do anything for you there?"

"No, thank you, Dan, only keep out of mischief;" was the reply.

"Come, *you* needn't say that; you're as fond of it as anybody! Well, goodbye. I'll go round and look for the fellow. Come, Beauty," and giving the rein to his horse, he dashed off—clearing at a bound the fence that lay between the house in front and the meadows that skirted the river side.

Lottie remained for a minute or two, thinking. "It never rains but it pours!" she thought. "No one here for a week and now two visitors for tea, and one all the way from Carrington!" And, deciding that the importance of the occasion warranted some extra preparation, she went to her own room to exchange the dress she wore—a perfectly fresh and suitable one for a farmer's daughter on a summer afternoon—for the latest addition to her wardrobe, a gay muslin brought by her mother from Carrington the last time she had been there at market.

While the warm afternoon had been thus wearing away at Blackwater Mill, a young man—fishing rod in hand—was slowing sauntering in the deep shade of the woods, whose heavy masses of foliage, seen from the front windows of the farm house, hid from it the windings of the little river, after it had passed the intervening meadows. The thick growth of underbrush and bracken which grew abundantly among the stems of the tall forest trees was here and there intersected by little wood paths, and along the widest of these, which led by the bank of the river, the young angler strolled, occasionally stopping for a cast of his rod into some deep quiet pool promising of success. At last, finding one where the fish he was in search of seemed unusually abundant, he threw himself down on an inviting couch of green moss to watch for "bites," while his brown retriever gladly lay down too, panting and wistfully eyeing the cool glassy water, through which the sunlight, finding its way amongst the over-arching boughs, quivered and gleamed in a thousand wavering lines. But Ponto was too well trained a dog to spoil his master's sport by the plunge into the stream, which, in his inmost heart, he longed to make; so he lay there motionless, with his nose between his two brown paws, and his large wistful eyes fixed upon the angler. The stillness was perfect, broken only by the occasional rustle of a wood-squirrel or chipmunk which occasionally flashed down a tall tree-trunk to the ground, and stood for a few moments, chattering and curiously inspecting with its bright eyes the intruders on its solitude. The occasional notes of a few birds seemed rather to deepen the stillness than to break it; and the fisherman for a time apparently forgot his sport and lost himself in a dreamy reverie. It was well for his enjoyment of the present moment that he could not know what subtle, unseen threads of destiny were, on this beautiful summer afternoon, surely tightening around him as well as around others with whom we shall have a good deal to do. It is well that we have in general to act upon the principle that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" and that, of our future course, we cannot really see more than a step at a time.

The young angler was tall, lithe, and well-formed, and the deeply cut, rather massive lines of his sun-burnt face bore quite enough resemblance to the rider of the chesnut mare to enable any acute observer to set them down as brothers, though the somewhat care-shadowed face of the angler seemed matured by more than the half-dozen years of difference in age between them. The advantage of brightness and physical good looks was on the side of the junior, but in the thoughtful brow, and dark deep-set eyes of the elder there was a certain attractiveness of expression which the bright boyish face of the lad did not yet possess. There was perhaps, a little dreaminess blended with the thoughtfulness, suggesting that the whole force of the character had never yet been fully called out into the battle of life; but the firm decided mouth

told that neither force nor energy would be wanting to the occasion when it came.

An hour or two wore quietly away in the unbroken stillness. Though the sportsman did not seem very enthusiastic, he was evidently skilful, and some fine trout lay in his basket when he at last wound up his line, took to pieces his rod, and laying them beside his basket, turned to the dog with a smile, saying—"Now Ponto, for a swim."

The animal seemed to understand the word, for he joyfully sprang up, bounding and wagging his tail, and in a few moments the dog and his master were both splashing about in the cool water, swimming together to the further side of the stream, and back again, enjoying the cool lapping waves as they can only be enjoyed after an intensely warm summer day. But the sun was already sinking below the tall tree tops, and, their bath over, the young man and his faithful companion continued their way on the river path, scrambling over moss-covered stones, lichen-grown logs, among tall nodding ferns; while now and then the angler, laden as he was with his basket and fishing-gear, stopped to pick a bright wild rose, or a purple orchis, or partridge berry blossom, whose long trailing stems overspread the damp ground he trod, and which, with some natural taste, he arranged, with the aid of a few ferns, into a graceful bouquet.

Then emerging from the shade of the woods, he rapidly crossed the sunny meadows, crisped by the hot sun, and, leaping the rail fence, was soon in front of the farmhouse at Blackwater Mill. No one was visible in front of the house; only old black Cæsar lay on the door step, rising to meet Ponto as he approached, with sundry friendly canine greetings, to which the latter courteously responded, while his master, instead of entering by the door, as might have been expected, diverged round the end of the house till he arrived at the open kitchen window, looking down upon the river. There he found what he was in search of, Lottie's bright face, framed in the creepers that climbed up the window, and half hidden by the wavy dark hair as it bent over a book in which the reader was so deeply absorbed that she never heard the purposely light footsteps, until a long arm had drawn her head forward, and a tender salute had been unawares imprinted on her cheek.

"Alan Campbell," she exclaimed, starting to her feet, and assuming a slightly offended air. "How dare you come and startle me so! You might ask leave first, I think!"

"Now Lottie," said the young man deprecatingly; "when I haven't seen you for a week."

"Well, what was to prevent your seeing me, if you wanted to? I thought you had forgotten all about us;" she said in the same tone.

"My dear Lottie, I couldn't tell you how busy I've been! This is the very first day since the haying began that I could get away for an hour. And as I had a spare afternoon, and thought you'd like some trout for tea, I went fishing first; and look here," he said, lifting the covering of green leaves from the speckled spoil. "And I brought you a little bouquet too," he added. "I think these wild flowers are ever so much prettier than those stiff marigolds and sunflowers that your mother delights in."

"Wild flowers don't feed chickens and sunflowers will, and marigolds help to make the butter yellow, that's why," said the practical Lottie. "Thank you, they are very pretty," she said more graciously, taking the flowers from Alan's hand. "I don't know how it is, I never seem to find any when I'm in the woods." Lottie did not, in her heart, care much for flowers, but the prettiness of the little attention pleased her. It was more like the proceedings of the heroes of the vapid romances which constituted her only reading, than Alan's conduct usually was. His wooing, indeed, had not been conducted according to the standard of these unques-

tionable authorities; which sometimes made her feel rather aggrieved.

Alan, meantime, had made use of the window as a mode of entrance, being fond of such irregular proceedings. Mrs. Ward came in just then, and came forward to inspect the fish.

"I'm right glad you've brought them," she added, "for we're expecting a gentleman from town, and he'll be glad of some fresh fish, I'm sure. I'll go and have them broiled right away. But of course you must keep some for your mother," she added, stooping to select some and leave the remainder in the basket. Alan noticed, he often noticed things when looking dreamily on, that the best and largest fish were taken, and the inferior ones left. He hated himself for noticing such a trifle, and said to himself that it was natural she should wish to have the best to set before her visitor. But the truth was that Mrs. Ward had been so long accustomed to act on the principle of *family selfishness*, which *she* called "good management," that she made her selection quite coolly and naturally, without ever thinking of doing otherwise.

"And who's the visitor you're expecting?" enquired Alan, a little blankly, glancing at Lottie's smart attire, and at the absence of the usual supper preparations on the white well-scoured kitchen table. Tea in that gloomy best parlour was his aversion, to which not even having Lottie's picture to look at could reconcile him.

"I don't know his name," replied Lottie. "Some lawyer from Carrington that has business with father. He's out with him now, or you'd have been late for tea, and the fish wouldn't have been much good!"

"And is that the reason you've got yourself up so?" demanded Alan, a slight trace of the jealousy that so often follows close on the heels of the most unselfish love, in his tone. Perhaps Lottie felt it half consciously, and did not wish to excite it further just then, for she quickly replied, in a softer tone than she had hitherto used, and raising her brown eyes to the dark ones above her, with her most winning expression:

"Dan was here, Alan, and he told me you were coming. So I thought I'd like you to see my new dress that mother brought me from Carrington. Don't you think it's pretty?"

The jealousy vanished from the eyes looking down, and an expression of intense satisfaction took its place. Alan's opinion of the dress, however, was not then expressed, for a pretty *tableau* that followed this scene was abruptly terminated by the sound of approaching footsteps, and Lottie hastily retreated towards the door, at which her father was entering, in company with the expected "gentleman from town."

CHAPTER II.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

"Thither, ah! no footstep tendeth—
Ah! the heaven above, so clear,
Never, earth to touch, descendeth,
And the *there* is never *here*!"

A GREAT contrast they certainly were—the two who now entered—the miller, with his ruddy English visage, shaggy, grizzled whiskers, and loose clothing, which made him look broader than he really was; and the rather small young man beside him, whose closely cut and trimmed appearance, and well-fitting light summer suit made him seem, to Lottie's eyes at least, a model of gentlemanly polish.

"Mr. Sharpley," as he was now introduced by Mr. Ward—better known as "Dick Sharpley" among his acquaintances in town—was a young lawyer, who was decidedly "getting on in the world," through his own "*push*" and energy, combined with a pretty fully developed amount of calculating selfishness. From his childhood, in the family of his father, a small tradesman, Dick had been accustomed to hear of money-saving

and money-getting as the chief duty of life; and of social success and self aggrandisement as its chief good. No unselfish maxim, no nobler idea, had ever been impressed on his youthful mind; but, on the contrary, when, in a most exceptional moment of generosity he had shared a sixpence with a companion who had lost *his*, he was vigorously upbraided for his "foolish" lavishness. It is not wonderful, then, that Dick should have imbibed the home atmosphere, as he certainly inherited the parental tendency. Any nascent generosity having been nipped in the bud, Dick, as he grew up, followed faithfully in the paternal footsteps, always managing to get the advantage over his companions in any small "trading" transactions such as boys love to indulge in, his success in which, being reported at home, invariably won chuckling commendations of his cleverness. Writing a good hand, he soon got paying employment in a lawyer's office, in which, in due time—winning the favour of his employer by his quickness and industry—he became a regular articled clerk. Without having talents of any high order, his acuteness and ready memory enabled him to pass very creditable examinations; and, once embarked in the legal profession, his shrewdness, his unscrupulous determination to *get on*, and his readiness to undertake *any* case however manifestly "bad," and to advance it by any available means however unjust, won him a kind of success that would have been impossible to a man of stricter principle, and enabled him to distance some of his really more talented though more scrupulous competitors. Besides this, he had considerable fluency of peech, which, though the lack of real culture was often strikingly apparent, won an easy success with country juries; so that Dick Sharpley, at first barely tolerated in the professional circle by those who knew his antecedents, was beginning to make himself felt as a man of some influence in Carrington—a man whom it might be dangerous to slight—and was achieving a very fair amount of social success, much to his own inward satisfaction.

One of his most profitable clients was a Mr. Leggatt, a business man in Carrington. With the aid of Sharpley, who, of course, shared in the spoils, he had been driving a pretty flourishing trade in mortgages; lending money at high interest to needy men struggling to keep above water, and then foreclosing whenever it was legally possible to do so; realizing usually, by the sale, a handsome profit on his original advance. People were beginning to dread dealing with him; but drowning men will grasp at straws. Mr. Leggatt's business often took Sharpley into all sorts of out-of-the-way corners in the surrounding country. How it had now brought him to Blackwater Mill, and how it was likely to affect our story, we shall hereafter see.

If Lottie Ward's admiration was excited by Mr. Sharpley's "gentlemanly" appearance, he, on his side, seemed not less impressed on beholding Lottie. In the first place he was somewhat surprised, observant as he was of externals, to see a country girl, in this backwoods settlement, attired in a dress which, though *rather* showy, she might easily have worn in an afternoon on the streets of Carrington; and in the next place, he was fairly startled by her graceful, rounded, vividly tinted beauty, lighted up, as it was just then, by an unwonted degree of animation, which made the somewhat languid eyes sparkle with unusual lustre, as they glanced up in a slightly excited manner from under the dark eyelashes. Alan Campbell's quietly observant eye, made doubly observant by affection, took in at once the mutually favourable impression, and, perhaps partly on this account, his own impression of the stranger was decidedly unfavourable. Or, possibly, it was one of those intuitive perceptions which, striking, in an inexplicable manner, some subtle hidden chord of our moral being, seem to

place us at once in an antagonistic attitude towards those whose moral tone and nature are incompatible with our own, or who may be destined to exercise some sinister influence on our life and fate. Moreover, Alan Campbell's ancestors had been said to have the gift of second sight, and he believed that he inherited at least an unusual share of perception of character.

When the stranger had bowed obsequiously to the miller's pretty daughter, to whom he could not resist the temptation of addressing one of the fluent compliments that came so readily to his lips, and which by no means displeased the recipient, he was duly introduced to "Mr. Campbell." The usual deferential bow with which Mr. Sharpley, on principle, greeted every new acquaintance, and which was stiffly enough responded to by Alan, was succeeded by a somewhat unusual look of real interest, as the name caught his ear, the nature of which it would have puzzled an observer to determine. For whatever reason, as the little party assembled, at Mrs. Ward's invitation, round the hospitable table on which her newly manufactured "biscuits"—*Anglicé* hot buns—were smoking, Mr. Sharpley's glance frequently rested on Alan as if inwardly taking his mental measurement—a circumstance unnoted by Alan, who rather haughtily abstained from looking towards or talking to the stranger any more than was unavoidable. To say the truth, Alan felt that the pleasant evening to which, through some days of hard toil, he had been looking forward to spending with Lottie, was somewhat spoiled by the presence of this "interloper," as he rather unreasonably, in his heart, styled the miller's invited guest.

Mr. Sharpley, however, was quite at his ease, and did his best to render himself agreeable to his entertainers. He praised Mrs. Ward's light spongy "biscuits," and excellent pies and preserves, and congratulated the miller on the flourishing appearance of his smooth, well-cleared corn-fields and meadows, on which not a *stump* was to be seen disfiguring their fair luxuriance.

"Yes sir!" exclaimed the miller, well pleased. "You won't find a stump, sir, on any cleared land of *mine*, if you was to look from now till next week! You'd hardly think, now, that these very hands cut down the first tree on this clearing, a good thirty years ago now!"

"No indeed, sir," said Mr. Sharpley, with an impressed manner; "it's not easy to fancy that, now, when one looks around him here. You must have had some hard work before you got things into such beautiful order!"

"Yes! *that's so*, sir! my old woman and me have seen some pretty hard work in our day. Time for us to rest now and let the young folks do their share, I say; though people nowadays won't manage as *we* did! Why, sir, for many a year we raised every single thing we used on this here farm—'ceptin' only the old woman's tea, and a little bit of calico. All our woollen clothes grew on the back of our own sheep, as most of 'em does still."

"Is that really so?" exclaimed Mr. Sharpley, looking with a deferential air towards Mrs. Ward. "Your wife must be an excellent manager! I suppose Miss Ward is a first-class housekeeper, too," he added, with an insinuating glance in her direction.

"Well, so, so, Mr. Sharpley," her mother answered, not unimpressed by the young lawyer's gracious suavity. "But girls nowadays grow up quite different to what they did in my day!"

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Ward, "they ain't what their mothers was, neither in looks nor anything else. Now Lottie there's very well as to looks," he said, looking proudly at his daughter, "but she ain't to compare to what her mother was, and she'll never begin to be the housekeeper she is!"

"I think it wouldn't be easy to improve on Miss Ward in the first respect, at any rate;" said Mr. Sharpley, with a gallant air,

and Lottie, who had taken her father's remarks quite indifferently, coloured a little, and looked pleased and conscious.

"Well, you see," said the miller, pursuing his own train of thought, "girls nowadays gets all sorts of extravagant notions into their heads, and put each other up to nonsense the girls of ten years ago even never dreamt of. And what one girl has another's got to have, and so they get set up to all sorts of finery. Why, our girls have to have all your town gimcracks and vanities, out here, where there ain't nothin' but chipmunks and wild ducks to look at 'em, and I'm sure them critters is a sight too sensible to care for flounces and fol-de-rols!"

"But when the effect is *so* charming, Mr. Ward, one feels inclined to think the extravagance quite excusable," was the reply, with a bow which pointed the compliment.

"Oh, that's all very well for you young chaps that haven't got to pay for it! But all the same, it's extravagance, one way or another—in dress as much as anything else—that keeps this country back. I wonder, now, how much we pay a year to British merchants just for women's clothes, for silks and muslins and all such frippery! We import a great sight too much, sir, for a young country! If the women would wear more home-made clothing, as they used, and I'm sure there's none like it for wear—the men are beginning to wear our Canadian tweeds now; and if folks would try to do with fewer luxuries that they don't need, and live more on what they raise themselves, it would be a great sight better for the country, sir, and we'd have a deal fewer mortgages on our land!"

"No doubt, sir, no doubt you're quite correct," said Mr. Sharpley; then, as if anxious to terminate the miller's disquisition on political economy, he turned to Alan, who had hitherto sat almost silent, taking no part in the discussion.

"I suppose you belong to this neighbourhood?" he said, enquiringly, as an opening remark, adding, "have you always lived out here in the backwoods?"

"Ever since I can remember, at all events," replied Alan, quietly.

"Then you're not one of the natives?' said Mr. Sharpley, trying with a little jocularity to thaw down Alan's somewhat haughty reserve. "You have a tolerably Scotch name, at any rate."

"I was born within sight of Ben Nevis," replied Alan, "but as I remember no country but this, I consider myself a Canadian. I think a man always feels himself a native o the country in which he has been brought up."

"I approve of your sentiments," was the gracious reply. "It's all nonsense the sort of old national feeling people keep up here, and the sentimental stuff they talk about history and associations, et cetera. Talk of Canada 'having no history,' indeed! I should like to know when history and associations ever put a cent into a man's pocket! Why, there are more fortunes to be made in this country yet, sir, than in all that barren Scotland at any rate. I don't know about England, with its coal and commerce. So all that we've got to do is to set to and make the most of the country we're in."

It is to be presumed that these were Mr. Sharpley's true sentiments, as they were uttered without any particular object in view. But when he had to address an audience strongly influenced by any particular national feeling, he could be glowing, and even touching on the elevating influences of a far-reaching national history, on the endearing associations of the "ould sod," or the spirit-stirring memories of the "land of the mountain and the flood."

Alan did not take up the discussion, but a somewhat contemptuous expression lurked about his lip as he rose from the tea-table and walked to the window. "Of what use would history and associations be to a man without a heart or soul?" was his private commentary on the lawyer's speech, for

Alan, though truly, as he said, a Canadian, was pretty thoroughly imbued with Highland feelings and associations.

To his great satisfaction, Mr. Sharpley went off with the miller to inspect a plan for some new and improved machinery for the mill, in order to procure which Mr. Ward was negotiating a loan from Mr. Leggatt. And now Alan could have the pleasant *tête-à-tête* with Lottie, to which he had been impatiently looking forward. So, while Mrs. Ward bustled away to look after the supper of the men in the outer kitchen—the mill-work being over for the day—he drew Lottie out of the house towards the path which led down the slope to their favourite evening resort, a little nook sheltered by rocks and bushes, at the foot of the little waterfall, cooled and dewy by the spray from the dashing water, where it was pleasant to sit as the heat of the day cooled off, and watch the crimson and amber glories of the setting sun.

Lottie complied with her lover's desire, without, however, either feeling or manifesting any of the shy, maidenly pleasure which girls are usually supposed to feel in similar circumstances. Truth to tell, the miller's pretty daughter, on her return from her year at boarding school, during which time she had bloomed out into the full charms of young womanhood—had made so easy a conquest of her former boy-admirer, Alan Campbell, that, sure of an affection she had so lightly won, she took his attentions rather too much as a matter of course. Indeed, now that the novelty had worn off of being "engaged" to the best looking young farmer in the township, and claiming, as her especial and devoted property, one whose attentions she knew had been eagerly coveted by half the girls in the neighbourhood, who now envied her in proportion, she sometimes felt a little tiresome the long *tête-à-têtes* with Alan, whose affection did not easily find expression in words, who liked to talk about things in which she was not in the least interested, and who had certainly no aptitude for making the pretty speeches and compliments indulged in so freely by the heroes of her favourite novels, and seeming to come so readily to the lips of her new acquaintance, Mr. Sharpley. She could not help following with her eyes that young gentleman's retreating form as he walked with her father towards the mill, and internally comparing his spruce figure, town-made attire and brisk walk, with Alan's country air, figure, and hair certainly wanting in trimness, and garments manufactured of home-made material by the patient, busy fingers of Mrs. Campbell, who, while she had cut and stitched with all due motherly care, had certainly not been able to communicate to them the air of relative fashion which distinguished those of Mr. Sharpley. The comparison in Lottie's mind was, it must be confessed, somewhat disparaging to her betrothed, though a truer taste and more cultivated eye would have much preferred the tall, well-formed, well knit figure of the young farmer, though clad in coarse, russet garments, and characterized by the lack of precision of movement which a country training, combined with a somewhat slow and thoughtful temperament, is apt to foster.

Alan's eye had caught the direction of Lottie's, and it may be had half-divined its meaning. As they silently approached their rocky seat, his suppressed irritation broke out at last in the exclamation—

"What can that priggish puppy be wanting here?"

Lottie pouted, but more for effect than from any real annoyance.

"If it's Mr. Sharpley you mean, I think he's a very nice young man, and I'm sure he's a sight civiller than *you* are, Alan!" she said, in a tone not calculated to soothe Alan's ruffled feelings.

"Well, he's certainly cultivated the art of paying compliments, and you needn't feel particularly flattered by them, for of course a fellow like that makes it his business to

pay them wherever he goes. If that's the sort of thing you like, Lottie dear, I'm afraid you'll never get it from me! Don't I think a thousand times more of you than that fellow possibly can? But for all that, and all the more for that, I couldn't, to save my life, make the fine speeches he does, and I don't think you ought to need them from me, Lottie!"

No girl of ordinary feminine composition could have helped being mollified and touched by the loving look in Alan's dark, earnest eyes, and the caress with which he emphasised his speech; and Lottie's rather shallow heart was, for the time, impressed by the genuine, honest glow of real affection, and willing to dismiss, for the present, the obnoxious subject of Mr. Sharpley. But, for all that, the interview did not progress very favourably. The pleasant flavour of the compliments, conveyed in the studied impressiveness which characterized Mr. Sharpley's conversation, made Alan's sober talk seem insipid, and her mind was continually reverting to the thought of how much more deferentially that gentleman would have conducted himself in a similar interview, and how profuse and emphatic would have been his protestations of devotion, "just like those in the books," she thought. But she did not speak her thought again, and sat, in rather a silent mood, tossing little bits of moss and sticks into the brown, foaming water, and watching them eddy and whirl in the mimic whirlpools among the rocks, while Alan tried to interest her in his earnest talk about his plans; how, by and by, he hoped that his father, now somewhat failing in strength, would surrender the management of the farm to him, and how he hoped in time, with the aid of good crops, to build a new house in which Lottie and he might begin that new and sweet double existence which was at present the goal of all his hopes.

"You'll be so near home, Lottie, you know, that your mother don't mind sparing you to me, and you'll be able to run over any time and see her. She said to me the other evening that she'd sooner have me for a son-in-law than any young man in all Radnor."

Lottie perhaps thought the conversation had gone far enough in this direction, for she caught the thread of it up with the irrelevant remark—

"Oh, I forgot to tell you; she wants me to go and gather raspberries in the marsh to-morrow. Can Jeanie go, too, if it's fine?"

"Yes, I'm sure she can. I know she hasn't got any raspberries yet, and she'll be delighted to have you to go with. And I'll see if I can't manage to go and help you in the afternoon. And, of course, you'll take tea at our house, and I'll drive you home; I'd come for you in the morning, only——"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself," said Lottie, a little pettishly; "we can manage, Hannah and me, very well by ourselves."

"Lottie," said Allan, "you know how glad I'd be to come for you and stay with you all day. But there's some hay yet in the low meadow; it didn't seem quite dry enough to take in to-day, but I must get it in the first thing to-morrow, for there's no saying how soon we may have rain."

"Indeed, then, I think we're going to have it to-night!" exclaimed Lottie, starting to her feet.

And even while they had been talking—Alan engrossed in watching Lottie's downcast face—one of the sudden changes had come over the sky which are not unusual in our hot midsummer days. Dark blue clouds, beginning in the horizon, had rapidly extended towards the zenith, and were branching out in all directions. The temperature had suddenly fallen, and a breeze, rapidly increasing to a wind, was crisping the recently calm waters of the river into a thousand ripples. Just as they observed the change, the sky above them, overspread with clouds that caught the

reflection of the setting sun, glowed out in a brilliant flush of intense crimson. Even Lottie could not help stopping to admire the startling effect; and Alan forgot everything else in gazing at it, until a heavy drop of rain, falling on his forehead, recalled him to the shower that was immediately impending.

"Come, Alan, quick," cried Lottie, impatiently, hurrying on before. "Don't you see we'll get wet through, and my new dress will be ruined! What a goose I was to come down here in it!" she muttered, fretfully.

Alan hurried after her, but she would not wait for his assistance, and rushed fleetly on to the house, which she reached in time to prevent a soaking, but not before the precious dress had received a good many raindrops, and "would never," she declared, "look the same again." Indeed she was so engrossed in caring for *it*, that she did not even seem to remember the two good miles which Alan had yet to traverse before he could reach home, or join in her mother's entreaties that he should give up the idea of going home that night; "for I know," she said, "it's closin' in for a night's steady rain."

"Thank you," he said, "I'll just wait till the worst of the shower's over, and then start. I don't mind a little wetting, and I've got the beasts to see to yet to-night; besides mother would be anxious, and think something dreadful had happened to me."

Moreover, in his heart Alan shrank from a renewed encounter with the stranger, who was still away at the mill, and was only anxious to get away before his return. He only waited, therefore, till the heavy, hissing violence of the raindrops had somewhat abated, and the shower, which had changed the busy farm-yard into a blank space traversed by meandering rills, had almost ceased. Then, bidding an affectionate farewell to Lottie, expressing a sympathizing hope that the damage to her dress might not be so great as she supposed, Alan was off, his long figure being rapidly lost to sight in the distance.

He had not gone very far, however, when a vivid flash of lightning and the distant rumble of thunder made him doubt his prudence in hurrying on. He disliked the idea of returning, however, and, having gained the shelter of the woods, where the road ran through their deep shadow, he thought he could brave with comparative impunity the shower, which would he hoped soon pass over, or delay its heaviest downpour till he had reached home. Not more than half the way had been traversed, when, just as he emerged from the partial shelter of the dripping boughs, a crash of thunder broke almost overhead, and the rain came down in a white hissing sheet that almost blinded him, and made the grey muddy road before him gleam with the torrent of water that overflowed it. There was nothing for it but to make for home at a run, and he was hastening along, making good time with his long vigorous strides, when the sound of approach-wheels behind him made him stop and turn round to see if they belonged to the vehicle of any friendly neighbour, who might offer him a lift homeward. It was a small light buggy that appeared, drawn by a light-footed fleet Canadian pony. Its occupants were completely hidden by the umbrella under which they were trying to find some scanty shelter from the downpouring torrents, and it was not till they were close upon him that he could make out that it was driven by a young man, not much older than himself, whose merry blue eyes seemed to gleam out from under his umbrella in laughing defiance of the weather, as he cast a half-amused, half-compassionate glance at Alan's dripping figure. Close to him nestled a small, slight female form, like himself completely enveloped in a waterproof cloak, from which the rain poured in streams. The young man reined in his pony as he overtook Alan, and called out:

"How far are we from Hollingsby's tavern, and is this the right road?"

"Straight on, about two miles and a half," said Alan, somewhat out of breath with his race.

"If we're going your way, won't you jump on behind," rejoined the other. "You'll get home quicker?"

The friendly offer was not to be refused. In a second Alan had swung himself up on the projecting back of the vehicle, holding on to the back of the seat occupied by the others. No farther words were spoken as the vehicle rattled rapidly on, till, at the gate of Braeburn Farm, Alan sprang lightly off, saying, "Many thanks—I stop here," adding, as the driver again drew rein for a moment, "Won't you come in and wait till the rain is over?"

"Thanks, no," said the other, "we're about as wet as we can be, and I think the rain is going off a little now. Don't you think so, Nora?" he added, turning to his companion.

The figure at his side seemed to assent, but, withdrawing the cloak she had drawn almost over her face, bent forward to acknowledge, with a courteous bow, the offer of shelter, and Alan had a momentary glimpse of a pale, delicate, girlish face, looking paler, perhaps, than its wont, in the wet dusky twilight, and of large dark grey eyes that gleamed from under wet stray locks of dark brown hair with a strange wistful look, which at once gave Alan the impression that he had seen it somewhere long before. Just then another, though paler, flash of lightning illumined the landscape for a moment with its white unearthly radiance, intensifying the impression made upon him by the half-startled face, still bent forward with a smile of courteous acknowledgment.

Long afterwards, that stormy twilight scene flashed back on his memory, with its back-ground of heavy grey clouds, wet fields, farm-buildings, and distant woods. And then it seemed to him as if, before one page of his life had closed, he had unwittingly turned over another a good deal farther on, and thus unawares had read, in advance, some of the characters in which was written that future, which to him, as it mercifully is to us all, was a sealed book, whose pages the slow fingers of the "strong hours" were to turn by only a hair-breadth at a time.

CHAPTER III.

A CLOUD RISES.

"Strive! yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away."

AS Alan, rushing rapidly up the short lane that wound beneath the dripping orchard boughs, up to the house door, stood wet and dripping on the threshold, two female figures came eagerly forward to meet him in the little rustic porch.

"My boy, how wet you must be! What a rain to be out in," exclaimed one of them, a tall, elderly woman with strongly marked features, which, even in the dim twilight, showed a considerable resemblance to those of Alan, and speaking with a decided Highland accent. "Run up directly, Alan, and change yourself, and Jeanie and I will get you a cup of warm tea to keep you from taking cold."

"What made you come in such a shower, Alan?" asked the other. "If I had been Lottie I wouldn't have let you."

"Why, child, it's likely to rain all night, and do you suppose I'd let a few drops of rain keep me from coming home? No, mother, I must go and see that the beasts are all right. It would never do for those two foals to be left out all night, and I don't suppose any one has thought of them. Are Dan and father at home?"

Mrs. Campbell replied in a tone that seeemed to breathe through a repressed

sigh: "Your father and Dan went up after tea to see Mr. Hollingsby about a letter Dan brought from the post-office—a letter from Carrington, that your father wanted to consult him about."

"Well, I wish he could have found some one else to consult with. I hate that old Hollingsby, and I don't see why father should trust him so," said Alan in a vexed tone, his annoyance seeming to overpower any curiosity he might have felt as to the subject of the important letter.

"Alan, if it's only the foals you needn't mind, for I got them in myself before the rain came on," called out a voice from within.

"What *you*, Hugh; you're a brick! How came you to think of them?"

"Oh, I was down looking at them when the sky began to cloud over, and I thought the poor little things would be better under shelter."

"Well, I'm glad you did. It's a load off my mind. I was afraid they'd had a wetting already that would hurt them. It was one thing that made me hurry home so fast. But still I'd like to go and take a look round and see that nothing is out that shouldn't be. I'll be back in a few minutes, mother."

"My poor dear Alan! He is so thoughtful about everything," said Mrs. Campbell, as she turned to get lights, rekindle the fire, and take all motherly precautions against Alan's taking cold, in which she was assisted by Jeanie, an energetic, thoughtful-looking maiden, combining with the most perfect simplicity of manner an unconscious air of innate refinement rather unusual in country girls, and which was a great contrast to Lottie Ward's little airs and graces, diligently cultivated at boarding-school. Hugh, the invisible speaker in the matter of the foals, sat in a corner of the wide window of the room which served the Campbells both as dining and sitting-room on all occasions, for they owned no "best parlour." He was a rather delicate-looking boy of some fourteen years, who had evidently been straining his eyes over the book that lay beside him to the last moment the daylight would serve him, "wearing out his eyes," as his mother said, "before his time."

"I wish *I* could mind things like Alan," he said with a sigh, "he's *always* minding. But I *am* glad I thought about the foals!"

Hugh was the student of the family, a boy with so decided a talent for "book-learning" that he was destined to go to college, if the family finances would ever permit, to be educated for a profession. At present he was pursuing a rather desultory course of his own, devouring all the chance literature that came in his way, and occasionally getting a lesson, or a catechising on his lessons, from Mr. Abernethy, the good old Scotch minister, whose church the Campbells attended.

"And what was the letter, mother, that father had to go to Hollingsby's about?" enquired Alan when, having obeyed his mother's injunction of "changing himself," he was sitting with her and Jeanie at the table, swallowing the prescribed cup of hot tea which was Mrs. Campbell's unfailing panacea and prophylactic.

"I didn't understand it exactly," she said uneasily. "I only know that it was some communication from that Mr. Leggatt your father borrowed the money from, something about the mortgage and paying up, and your father seemed afraid it might give us some trouble. But he'll tell you all about it when he comes in."

Alan's brow clouded over with anxiety. He did not understand the exact circumstances of the mortgage which Mr. Leggatt held on his father's land, though its very existence had always made him uneasy. But his father had told him, the very last time he was in Carrington, that he had made it all straight with Leggatt for a year or two at any rate. It was unpleasantly startling, therefore, to find that some new trouble about it had arisen.

In the meantime the first violence of the storm had spent itself, and the rain had

diminished to a faint drizzle. Ere long approaching footsteps were heard outside, and Mrs. Campbell, who had been sitting listening, started to her feet with a nervous, anxious expression which Alan had long since learned to interpret. The door was impetuously thrown open, and Dan entered, dashing the raindrops from his wet hair, and followed by an elderly man, whose hair once black—now nearly grey—and deeply furrowed, strongly marked countenance seemed to bear witness to a life of trial, care, and perhaps suffering. It might have been the glare of the light as he came in from the darkness, but his eye seemed to have a dazed, half-bewildered expression, and his large, sinewy frame to sway rather unsteadily as he came forward. Dan, too, looked flushed and somewhat excited, and the heart of the wife and mother sank. Hollingsby's tavern, so near, so insinuating, so inevitable, seemed to her the Upas tree of her life.

"Are you very wet, Archie," said his wife, going up to him, and drawing forward his easy chair, trying, poor woman, to show no trace of her inward disquietude.

"Ay, am I, about the feet, that is. The roads are just running in streams. Here Jeanie, lass, get my slippers," he said, taking off his boots, with a great effort to conceal the unsteadiness of both hand and voice.

Then, looking over at Alan, who, almost as uncomfortable as his mother, was bending over the weekly Carrington paper, brought by Dan from the post-office, and professedly reading a long column of advertisements, he said somewhat unsteadily:

"I had a letter to-day, Alan, from that fellow, Leggatt, I don't know what to make of it, but Hollingsby says it'll be all right, he's sure. Will you take a look at it?"

Alan sprang to his feet and came forward to look at the letter, which his father found some difficulty in selecting from a number of other papers and letters, and when it was selected, still farther trouble in taking it out of its envelope and unfolding it. Alan stood by waiting, with difficulty restraining the impatient impulse to expedite matters by taking it out of his father's tremulous hands. At last, however, it lay straightened out on the table before him, and he read it two or three times over before he could fairly take in the meaning.

It was a business letter—bare enough—though not wanting in the ordinary civil expressions with which people in our enlightened age soften down in appearance the most hostile intent. Mr. Leggatt "hoped that it might be convenient" for Mr. Campbell to pay up the full amount, principal and interest, due on a certain day, in terms of the mortgage, otherwise he should be compelled to place the matter in the hands of his legal adviser, R. Sharpley, Esq., to whom he would refer him.

"R. Sharpley, Esq.," Alan repeated over and over again to himself the name, which seemed to dart through him a presentiment of coming ill, as well as to justify, to some extent, the unpleasant impression the stranger had made upon him. And no doubt his visit had some connection with this matter, he thought.

"Well, Alan, what think you of it? What can he mean?" asked the old man, anxiously, looking into his son's troubled face.

"I'm sure I don't know, father, except that it means mischief; that's evident! But you know best how you stand, and what arrangement you made with old Leggatt."

"He said he wouldn't press me; he said it would be all right, and I could pay him by instalments as it suited me. Yes, I'm sure he said that, and Hollingsby was by, and heard it all; and he says ——"

"Well, what does he say?" said Alan, eagerly.

"Oh, he just says to make my mind easy and it'll be all right. He says the letter is only a formality; that people send letters

like that now and then, just to keep up their claim, you know."

But Alan felt far from set at ease by this explanation of Mr. Hollingsby's. He understood enough of such things to make him feel that the situation might be a grave one; his mind was not so easily tranquillized as his father's had been, with the assistance of Mr. Hollingsby's Scotch whiskey. He deeply regretted, now, having been contented to remain so long without an exact knowledge of the state of his father's affairs and liabilities, a subject which he had always shrunk from entering upon. But he did not wish to alarm his mother unnecessarily, and he was conscious of her grave, sad eyes, earnestly watching him.

"Well, father, we must hope it will all be right. That Sharpley he speaks of is out here just now. I saw him down at the mill." And he went on to describe his rencontre with the young lawyer.

"Ah, well, then, we'll just see him about it before he goes back, and put it all right," said Mr. Campbell, who was evidently trying to soothe himself by his own assertions.

Then, as if it was a relief to change the subject, he went on:—"I saw a gentleman from Carrington up at Hollingsby's, a very nice-like young fellow. He's one of the Arnolds, the lumberers down there. He knows Sandy McAlpine, he says, and he tells me Sandy's getting on finely. He came in the middle of all the rain, and a soaked-like figure he was! But a stiff tumbler of Hollingsby's whiskey-toddy warmed him up, and we had a fine talk together. He's going farther up the river to-morrow, to see after a new saw-mill he's talking of putting up there."

"I suppose that was the young fellow I met, or rather who overtook me as I was coming home," said Alan, his mind reverting to the occupants of the buggy. "He asked me the way to Hollingsby's, and gave me a lift in his buggy. At least I hung on behind. There was a lady with him, and he was driving a black pony with a white face."

"Yes, that would just be the one, though I didn't see the lady. But I heard him asking for a room for her with a fire in it, because he was afraid for her taking cold. But I know the pony had a white face, for I heard them talking about it," said Mr. Campbell, with the gravity and importance which people in the country, where incidents are few, attach to ascertaining every particular about a passing stranger.

"And you never told us, Alan, about your meeting them," exclaimed Hugh. "Why, it was quite an adventure! I only wish it had been me. What was the lady like?"

"You goose!" said Alan, smiling, "do you suppose I could see in all that rain. Do you mean to go about the world looking for adventures and Dulcineas, like your friend Don Quixote?"

"I say, Alan," interrupted Dan, coming round to his brother, as the rest were preparing to leave the room, and speaking in a cautious half-whisper, "Who do you think I saw down at Dunn's Corners, and what do you think I was offered for Beauty?"

"I'm sure I couldn't guess in the least," said Alan, absently, thinking of other things, as he lighted his candle.

"Why that old Vannacker, the Yankee horsedealer, you know, he's going about buying up horses for the Northern army; and he said Beauty would be just the thing for that. And he offered me—just think!—two hundred and fifty dollars for her. But I told him I wouldn't sell her for as much again; and neither I would. However, he said I'd better think of it, and he'd be round again in a month or two, and we had a regular horse talk, and he was real friendly; and I told him of some good horses he could get round here, and then he insisted on treating me before he'd let me away."

"Dan!" exclaimed Alan, sternly, "didn't I beg you to keep out of that wretched '*treating*;' that's the ruin of so many a fel-

low! I can't see why people should show their friendliness by insisting on making others swallow a slow poison at their expense; for that wretched stuff they sell at Dunn's Corners is neither more nor less. And it's mean, Dan, to take a 'treat' from a stranger who owes you nothing, and whom you don't show any hospitality to."

"But he did owe me something. Didn't I tell you I put him in the way of getting some first-rate horses, and I told him all about them, and just what they were fit for. It takes me to tell a good sound horse when I see him," he added, with a little boyish pride.

"Well, all the same, Dan, you shouldn't have let him treat you. You know very well how it vexes mother, and I think we've all had trouble enough already through that," he half muttered, for Mr. Campbell's infirmity was never openly discussed among his children. "And I suppose you had some toddy at Hollingsby's, too?" he added, glancing at his brother's flushed and excited face.

"Ah, just a tumbler to be sociable, you know. I couldn't sit by and take nothing when Hollingsby and father and the other young fellow were all at it."

"Yes, you could, as I've done many a time. Now Dan," he said more earnestly, "if you go and get into the habit of taking that stuff, you'll just break poor mother's heart."

"Why, I'm not going to get into any habit. You know I haven't got any money to treat people with, and it is not often that anybody treats me; mayn't happen for ever so long again, so you needn't look so solemn over it. I say, wasn't Lottie good to you, that you seem so out of sorts, Alan?" he asked, half waggishly, half to divert his brother's thoughts to a different channel. "Wasn't she looking handsome this afternoon?"

"You be off to bed!" said Alan, wearily, turning off to his own little room, close to the one where his brother slept. He was not in the humour for responding to his brother's badinage, or for discussing Lottie, and he wanted to think quietly over the present juncture of affairs. It was nothing new to Alan to feel the pressure of care and anxiety. Before he had fairly emerged from boyhood he had felt the chief direction of the farm resting upon him, and had been obliged to think and plan and execute more and more on his own responsibility, as year by year his father, originally somewhat incapable, became more and more so, under the combined influence of advancing years and of the unfortunate tendency to "take a little too much," as it was euphemistically termed by his neighbours. Archibald Campbell had been a younger son of a poor but proud Highland family. He had once been in the army, but had sold out at the instance of anxious relatives, who saw how his weak, kindly nature was fast becoming a prey to its manifold temptations, and had invested his small property in the purchase of a Canadian farm, where they and his young wife fondly hoped he would be out of the way of evil. But to what remote region does not the tavern-keeper penetrate, with his "bitters" and whiskey bottles; and where is the innocent Arcadian district which does not abound with temptations to that insidious poison which, like a cankerworm, destroys both the flower and the fruit of many an otherwise happy and useful life? *Not* in Canada, at all events! Archibald Campbell could not go for his letters to the Post Office, placed in the same building with a tavern, without being inveigled into "*treating*," and being "*treated*;" he could not visit the little market town without stopping to water his horse at a way-side tavern, where he was expected, at least, to "take a horn" for himself, if not for a friend in addition; he could not meet a friend on business, at the hotel in Carrington, without the same social hospitality being expected of him, which expectation his proud, genial Highland nature would have found it im-

possible to disappoint, even had the custom not been too much in accordance with the bent of his own inclination. And in Mr. Hollingsby, whose tavern was so near, and so frequented by sociable individuals of similar tastes, and who was himself so friendly and neighbourly, he had, of late years, found a still more constantly recurring source of temptation. So that it was little to be wondered at if poor, facile, kindly-meaning Archie Campbell, after various attempts to break off his prevailing habit—attempts chiefly made out of regard for the entreaties of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, should again and again fall back helplessly into the toils of the destroying vice.

Moreover, he had no practical training as a farmer, and his easy-going, procrastinating nature ill-fitted him for contending with the difficulties of Canadian farming, especially in the backwoods, where the land to be tilled had, first of all, to be cleared and put in working order. How he had managed to overcome these preliminary difficulties, and get his house up, was a standing wonder, and those who knew best declared it was chiefly owing to the helpful and encouraging energy of his brave, patient wife, who, coming from a home of comfort and refinement at least, if not of luxury, had borne the roughness and drudgery of a backwoods life with a fortitude and "spirit" worthy of the old Highland ancestors whose blood she was proud to feel in her veins. But a woman with an increasing family of young children cannot, however great may be her energy, continue to cope with the exigencies of farming, and supply her husband's defects. He was so constantly behindhand that, whatever the peculiarity of the season might be, he was sure, from not being ready to seize the opportunity as it passed, to suffer more than his neighbours from a late spring, or a wet season, or a drought, or an early frost. Nor had he been able by judicious cultivation to make the most of his not very fertile land, so that "light crops," except in very exceptional seasons, were the rule rather than the exception at Braeburn, and, naturally enough, the family were always "in difficulties," had been so ever since Alan could remember—were so still, notwithstanding the unremitting labour and persevering exertions of Alan, who inherited his mother's spirit, to free them from embarrassment. Mr. Campbell had been obliged from time to time to borrow money, at one time to replace stock lost by disease, at another to rebuild a burned-down barn or renew decaying farm-buildings and fences, at another still, to meet the pressing needs of his growing family. And as one creditor after another became importunate and demanded payment, fresh loans had to be negotiated, each of which was larger than the last had been. Mr. Campbell was rather close about these money transactions of his; it was the only matter of business which he kept entirely in his own hands, and Alan, who had always dreaded enquiring into them, knew only that it was no easy matter to raise the sum annually needed for interest, which, do what he could, was always falling behindhand. Having exhausted all his sources of credit in Radnor, Mr. Campbell had of late years had recourse to the money-lenders of Carrington, last of all to Mr. Leggatt, to whom he had been obliged to give a mortgage on all his farm stock and property. It was this mortgage that now imposed on Alan's heart a crushing load of anxiety such as he had never before felt; and bitterly did he reproach himself for not having sooner taken pains to ascertain its conditions, and his father's real position. He resolved that he would remain in the dark no longer. Mr. Sharpley would probably call next day about this business, and he would come to a clear understanding of what needed to be done.

And *then?* He lay long, sleeplessly considering possibilities. The day by which the payment must be made was an early day

—only a fortnight intervening. In case the money could not in the meantime be raised, and at present he saw no likelihood that it would be, *what then?* He shrank from contemplating the answer to this question. He was young, and hope suggested that there might be a thousand ways of avoiding any irretrievable calamity. To the young and inexperienced anything seems possible except a hopeless misfortune!

Just before he fell at last into an uneasy slumber, his mind reverted to Lottie. She was always in his last thoughts at night, as in his first in the morning. It seemed days or months, instead of hours, since he had gone up to Blackwater Mill that afternoon, longer still since he had been enjoying the *dolce far niente* of his reverie in the wood. The contrast of the wet cheerless night—of drizzling rain, heavy dark sky, moaning wind and swaying branches, with the sunny calm, glowing brightness of the summer afternoon—was not greater than the change that had come to his own mental condition, the change from day-dreaming and castle-building, to being brought face to face with some of the hardest realities of life.

The thought of Lottie, by a natural association, suggested that of the face he had momentarily seen half-shrouded by the heavy cloak, and as he fell asleep he vaguely wondered who she might be, and hoped she might not have taken cold. She seemed such a fragile, delicate creature to be exposed to the violence of such a storm, for even in the momentary glance he had caught she had given him the impression of one who should be shielded from the roughnesses of life. And then, just as the little birds were beginning to stir, and chirp, and twitter among the dripping leaves, and the cocks in the farm-yard were crowing their first morning salutations, he fell into a troubled slumber, full of painful and perplexing dreams, in which Mr. Sharpley, and Lottie, and the fair unknown, and Mr. Hollingsby were blended, with the strange incongruity of dreamland, into a confused and shifting phantasmagoria of dissolving views.

(To be continued.)

ON OPENING LETTERS.

I NEVER ope a letter but I pause
To think what joy or grief it me may bring;
What cause for laughter that afar shall fling
All brooding thoughts as they were wind-borne straws:
For tears and weeping what all potent cause,
I tremblingly bethink, as on dark wing
Of death or woe, their baleful accents ring
Aloud their summons, like discordant daws.
Of all epistles, none can be so sweet
To him who loves, and is beloved as well,
As that of her whose words so fondly greet
That they seem fashioned by some cunning spell,
So full are they of raptures all complete—
Of happiness and bliss innumerable.

EDWARD JAMESON, in the *Golden Age.*

ATOMISM AND THEISM.

BY J. CLARK MURRAY, LL.D.

THE recent Address of Prof. Tyndall has raised anew the question: What progress has been made, in the light of contemporary science, towards an explanation of the universe on purely physical grounds? In the following remarks it is proposed to notice two prominent points in the Address: (A) The Atomic Theory; (B) the acknowledged impossibility of completely solving, by this theory, the problem which the universe presents.

(A) In connection with the Atomic Theory one is tempted to question some opinions expressed in the historical sketch, which forms a large portion of this Address. It was natural that a sketch of the history of speculation in such a connection should have touched with special lustre the names of those who have contributed most to the distinct conception and intelligible application of the Atomic Theory. Now there seems no doubt that the first achievement of importance in this direction was the work of Democritus. It is true that the other principles which Prof. Tyndall attaches to the philosophy of Democritus had been clearly thought out and enunciated long before his time; it is true that the way had been prepared for Atomism by the whole course of previous Greek speculation from the first conjectures of the Ionian physicists, and that an Atomic Theory of a cruder character had recently before been suggested by Empedocles; it is, moreover, possible that Leucippus, the companion of Democritus, has been unfairly jostled out of view by the crowd of subsequent Atomists. Still we cannot overlook the special greatness of Democritus in grasping a magnificent idea while yet unfamiliar, and shaping it, probably by many unrecorded years of fervid intellectual toil, into that luminous form which has made it a light upon the path of many a subsequent inquirer into the physical constitution of things. But it is not incomprehensible that the fame of Democritus should have been eclipsed by that of Plato and Aristotle. Nor to comprehend this is it necessary to form the supposition which Prof. Tyndall adopts, that the heavier metal of his philosophy sent it to the bottom of that ocean of barbarism with which Europe was inundated during the middle ages, while the lighter stuff, composing the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle, floated with ease. Whatever may be the inanities of temporary popularity, the voice of ages is, after all,

> "The proof and echo of all human fame,"

and is never heard ringing from generation to generation the praise of what is worthless in preference to that which is of real worth. This is evidently the explanation of the subordinate position which Democritus occupies in the history of speculation on the ultimate origin of things. The haze of enthusiasm seems to make the Atomic Theory loom so vastly before his mental vision as to hide everything else from his view. Now, valuable as that theory is in the explanation of the physical universe, it brings us not a step nearer to the discovery of the primal origin of that universe. Yet to Democritus, Atomism apparently afforded the key to the solution of all problems; and it is precisely because we find in him no glimpse of that great region which his theory cannot touch, that, though he may rightfully claim a chief place in the history of science, he cannot take the highest rank among those who have

inquired into the fundamental principle of all things.

To return from this historical criticism, we proceed to consider the Atomic Theory both from a scientific and from a philosophical point of view.

I. Even looking at the matter from the standpoint of science, we are tempted to demand whether the confident tone of the Atomists is justified by any results which can stand the tests of scientific proof. For

1. The very existence of atoms is acknowledged to be a mere hypothesis. It is true that the hypothesis has proved marvellously fruitful in its applications. Still, in view of many recent utterances of physicism, it cannot be too earnestly repeated that the real existence of atoms has not only never been proved, but that, in the present state of knowledge, it is impossible to conceive any instrument of discovery by which their existence can be made evident. It is unnecessary to discuss whether this should not render the hypothesis illegitimate, which it would be considered by some of the most distinguished expounders of scientific method;* but it is perhaps worth observing that the hypothesis would be discarded by the rigid application of a criterion on which Prof. Tyndall strongly insists for testing the value of scientific theories. It is essential, he holds, to a true physical conception, that it should be "capable of being placed as a coherent picture before the mind." Now, this is precisely what the conception of an atom does not admit. It has been long pointed out that we cannot imagine *(vorstellen)* any quantity of matter which is absolutely indivisible. The minutest particle we are compelled to represent as divisible into particles minuter still. Even when the Atomic Theory is applied to render intelligible processes which cannot be otherwise represented in thought, it is not absolutely indivisible, but only indefinitely minute particles, that are conceived. This is not urged as an insuperable objection to Atomism, for nature is not limited by the capacities of human thought. But the inability to form a mental picture of an atom ought to be a reminder of the purely hypothetical character of the fundamental conception, by means of which the Atomist pretends to unlock the most hidden mystery of things. However useful, therefore, the Atomic hypothesis may be for guiding the labours of scientific inquirers, it becomes a pernicious hallucination when it is applied, as if it were a known fact, to reveal the primeval constitution of all things. If the physicists would accept from metaphysical literature a term by which the scientific value of the Atomic hypothesis would be correctly expressed, it should be described, in Kantian phraseology, as a *regulative*, not a *constitutive*, hypothesis. In other words, the hypothesis would be regarded as fulfilling its legitimate function in merely *regulating* the inquiries of scientific students, so that they may conduct their inquiries *as if the hypothesis were true*, while they avoid making the hypothesis a *constituent* fact in the real system of the universe.

2. Still, supposing the existence of atoms to be demonstrated, one is forced to ask further, whether all the phenomena of the universe have been, or are likely to be, interpreted in terms of Atomism.

(*a*) Even when this question is limited to the physical world, it reminds us of the incompleteness of Atomism as an explanation of physical phenomena themselves. It is in the region of chemistry that the hypothesis has been especially applicable. When it is found that a composite substance, however often analyzed, yields invariably the same constituent elements in the same proportions; when it is found that the quantity of any body which combines with others bears a uniform proportion to the quantities of these others, as estimated by their weights: these and other rudimentary facts of chemistry become more intelligibly represented to

* See Mill's *Logic*, Book III. chap. 14, § 6.

the mind by the supposition that all bodies are composed of indestructible particles which remain unaltered amidst all possible combinations. But in other departments of physical investigation the theory does not admit of an equally obvious application. To take only one example, the phenomena of light become intelligible, by the Atomic hypothesis, only when that hypothesis is subsidised by the additional hypothesis of an ethereal form of matter, the relation of which to other matter cannot be established by weight, the existence of which cannot be made evident to any of the human senses; which is, in short, imagined to exist merely to make the agency of light conceivable in harmony with the Atomic hypothesis.

These remarks are not intended to invalidate the Atomic explanation of the physical world, or to cast doubt upon the service which it has rendered in physical science. Our object has been merely to show that, even in reference to the physical world, Atomism is as yet only an hypothesis—an hypothesis, indeed, which renders a large number of physical phenomena more clearly imaginable, and which may perhaps render all physical phenomena equally intelligible. But while admitting all legitimate value to the hypothesis, we protest against accepting it as an established fact—as if it were a fact which has been already applied to all physical phenomena, and has already explained all their mysteries. And much more do we protest against the assumption that such an hypothesis can dispel the mystery of *all* phenomena, whether physical or not.

(*b*) For it seems as if it were necessary to remind our physicists that there are other than physical phenomena in the universe. Occupied exclusively, in their professional researches, with physical phenomena, many of them seem to become incapable of appreciating phenomena of any other order, or they interpret them by the ideas and terms of physical science. Surely nothing but this professional tendency could lead any man to suppose that the phenomena of our conscious life can be explained in the language of Atomism. It is quite possible, every year seems to render it more probable, that all the phenomena of organic and inorganic bodies may be due to the various combinations of atomic particles of which they are composed. The physiologist may yet explain on the Atomic Theory every process in the human organism, every tremor of a nerve about the periphery, through the spine, in the brain; but what do all his explanations to render intelligible the simplest act of consciousness? Can a thought or a feeling, can the memories and reasonings, the joys and griefs, the loves and hates of the human soul be represented, without absurdity, as formed by any combinations or movements of material atoms? My thoughts and feelings may be—there is good ground for believing that they *are*—uniformly related to certain molecular movements of nervous tissue; but a thought or feeling—*is* it a molecule, or any combination or movement of molecules? And yet these phenomena of the inner life *exist*; our feelings and thoughts are, to us all, realities of the most stern character. Nay, are they not, in truth, the only realities which we know at first hand; while your atoms, and compounds of atoms—are they not known merely at second hand—hypothetically assumed to exist in order that we may account for those feelings and thoughts whose reality we cannot doubt, and which, we suppose, cannot be accounted for except on some such hypothesis?

II. But we come to look at the Atomic Theory from a philosophical, rather than from a scientific, point of view. Now, what is an atom? To the mere physicist this may seem a question too simple to be asked. But, unhappily for physical science and for all science, this question brings us face to face with the radical defect in all purely physical theories of the universe.

What, then, is an atom? For the use of physical science a definition of atoms is

easily enough obtained :—An indivisible particle of matter! Yes; that definition will carry you through all the uses of atoms in physical science. Give it unlimited opportunity to open the doors by which the light of human knowledge may flood every cranny in the material universe, to show that it is governed by the law of a divine order, and by no demon's caprice. But your key snaps in your hand when you put it to the lock of any other mystery, even the ultimate mystery of the material universe itself. For an indivisible particle of matter is something definite enough for him to whom matter forms a starting point of inquiry—a *datum*, a given fact which he need not question. But to the metaphysician the nature of matter is the most perplexingly problematic of things. Do you attempt to dispel this perplexity by defining matter as *a substance occupying space?* True; but what is substance; and what is space? If we can tell what substance is, we shall hesitate to say whether matter is a substance or not; if we can tell what space is, we shall question whether it is imposed by things upon our thoughts, or imposed by our thoughts upon things. So that, instead of supposing that the mind has been beaten into the fire of emotion and the light of thought by substances in space, it is likely that we shall, with more truth, see the forces of the universe fashioned into substances in space by the fire and the light of the human soul.

Yet, again, what is meant by an atom, supposing such to exist? It is implied that, if the minute nerve-network of the retina were subdivided into infinitely finer threads, we should be able to discriminate sensations of light, I don't know how many millions of times more minute than the present *minimum visibile;* while a similar intensification of tactile and muscular sensibility would enable us to discriminate correspondingly more minute contacts and pressures. Perhaps also—though this "perhaps" is not encouraging—some fact, of which at present we can form no conception, might enable us to discover that minuter points of light or touch or pressure are absolutely incapable of being discriminated. Perhaps, we have said; but our physicists are the very men who refuse to let us look on anything as absolute, as absolutely necessary or absolutely impossible. Suppose, however, we could make evident the existence of atoms, all that we should make evident would be that, under the supposed circumstances, the supposed immeasurably refined sensations of light and touch and pressure would take place. But would this bring us a whit nearer the solution of the problem how these sensations are produced? It is, after all, only the sensations that we know immediately: the belief that these sensations are produced by any particular means is only an inference from the sensations; and it is a very big stride which steps to the inference that these sensations are produced by indivisible particles of a thing called matter, which is prior in existence to the sensations it creates. I know that these sensations are produced by no voluntary effort of my power: I recognise, therefore, the presence of powers, forces, wills, or of a Power, Force, Will, which is not I. But that these forces reside in an unknown thing like an atom or a combination of atoms, is what no philosophic or scientific principle compels us to suppose, is perhaps but one of those guesses, with regard to the origin of things, which scientific thought has not been able to emancipate from the vulgar notion of a material world, and which may be relegated by a subsequent age to the limbo of crudities into which have been packed the theories of the early physicists among the Ionian Greeks.

(B) To the narrow specialist in physics these objections might be no novel, if intelligible; but Prof. Tyndall is too profound a thinker to be blind to the fact that Atomism, even if admitted for the explanation of the physical world, can carry us but a part

of the way to the fundamental principle and origin of things. Accordingly, although, "abandoning all disguise," he confesses that he "discerns in matter the promise and potency of every form and quality of life," yet he entreats us to avoid haste in the interpretation of his words, lest we misunderstand his "materialism." Let us, therefore, wait for his explanation. "We can trace," he says, "the development of a nervous system, and correlate with it the parallel phenomena of sensation and thought. We see with undoubting certainty that they go hand in hand. But we try to soar in a vacuum the moment we seek to comprehend the connection between them. An Archimedean fulcrum is here required which the human mind cannot command; and the effort to solve the problem, to borrow an illustration from an illustrious friend of mine, is like the effort of a man trying to lift himself by his own waistband. All that has been here said is to be taken in connection with this fundamental truth. When 'nascent senses' are spoken of, when the 'differentiation of a tissue at first vaguely sensitive all over' is spoken of, and when these processes are associated with 'the modification of an organism by its environment,' the same parallelism, without contact, or even approach to contact, is implied. There is no fusion possible between the two classes of facts—no motor energy in the intellect of man to carry it without logical rupture from the one to the other." Another explanation is also worth quoting: "All we hear, and see, and touch, and taste, and smell, are, it would be urged, mere variations of our own condition, beyond which, even to the extent of a hair's breadth, we cannot go. That anything answering to our impressions exists outside of ourselves is not a *fact*, but an *inference*, to which all validity would be denied by an idealist like Berkeley, or by a sceptic like Hume. Mr. Spencer takes another line. With him, as with the uneducated man, there is no doubt or question as to the existence of an external world. But he differs from the uneducated, who thinks that the world really *is* what consciousness represents it to be. Our states of consciousness are mere *symbols* of an outside entity which produces them and determines the order of their succession, but the real nature of which we can never know. In fact the whole process of evolution is the manifestation of a Power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man. As little in our time, as in the days of Job, can a man by searching find this Power out. Considered fundamentally, it is by the operation of an insoluble mystery that life is evolved, species differentiated, and mind unfolded from their prepotent elements in the immeasurable past." After this, if we were allowed to put our own interpretation on it, not only do we agree with Prof. Tyndall, that "there is no very rank materialism here," but we wonder why he should have "discerned in matter the promise and potency of every form and quality of life," or indeed any promise or potency at all! Let us, however, examine more closely this explanatory concession to the anti-materialists.

I. This concession admits that the only *facts immediately known* by us are certain mental impressions, all our notions with regard to the source of these impressions being mere *inference*. It admits, however, or rather it contends, that there *is* something beyond these impressions—something by which the impressions are produced. In this admission or contention Prof. Tyndall is the mouthpiece of the whole school of recent philosophical physicists. Mr. Herbert Spencer, for example, is never weary of repeating that this is the one point at which the otherwise diverging lines of religion and science inevitably converge, the ultimate teaching of both pointing to a Great Reality behind all phenomena. We are, therefore, not asked to face an extreme Phenomenalism, which recognises nothing beyond phenomena, which is content with the fact of

mental impressions, and declines to assert whether there is or is not anything besides.

This, indeed, is the only consistent doctrine for the Positivist, as was long ago pointed out—*implicitly* by Hume, *explicitly* by Kant. For the theoretical philosophy of Kant, as represented by the "Critique of Pure Reason," is truly the most systematic Positivism ever taught; and according to its teachings the Causal Judgment—the judgment by which we assert that every event must have a cause—is valid only within the limits of experience, but wholly impotent to leap beyond; valid to connect the different phenomena which experience presents, but invalid to connect the totality of these phenomena with any cause. Even the recognition of a mere Reality, as Spencer and others call it at times, without asserting any causal connection of that Reality with phenomena, implies still that we know *some*thing of It, that we know at least that It *exists*—is *real;* unless we make no difference between existence or reality, and non-existence or unreality.

But, in truth, thorough Phenomenalism is a position in which no human thought can find rest. All the Phenomenalists, from Heraclitus and the Sophists down to Comte and the Positivists, have explicitly or implicitly refused to admit the possibility of the phenomenal universe being produced by fetishes or the beings of mythology, by an antagonistic Ormuzd and Ahriman, by the gods of an Olympus or an Asgard, or by any other "mob of deities." But we cannot be wholly ignorant of the source from which this universe has sprung, if we know that it is not the manifestation of any of those causes which are assigned to it in the polytheistic creeds.

At all events the Phenomenalism of Prof. Tyndall does not prevent him from admitting the existence of something beyond those mental impressions, which he recognises as being the only facts that are immediately known. Let us see what further assertions he ventures with regard to the origin of our mental impressions.

II. From the general drift of the address we should have expected to be told that these impressions which make up our conscious life, are due to the operations of material atoms. But the ultimate cause of this phenomenal world, which floats in the consciousness of man, is declared to be one, "the nature of which we can never know," to be "a Power inscrutable to the intellect of man," to be "an insoluble mystery." Now,

1. After this, what meant all the talk about atoms and the potency of matter? If the external cause of the world of consciousness is absolutely unknowable—if the endeavour to connect that world with a cause outside of itself is like "the effort of a man to raise himself by his own waistband," or the attempt "to soar in a vacuum,"—then what are we to understand by the greater part of this address, which assumes not only that matter is known to exist, but that it is known to be composed of atomic particles, and that in it may be "*discerned* the promise and potency of every form and quality of life?" The dilemma is unavoidable: either there is no meaning in the solemn phrases in which Prof. Tyndall describes the irremovable mystery which veils the source of our conscious life; or it is inconsistent to speak of discerning in matter the potency in which life has its root.

2. But, further, if the origin of consciousness be beyond human ken, what right have we to speak of it as the manifestation of a *Power?* Prof. Tyndall and others, who represent the philosophical position of pure physicism, never hesitate to use language of this purport. It is seldom, indeed, very clear what meaning they attach to the terms, *power, force, cause,* and the other expressions by which they represent the same idea. But whatever their meaning—and it would be unworthy to charge them with attaching no meaning at all to their words—then to the extent of that meaning at least they must

hold that the source of life is known; they must admit that this at least is known regarding the Great Reality behind all phenomena, that It is related to these phenomena as their producing cause. It is not necessary to weaken this argument by any such slight attempt as could here be made to settle the delicate metaphysical problems connected with causality. But settle these problems as we may, it must be acknowledged that an important step is taken beyond mere Phenomenalism, in the admission that there is a POWER of which all that appears in the consciousness of man is a manifestation.

3. But there is yet another contradiction of the assertion that the source of consciousness is absolutely inscrutable, in the doctrine which is implied in thorough-going physicism, that the Power which originates consciousness is not itself conscious. Prof. Tyndall, indeed, does not make this assertion in so many terms. His most explicit declaration on this point is to be found in a couple of sentences near the close of his address. "On the one side," he says, "we have a theory (if it could with any propriety be so called) derived, as were the theories referred to at the beginning of this address, not from the study of nature, but from the observation of men—a theory which converts the Power whose garment is seen in the visible universe into an Artificer fashioned after the human model, and acting by broken efforts as man is seen to act. On the other side we have the conception that all we see around us, and all we feel within us—the phenomena of physical nature as well as those of the human mind—have their unsearchable roots in a cosmical life, if I dare apply the term, an infinitesimal span of which only is offered to the investigation of man." Whatever objections may be taken to the statement of the first theory here described as an expression of modern philosophical theism, the drift of the second theory, interpreted in the light of the whole address, seems evidently to exclude the conception of consciousness or intelligence as an attribute of the "cosmical life" which evolves all phenomena, at least in any sense in which we can think of a being as conscious or intelligent. Now, if there are any means by which we can know that the Supreme Power in the universe is not a conscious or intelligent being, then there is no ground for the assertion that that Power is absolutely unknowable.

Mere Phenomenalism, therefore, or absolute Positivism, breaks down on every side. In refusing to attribute the phenomena of the universe to the "mob of deities" by whose operation they were explained to the popular mind of the heathen, the Positivist claims to know so much with regard to the region beyond phenomena, that it is not peopled with such a mob. In recognising a Reality beyond phenomena, he admits that knowledge transcends phenomena so far as to discover at least the *existence* of something besides. In calling this Reality a Power, Force, or Cause, he assumes the further knowledge of the relation between this ultimate Reality and the phenomena which It produces, or in which It is manifested. And, last of all, in the vehemence with which it is contended that this Power does not act with intelligence, a vast but wholly unjustifiable claim is put forth of acquaintance with the nature of this Power, and with Its mode of operation.

It is impossible, then, to maintain that the Primal Cause, from which this universe originates, is absolutely unknowable; and the question is obtruded on us by the recent physicists themselves, whether that Cause may be known to be an unconscious force or thing? Let us consider the grounds on which this daring knowledge is claimed.

I. It is maintained that all phenomena are found to be due to movement—to the movement of masses or the movement of molecules. It is further maintained that all this movement is the result of force draw-

ing or pushing in the line of least resistance;* and it is consequently inferred to be unnecessary to suppose that the production of phenomena has been directed by plan, by intelligence. In reply to this,

1. It is worth while to be reminded that the whole phenomena of the universe can*not* be interpreted in terms of motion—that, while nervous and cerebral action may be merely the play of the molecules of which the nerve-tissues are composed, our thoughts and feelings cannot be so described. But it is unnecessary to dwell upon this again. It is also unnecessary to dwell upon the fact that it is impossible to represent motion and force except as conceptions of some mind, and that we only delude ourselves when we suppose that they can be imagined, except as apprehended by some mind.

2. Let it be supposed that everything may be explained as resulting from the tug of a force in "the line of least resistance," does that render it inconceivable that everything is directed by intelligence? It certainly excludes the conception of a capricious will, guided by no permanent principle; it certainly excludes, moreover, the conception of a defective intelligence or a feeble will, incompletely acquainted with, or incompletely master of, the forces at his command; but are we thus prevented from attributing the universe to an Omnipotent Will directed by an Omniscient consciousness—a will and a consciousness limited only by the reason of things? Are we to suppose that such a Will should select clumsier processes in preference to the simplest means for the attainment of His ends? There is, in fact, but one conception with regard to the movements of the universe, which is in harmony with their direction by Supreme Reason, and that is the conception of these movements as following "the line of least resistance."

*Spencer's *First Principles*, Part II., chap. 9.

II. It is held by some, though apparently by but a small number of recent philosophical physicists, that the Universal Force, though following "the line of least resistance," produces results which are incompatible with the guidance of Perfect Reason. We shall not dwell upon this, as Prof. Tyndall does not venture such an assertion, and the strongest replies to the assertion have come from the materialists themselves. Prof. Tyndall, too, would probably affirm the explanation which has been generally accepted by theists in reference to those otherwise inexplicable phenomena, that only "an infinitesimal span" of the great cosmical life is offered to our view, and that, if we could see the whole, we should probably discover the harmony of every part with a Supreme Reason.

III. It is commonly contended that the theistic explanation of the universe is one of those anthropomorphisms which the progress of science has been gradually eliminating from our views of things. This is a favourite line of argument with Mr. H. Spencer; and it is this argument that is indicated in Prof. Tyndall's description of theism as "derived, not from the study of nature, but from the observation of men," and as involving the conception of "an Artificer fashioned after the human model, and acting by broken efforts as man is seen to act." We feel justified in taking these words as intended to describe explicit theism. At least they express the only alternative offered from the creed of "Know-Nothing" in reference to the source of the universe. Now, in the explanation of nature, human nature, as well as physical nature, must be taken into view; and it does not necessarily follow that mere physical force is a worthier or a truer conception of the Universal Cause than human force stripped of all human imperfections. Such a conception does not involve what is usually understood by anthropomorphism; for an anthropomorphic representation of the Supreme Being implies the ascription to

Him of human attributes which are incompatible with perfection. But there is no such incompatibility in Perfect Reason; nor is it Perfect Reason that the progress of science has been gradually eliminating. What science has gradually dispelled from our views of the Supreme Cause is the idea of that caprice which we ourselves rise above the more we learn to govern ourselves by Reason alone; and we come to recognise more fully the perfection of the Reason which governs the universe, the more we discover what the old Hebrews expressively styled "the faithfulness" of God in evolving similar results from similar antecedents.

Modern physicism, therefore, has adduced nothing to interfere with the ancient faith of man, that the Lord of all "by wisdom hath founded the earth, by understanding hath established the heavens." This does not contradict, but rather implies, the belief that it is impossible for the finite understanding of man to fathom the plans of that Infinite Understanding; and, therefore, many of the expressions used by modern Positivists to describe the inscrutability of the Supreme Being, have formed familiar commonplaces in the language of theism. It is true that the common talk of religious men implies much impious assumption of familiarity with the intentions of the Universal Mind in the minutest details of His administration. But we cannot insult the philosophical physicist by supposing that he is unable to separate these immaturities of popular thought from the fundamental faith of the theist. It may be questioned, indeed, whether any literature surpasses the Bible of Christendom in the variety and oriental splendour of imagery with which it describes the "unsearchable greatness" of the Power that "worketh all in all;" while the "Inscrutability of the Divine Decrees" has formed a prominent article in all Christian theologies worthy of the name.

Still there is one region in which all theistic systems must contend that we *do* know the Supreme Will which governs the universe, and that is the only region with which all men in common are essentially concerned—the region of ethical practice. The demand that we shall do to others what we would have them do to us—the Moral Law, as it is called, in whatever terms expressed—is meaningless if there is any doubt of its unconditionally imperative obligation; and there is doubt if our knowledge is limited to what has been and is likely to be, if we do not know what *must be* by the very nature of the Will which rules through all things. It would take us too far to enter on the theme which is thus opened up. Let it be enough to point to the light with which it illumines the faith of those who look to Jesus of Nazareth as the Word of God to men, because He revealed, not great scientific or philosophical truths, but that harmony, after which ethical practice endeavours, of the human will with the divine. He, too, recognises the unfathomable secrets of the Supreme Will which directs the processes of the phenomenal universe. "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man,—no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father." And yet He does not hesitate to declare that the great problem of modern philosophy, as to the possibility of knowing the Infinite Being, is solved so far at least as the blessedness of human life requires a solution: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for *they* shall see God."

"SPEED THE GOING GUEST."

I.

OLD year, so furrowed and hoar, thy reign is over,
Even now soft snow descends thy grave to cover ;
And we forbear to praise thee, or contemn,
While the wild north wind blows thy requiem.

II.

Perchance thou hast not left an engraven name,
Or set on the world's page the seal of fame ;
'Twas thine to sow, perhaps, not garner, grain,
Yet who dare say that thou hast sown in vain !

III.

'Twas thine to leave unroofed what thou didst build ;
To make the frame for other years to gild ;
And yet, perhaps 'twas less thy fault than ours
That all thy grimy bulbs were not sweet flowers.

IV.

Thou hast grown tender grass upon bare graves ;
Hast taught to many lost the prayer that saves :
Hast crowned some hopes while wrecking other some,
And put some homeless on the road to Home.

V.

Trusted for twelve months with our destinies,
The counsels of God, life and death's mysteries,
To her who from the mist comes veiled, thou must
Yield now thy diadem and holy trust.

VI.

And lightly, as the world forgets her friends,
From thee we turn to greet what Heaven sends ;
And to the new-comer, expectantly,
Open our arms ere we have buried thee !

ALICE HORTON.

Ottawa.

THE OTTAWA VALLEY: ITS HISTORY AND RESOURCES.

BY JOHN GEORGE BOURINOT.

I.—THE OLD REGIME.

FROM its remote sources in the wilderness region that lies to the South-east of Hudson's Bay, down to its union with the waters of the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa River flows through a country abounding in timber and minerals of the most valuable kind, and presenting the most varied and picturesque scenery of this continent. Its total length is some seven hundred miles, and the area it drains comprises eighty thousand square miles. Some of its tributaries are themselves of greater size than many of the historic rivers of the empires of Europe. Much of the country through which it runs is still a wilderness, where the lumberman wields the axe or the hunter sets his traps; but a large and valuable territory has been reclaimed within a few decades, and is now making a progress in all the elements of prosperity not inferior to that of many parts of that Great West to which we are always wont to point when we would refer to the most remarkable national development the world has ever seen.

The history of this region is the history of the American pioneer. It illustrates the indomitable enterprise of that race which has everywhere hewn down the forest and built up new Britains, to show how free and discreet government can develop the strength and manliness of colonial communities. It is just three quarters of a century since a bold adventurer left his home among the hills of New England and made the first clearing within sight of the tumultuous Chaudière. Before that time the Ottawa Valley was the home of the Indian and the fur-trader. In the days of the French régime, bands of the Ottawas, a tribe of that great Algonquin family which contended so long for the mastery against the Huron-Iroquois, had their camps by the banks of the Great River. The *coureurs des bois* and *voyageurs* passed frequently over its rapid current in quest of fur and game, and gave to many of its rapids and lakes the names which they still bear. The river itself, in old times, was frequently called La Rivière des Prairies, La Rivière des Algonquins, and La Grande Rivière; but it came gradually to be called after the tribe that has so long dwelt upon its banks, La Rivière des Outaouais. Even now the Indians frequenting the Valley call it Kitchi-Sippi, which means the Great River. I have seen it stated that Outaouais means, in the Algonquin tongue, "a human ear;" but why it should have been so called is a question which no one, however learned in Indian lore, seems prepared to answer. Lakes Temiscamingue and Temangamingue, the Rivers Keepawa-Sippi and Petawawee, are among the memorials of Indian occupation. But French names, always appropriate, are even more frequently met with as we pass up the Great River. The Long Sault has clung from the earliest times to an impetuous and dangerous rapid. The *Carillon* illustrates the fancy of some voyageurs that they heard a peal of bells as they came within hearing of the rushing waters. The Rideau is an appropriate title to one of the most graceful of Canadian falls. The Chaudière is but a translation of the ancient Indian name, as we shall presently see when we refer to Champlain's voyage up the river. Les Chats refers no doubt to an adventure of some voyageurs or traders with the wild

cats that abounded in the neighbourhood of those picturesque falls. Les Erables points to a grove of maples; Rocher Fendu, to a romantic cleft-rock; Bonne Chère, probably to a jolly feast of a French-Canadian party; Calumet, very likely to the fact that Champlain smoked a friendly pipe with the Indians at that particular place.

The adventurous Champlain has left us a very minute, and, in its way, graphic account of his two voyages up the Ottawa, in the early part of the seventeenth century. His first knowledge of the existence of the river was derived from a chief of the Ottawas who came to Quebec, in the autumn of 1608, to ask him to join an expedition against the Iroquois, the cruel and hereditary foe of the Canadian Indians. In the following spring, accompanied by his Huron and Algonquin allies, he made his famous voyage up the Richelieu into the Lake to which posterity has given his name. Four years later he made his voyage of discovery up the Ottawa River, under the idea that it was to lead him to the North Sea, and open up a short route to the riches of China and Japan. Previous to this voyage one Nicholas de Vignau had gone up the river, and after remaining for some months among the Indians of the Upper Ottawa, had come back with a wonderful story of having reached the shores of the sea, and seen the wreck of an English ship.* Champlain, like all the great adventurers down to very recent times, believed that a short route to Asia might be found by way of this continent, and set out enthusiastically in search of that geographical will-o-the-wisp which has led so many brave men to death or to countless dangers and privations among the icebergs of the Polar Seas.

When Champlain started on this adventurous voyage, two hundred and sixty years ago, European civilization had only a slight foothold in the American wilderness. A little English community was struggling to establish itself in Virginia; the Spaniards were stationed at St. Augustine; and a handful of Frenchmen at Quebec and Port Royal represented French ambition. On all sides, as he moved up the river in a bark canoe, he saw a primeval solitude. Rapids and falls tumbled impetuously over their ancient rocks, under the shadow, here and there, of gigantic pines that had stood the storms of ages. A camp-fire, at distant intervals, was the only sign of human occupation. No unsightly gaps marred the wide expanse of foliage; but the pines, the maples, the birches, the beeches stood around him in all the sublimity of a virgin forest, such as we may still see far away from the settlements, in that remote country where the lumberman has not yet ventured.

Champlain did not accomplish this voyage without incurring some dangers and difficulties. He nearly fell a victim to the rushing waters of the Long Sault, into which he stumbled whilst dragging his canoe through the boulders. At last he reached the present site of Ottawa, of which he has given us a minute description: "At the mouth of this river (the Gatineau) there is another (the Rideau) which comes from the south, and has a beautiful fall at its entrance; for it descends with great impetuosity some twenty or twenty-five fathoms (*brasses*), and forms an arcade of perhaps 200 paces, under which the Indians are accustomed to pass for amusement, without wetting themselves except by the spray of the surrounding waters. In the middle of this river is an islet, covered, like all the surrounding country, with pines and white cedars. When the Indians wish to enter the river, they carry their canoes up the heights, and for about half a league by land. The country is full of game, which is one reason why the Indians stop here so frequently. The Iroquois also come up from time to time to

* He had probably heard of the voyage of Henry Hudson to the Bay now known by the name of that intrepid maritime adventurer.

take the Ottawa tribes by surprise. About a league distant we passed another fall, a half league in breadth, and some six or seven fathoms (*brasses*) in height. Here are a number of islets, very rocky and difficult of access, and covered with a growth of stunted wood. The river falls at one point with such impetuosity upon a rock, that it has formed a deep basin, where the waters toss and boil so tumultuously that the Indians give it the name of *Asticon*, which means a *chaudière*, or cauldron. This fall makes so great a noise in the basin that one can hear it for a distance of two leagues."

On the verge of the cataract the Indians performed a ceremony which they never forgot to observe at this particular spot. After they had invoked the guardian of the fall, they placed a quantity of tobacco on a dish, and threw it into the boiling flood. Now labouring over rocks and through thickets to avoid some impassable rapid, then cheerily paddling over a placid reach of river, where the luxuriant foliage of the virgin forest waved on every side, where the moose and deer stood for an instant in amazement on the brink of the stream, and then darted wildly into the trackless woods, the dauntless Frenchman at last reached the Indian settlements on the Upper Ottawa. At the first village, the Indian chief, Nabachis, gave him a guide as far as the Lower Lake des Allumettes, which was subsequently known as Lac du Borgne, from a famous one-eyed chief of that name—where he found Tessouat's settlement, consisting of some rough clearings, chiefly growing maize, and of a few rudely constructed bark huts. Here he had an example of the respect shown by many of the Indian tribes to their dead. A platform of wood was erected above the grave on posts, and at one end was placed a tablet, on which were roughly carved the features of the deceased. A plume was given to a chief; a shield, lance, or club to a warrior; a paddle or some article of domestic use to a girl; a little bow and arrow to a boy.

The Indians received their illustrious visitor with every demonstration of respect. Tessouat immediately invited all the Indians within many miles to a *tabagie* or great feast, where there was the usual amount of gross feeding, not particularly relished by Champlain. Then followed a council, which resulted in the chief promising to give Champlain the assistance of canoes and men as far as the settlements of the Nipissings, another member of the Algonquin family, who had their camps by the lake of the same name. But Tessouat and his compeers, who were very jealous of the Nipissings, and by no means anxious that the French should enter into intimate relations with them, subsequently changed their mind, and in the course of the explanations that necessarily followed, De Vignau's lies were exposed. It appeared from the statements of the Indians, and subsequently from his own confession, that he had never made any such voyage as he had described, but had remained all the winter in Tessouat's hut. Deeply disappointed, Champlain turned homeward, and reached Montreal on the seventeenth of June, after an absence of about three weeks. In another voyage which he took two years later—in 1615—he passed successfully over the river, and came to the tributary waters of the Matawan, thence he passed to Lake Nipissing, and eventually reached the *Mer Douce*, the great fresh-water sea of the Hurons.*

But another Frenchman had preceded him on this adventurous voyage, and Champlain has not the honour of having been the first European who indicated what must be, sooner or later, the great highway of traffic between the great lakes and the sea. One

* Several relics, supposed to belong to Champlain, have been picked up on the banks of the river. Dr. Grant, an enthusiastic antiquarian and geologist of the Valley, has an old rapier. An astrolabe has also been found.

of a band of devoted men always ready to brave the dangers of the untrodden wilderness, Father Joseph Le Caron, a Recollet friar, was the first Frenchman to venture by the Ottawa River and Nipissing to Lake Huron, and preach to its tribes the blessings of his faith. In a description of his adventurous voyage he tells us: "I should find it difficult to tell you how tired I got when paddling with all my strength the whole day in company with the Indians; now wading the river a hundred times and more, through mud and over pointed rocks which cut my feet; then carrying the canoe and luggage through the woods to avoid the rapids and fearful cataracts. I was half starved all the time, for we had only a small allowance of sagamite, made of water and pounded maize, every morning and night. But I must perforce tell you what great consolation I found in all my troubles; for when one sees so many infidels needing nothing but a drop of water to make them children of God, he must feel an irrepressible desire to toil for their conversion, and sacrifice to it his repose and his life."

During the early days of the French régime, the Lower Ottawa was the scene of a very memorable episode in the history of New France. In 1660, when Montreal and Quebec were little more than villages, the French learned that the Iroquois were collecting their warriors for a determined onslaught upon the St. Lawrence settlements. This news caused a panic among the French *habitans*, many of whom sought the shelter of the fortified towns. Among the officers of the little garrison that then protected Montreal, was Daulac, Sieur des Ormeaux,* who obtained leave from Maisonneuve, the Governor, to lead a party of volunteers against the Iroquois, who were wintering in large numbers on the Ottawa, whence they proposed to swoop at a convenient season on the French settlements. Sixteen brave fellows took a solemn oath to accept no quarter, and after settling their private affairs, and receiving the holy sacrament, they set out on their heroic mission. History has done full justice to the courageous little band whose self-sacrifice saved the fortunes of the struggling colony. Daulac and his companions went up the river, and reached the foot of the Long Sault, destined to be their Thermopylæ. There among the bushes they found a circular enclosure of logs, which had been built by the Indians for defensive purposes. This afforded but a wretched bulwark, but the Frenchmen were in such a state of high enthusiasm that they were quite satisfied with the protection it gave, and only proceeded to strengthen it when they heard that the Iroquois were coming down the river. The first attacks of the Indians were repulsed, and the Iroquois sent out scouts to bring up a large force of some five hundred warriors, who were awaiting their arrival at the mouth of the Richelieu. In the meanwhile they kept tormenting the French, who were suffering for food and water, and nearly worn out by their heroic defence. A band of Hurons, who had joined them before the arrival of the Iroquois, now deserted them, with the exception of their chief, who, as well as four Algonquins, remained faithful to their allies. The surrounding forests soon resounded with the yells of the Iroquois reinforcements, and the French felt that their fate was sealed. But Daulac and his dauntless compatriots never swerved an inch, but day after day beat back the astonished assailants, who knew the weakness of the garrison, and anticipated an easy victory. Some of the Iroquois were beginning to think of returning homeward, but shame kept them a while longer at the Long Sault. At last a general assault was made, and in the struggle Daulac fell dead. Still the survivors kept up the fight, until the Iroquois found no one within the walls to continue the battle. Four Frenchmen,

* Parkman, in *The Old Régime*, has described this memorable conflict in his spirited style.

still alive, were picked up among the heap of corpses. Three of these were instantly burned to death, while the fourth was reserved for more prolonged tortures a day or two later. The faithless Hurons gained nothing by their desertion, for they suffered death with the exception of five, who took an account of the conflict to the French settlements. The Iroquois decided at once to give up their project of a combined attack on the French, and returned homeward, dispirited and bewildered at the courage of the foe they wished to destroy. This episode in the history of New France gave the colonists an opportunity of strengthening themselves. It was a long time before the Iroquois forgot the lesson taught them by Daulac des Ormeaux and his dauntless band.

No exciting events like that we have just very briefly related again occurred in the history of the Ottawa. From time to time, a French priest or trader met his death while travelling with the Algonquins on the river. The Lower Ottawa was never safe whilst the Iroquois were in the plenitude of their strength; for they were accustomed, as Champlain tells us, to lie in ambush for the Algonquins. The history of the French missions on the Ottawa is full of accounts of the perils and privations of the French priests while engaged in christianizing the savage tribes of the river.

No class of men were more frequently found on the waters of the Ottawa and its tributaries than the adventurous *coureurs de bois* and *voyageurs*. From the earliest times in the history of the French colony, the forest enticed many of the boldest and bravest of the colonists. The fur trade was the only source of wealth in those days, and naturally attracted these men, tired of the dulness of farm life or the sluggishness of the towns. The Government endeavoured time and again to repress the roving tendencies of the youth, but no regulations sufficed to prevent them disappearing into the forest fastnesses and seeking a home and wife in Indian wigwams. Their songs of old France were often heard on the headwaters of the Ottawa, by the shores of the Matawan and the Gatineau. Stories and legends of their adventures have come down to us, but these hardly fall within the strict province of the historical writer, and I shall only refer to one that is well-known. At the foot of the island of the Grand Calumet, near a lofty mountain situate in the middle of the portage of the Seven Chutes, is the tomb of Cadieux, very recently, probably now, surrounded by a wooden railing. Some two centuries ago, so the story runs, Cadieux, a roving French Canadian, took a forest bride and home among the Algonquins. He and a party of Indians were preparing to descend the river as far as Montreal, with a load of furs, when a scout brought the startling tidings that a party of the Iroquois were in ambush below the falls. The Ottawas decided, as their only means of escape, to run the rapids, while Cadieux and a comrade went into the woods and sought to divert the attention of the enemy. The moment the Ottawas heard firing in the woods, they launched their canoes on the foaming current, and went rushing down the cataract; "I saw nothing during our passage over the rapids," said Cadieux's wife, "but the form of a tall lady in white hovering over the canoes and showing us the way."—(Ste. Anne, whom they had invoked, according to the superstitious Indians.) The strategy was quite successful. All the canoes escaped safely, while Cadieux and his companion kept the Iroquois at bay. Some days later the Indians sent out a party to search for Cadieux, of whom no tidings had been received. At *Portage des sept Chutes* they discovered his body, partly covered with boughs, and on his chest, clasped in his hands, a piece of birch bark, on which he had scribbled a lament. "This chaunt,"* says a

* Mr. Lemoine, of Quebec, a well-known Canadian antiquarian, called by Mr. McGee "The Old Mortality" of the ancient capital.

French-Canadian writer, "by its simplicity, is very attractive; it is much in the style of the old Norman ballads imported into the colony by the first settlers. The dying bard addresses himself to the objects which surround him, telling them of his regret for quitting life; then, physical pain wrings from him a groan of anguish, which is followed by a sorrowful thought at the loss of those nearest and dearest to his heart. He then expresses his fears on witnessing smoke rise from his hut not far distant; then tells of the intense joy he experienced on recognising the features of friends in the party sent out to rescue him; of his utter inability to shout out where he is; and of the pang which their final departure cost him. Cadieux next sees a wolf and crow prowling around his emaciated frame; the ardour of the hunter and the backwoodsman fires his eye for a second; he threatens to shoot one; to the other he cries 'Avaunt, go and feast on the bodies of the Iroquois I have slain near by.' He next charges the song-sparrow (the Rossignol) to convey his adieu to his wife and 'his well-beloved' children, and then closes by an invocation to the Virgin Mary." The piece of bark on which Cadieux's *Complainte* was written was brought to the foot of the Lake of Two Mountains, and subsequently set to a plaintive melody, which the voyageurs of the Ottawa often sing as they pass by the old grave. The last verse illustrates the religious spirit of many of these old voyageurs:

"C'est donc ici que le monde m'abandonne,
Mais j'ai secours en vous, Sauveur des hommes!
Très Sainte Vierge, ah! ne m'abandonnez pas,
Permettez-moi d'mourir entre vos bras,"

II.—BRITISH SETTLEMENT.

The black-robe, the voyageur, and the red man passed up and down the river in bark canoes. The cannon thundered around Quebec, and then the news came to the Indian tribes of the Ottawa that their French allies were no longer the masters of Canada. A deep silence long brooded over valley and river. An adventurous settler now and then, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, made a little clearing between the Long Sault and St. Anne's, but the canoes of the now decimated Ottawas, or of the North-west fur trading companies, alone cleft the waters of the Great River. It was not until the year 1796 that the first pioneer of the settlement of the Ottawa Valley came to this country and took steps to reclaim the wilderness. Philemon Wright, a wealthy farmer of Woburn, in the State of Massachusetts, came to Montreal in the course of that year with the view of buying up a large tract of land somewhere in Canada. Mr. Wright was a type of that class of resolute, enterprising men who have built up so many prosperous states on this continent. Montreal in those days was only a comparatively insignificant town of some six or seven thousand souls, and presented a very desolate appearance on account of the ravages made by fire. Mr. Wright obtained what he believed to be a good title to a large tract on the Ottawa, but he soon ascertained that he had been deceived. Subsequently, however, he obtained the promise of a patent of lands from the Quebec Government. In 1798 he proceeded up the river with a couple of men for the purpose of reporting on the resources of the new region. For the first forty-five miles they found a few settlers in very poor circumstances; but the rest of the country, as far as the Chaudière, was a wilderness. Favourably impressed with the capabilities of the Township of Hull, he returned to Woburn, and determined to make his new home on the banks of the Ottawa. On the 2nd February, 1800, all his preparations were completed, and he left his New England home with 25 men, and a large quantity of tools and stores, as well as a number of horses and oxen. It was now the middle of an intensely cold winter, but the band of pioneers pushed resolutely up the valley. In an account of his voyage

up the river* Mr. Wright says:—"Then we cleared away the snow, and cut down trees for fire for the whole night, the women and children sleeping in covered sleighs, and the men with blankets round the fire, and the cattle made fast to the standing trees. In this situation about thirty of us spent the night—and I must say that I never saw men more cheerful and happy in my life than they seemed to be—having no landlord to call upon us for our expenses, nor to complain of our extravagance, nor no dirty floor to sleep upon, but the sweet ground which belonged to our ancient Sovereign—observing to take our refreshments and prepare sufficient for the day so as to lose no time on our journey when daylight appeared; always taking care to keep our axemen forward, cutting the road, and our foraging team next the axemen, and the families in the rear; and in this way we proceeded on for three or four days, until we arrived at the Long Sault. From that place we travelled the whole of the distance upon the ice, until we came to the intended spot, which is about sixty-five miles." Mr. Wright made his first settlement on the Hull side, not far from the Gatineau, on account of its nearness to the magnificent water-power of the Chaudière Falls. The present site of Ottawa city—a gloomy mountain of impending firs and cedars—was not likely to prepossess a settler in preference to the lower and more accessible country on the opposite side of the river. The Indians of the Two Mountains were not long in making their appearance and questioning the right of the newcomers to the lands. Mr. Wright soon came to terms with the claimants, and always found them thereafter peaceable neighbours. The pioneers proceeded to clear the forest, and were well satisfied with the crops they raised from the virgin soil. In 1801 he took his men back to Massachusetts, in accordance with his contract, but the greater number returned, "finding," as he tells us, "that the lands were much better in the Township of Hull than in the State of Massachusetts." In the second year of his settlement Mr. Wright had "one hundred acres of the best wheat he ever saw"—some 3,000 bushels, which could not be crowded into the large barn he had erected. The next thing he did was to build saw and grist mills, and clear additional tracts of land in the neighbourhood of Hull, which was afterwards, and ought still to be, called Wrightstown. He surveyed the Township of Hull, —then a part of the district of York, which extended on the whole north side—which contains 82,429 acres, out of which he had 20,000 acres, besids grants in the adjoining township. By the end of six years Hull contained a number of fine mills, and stores, and dwelling houses, and Mr. Wright had cleared a large breadth of land, which produced quantities of wheat, oats, and potatoes, besides hemp, which he believed, with reason, was well adapted to the climate and soil. Then he formed the project of taking lumber down to Quebec by the route on the north side of the island of Montreal. After encountering many difficulties, he succeeded in getting down the first load in 1807—a memorable year consequently in the history of the Ottawa lumber trade. By 1824 he had cleared 3,000 acres, made annually 1,100 tons of hay, and had 756 acres in grain and roots, while the value of his buildings, stock, and farms was over $200,000. He had opened up roads in the township, built a fine village, with a neat church and hotel, and other public buildings. By 1828 Hull had a population of some 1,100 souls, chiefly Americans; three schools, two tanneries, twelve lime-kilns, four saw-mills, two distilleries, and some other manufactories. Mr. Wright died at a very advanced age in 1839, leaving behind him a large number of descendants, all of whom occupy influential

*To be found in the Journals of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada for 1820.

positions in the community. A tall granite shaft rises above his grave in the picturesque cemetery on the Aylmer Road, and overlooks the country of whose prosperity he was the pioneer. No longer a village of a few hundred souls, Hull counts its populations by thousands, and promises to be the Brooklyn of Ottawa.* Mr. Wright's old residence, which stood on a rising ground above the creek which crosses the Aylmer Road, just as you leave Hull, was burned down a few years ago. Mr. McTaggart, one of the engineers of the Rideau Canal, who knew him well, hits off some points of his character in these words :—" He has a kind heart, and will differ from none, unless an infringement be attempted on his lands. He is about six feet high ; a tight man, with a wonderfully strange, quick, reflective, wild eye. No one is more the father of his country than he; when he has been from home at any time, on his coming back guns are fired, bells rung, and flags waved. He is now about seventy years of age, but quite healthy, and can undergo any fatigue ; the most severe cold is nothing to him, and as for the heat he minds it as little. Talk of schemes of the wildest enterprise, and he is then in his glory ; and if he can get any one to meet his views, how happy he is."

While Mr. Wright was working so energetically to colonize the Township of Hull, a few settlers were coming year by year into other parts of the valley. In 1817 a large number of immigrants, chiefly officers and soldiers of British regiments, settled on the Rideau. It was while on his way to inspect the new townships that the Duke of Richmond, then Governor-General, was seized with hydrophobia, from which he died in fearful agony at Chapman's tavern, at the place now known by his name. The Counties of Lanark and Renfrew were settled during the second decade of this century by a large influx of settlers from Scotland, chiefly from Perth. Among them was *the* McNab, whose pretty lodge was situated on a prominent point overlooking the picturesque lake of the Chats. Here he lived in patriarchal state, illustrating the hospitality of the Scottish chiefs of old. Bouchette gives a pleasing glimpse of a visit he made to the old chieftain :—" ' The sun was just resigning to the moon the empire of the skies,' when we took our leave of the noble chief to descend the formidable rapids of the Chats. As we glided from the foot of the bold bank, the gay plaid and cap of the noble Gael were seen waving on the proud eminence, and the shrill notes of the piper filled the air with their wild cadences. They died away as we approached the head of the rapids. Our caps were flourished, and the flags (for our canoe was decorated with them) waved in adieu, and we entered the vortex of the swift and whirling stream." The old chief was very tenacious of his dignity. A friend once addressing him as "Mr. McNab," he replied indignantly : " Sir, I thought you had known better ; nothing but McNab if you please ; *Mr.* does not belong to me."

While the stream of immigration was commencing to flow with a gentle ripple into the Ottawa Valley, the foundations of the present Capital were being laid. The experiences of the war of 1812 proved to the British Government that it was absolutely necessary to provide some safer means of communication between the sea-board and the lakes than that which the St. Lawrence above Montreal afforded. The Duke of Wellington, it is said, pointed out the Ottawa and Rideau route, and consequently in 1815, Colonel Nichols, then commanding the Royal Engineer Corps in Canada, was instructed to send an officer to report on the practicability of a canal between the Ottawa and Kingston. The first survey of the route was made by Captain Jebb, R. E., but no

*The present prosperity of Hull depends in a great measure on the mills and factories of Mr. E. B. Eddy, who established himself there a few years ago.

action was taken for some years. In the meantime the Chûte-à-Blondeau and Carillon Canals were designed, and the Grenville Canal actually commenced on the Lower Ottawa. In September of 1826 Colonel By, of the Royal Engineers, came out to build the Rideau Canal. At that time the land on which Ottawa now stands was owned by Mr. Nicholas Sparks, Captain Le Breton, L. Besserer, D. Munro, Judge Sherwood, and Mr. McQuin. The first grant had been made to a Mr. John Burroughs, who subsequently sold it to Mr. Nicholas Sparks, then in the employ of Mr. Wright, for some eighty pounds. The country at that time was nearly all covered with great pines, stripped, blackened with fire, and pointing, needle-like, far into the sky. But the building of the canal soon changed the desolate aspect of the country. Property, hitherto considered valueless, went up in price, and Mr. Sparks, who sold to Colonel By the land required for the mouth of the Canal, found himself on the high road to fortune. The works were executed in a very short time in a country where forest and flood, silence and shadow, had for centuries reigned undisturbed.

In a very few years Bytown began to attain the dimensions of a considerable town. Mr. Bouchette describes it, even as early as 1828, in these words:—"The number of houses now built is not far short of one hundred and fifty, most of which are constructed of wood, frequently in a style of neatness and taste that reflects great credit upon the inhabitants. On the elevated banks of the Bay, the hospital, an extensive stone building, and three barracks stand conspicuous; and nearly on a level with them, and on the eastern side of the Bay, is delightfully situated the residence of Colonel By. From his verandah the most splendid view is beheld that the magnificent scenery of the Canadas affords. The bold eminence that embosoms Entrance Bay, the broken and wild shores opposite, beyond which are seen part of the flourishing settlement and the church of Hull, the verdant and picturesque islands between both banks, and the occasional canoes, barges, and rafts plying on the broad surface of the Grand River, or descending its tumultuous stream, are the immediate objects that command the notice of the beholder. In remote perspective the eye dwells upon a succession of varied and beautiful bridges,* abutting upon precipitous and craggy rocks, and abrupt islands, between which the waters are urged with wonderful agitation and violence." The first house of any pretensions was built on Rideau street out of logs, by a Mr. Coombs, who was afterwards gaoler. The first stone house was put up by Colonel By, out of the surrounding boulders. The Methodists were the first to worship in a building of their own, which has long since disappeared. St. Andrew's, on Wellington street, was opened for divine service in 1828, and Christ's church was built a year or two later. Both were enlarged subsequently, until they assumed the proportions we all remember. But these memorials of the early history of the capital have also disappeared beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut of progress, which has very slight veneration for antiquity. The old barracks and officers' quarters, of which only a few relics remain, long stood on the picturesque heights, overlooking so noble a panorama of rapid river and wooded hills. By 1840 the population had reached over 5000 souls, and the first newspaper was puplished, under the title of the Bytown *Independent*, by a Mr. James Johnston, in a little wooden building which stood, until very recently, at the north-west corner of Wellington and Banks streets, and presented a somewhat quaint appear-

*Bridges over the Chaudière were constructed soon after the Canal. The structure over the Falls tumbled more than once, and caused a loss of life. The present Suspension Bridge was erected in 1843-4 under the superintendence of Mr. S. Keefer.

ance on account of two small windows in the eastern gable, compared to a pair of spectacles, which gave light to the workroom of an eccentric old shoemaker of the name of Latimer. Ottawa increased in wealth and size according as it became the headquarters of the lumbermen. For some years the principal firms on the river were Hamilton & Bro., of Hawkesbury; Gilmour & Co., Egan & Co., Bareille & Aumond, and one or two others. The two former still compete in this branch of industry with Messrs. Eddy, Perley & Pattie, J. B. Booth, Bronson & Weston, Hon. James Skead, McLaren & Co., Currier & Batson, and the other well-known manufacturers of the valley.

For many years Ottawa was under the control of a very dangerous class of roughs, who drank, gambled and fought continually, and were the terror of all well-disposed citizens. Any one who incurred the wrath of "the Shiners" or other desperadoes, was in daily danger of his life. Many a murder was committed in the low taverns that abounded in Lower Town. The Bacchanalian orgies of the roughs ever disturbed the sleep of the quiet residents. Letter "O," we are told, was the headquarters of this lawless class. The "Battle of Stony Monday" will be remembered by the oldest inhabitant of proverbial memory. In the autumn of 1849 a public meeting was called in the Market House, York Street, for the purpose of getting up an address to Lord Elgin, inviting him to visit Bytown. This was an exciting period in the political history of Canada, for the whole country was agitated by the Rebellion Losses Bill. Party spirit ran high in Bytown, like everywhere else, and "the Shiners" set to work before the meeting was fairly organized. A young man of the name of Borthwick was mortally wounded, when the roughs resorted to firearms. Bullets and paving-stones were soon flying between "the Shiners" and the Rifles, who had been immediately called out. Some days passed before peace was reinstated, and the city restored to an orderly state. When Lord Elgin visited Bytown, three years later, he was quietly received—the wisdom of the policy he had sanctioned had become apparent by that time.

In 1854 Bytown had a population of 9,000, and the Ottawa & St. Lawrence Railway was opened for traffic as far as Kemptville. Events were now preparing a great change in the fortunes of Bytown. The seat of Government question was already perplexing the politicians, Upper and Lower Canada each zealously working to outwit the other. The Macdonald-Cartier Administration, in 1857, after meeting with the most strenuous opposition, succeeded in carrying a resolution in the Legislature for an address to Her Majesty, praying that she would select some place as the permanent seat of Government. Governments rose and fell on the question, but the political strategy of the enemies of Bytown was unable to prevent the carrying out of the selection made by Her Majesty's Government. It is an interesting fact that, from the very foundation of the city, her great future was prophesied by able and far-seeing men. When the Rideau Canal was contemplated, the Duke of Wellington pointed out the site of Ottawa as the military key to Canada. "Sir," said Colonel By to an individual who wanted to purchase land from him; "this land will be very valuable some day; it will be the Capital of Canada." Sir John Franklin expressed a similar opinion on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the locks. "I know of no situation in any part of the world so fitting for a grand city," wrote an English traveller some years later. "What a site for the capital of an empire!" In 1861 the Prince of Wales, amid great rejoicings, laid the foundation stone of the pointed Gothic buildings which crown the bold bluff overlooking the Grand River, and on their completion in 1865, at a cost of

over four millions of dollars, the Public Departments were removed to Ottawa in the autumn of the same year.

The progress of the Ottawa Valley within thirty years can be best illustrated by comparing the statistics of 1844 with those of the present time. In that year the value of the ratable property of the County of Carleton, known as Dalhousie District, was only $700,000 against $3,250,000 in 1874; but the population of this county has made very slight progress—large numbers having gone off year by year into adjoining counties. The Ottawa District, now Prescott and Russell, had a population of 9,000, and a ratable property of $400,000 against 36,000 and $2,000,000 at the present time. Bathurst District, comprising Lanark and Renfrew, had a population of 25,000 and a ratable property estimated at $1,000,000, against 70,000 and about $4,000,000 in the present year. The total population of Ottawa County was only 10,000 against 50,000 in 1874. The principal towns and villages in the Ottawa Valley were Bytown, Aylmer, Hull, Pembroke, L'Orignal, Hawkesbury, and Perth. Pembroke had a population of 250 souls. Perth, which had been laid out by the Government in 1816, was the most important settlement in the Ottawa Valley after Bytown and Hull, and had a population of some 2,000 souls. Ottawa, in 1844, had 7,000 inhabitants against 21,545 in 1871, and has now over 30,000, including the suburbs. The value of assessed property was $245,496 in 1864 against $8,000,000 at the present time. Its ratio of progress is now greater than that of any other city in the Dominion. Its public buildings—notably Parliament Buildings, Court House, Christ's Church, St. Andrew's, Knox's, French Cathedral, Post Office, and Custom House—and its private mansions, illustrate the growth of wealth and taste among us, while the water-works and sewers attest the spirit of civic progress.

III.—RESOURCES OF THE VALLEY.

What has been the principal source of the prosperity of the country watered by the great river? The answer must be sought amid the great forests of pines that wave their lofty tops for many hundred miles far and wide by the Ottawa and its tributary streams. Since the days, now six decades ago, that Philemon Wright hewed the timber for the first raft to Quebec, enormous wealth has been won from the forest. The history of this branch of industry has yet to be written from its adventurous as well as economical point of view. To those living amid the whirr of the mills, within sight of the ever-moving rafts, the subject may seem prosaic; but it has its deeply interesting and romantic elements, apart from the money-making feature. The history of a log, from the day it is cut from the tall pine until it reaches the wharves of Liverpool or other great emporium of trade, may be as replete with interest as that of any ship that sails to many lands.

The spirit of enterprise for the past twenty years has been steadily encroaching on the solitude of the forests, and now the lumberman is found on the furthest waters of the Upper Ottawa. Go where you will, you see his *batteaux* shooting impetuous rapids, or gliding over some placid lake in search of the best vein of timber. In the deepest recesses of the forest, where the stately white pines tower above the beech and maple, or where the red pines with their smooth, copper-coloured shafts, wave their bushy tops, we see the smoke of the shanties curling in the pure, clear air of a Canadian winter.

When the "limits" have been secured from the Government, suitable log buildings have to be erected, supplies forwarded, men and teams engaged, roads constructed into the bush and towards the nearest stream. By the time the ice is strong and the snow well laid, the shanties are full, and the forest resounds with the cries of the teamsters, with the whirr of the keen axe,

and with the thud of the falling giants. In full panoply of red flannel shirts, strong moccasins, and fur caps, visages bronzed with exposure, and hands hardened to toil, the loggers attack the tallest trees with a deftness which is wonderful in the eyes of the green immigrant who finds himself for the first time in the woods. During the winter the logs are hauled to the river-side, and then, as soon as the ice has disappeared beneath the genial influences of spring, and all the streams are full, the "drive" commences. The timber is taken down in "cribs,"* or separately, according as the river is easy or difficult of passage; and the boom is eventually reached. Day after day the timber is sorted; some is made up into rafts for the Quebec market; or the logs are floated into the insatiable maws of the huge saws of the Chaudière and other famous mills of this region.

If there is an unspeakable pleasure in working amid the fragrant pine forests, in smoking and chatting by the bright fires of the shanty, in whirling down the rapids and "the slides," in running races with rival raftsmen, the life has its perils also. Many a mangled body has been dragged from beneath a fallen pine or carried away by the tumultuous waters. The logs float tranquilly along the river, propelled by the hand of the ever-watchful driver, until a rapid is reached, and here the foremost logs stick between some jagged rocks, and form a barrier which the rapidly following timber cannot pass. Log rushes on log, until all get entangled in a bewildering maze. The waters foam and rush more furiously than ever, as if they would overwhelm this impediment to their onward progress, but the tangled mass laughs all their efforts to scorn. That is a moment of danger and perplexity to the lumberman. The "jam" must be broken, happen what may. The pluckiest driver volunteers to unfetter the mass, and, axe or pike in hand, ventures among the logs, around which the trammelled waters fret and storm. In nine cases out of ten a single log is the key to the whole difficulty, and it requires a keen eye, a skilful hand, a steady foot, and a courageous heart to start the mass. A false step, a careless stroke, may precipitate the driver into the rushing waters. Or if he is not fleet of foot, the moment he feels the mass ready to start, he may be tossed instantaneously under the logs and crushed into a helpless mass.

All nationalities are to be found among the hardworking, careless, and often reckless gangs that fill the shanties of the Ottawa; but the greater number is made up of the Canadian French. The *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois* of old times are still represented in the gay and careless French Canadian forester of the lumbering regions. By temperament and inclination he is well fitted for a life in the shanty or on the river. It is a bright starlight night in midwinter. You are passing rapidly over the crisp snow, beneath the shadow of giant pines, by the Bonnechere or the Coulonge. Perhaps you feel lonely in that wilderness of soughing trees, when suddenly comes the music of merry voices slowly floating from the distance. The voices come closer and closer, until at last, mingling with the merry jingle of the bells, we recognise the refrain of some French Canadian song, often heard in the forest and on the river, wherever the Canadian voyageur and lumberman are found. Or perhaps you are an inmate of a shanty, on business or pleasure, and as the pipes come out, after the supper of pork and strong tea, Jean Baptiste is called upon for a song or story. He will give you the favourite of all the ballads, *A la claire fontaine*, or *Par derrière chez mon père*, or *En roulant ma boule*. This is a version of the first of these well-known French Canadian songs:

Of yonder crystal fountain,
As I went o'er the lea,

* Small rafts intended to run the "slides."

I found so fair the waters
That there I bathèd me.
Thee long time I've been loving,
Ever remembering thee.

I paused to dry me near it,
'Neath a tall oaken tree;
The nightingale was singing—
On topmost branch sang he.

Sing, nightingale, sing gaily,
Thy heart is glad in thee;
My heart is full of sorrow,
While thine is filled with glee.

I've lost my darling mistress—
That by no fault in me—
All for a spray of roses
To her I would not gie.

Fain would I that the roses
Once more were on the tree,
And that my mistress bore me
Same love as formerly.
Thee longtime, etc.

The last couplet is sometimes given in these words, as a reference to the French version* below will show:

And that both thee and roses
Were cast into the sea.

La boule roulante is a disconnected jingle, which is set to a very lively air, which chimes wonderfully well with the music of the paddle or oar. But probably the most beautiful of the French Canadian ballads is

Par derrière chez mon père:

Behind my father's dwelling—
Bound, my light bark, bound on—
Behind my father's dwelling,
There is an apple tree.
There is an apple tree, my love,
There is an apple tree, etc.

Behind my father's dwelling,
There is an apple tree;
The leaf thereon is green, green,
The fruit like gold to see.

It was a king's three daughters
Asleep beneath the tree,
The youngest said: "My sisters,
The light of day I see."

Then up and spake the eldest—
"'Tis not the dawn you see—
'Tis but a star that lighteth
Our loves to victory.

"Our loves have gone to battle,
For us across the sea,
And if they win the battle,
Our love their meed shall be."

* A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné;
Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher.

Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher;
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.

Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait;
Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai.

Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai à pleurer.

Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai à pleurer;
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité.

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité;
Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.

Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai;
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier.

Je voudrais que la rose,
Fût encore au rosier;
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mêmes amitiés.

Or this:

Et que le rosier même,
Fût à la mer jeté.
Il y a longtemps, etc.

Then up into the heavens
They looked, those maidens three!
"Let them win or lose it, always
Our love their meed shall be."

Some of the French Canadian ballads also refer in very eulogistic terms to Bytown as the paradise of the lumberman, but none of them are worth translating as they are very commonplace and coarse. One of them commences:

A Bytown, c'est une jolie place,
Où il s'ramasse bien d'la crasse;
Où y a des jolies filles,
Et aussi des jolis garçons.
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons.

The growth of the lumber trade of the Valley since 1840 has not been surpassed by that of any other branch of industry on this continent. In 1844 the value of the timber brought down the Ottawa was a little over a million of dollars, while at the present time the value of the timber cut and sawed on the Ottawa and its tributaries may be estimated at between $10,000,000 and $15,000,000. The Valley furnishes annually. some 100,000,000 feet of sawn deals, and 300,000,000 of sawn boards. The great mills of the Chaudière get out generally from 120,000 to 275,000 logs each, and manufacture from 20,000,000 to 40,000,000 of pine lumber each, besides sending rafts of square timber in some cases to Quebec. A large firm like Perley & Pattie will employ during the winter from 600 to 1,000 men, and from 200 to 300 teams, and in the summer time from 400 to 600. The value of the mills of the Valley may be estimated at $10,000,000, and the number of men directly or indirectly employed in the business cannot be less than 30,000, who receive some $10,000,000 annually in the shape of wages. The value of the supplies necessary to get out 150,000 logs is given by a good authority at over $50,000. At least 1,500 or 2,000 tons of agricultural produce are required to supply the shanties of a firm largely engaged in lumbering operations. The farmer of the Valley has consequently a stimulus to production which other parts of the Dominion do not enjoy.

For the accommodation of the enormous traffic of this region an expensive system of public works has been constructed within thirty years. Private enterprise first moved in the important work of facilitating the passage of timber down the river and its tributaries. The first slide, on the north side of the Ottawa, was built in 1829 by Philemon Wright, and was subsequently purchased by the Government for $40,000. The cost of the splendid system of slides, booms, and other works has been over three quarters of a million of dollars. These works now exist for 300 miles above the Chaudière—as far as the Blanche and Des Quinze. A well managed line of steamers now takes the place of the clumsy little contrivance called the *Union*, which plied on the Lower Ottawa some fifty years ago; while the staunch boats of the Union Forwarding Company afford splendid facilities on the Upper Ottawa, where, a few years ago, the *Greyhound* supplied all the wants of the trade. The Grenville, Chûte-à-Blondeau, and Carillon canals, and other works on the Lower Ottawa, have cost some $300,000 up to the present time. The Ontario Government alone derives a revenue of over $300,000 for the timber dues on its side of the river.

But immense inroads have been made on the forest of late years, and the experience of Maine tells us that the time may not be very distant when we shall see the lumber trade of this valley comparatively insignificant in importance. A vast amount of forest wealth still lies by the Ottawa and its tributaries, but we know full well what havoc the axe and the bush-fire can make in a decade. Nature has been so lavish with her forest gifts that Americans can hardly understand the necessity of economizing and protecting the woods as far as practicable. But in view of a depletion of our forests, it

is satisfactory to know that there are other sources from which the people of this valley can draw prosperity in the future. Wheat can be raised, forty bushels to the acre, while oats, barley, corn, and potatoes are equally prolific. The farming population has been fostered by the demands of the lumbering trade, and is steadily carrying on a better system of agriculture. Apples, grapes, plums, cherries, and pears, all the hardy varieties, can be grown in the valley, if agriculturists only devote the proper attention to their cultivation. The magnificent water-power of the river, and a growing population, encourage the establishment of cotton, woollen, fulling, flour, and other manufactories. The mineral wealth of the country is abundant, though its actual value and extent have yet to be developed. Rich veins of marble crop out of the rocks as we pass up and down the river. The superior quality of the Arnprior and Portage du Fort marble is illustrated by the graceful pillars that adorn our legislative halls. The sandstone and limestone quarries afford inexhaustible quantities of building materials of varied texture and beauty, and there is no doubt that we shall yet discover a stone just as beautiful as the Ohio sandstone, which now enters so largely into our architecture. Plumbago, lead, cobalt, and soapstone, are also found in quantities sufficient to repay working. Within an hour's walk from the Parliament Buildings, among the Laurentian Hills, on the Hull side of the river, are deposits of iron as valuable as any to be found in the world; and it is earnestly to be hoped that the efforts now being made to develop these mines will be crowned with success, for a great deal of the future prosperity of the valley undoubtedly rests on the immediate expenditure of capital in the way of establishing new enterprises, and rendering this section less dependent on a single branch of industry.

If we consider the relation that the Ottawa River bears to the wheat and corn-producing region of the West, and with the sea-board cities of the St. Lawrence, we must see that it has a splendid future before it, as a great artery of inter-communication. Sooner or later we must see the St. Lawrence system of inland navigation supplemented by the opening up of that shorter route—shorter by 300 miles—which Le Caron and Champlain were the first to travel more than two hundred and fifty years ago. But in the meantime the people of the valley must wait until the exigencies of commerce demand the commencement of this work, and should devote their energies to the accomplishment of what is certainly just now more practicable, and that is, the completion of those lines of railway which are necessary to connect them immediately with the great centres of Western and Eastern trade, and to develop an immense extent of now dormant natural wealth. It should be the chief object of all those interested in the future of Ottawa, to make it the headquarters of the commerce of the valley, by pushing railways as soon as possible up the river into the Nipissing country. On railways and manufactures depend the prosperity of a region which is still in the infancy of its development. A great deal has been accomplished within a few decades. Enterprise and capital have now to complete the work commenced by those hardy pioneers who came into the valley with brave hearts, and laid the foundations of its prosperity deep and sure among the pines.

THE SLAVE TRADE ON THE UPPER NILE.

" Ister ! to thee, and Tanais fleet,
And Nile that will not tell his birth ;
To thee the monstrous seas that beat
On Britain's coast—the end of earth,
To thee the proud Iberians bow,
And Gauls that scorn from death to flee ;
The fierce Sygambrian bends his bow,
And drops his arms to worship thee."

WHEN Horace—whom, for the benefit of some of our readers we pass through the alembic of Professor Conington—wished to flatter his Imperial patron, he knew of no more extensive sway from south to north, which he could even poetically attribute to Augustus, than that which reached from the source of the Nile to Britain. The two names thus accidentally brought together in one stanza nearly nineteen hundred years ago, are to-day still strangely connected. The mysterious river still conceals his source, but the "remote Britons" have made its investigation their specialty, and to them the secret must soon be surrendered. The great discoveries of Burton, Speke, Grant, and Baker have almost solved the problem, and the something which may still remain unknown after the publication of Dr. Livingstone's journals, will probably be finally settled, directly or indirectly, by Colonel Gordon's expedition. In all probability the present generation will see the White Nile basin rendered accessible to travellers and trade ; steamers will soon be plying on the great equatorial lakes, the examination of whose affluents will then be a matter of comparative facility. Whisked along by railroads, rendered independent of stream and wind by steamboats, and remaining hourly in connection by telegraph with his European home, will the tourist give due credit to these plodding pioneers who, bravely fighting their way for the sake of science or the love of adventure, through immense obstacles and in the face of the gravest discomforts, have brought about such wonderful results?

When the Khedive of Egypt was fired by the laudable desire of suppressing the slave trade on the White Nile, and the natural ambition of annexing a large portion of Central Africa to his own domains, he could not have found any more suitable agent than Sir Samuel Baker, the record of whose expedition is now before us.*

His former discoveries on the line of the White Nile, his years of patient investigation and laborious travel in the African tropics, his capacity for fatigue, his keen insight into native character, and his undoubted pluck, marked him out as pre-eminently well qualified for the post of Commander of such an expedition as the Khedive contemplated. The position which he accepted was at once as novel as its responsibility was extensive. The Egyptian Government meditated the annexation of a huge and indefinite tract of country over which its influence and its power was to be extended. At the same time the Slave Trade—the curse of Central Africa—was to be abolished. To carry out these intentions a foreigner was selected, and not only a foreigner, but in their eyes an infidel, was promoted to the rank of Pasha, and of Major-General, and was given "the absolute and supreme authority over all those countries belonging to the Nile Basin south of Gondokoro"—a despotic power such as had

* Ismailia ; a Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the suppression of the Slave Trade ; organized by Ismael, Khedive, of Egypt. By Sir Samuel W. Baker, Pasha, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., &c., &c. &c. New York : Harpers. Toronto, Adam, Stevenson & Co.

never before been entrusted by a Mahommedan to a Christian. We will defer consideration of the Khedive's motives in organizing such an expedition, until events shall have thrown some light on the subject as we proceed; suffice it here to say, that the chief objects to be obtained were declared in the official firman to be "to subdue to our authority the countries situate to the south of Gondokoro; to suppress the slave trade; introduce a system of regular commerce; to open to navigation the great lakes of the Equator; and to establish a chain of military stations and commercial depots, distant at intervals of three days march, throughout Central Africa, accepting Gondokoro as the base of operations."

Having accepted his commission, Sir Samuel Baker lost no time in preparing for the undertaking. Knowing exactly what was most valuable, most highly prized, and most necessary in the countries to which he was bound, he carefully selected every item himself, from the 250 ton steamer down to the gaudy beads of traffic. His stores included not only provisions and outfit for the whole European party for four years—the term to which his command was limited—but clothing for a force of 2,000 men, all the implements and tools that could possibly be required, a large selection of Manchester goods for establishing a system of regular commerce with the natives, all sorts of cheap and gaudy articles for presents, medicine, and an unlimited supply of arms and ammunition—every thing, in fact, "from a needle to a crowbar, or from a handkerchief to a boat's sail." These multifarious stores were transported from Cairo by two routes, the greater portion being sent up by the river to pass the first cataract, and then, where the Nile takes a great bend to the west, to cross the Nubian Desert from Korosko to Abu Hamed, and thence again by the Nile to their ultimate destination, wherever that might be. The second route was by the Red Sea to Souakim, thence across the desert to Berber, a point on the Nile just above the fifth cataract. By this route the boats and steamers from England were sent, for fear that in the ascent of the cataract one or more of the transports might, as often is the case, be lost, and then with any section of the steel vessels missing, the whole expedition would be paralyzed. Though, of course, we all are supposed to know something about the Nile, yet there may be a few of our readers to whom a few statistics and a very short geographical explanation will not be unacceptable, as tending to a more satisfactory comprehension of the interesting narrative of Sir Samuel Baker's exploits.

Briefly then: Egypt proper extends as far South as Assouan, where is the first cataract, in lat. 24° North, about 1300 miles from the Mediterranean. Nubia extends thence, we may almost say, indefinitely. It is possible for vessels at certain seasons to ascend the Nile past all the cataracts; but, as a rule, trade and passengers avoid the long detour made by the river to the West at Korosko, in which are included the second, third and fourth cataracts, and travel by land for some 400 miles across the Nubian desert to Abu Hamed. Shortly below Berber, where the route from Souakim strikes the river, is the fifth cataract, and shortly above it the Atbara carries into the Nile the drainage of the northern highlands of Abyssinia. Some two hundred miles further South, at the junction of the Blue and White Niles, is Khartoum, which has hitherto been, practically, the limit of Egyptian authority, the last outpost of civilization, and the *ultima Thule* of our accurate geographical knowledge. The Blue Nile comes from a south by east direction, and drains the southern mountains of Abyssinia. The White Nile is the main stream of the grand old river, and with it we now have to do. Six hundred miles above Khartoum is Fashoda, a post held by the Egyptians in the Shillook country. Seventy miles farther

the Sobat brings in a large volume of water from the east, and a few miles further south there commences that extraordinary dam of vegetable matter, which was described in Baker's former book, "The Albert N'Yanza," By some accident an accumulation of floating vegetation extended across the river where the stream was sluggish. The obstruction once formed, its growth was rapid by accretion from above, and by the marvellous fecundity of marsh plants under a tropical sun, until at last the river was not only closed, but actually disappeared in a labyrinth of marshes. From the Sobat the distance is about 750 miles to Gondokoro, a station formerly frequented by ivory traders and slave hunters—the two are almost synonymous—and which some Austrian missionaries had made their home. Above Gondokoro there are several obstructions in the channel of the river, about which, however, very little precise information has been obtained; but this much is known. At a distance of 120 miles calm water is again reached. Striking the river at this point, Sir S. Baker says: "The grand White Nile lay like a broad streak of silver on our right, as it flowed in a calm deep stream direct from the Albert N'Yanza—at this spot above all cataracts. No water has as yet been broken by a fall; the troubles of river life lay in the future; the journey to the sea might be said to have only just commenced. Here the entire volume flowed from the Albert N'Yanza, distant hardly one degree. * * * This point is destined to become the capital of Central Africa. It is a curious fact that a line of 120 miles of railroad would open up the very heart of Africa to steam transport between the Mediterranean and the Equator, when the line from Cairo to Khartoum shall be completed." This digression over, we will return to our story.

Six steamers and thirty vessels were ordered to leave Cairo in June, 1870, for Khartoum, where three more steamers and twenty-five more vessels were to be in readiness. As a matter of fact, the flotilla did not start till the end of August. By the time that it reached the second cataract the water had fallen so much that the steamers could not pass up, and were detained there a whole year, and when Sir Samuel reached Khartoum, *via* Souakim, not one single vessel had arrived, and not one single new vessel had been engaged! There he fully realized the fact that, though the Khedive was honestly impressed with the desire to put down slavery, the expedition was excessively unpopular, and would meet with the open or covert opposition of everyone in the Soudan, for there everyone, from the Governor downwards, was interested in perpetuating the traffic in slaves. Hence every possible obstacle was thrown in the new Pasha's way. The high officials, while professing the highest respect for the Khedive's orders, were secretly in alliance with the slave-dealers; and as they, like all Orientals, were adepts in the art of "How not to do it," they had no difficulty in displaying, consistently with their ostensibly cordial help, such an amount of passive indolence as would have effectually thwarted any man less energetic than Sir S. Baker. As it was, their opposition, aided by unforeseen natural obstacles, did so far triumph that a great part of the proposed objects of the expedition were left unaccomplished. But so far from this comparative failure being chargeable upon the writer of this interesting volume, no one can rise from a perusal of it without a high appreciation of the marvellous pluck, unerring tact, and indomitable perseverance which, in spite of such apparently insurmountable obstacles, did bring about such wonderful results.

Without waiting for the arrival of his flotilla and stores, without obtaining half the vessels and assistance which he required, and after declining the useless cavalry contingent which was offered him, Baker left Khartoum, Feb. 8th, 1871. On the 18th the small fleet reached the mouth of the Bahr

Giraffe, a branch of the White Nile, by which a passage was said to exist less obstructed by vegetation than in the main river. But now the troubles began in earnest. The river was even at first exceedingly narrow, winding through a flat, marshy country, but its channel soon became choked at places, through which a canal had to be cut; and in a few days the course was entirely closed. "The reputed channel," the diary says, on March 8th, "is only denoted by a stream three or four feet broad, concealed by high grass, and, in places, choked by the *Pistia Stratiotes*. These surface plants, which resemble floating cabbages, with fine thready roots, like a human beard, of sixteen inches in length, form dense masses which are very difficult to clear. Our guides are useless, as we cannot depend upon their contradictory statements. We are in a deplorable position—the whole fleet in a *cul-de-sac;* the river has disappeared; an unknown distance of apparently boundless marsh lies before us, there is no wood for the steamers, and there is no possibility of clearing a channel. March 9th.—The men worked famously, but I much fear they will be laid up with fever if kept at this unhealthy task. To-day a force of seven hundred men cut about a mile and a half. They are obliged to slash through with swords and knives, and then to pull out the greater portion of the grass and vegetable trash; this is piled like artificial banks on either side upon the thick floating vegetation. Thirty-two men reported in the sick-list last evening. March 11th.—Frightful stinking morass. All stopped at a black muddy pond in a swamp. The river is altogether lost. We have to cut a passage through the morass. Hard work throughout the day. One soldier died of sun-stroke. No ground in which to bury him." And so on for days and weeks. The paddles were dismounted from the now useless steamers, and they, like the other vessels, had to be laboriously towed through the narrow channel which closed again almost as soon as cleared, so that the rear vessels often became jammed as though frozen in an ice-drift in the Arctic regions. In such a miserable state of affairs, even the sport of shooting hippopotami, crocodiles, occasionally elephants, that rare bird the *balæniceps rex*, antelopes and ducks, was but small compensation for the tedium, the worry, and the waste of precious time. To the men, whose hearts were not in the expedition at all, the work was most dispiriting, and the extraordinary thing is that they worked as well as they did. "March 21.—We have now been at work thirteen days with a thousand men, during which time we have travelled only twelve miles! March 22.—Wind foul. The people are all lazy and despairing. The work is frightful, and great numbers of my men are down with fever. Thus my force is physically diminished, while morally, the men are heart-broken. Another soldier died, and no dry spot to bury him. March 26.—The ditch is completely blocked up with vegetation; thus we made only 250 yards. Before us, as usual, is the hopeless sea of high grass. How many days or months we may require to reach the White Nile is a problem. One hundred and fifty men on the sick list." And so on till April 2nd, when every possible channel became so shallow that it was absolutely impossible to proceed at all, and after 43 days of most exhaustive and useless labour the order was given for a retreat. This was successfully accomplished, and in three weeks the force had got through the impediments and again reached the open water of the White Nile, where the Pasha formed an encampment which he named Tewfikeyah, after Tewfik Pasha, the Khedive's eldest son. Here the lines were drawn with European precision; buildings rose on all sides; iron magazines were put together; steam saw-mills set up, and an extensive system of cultivation inaugurated. Here the whole force remained until December.

Let us take advantage of this pause in

the onward march of the expedition to say a few words upon the slave trade. Although the Egyptian Government exercise no effective authority south of Fashoda, about lat. 10° N., yet it assumed the right to lease to traders the whole country which could be reached from Khartoum. No vessel was allowed to leave that place for the South without a trading permit, for which, of course, a heavy fee was paid. But, having got their money, the Government did not feel bound to take the least pains to see that the trade practised was a legitimate one. True the contract stipulated in words that no slaves were to be taken, and that the traders were to behave themselves decently; but, as a matter of fact, every expedition that left Khartoum, ostensibly for trading purposes, really consisted of bands of ruffians, whose ideas of commerce consisted solely in paying in one country for ivory tusks by slaves and cows which they obtained by making razzias on villages in another district. Instead of cargoes of merchandize suitable for traffic with the natives, the vessels bound south never started with any freight but ammunition. This was perfectly well known to the government, but it was understood all round that if the license fees were paid punctually no questions would be asked; and there is not the slightest doubt that, despite the Khedive's proclamations, and his really honest endeavour, to put down slavery, every official in the Soudan was interested in maintaining it. If a firm government and regular trading stations were established in the tracts now leased to the ivory merchants, their occupation would be gone and slavery would cease. Hence the natural and relentless opposition which Sir Samuel Baker encountered from all quarters. Here is an instance of the extent to which the highest officials were interested in the existing traffic. Fashoda, the most southerly Government Station, is peculiarly well situated for controlling the traders, as it is situated at a narrow part of the river along which all the vessels must pass. The Governor, with effusion, assured Sir Samuel Baker that slavery was now rigidly abolished. However, on the unexpected return of the expedition from the Bahr Giraffe, this Governor was discovered far to the south of Fashoda "collecting taxes," as he said. Complaints, however, having been made to Sir S. Baker by some villagers of the proceedings of His Excellency, an examination was made of his vessels and camp, and no fewer than 150 slaves were discovered, kidnapped by the very official specially appointed to put down slavery! It is due to the Khedive to say that immediately on receiving Baker Pasha's report he dismissed the Governor of Fashoda from the service. On other occasions traces were found of great atrocities committed by one Kutchuk Ali, a noted slave-hunting ruffian, who was actually sent out in command of a government expedition. During the encampment at Tewfikeyah a vessel belonging to this man was overhauled. Ostensibly she was loaded with ivory, on the top of which was corn. The latter seemed to the inspecting officer to be unusually high, so drawing a ramrod from a rifle he probed the cargo, and soon extracted a fine negro. On this boat no fewer than 150 slaves were packed away in an incredibly small compass. On all such occasions the vessel was seized, the captain and super-cargo put in irons, and the slaves released; and this was done although this district was not in the territory under Sir S. Baker's control. The chief offender however, was one Sheik Achmet Agad, who, under the pretence of legitimate trading, actually held a lease of ninety thousand miles of territory, over which he exercised unlimited authority. His agent and factotum was Abou Saood, a name that figures prominently in this volume. He is pre-eminently the villain of the piece. Wherever the natives were hostile, wherever supplies were withheld, wherever treachery was plotted, Abou Saood, strong in protestations of fidelity, and overflowing with pious ejacula-

lations, was at the bottom of it. The wonder and the pity is that Baker did not shoot the scoundrel out of hand. We will now return to the expeditionary force which we left at Tewfikeyah.

An exploration of the White Nile made it evident that an advance by that river was out of the question, the channel being hopelessly obstructed and the stream itself absolutely lost in marshes. It was therefore determined to make another attempt by the Bahr Giraffe, in the hope that last year's work might have somewhat improved the channel. The first boats left Tewfikeyah on Dec. 1st, and in a few days the whole camp was taken down, stowed away, and carried off. Owing to most provoking delays, the marshes were not reached till January 8th, and then began the old story of the previous year. In some places the channel then cut was tolerably clear, in others it was as densely choked as if it had never been opened. In 20 days they reached the spot where they had turned back last year. As they advanced, the work became even harder than before: channels had to be dug in the sand and mud as well as cut through the grass and weeds; the vessels had frequently to be unloaded to lighten them over a shallow; the men became thoroughly disheartened, and nothing but the assurance that if they failed now they would have to wait in the marshes until the next rainy season, kept them to the work at all. For two dreary months this continued, until, on March 9th, a channel was at last discovered leading into the true White Nile. "I can't," says Sir S. Baker, "describe my joy and thankfulness; my men shared my feelings. We all drank water from the turbid river, so unlike the marsh-filtered water of the swamps, and as each man washed his hands and face in the noble stream, he ejaculated from his heart, '*El hambd el Illah!* (Thank God!)'" But even then the goal was not reached without difficulty. The cut made by the pioneer vessel had drained the water off, and the rest of the fleet were left high and dry. An artificial dam had to be made before sufficient water could be obtained to float them over the banks, but in ten days more the obstructions were all passed, and the entire convoy was once more in the clear Nile channel. It is satisfactory to find that the labour spent in opening up the passage through the Bahr Giraffe was of something more than ephemeral value, for on Sir S. Baker's return, two years later, he found the channel much improved by the current, and comparatively clear; so much so that he made the voyage from Gondokoro to Khartoum, 1,400 miles, in a steamer, in 28 days.

On the day before entering the White Nile, an encounter was had with a hippopotamus which is, perhaps, worth condensing. "The night was cold and the moon clear and bright. I was suddenly awoke by a tremendous splashing quite close to the diahbeeah, accompanied by the hoarse wild snorting of a furious hippopotamus. I jumped up and at once perceived a hippo, which was apparently about to attack the vessel. Before the affrighted Suleiman could bring a rifle, the hippo dashed at us with indescribable fury. With one blow he capsized and sank the zinc boat. In another instant he seized the dingy in his immense jaws, and the crash of splintered wood betokened the complete destruction of my favourite boat. Presently as he charged straight at the diahbeeah, I stopped him with a No. 8 Reilly shell. To my surprise he soon recovered, and again commenced the attack. I fired shot after shot at him without apparent effect. The diahbeeah rocked about on the waves raised by the splashing of so large an animal, this movement rendering the arm uncertain; at length, apparently badly wounded, he retired to the high grass; there he lay on a bank, snorting and blowing. Thinking he would die, we went to bed, but in about half an hour we were wakened by another tremendous splash, and once more this mad beast came charging on us as though unhurt. In

another instant he was at the diahbeeah, but I met him with a ball on the top of his head, which sent him rolling over and over, sometimes on his back, kicking with his forelegs above the surface, and again producing waves which rocked the diahbeeah. In this helpless manner he rolled about 50 yards down stream, and we all thought him killed, but to our amazement he recovered and we heard him splashing as he moved slowly along the high grass, where he remained snorting and blowing. In a short time I heard a louder splashing. I again got up and perceived him about 80 yards distant, walking slowly across the river in the shallows. Having a fair shot at the shoulder, I fired right and left with No. 8 Reilly rifle, and I distinctly heard the bullets strike. He nevertheless reached the right bank, when he presently turned round and attempted to recross the shallow. This gave me another good chance at the shoulder, and at this time he fell dead in the shallow water. In the morning I made a *post mortem* examination. He had received three shots in the flank and shoulder; four in the head, one of which had broken his lower jaw; another had passed through his nose, and passing downward had cut off one of his large tusks. I never witnessed such determined and unprovoked fury as was exhibited by this animal; he appeared to be raving mad. His body was a mass of frightful scars, the result of continual conflicts with the bulls of his own species. He was evidently a character of the worst description, but whose madness rendered him callous to all punishment. We raised the zinc boat, which was fortunately unhurt; the dingy had lost a mouthful, as the hippo had bitten out a portion of the side, including the gunwale of hard-wood, with the same ease as though it had been a slice of toast."

Arrived at Gondokoro, Sir S. Baker found that station entirely deserted, while the Baris, the warlike tribes adjacent thereto, were, to say the least, uncivil. "The country," he says, "is sadly changed; formerly pretty native villages in great numbers were scattered over the landscape, beneath shady clumps of trees, and the land was thickly populated. Now all is desolate, not a village exists on the mainland; they have all been destroyed, and the inhabitants have been driven for refuge to the low islands of the river. * * The Austrian missionaries had abandoned the Baris as hopeless, after many efforts and a great expenditure of time and energy. The natives had pulled down their neat mission-house, and had pounded and ground the red bricks into the finest powder, which, mixed with grease, formed a paint to smear their naked bodies. Thus, the only results of many years' teaching were, the death of many noble men, the loss of money, and the failure of the attempt; and instead of the enterprise leaving a legacy of inward spiritual grace to these 'men and brethren,' the missionary establishment itself was converted into an external application for the skin; the house of God was turned into 'pomade divine.'"

The new encampment was soon laid down and strongly fortified, and then the whole force set to work to cultivate the soil. Besides the general farm, the men had separate gardens, and prizes were promised for the best vegetables, &c. These operations served many purposes. They kept the troops in health and good humour; they provided partially the necessary food; they proved the Pasha's intention of remaining for some time in the country, and they could not but eventually have a civilizing effect upon the natives. The Baris, being the most warlike tribe of those parts, did not fear to incur the hostility of all their neighbours, and therefore they closely allied themselves with Abou Saood, and constituted the chief portion of his predatory bands of slave-hunting ruffians. To such people the promise of a settled Government was anything but agreeable, and they soon took active measures for compelling the Khedive's

expeditionary force to vacate the country. They positively refused to sell cattle or supply provisions. But, after a time, they contracted to do so, though this was only a *ruse* to prolong the inactivity of the troops, as they never intended to carry out their contract. More open hostility, however, soon gave Sir S. Baker the opportunity of not only teaching the Baris a lesson in civility, but also of supplying his troops with cattle. Taking, therefore, a small flying column, he started for his camp one night, so as to reach the Belinian villages, in which the offending Baris lived, by daylight. Storming the central stockade—a place that, if held by men armed with rifles, would be almost impregnable—he captured in it 600 cattle, which, after clearing the adjacent ground by skirmishers and a few shots from his eight-pounder, he succeeded in driving back to Gondokoro. The Baris then for some time pursued the tactics of wearing out the unwelcome soldiers by incessant night attacks; but owing to the vigilance manifested by the officers, and the discipline of the small crack corps, "The Forty Thieves," they never gained much advantage, and at length desisted altogether.

Soon, however, another difficulty arose. Corn began to run short. None was, of course, to be bought from the Baris; so, when the harvest was just ripe, another attack was made on Belinian; several villages were occupied for a week or two, and the crops harvested. It was, however, with great difficulty that the corn could be conveyed back to camp. The soldiers were as much interested as the Baris in the supply running short, for both parties imagined that, when that continued for a certain time, a retreat to Khartoum would be necessitated. But both reckoned without their host. However little the heart of the subordinates might be in the expedition, the Commander was determined to carry through the work he had undertaken. Some successful forays on villages on the river disclosed abundance of corn, which was without difficulty conveyed to headquarters by water. Then the dissatisfaction of the men came to a head, and a demonstration was made that threatened to develop into an alarming mutiny. But even this was suppressed. Sir S. Baker's position, however, was an awkward one. He had established himself at Gondokoro; he had taught the Baris the advisability of not attacking his camp; and he had found means to provide his men with food; but this was all. No civilizing influence had been brought to bear on the fierce native, and no effect whatever had been produced beyond the range of the Snider rifles. It was absolutely necessary to advance further south. But how to advance was the question. The whole country was hostile. No carriers could be obtained. It may here be repeated that it is at present impossible, so far as it is known, for boats to ascend the Nile for many miles above Gondokoro—a series of rapids is there met with, which seem to extend at intervals for about a hundred and fifty miles, until the point is reached where the defile ends and the mountains trend away from the river bank. It was Sir S. Baker's intention to transport to that point from Gondokoro, on camels, the sections of the steamers which he had brought from England. Once launched there they could ascend to the Albert N'yanza, and would give him control of the inland lakes, as well as afford a base of operations. But no transport had been provided at Khartoum for camels, and if it had been, no animals could have been brought through the obstructions of the Bahr Giraffe. Just at this moment the expedition received a nearly fatal blow from one of its own officers. During his absence on a corn-collecting expedition, Baker sent instructions to Colonel Raouf, at Gondokoro, to ship the invalids off to Khartoum. That officer, who was evidently in league with Abou Saood and the slave dealers, sent off 1,100 men, including a great

number who were in sound health. The whole force was therefore suddenly reduced to 500 men. Even this, however, did not daunt the Commander, who announced his intention of pushing on South at once, and a curious incident facilitated his intention. While engaged in collecting corn from the Bari granaries, he was most unexpectedly visited by a herd of 12 bull elephants. Two out of the herd fell to his rifle—more would, no doubt, have fallen, had not his servant forgotten the ammunition—in the sight of a large concourse of natives, some of whom were allowed to take flesh from the carcases. The desire to obtain meat, and the reputation of the effect of the breech-loading rifles, brought about some wonderful results. The neighbouring Sheiks at once sent in their allegiance, and peace was cemented over the bodies of the elephants. A promise being made at the same time of carriers for his stores, Sir Samuel lost no more time in preparing for a new start.

With about 250 men he left Gondokoro, and disembarked at the foot of the rapids. Here the chief, who had promised to supply porters, not only played him false, but soon manifested open hostility. The only chance of advancing was for the soldiers to drag the carts on which the steamer was packed as far as Loborè, where among a friendly population assistance could be reckoned on. At the last moment the men flatly refused to become beasts of burden, and nothing could be done but send the sections of the steamer back to Gondokoro and give up the idea of navigating the great lakes. It became necessary, under these circumstances, to leave a strong detachment with the magazine of stores, and eventually Sir S. Baker marched away to the south, to carry out the mission with which the Khedive had entrusted him, at the head of one hundred men! Reaching Loborè, the detachment was called up, and the advance was made with the whole force, which then only numbered two hundred and ten. In a few days more the beautiful open country was reached, in which "the grand White Nile lay like a broad streak of silver, as it flowed in a calm deep stream direct from the Albert N'yanza; at this point above all cataracts." Regret was useless; but deep must have been the mortification of the man who, having so far carried out his intentions in the face of enormous difficulties, just missed a great and splendid success by the impossibility of conveying his steamers over those 100 miles of country, and launching them on the waters of the Albert N'yanza.

Pressing on through some tribes that were comparatively friendly, and many that were hostile, and leaving a detachment at Fatiko, in lat. 3° N., he crossed about 2° 10′ N. the Victoria Nile, which connects the Victoria and Albert N'yanzas, and again went forward in a south-west direction towards the latter lake, until he reached Masindi, a large town, the capital of the Unyoro country, and the seat of the king Kabba Rega. Here he established himself for some weeks, and apparently made some progress in conciliating the natives and establishing a regular trade. But the young king was a drunken cunning scoundrel, who was played upon by the agent of Abou Saood, the slave-dealer and evil genius of the expedition, and it soon became evident that no trust could be placed in his word. Matters at last came to a crisis. The king sent to the troops a present of cider which was heavily poisoned. The medicine chest and strong remedies fortunately prevented any fatal effects; but the next morning, when all who had drank of the cider were hopelessly prostrated, a grand attack was made on the camp. It is marvellous how the whole force escaped massacre; but the Snider rifles told fatally on the enemy, and the town being fired, the natives were driven off with terrific loss. "In about an hour and a quarter the battle of Masindi was won. Not a house remained of the lately extensive town. A vast open space of smoke and black ashes,

with flames flickering in some places where the buildings had been consumed, and at others forked sheets of fire where the fuel was still undestroyed, were the only remains of the capital of Unyoro." The fight, however, cost the lives of four valuable men, who could ill be spared in that little force. "My heart was very heavy. God knows I had worked with the best intentions for the benefit of the country, and this was the lamentable result. My best men were treacherously murdered. We had narrowly escaped general massacre. We had won the battle and swept Masindi from the earth. What next?" To add to the complications, there was good reason to believe that preparations had been made to massacre on the road the detachment which had been called up from Fatiko. Only one course remained open, and this involved the crowning disappointment of all. Having arrived within 30 miles of the Albert Nyanza, and within 1¾ degree of the Equator, the expedition's only chance of safety lay in a retreat. And that retreat, continued for 14 days through a hostile country, and along a narrow jungle-path, was a wonderful feat, replete with incessant danger and hardship to all concerned. It ought, perhaps, to have been mentioned before that Lady Baker accompanied her husband throughout the expedition, and this was the only occasion on which her strength at all gave way. Fortunately the natives never attacked at night, or it would have been impossible for the little band to survive. As it was, ten were killed and eleven wounded before Foweera was regained, which was in the country of a chief named Rionga, on whose friendship in former years Sir S. Baker now relied. This chief he formally installed as head of the Unyoro *vice* the treacherous Kabba Rega, whose deposition seems to have been cordially approved of by all parties. Peace was now re-established in that district, but there was still uncertainty as to the fate of the detachment left at Fatiko. The retreat was therefore continued, and the arrival of the Pasha at that place was most opportune; for, though his men were still safe, the slavers' parties were there in so strong force as to be able to domineer over every one as heretofore. They actually made a regular attack upon Baker's force, but were routed with great loss; one of the chief scoundrels was killed, the whole organization broken up, and the greatest ruffians fled the country. "From this date the victory was gained, and I could only thank God for the great success that had attended my efforts. The slave hunting was now at an end throughout an immense district, as the slave hunters had ceased to exist south of Gondokoro. Excepting Unyoro, the days of bloodshed were past. "The Forty Thieves," who had so gallantly stood by me under every difficulty, never again had an enemy before them. My task was now full of pleasure and gratification. I had established perfect confidence throughout the large country of Shooli, and we had friends upon all sides." 'Mtese, the intelligent king of Uganda, the district lying north of the Victoria Nyanza, sent earnestly to request Baker to visit him, a request which he was obliged to decline regretfully, for he considers 'Mtese to be the man above all others on whom the future prosperity of Central Africa depends. It is interesting to know that a letter sent back by his messengers, directed to Dr. Livingstone, in case he should come that way, was not only delivered by 'Mtese's orders to Lieut. Cameron at Unyanyembe, but that an answer was actually sent all the way to Gondokoro.

At Fatiko a camp was formed and strongly fortified, and in it was left a detachment under a faithful officer, Major Abdullah, who was to represent the Khedive's Government in that far-off station; and then, having at last received reinforcements from Khartoum, and also a mail from Europe—the first for two and a-half years, and which brought about 700 copies of the *Times*—Sir Samuel Baker turned his face northwards and reached Gondokoro at

the expiration of his four years' term of service. Much, of course, that was attempted has not been accomplished, but very important results must come from this expedition, followed as it now is by another expedition under the command of Col. Gordon, R.E., who will have found his labours immensely lightened by the work of his predecessor. One ominous incident, however, is mentioned at the close of this book. Sir S. Baker telegraphed from Kahrtoum to have Abou Saood arrested at Cairo, whither he had gone to lay complaints before the Khedive. On his own arrival there he made formal charges against Saood of slave-dealing and of conspiring against the Government—charges of which there was ample proof. The criminal, however, was not brought to trial, and was éventually appointed assistant to Colonel Gordon! Still, however unable the Government may be to act with perfect consistency in these matters, there is no doubt that a very serious blow has been struck at the slave-trade on the Nile. If Baker had retreated without pushing beyond Gondokoro, it is probable that no second expedition would have been sent by the Khedive, and the slave-dealers would have remained in absolute possession of all the Nile territory. "But now, fortified posts extend to within two degrees of the Equator. The foundation of a great future has been laid; a remote portion of the African race hitherto excluded from the world's history has been brought into direct communication with superior and more civilized races; legitimate trade has been opened, and therefore, accepting commerce as the great agent of civilization, the work is actually in progress. * * In the end every opposition was overcome: hatred and insubordination yielded to discipline and order. A paternal government extended its protection through lands hitherto a field for anarchy and slavery. The territory within my rule was purged from the slave-trade. The White Nile, for a distance of sixteen hundred miles from Khartoum to Central Africa, was cleansed from the abomination of a traffic that had hitherto sullied its waters."

A DAY DREAM.

ALL thro' the brightly-broidered hours
That pass with song and story,
We sit and dream of fadeless flowers
In far-off fields of glory;

And catch the rhythmic flow of tunes
That chime with love's own calling,
When into happiest of swoons
The golden days are falling.

But in the land that leaneth down
To the eternal river,
Our lives will wear their olden crown
Forever and forever!

And days will come, and days will go,
And calmful dreams will reach us,
And the life we vainly cry for
God's tenderest love will teach us.

HESTER A. BENEDICT.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Second Parliament of Ontario has passed away, full of years, if not ripe in wisdom. The last month of its existence may be described as a series alternately of the wild fits of delirium and the stentorous breathings of nightmare. There were, it is true, some lucid intervals; but they were few and far between, and the process of dissolution was so rapid that we had no opportunity of interposing words of soothing or consolation. All is over, and we do not feel disposed to speak evil of the dead. Still we cannot forget that expectant heirs are already applying for letters of administration to the estate, and therefore a few words on its recent management may seem necessary. To drop the metaphor—a trite one, we confess—let us glance, as briefly as may be, at the proceedings of the House during its last brief session. It would have been unreasonable to expect from an expiring Parliament elaborate and well-considered legislation. The approach of a general election induces strabismic symptoms in the mental vision. With one eye on the ballot-box and the other on the mace, it is inevitable that public affairs should seem somewhat asquint. The legislature becomes a manufactory of political capital to be expended on the stump. Individual members feel it necessary to affect a deep interest in the wants of their respective constituencies. Ministers are pestered with *ad captandum* queries as to their intentions regarding the erection of public works and the granting of public money. Some of this new-born zeal is recompensed by ministerial promises, some of it is not. Some retire from the scene laden with good things; others, with a well-feigned air of vexation, go empty away. In either case they have done their duty, and are not slow to claim their reward. It does not seem altogether clear why a distinction should be made between bribery in the singular and bribery in the gross. When a candidate puts his hand in his pocket, or lets his agent do it—which comes to the same thing—in order to corrupt the individual voter, his act is very justly pronounced dishonourable, as well as illegal. But let him try to purchase an entire constituency with their own, or other people's, money, and the transaction assumes another aspect altogether. We must confess that we fail to grasp the distinction; if there be any, it would seem to be in favour of the former practice rather than the latter, which is certainly a meaner form of corruption.

Some twenty-five or thirty years ago a cartoon in *Punch* represented Lord Brougham in the guise of a travelling tinker, with soldering-iron and brazier. There was no mistaking the peculiar twist of the stubby nose and the inevitable check in the trowsers. The tinker's cry was, "Old laws to mend and new ones to repeal." The public legislation of last session was of the tinker kind, if we except the extension of existing machinery, as in the Municipal Ballot Act, and one or two other measures to which we may refer presently. An inspection of the list of ninety and nine bills which received the Lieutenant-Governor's assent, appears to justify this view. It would seem, however, that there are those who do not share it. Ministers, for example, are so well satisfied with the fruit of their labours that they feel entitled to congratulate themselves upon it. In the closing speech from the Throne, the government manages to work itself up to the pitch of enthusiasm. In one paragraph an admiring people is invited to "recognize the importance of the work which you (the House) have done," as if they had

modelled a constitution or laid the foundations of an empire. Then His Excellency reminds them that "short as the session has been, it has been exceedingly fruitful in important, and I trust beneficial, legislation," embracing "a wide range of subjects." To an impartial on-looker this extravagance of eulogy appears singularly out of place. Hyperbole is a figure of speech which should not appear in official utterances, for it tends to shake public confidence in the veracity of their rulers. It is quite true that the range of subjects has been wide; but on the other hand, the treatment of them has wanted depth and fulness. What has been gained in two of the three dimensions, has been gained at the expense of the third. It is true that, in perhaps the longest paragraph which ever appeared in a speech from the Throne, petty amendments to the law are enumerated as though they were masterpieces of legislative skill. A wider surface however, does not indicate an increase in value, so much as poverty and thinness; and if the work of the session can be regarded in any sense as golden, it is only in the capacity for being hammered out to an almost illimitable extent. It is no reproach to Mr. Mowat that more has not been done, indeed it is to the credit of his industry that he has done so much; but there is no need of calling attention to the poverty of results by misplaced eulogy.

That any measure introduced by the Government to change the representation would meet with the approval of the Opposition was antecedently improbable. That the imputation of sinister aims should be made, was a foregone conclusion. There would be an end to our inestimable system of party government if it were once admitted that any good could come out of the Ministerial Nazareth. Let the principle of honesty and the rule of conscience be permitted to supersede the ethics of party, and what is to become of the British Constitution? It is necessary, nay, it is a positive duty, to cleave to our party, right or wrong. Its views may conflict with our intellect, its course on one or more points may be dubious on the score of morality, but it is the infallible authority in all matters *not* concerning faith and morals, and with these politics are not concerned. That some rectification of the constituencies was needed, we think will be generally conceded, unless we are prepared to refuse adequate representation to the more populous of the counties. To effect this, an increase in the number of members was a necessity, because to take eight members from existing constituencies would have been practically impossible. The storm excited by the disfranchisement of Niagara may serve to give some faint idea of the whirlwind of indignation any such proposal would have raised. The only question remaining was the principle to be followed in the distribution. We agree, in the main, with the Premier, that any claim the cities may have to increased representation should be postponed to the manifest rights of the counties. This position is peculiarly correct so far as regards Toronto, which is represented actually, though not nominally, by more than its fair share of members. Perhaps the same may be said of Ottawa and Hamilton, although with far less force, and we are inclined to think that their title to consideration was not fully weighed; in fact it was scarcely mentioned, if at all.

To the scheme as it originally stood there could be no objection, if we except the grouping of Townships in the County of Grey. We cannot help thinking that more respect ought to have been shown to the authorized exponents of public opinion in the County. If Cornwall was spared, not on account of any regular expression of its wishes, but because of a presumed public opinion informally gathered, why should the representations of the County and Township Councils of Grey have been disregarded? Why were the Townships of Holland and

St. Vincent, in spite of the protests of their Municipal Councils and of the County Council, placed where they did not want to be? As a mere matter of arrangement it can have made no difference to Mr. Mowat in which Riding these Townships were placed. Why then should he have persisted in reversing their position, and placing each where the other desired to be? If public opinion in Cornwall—probably a delicate euphemism for the personal pressure of the sitting member—stayed the Premier's hand, it ought certainly to have had superior weight in the case of Grey. Is it possible that in the distinction there lurks a motive which does not appear upon the surface, and that the ghoul of party demanded a departure from the line of impartial justice? Why, again, was the original scheme of grouping Townships with Niagara abandoned? There were many reasons, which will readily occur to the student of Canadian history, why the old town should have kept its place in the roll of constituencies, even if its electorate had been swamped by that of the adjacent Townships. If Cornwall was preserved because one righteous man was found to press its claims, why should popular opinion count for nothing in Niagara? The excuse that the Premier could find no constituency in the East to which the member taken from Cornwall could be given, is an unsatisfactory one. It is surely not laid down, as a fixed principle of public policy, that because a representative now sits for Cornwall, one shall sit for it, like Theseus, eternally. If the east loses in the race, the west should be the gainer, unless we intend to perpetuate the wretched localism which caused nearly all our political difficulties from 1851 to 1867. In Mr. Mowat's personal integrity and honesty of purpose we have unshaken confidence, but we have none at all in the existing system of party government, and the thought forces itself upon supporters of the Government—it requires no forcing on its opponents—that Cornwall was spared to save a party member, and Niagara sacrificed to remove an opponent. The *Globe* makes great professions of a desire to see a strong and effective Opposition. We are told that party government is not complete without it. Hobbes has been improved upon. He declared war to be the natural element of primitive man; party declares it to be the normal state of the politician at the noon-tide of civilization. If this theory be correct, we are in sore need of an Opposition in Ontario. Anything less edifying than the spectacle presented by the loose organization scattered about in the benches to the Speaker's left, it would not be easy to imagine. There are men of respectable talent on that side, but they are for the most part mute images of despair. As represented in debate, the Opposition appears to be a fortuitous concourse of atoms, without concerted aim, without defined principles, without eloquence, without skill—legislative incapables wandering half-possessed among the tombs in the grave-yard of their party. But if we must have a good Opposition, the way to it does not lie in the direction taken by the Government party. There is something like hypocrisy, therefore, in their affected anxiety in this matter. If not, why cut the ground from under the feet of one opponent by disfranchising Niagara, and send the Treasurer to defeat, if possible, another? For it must not be forgotten that these two gentlemen have had the advantage of official experience, and are among the most respectable members of their party.

There is no necessity of referring to other measures, for measures have not been the prominent feature of the Session. *Le roi s'amusait*—the House was diverting itself with the clumsy gambolling of Investigation Committees. The Model Farm Inquiry is not a savoury subject, although to some people it would appear to have been so. We have not a high opinion of the Commissioner of Agriculture as an administrator, but it is impossible not to feel some sympa-

thy with him as far as regards one aspect of this investigation. To this, as it concerns a lady, we do not care particularly to allude, except to say that the charge with which her name was coupled, appears to have been misconstrued—whether purposely or not we do not pretend to affirm—in such a way as to give an opportunity to those seeking it, of airing a good deal of virtuous indignation. There were other women whose names were bandied about with greater nonchalance, and it is a pity that some of the indignation could not have been spared for them. There were also stories of boys coming home drunk at three in the morning—in short, a picture of disorganization and want of discipline which forms a painful phase in the history of that most luckless of government institutions. The Committee had not time to pursue the matter to the end; still we might express the hope that we had heard the last of it, if we did not feel too clear a presentiment that, during the next fortnight, it will play a conspicuous part in election harangues.

Little need be said of the Rykert investigation. On the facts all are agreed, and there is no need to enlarge upon them. A curious doctrine, however was propounded by the minority of the Committee, to which we at once demur. If a legislator is to be acquitted of corruption because he receives his fee as a *post facto* gratuity, instead of haggling for it in advance, the evil will never be checked. Unless we propose Washington and Albany as our exemplars, the mischief must be extirpated root and branch. In order to do so, not only must the reception of any fee or reward by any member for legislative services be punishable, but partners of members must be forbidden to lobby on behalf of private bills. It is absurd to prohibit the former and permit the latter. Any attorney who happens to be an M. P. or an M.P.P., may continue to drive a thriving business under cover of a partner—a business quite as subversive of public morality, as if it were avowedly conducted by himself. We would go further, and forbid members of the local legislatures managing parliamentary business at Ottawa, and *vice versa*. This practice may be lucrative, but it does mischief of a kind peculiar to itself. Finally, if it were possible—and we hope that it will be some day—we would prohibit lobbying altogether, and make the mere fact of approaching a member to solicit his vote for a particular Bill, punishable. It is constantly the case that members are button-holed, teazed, cajoled or, perhaps, coerced into promising support without any knowledge of the facts, and with obvious detriment to the interests of the public. The House did well in not pursuing this particular case to extremities. It would have been unwise to make a scapegoat of the member for Lincoln. The probability is that he acted, as he often does, unthinkingly; and, perhaps, if the House possesses a collective, or perhaps we should say an "historical conscience," there may have been other reasons at which we do not care to hint. Ignorance, however, can no longer be pleaded, and if a similar case occur it should be treated with merciless rigour.

The *Ontario Gazette* announces that the nominations are to take place on the 11th instant, and the voting, should a poll be demanded, on the 18th. This will be the first general election held by ballot in Ontario; and, under ordinary circumstances, the probable effect of secret voting on the relative position of parties might be made the subject of speculation. The result of the experiment in England seemed to indicate that the ballot was essentially a disintegrating agent, and had a direct and powerful tendency to defeat organization and to loosen party ties by concealing breaches of party obligation. That secret voting favours individual, rather than collective, action, there can be no doubt. Those who are disposed to think for themselves and to exercise their electoral rights according to their own judgment may do so without fear of incurring

the reproach of inconsistency, or, what is a more flagrant offence in some men's eyes, treason to party. Moral courage, as it is called, is not so ordinary an endowment of every-day human nature as many people suppose. Time and again we have met with Reformers and Conservatives who have expressed the strongest dislike for the candidate put forth in the interests of their party. At first, they protest that nothing shall induce them to cast a vote against their deliberate judgment: they will support the candidate on the other side. Then the party organ thunders: they begin to waver, and will not vote at all. Finally comes the whipper-in, who has correctly guaged their capacity for independence, and the end is that the party must be supported at all hazards; so they deliberately vote for the man they have declared to be unworthy of election. Every one can recall scores of similar instances of instability and faint-heartedness. These weak brethren will, of course, have protection under the ballot, if they choose to avail themselves of it. But is this an unmixed good? It would seem not: the men who have thus freed themselves from an oppressive yoke are not likely to stand with credit the questions that are sure to be put by the zealots of their party. It is, of course, easier to avow an act after it is done and cannot be undone than before, and if they could escape the ordeal of a previous canvas and avoid making promises, all might be well with those who possess *ex post facto* courage. Party agents, however, are not easily gulled, and the result, we fear, would be that, in nine cases out of ten, the feeble-kneed would take refuge in prevarication, if not in downright falsehood. Moreover, secret voting opens the door to the indulgence of personal pique, and of whimsical fancies, prejudices, and antipathies of all sorts. It also gives an advantage to that non-committal class "who never pledge themselves to any one." With open voting this herd of political Gallios may usually be worked into line; but under the ballot they may, if they choose, fly off at a tangent. There are those, too, who are always ready for change of any sort, and yet can give no reason for their desire. With secret voting they can indulge their idiosyncracy with "no questions asked." We are not arguing against the system of voting by ballot, because the time for argument on that subject has gone by, but merely pointing out some of the elements of uncertainty it is sure, sooner or later, to introduce.

The Conservative reaction in England, because it found expression through the ballot on its first general application, seems to have raised a hope in the Opposition here. It would not be difficult to show a want of analogy between the cases. It is not necessary to do so, however, because the results of the bye or casual elections for the Dominion Parliament must have convinced every one that no sweeping change in the position of parties can be hoped for, if reliance is to be placed on the ballot alone. In England the reaction would unquestionably have taken place, ballot or no ballot; here there is no sign of a general revulsion of feeling.

We take it, then, that the relative position of the two parties in the new House will be much the same as in the old. The Opposition may, and probably will, gain a few accessions to its members; for governments, as a rule, seldom maintain all the ground they conquered at the outset. Mr. Mowat's ministry may be an exception to the general rule, for there is nothing less certain than the *aura popularis*; but we are inclined, on the whole, to predict a slight gain to the Opposition. For the sake of both parties, and still more for the sake of the country, we earnestly hope that it may not prove to be merely a numerical one. There can be little doubt that the Government will be sustained, and we see no reason why any one should wish it to be otherwise. Its *personnel* might be improved, it is true, and some

blunders have been committed which we trust it will not repeat; but, after all, we might go further and fare worse. The love of change for the sake of change is a symptom of fever and not of health, and even were the electorate afflicted with the malady, it is difficult to see which way it could turn for relief. The Opposition leaders are not yet skilled in the duties they have on hand, and it would be a pity, or rather a gross injustice, to put a premature stop to their education. They are yet in the early stages of their apprenticeship, and they must get a long way in advance of the chromo and canoe-couch stage of progress before they can be entrusted, as a body, with the administration of affairs. The Public Works Department is fair game for them, and the Finances may be so manipulated as to puzzle the public, who care very little about figures, and will not take the trouble to examine them. Figures are useful for the purpose of mystification, as any one who has hurled a shower of the ten digits at his opponent is aware and this Arabic warfare with the numerals may be serviceable to them, and is sure to worry Mr. Crooks.

There is, however, another aspect of the approaching elections, and it is not a party one. While Confederation was under discussion, some of its opponents prognosticated that the local legislature would be merely a sort of magnified County Council, aping legislative forms, but otherwise remarkable for nothing but feebleness and mediocrity. If we may judge by recent experience, these prophets ought to humble themselves before every municipal body in Ontario—the comparison is so obviously unjust. In the County Councils there are no parties; in the Legislature there are two—which accounts for the difference between them. The House is divided into Government and Opposition, Reform and Conservative. They are both parties of purity—the old, original one; the new, eager, and captious one. Under one or other of these names they are now appealing to the people, and yet, though they were put to the torture, neither could indicate the slightest point of difference between them. They are both pure, both enlightened, both progressive, both enterprising, and both economical; but each is prepared to deny that the other possesses any of these estimable qualities. Neither of them has any distinctive policy—not a shred of principle it can claim as peculiarly its own. When they change sides, they change clothes, and both are as well fitted by the new suits as they were by the old. The actors exchange parts, but the play—whether tragedy, comedy, farce or burlesque—is the same. It is the old children's game of French and English over again, in which each party insists on enjoying occasionally the advantage of serving the country and receiving its pay. If a man whose abilities or eloquence would be of special service to his country, crosses the House, those he has left set upon him. Why? Because he has deserted his party, and the welfare of his party is of more importance than the welfare of his country. Therefore he is a traitor, and the government he has joined receives the terrible name of Coalition. We do not care to fill in the outlines of the picture; but if any one desires to learn what party government is, when parties have no *raison d'être*, let him study the debates of the last two sessions of the Ontario Parliament. The subject is not an attractive one, and we shall dwell on it no longer. What we desire to ask the people of Ontario is this—shall this state of things continue? The remedy is in their own hands. They have the power to shake loose the fetters of party; the power of choosing representatives of ability, of enlarged views, of sterling character, and of honourable and manly instincts, no matter by what political name they may be called. We are prepared to submit, for the present, to the party system as an evil which must be

borne, but may also be mitigated. Drastic remedies in politics sometimes do more harm than good; therefore let us try palliatives first. If we cannot break asunder the bonds of party, we may at least give the captive more ease and greater freedom—or rather he can obtain them both for himself. To perpetuate the present system of legislation will be to cast reproach upon the country, without whose sanction and approval it cannot survive the approaching contest. Mr. Lowe has said that "as the polypus takes its colour from the rock to which it affixes itself, so do the members of the House take their character from the constituencies." The electors of Ontario will soon have an opportunity of showing of what stuff they are made.

Ontario is not the only member of the Confederacy in which party warfare has reached the lowest ebb. In Nova Scotia, the general elections have terminated in favour of the Government, by an overwhelming majority. The cry of corruption there, as elsewhere, seems to have had no small share in the result. The prevailing policy, indeed the only one apparently, appears to be that which was the boast of the late Sir Allan McNab—Railways. The party inculpated in this case is the Opposition; the charge, corruption in letting contracts for Intercolonial Railway hardware. The want of distinctive party tenets on this occasion is accounted for in a somewhat singular way. The present Provincial Secretary was, until recently, a member of the Opposition, and had, of course, as members of every Opposition are bound to do, resisted every measure proposed from the Treasury Benches. The result is that he will not give his sanction to the old ministerial programme, and his colleagues are not prepared to adopt a new one. The political education of the Nova Scotians must have been neglected. The "Constitutional" practice at this distressing juncture would be either to draw a sponge over the slate, or, better still, to go on where the old *régime* left off, and say nothing more about it. Apologetics in public life are dangerous ground, and the public memory is proverbially feeble.

The result of the Dominion elections, thus far, has been to re-elect the rejected members, with the single exception of Mr. Stuart, of South Norfolk, who has been defeated by Mr. Wallace. In one or two of these cases, the guilty knowledge of bribery by the successful candidate was morally certain. The judges appear to have taken a charitable view, because they did not deem it judicious to pronounce the extreme penalty of disqualification. They were no doubt justified in so doing; but that excuse will not serve on behalf of the electors who have returned the men who should have been rejected with scorn, when they had the effrontery to present themselves again before their dishonoured constituencies. The course taken by the electorate in these instances is disheartening in the extreme. What hope can there be that the most stringent law will effectually stem the tide of corruption, if the people treat the crime of bribery as a venial offence? It would even seem that some of them regard the expenditure of large sums of money in this way as a claim upon their support at a subsequent election. To bribe a constituency is to have a lien upon it, and the larger the sum expended, the more valuable should the security be—the larger the second majority. One of the most reckless of these corrupters has as good as told his constituency so. It is not yet certain whether the penalty of disqualification is or is not incurred, where no personal bribery is proved. That point will be decided by the Judges on the 16th instant. At present, therefore, we shall only urge that if it should appear that the unseated member is eligible for re-election in such a case, some alteration of the law is imperatively required. There is always a tacit understanding, which

sometimes takes the form of a broad hint, that the candidate is not to know anything of money expenditure. Everybody knows that who has had any experience in electioneering mechanics. Now a man who puts into the hands of his committee tens of thousands of dollars, or permits them to draw on him to that extent, cannot but know in what channels his wealth is flowing. Notwithstanding this, he may appear in the witness-box and swear that he knew nothing of the bribery committed by his agents—swear it with unruffled countenance, and with no risk of incurring the legal penalties attaching to perjury. We say *legal*, for morality may be left out of the reckoning here. What, we should like to ask, is the use of a law through which the merest tyro in the art may drive a coach and six?

It is, of course, difficult to pronounce with confidence upon a decision for which no adequate reasons are assigned; but the absence of such reasons affords a presumption at least that the decision is indefensible. The refusal of the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery to permit a scrutiny of the ballot-papers used in the recent Montreal election, is a case in point. At the last general election, Mr. Frederick Mackenzie was returned for the constituency by a majority of nearly four hundred. He was unseated for bribery by his agents, presented himself for re-election, and was returned by a majority of five or six. The corruption at the first election was of the most unblushing character. Many thousands of dollars were spent, the major part being the moneys of Mr. Mackenzie's firm. Of course, it is among the possibilities that the candidate was not cognizant of the bribery. As we have already remarked, it would have been contrary to established usage if he had; at any rate, as the Judge absolved him, we have nothing to say upon that head. The diminished majority, which came within a little of being transmuted into a minority, may be variously accounted for. Either the electors were determined to express their views on bribery, as honest men should do, or they were offended because their palms were not re-greased, as rogues will be. An additional cause, however, of another sort, may be traced in the recognized ability and general popularity of the Opposition candidate, Mr. Thomas White. It was not likely that the defeated candidate would rest content with the announcement of the bare numbers by the returning officer, who was presumably a friend of the Government. By Act of Parliament, a scrutiny of the ballot-papers is permitted under certain circumstances, and, in this case, Judge Beaudry, and subsequently Judge Berthelot, decided that Mr. White was entitled to such a scrutiny. Armed with the judicial order, Mr. White and his counsel repaired to Ottawa and presented it to Mr. Pope, the Clerk of the Crown. This gentleman, after consulting M. Fournier, the Minister of Justice, refused to obey the order and permit the scrutiny. We have no hesitation in stigmatizing this as an outrageous exercise of arbitrary power, for which no adequate defence, or even excuse, can be offered. If a safe-guard provided by law against fraud be taken away because it might make for an opponent, we are on the high-road to the republican achievement of ballot-box stuffing. It has been stated by "those who know," that Mr. White would be found entitled to the seat on a scrutiny. This may or may not be so, and is, after all, nothing to the purpose. Mr. White is wronged as a candidate when a right, to which he has a legal claim, is denied him; and the constituency is wronged because, for years to come, it may be misrepresented by a candidate elected by the minority. It would be curious to learn from M. Fournier what advice he would have given had Mr. White been elected by a majority of half a dozen, and Mr. Mackenzie had sought a scrutiny from Mr. Pope. We presume that the Minister of Justice is quite safe in disregarding

the order of the Quebec bench, Ottawa being in Ontario; if that be so, it is high time we had a Dominion Court which could compel obedience to its orders. Whether this unjustifiable violation of the spirit of the law, as well as its letter, will place an estoppel upon any attempt at investigation, we are not advised. At any rate, M. Fournier has done his best to prevent it. He has raised a doubt whether, after all, we shall reap all the benefit from the ballot its advocates promised us. It may turn out in the end that it has closed the door to one class of evils to let another in by the window.

President Grant's annual Message calls for no special remark. It is of the conventional length and more than the conventional wordiness and clumsiness of expression. There is no mention of the Canadian Reciprocity Treaty, because it had been previously sent down to the Senate with a special message. The only subject on which the public were anxious to hear the President's views was that of the currency. It might have been thought that he had expressed himself with sufficient clearness in the Veto Message. But he has vacillated as often as the champions of inflation and contraction alternately gained his ear. All through he has been a nose of wax, which, twisted about from time to time, now appears to have been frozen into permanent shape and direction. Some change in his views was expected on this occasion, in consequence of his chagrin at the November defeat. A week or two after the result was known, a semi-official announcement was made in New York that there seemed to be no reason why the Republican party should trouble itself any longer about "hard money." It is not unlikely that General Grant, in the first outburst of vexation, may have resolved to prepare a deluge for his successor. If so, the idea was abandoned, for the Message is clear and sound in its advocacy of an early return to specie payments.

It seems strange to British eyes to see the name of General Butler occupying its usual prominence in Congressional proceedings, notwithstanding his recent defeat in Massachusetts. The motive which prompted American statesmen to keep a House of Representatives alive after it had been slain, if we may speak *Hibernicè*, was a conservative one. It was anticipated that the frequent recurrence of popular elections might be productive of mischievous results. The broader the basis of the electorate, the more liable it is to sudden fluctuations of opinion —the more sensitive to transient impressions. In order to guard, as far as possible, against the hasty and ill-considered legislation which might be expected from a new Congress, deliberating under the pressure of the moment, the existing plan was adopted. The theory appears to have been that the plans of an expiring House would be modified by the verdict of the people, and that there would be time for a new one to await the sober afterthought of the electorate before committing themselves to action. On the other hand, this conservative device is itself the parent of another, and perhaps a more serious, mischief. Under our Parliamentary system, the last Session of the House is always passed in courting popular favour; in Washington the representatives can afford to disregard it. The consequence is that the last end of every Congress is worse than the first. Every one—the defeated members especially—is absorbed in "feathering his nest," and corruption reigns unchecked. The November elections have had their effect upon Congress—that is, upon its public policy. The Civil Rights Bill has been introduced by General Butler, but so shorn of the offensive provisions Mr. Sumner would have deemed essential, that it is doubtful if it will encounter any serious opposition from the South. The disgraceful scenes at Vicks-

burg and the school troubles at New Orleans suggest additional motives for a reconsideration of the Federal plan of dragooning the Southern people into obedience, and ruling them by means of carpet-baggers and "scalawags."

American patience has at length been rewarded; they have a real king among them. Princes they have entertained before, and they have also received the visits of claimants and monarchs retired from business. In the person of Kalakaua, they have the genuine article—a king regnant. His Majesty of the Sandwich Islands must have a constitution of iron, for he has had much to try it. A royal progress from San Francisco to New York, by way of Chicago and Washington, must be a terrible draft on health, strength and temper. When the King's journey was first talked of, American humourists, in their peculiar vein, chose to mistake his name, and grew facetious over the prospect of a visit from King Calico. It is surprising that the funny people did not introduce the King of Ashanti by way of contrast. To associate together the names of Calico and Coffee would have been a triumph of humour, which might have been considerably enhanced by dubbing them "dry goods" and "groceries" respectively. As the monarch approached Chicago his correct designation was discovered, and that there might be no mistake, the newspapers condescended to be orthoëpical. At Washington a question of etiquette arose: How ought a real king to be received, and who ought to receive him? Of course it would be inhospitable to do too little, and undignified to do too much. General Grant attempted the *via media*, and failed to satisfy anybody, especially Yellowplush of the *New York Herald*. Fred. Grant, the hero of the Chicago nuptials, was deputed to meet Kalakaua, his august father remaining at home. This, it appears, was all wrong. Monarch should meet monarch, and take the earliest opportunity of rushing into his arms. Queen Victoria, on account of her sex, is a privileged sovereign, and when she sends His Royal Highness to the Charing Cross Station as her representative, it must be remembered that he is the heir apparent. Now Grant, Jr., is nothing of the sort, unless his father designs a *coup d'état;* thus a gross affront was ignorantly passed upon Kalakaua. The personal appearance and attire of the King seem to have disappointed some of his visitors. The crown, the sceptre and the royal robes were wanting; there was nothing but a monarch in undress, and who could be expected to pay homage to him? Some Fifth-avenue belle might have made love to him, if the proper surroundings had been there. The legend of Captain Smith and Pocahontas has been demolished, but it might have been realized *mutatis mutandis*, had the fates been propitious. It would have been so "nice" to act *Parthenia* to a monarch's *Ingomar*. A spice of savagery, though not of the Colonel Jack or Red Cloud kind, would have been treasure-trove for the *ennuyés*, for it would have given full play to what a strong-minded female calls "the melting grace of gushing womanhood." If any such hopes were entertained they were doomed to disappointment; for what is one to do with a king who is not a savage, who speaks excellent English, and appears in regulation evening dress? It is a mistake to suppose that American generosity to strangers is all flunkeyism; it is a national virtue of the heart, and in daily exercise all over the land. It is one of the most pleasing of American characteristics, but on State occasions too demonstrative, and sometimes in singularly bad taste. When the New York Board of Aldermen treated King Kalakaua to the *Black Crook* on Christmas eve, and hurried him off to the Episcopal Church on Christmas morning, we cannot help suggesting that Christianity and the can-can were brought into bewildering proximity. It is stated that the King is

to be the guest of the Governor-General for a day or two, and he will, no doubt, be graciously received. We hope that, in the quiet and unobtrusive hospitalities of Rideau Hall, he may find the repose of which he must be sorely in need.

Mr. Gladstone may congratulate himself on having made what managers call "the most successful hit of the season"—or more correctly, out of the season. A little *brochure*, not half the size of an ordinary review article, has put life into what promised to be the dreariest of Parliamentary vacations. There seems no prospect that the controversy it has excited will come to a speedy end. The weapon came at a white heat from the hands of the artificer, but the first glow was beginning to disappear in a dusky redness, when the Roman Catholic bishops eagerly plied the bellows, brandished the ecclesiastical hammer, and scattered metallic sparks on all around. Nor is the work yet done; for we have counted at least a dozen counterblasts just published or to come. Of these Dr. Newman's will be looked forward to with the greatest interest. It will be remembered by the readers of the *Expostulation* that Mr. Gladstone quoted a sentence from a letter written by Dr. Newman, to Bishop Ullathorne before the proclamation of the infallibility dogma:—"Why should an aggressive and insolent faction be allowed to make the heart of the just sad whom the Lord hath not made sorrowful?" The explanation rendered necessary by the triumph of the "insolent faction," and Dr. Newman's enforced submission, will be attentively examined. Of the Episcopal strictures on the pamphlet, that of Bishop Clifford, of Clinton, is much the most satisfactory. His pastoral is not denunciatory, nor is it evasive. Taking up the gravamen of Mr. Gladstone's indictment, it meets it fairly and ingenuously. It is said that the Bishop was originally an opponent of the new dogma at the Council—a statement we can well believe, for he is certainly far from satisfied with it even now. His first step is an appeal to English history since 1829; his second an attempt to define the limits of the Papal infallibility in the sphere of morals. Dr. Clifford did well to remind his opponents of the loyal service rendered to the Crown by Catholics, and especially English Catholics; not that any serious imputation has been cast upon their fidelity, but because it is apt to be lost sight of in discussing the Syllabus and the Decree. He concludes his remarks on this head with some warmth of expression:—"Nobody, then, has the right to put Catholics on their trial, and say that they should be considered guilty of a want of loyalty, unless they can prove themselves innocent of the charge. We say we are loyal, and we claim the right to be taken at our word." That is all very well as a statement of the Catholic disposition, but it does not cover the entire ground. Mr. Gladstone did not impugn the loyalty of the Roman Catholics of England; on the contrary, he took it for granted. To have done otherwise would render unmeaning an "Expostulation" addressed directly to them. The question submitted was this:—Hitherto Catholics have been faithful to a "perfect and undivided allegiance" to the sovereign; could they be so in future, should a conflict arise between the Queen and the Pope? There was no reference to the past, or even to the present, but only to possible dangers in the future. Dr. Clifford, however, goes further. He asserts that the Pope has no power to "ignore or transgress boundaries already fixed between the temporal and spiritual powers, and so interfere with the allegiance of Roman Catholics;" and that "if the Pope were so to abuse his power as to seek to interfere in that which undoubtedly belongs to the civil authority, Catholics would resist it." These are brave words, and they would at once settle the question, if they could be reconciled with Dr. Manning's utterances on the Encyclical and

Syllabus of 1864. A letter in *Macmillan* has attracted much attention in the English papers. By publishing the celebrated bull of Boniface VIII., *Unam Sanctam*, almost in full, the writer shows that Dr. Manning has given an incorrect impression of its meaning. He further proves that the dogma of infallibility was condemned in advance by two General Councils, those of Constance and Basle—the decrees being confirmed by no less than three Popes, Martin V., Eugene IV., and Pius II. The question then arises :—If, as Dr. Manning pronounces, Lord Acton and his recalcitrant friends "have *ipso facto* ceased to be Catholics" because they reject a dogma "promulgated" merely in a Council whose claim to the title of Œcumenical is, to say the least of it, doubtful, has not the Archbishop himself ceased to be a Catholic, since, by accepting the dogma, he has transgressed the canons of two infallible Councils as confirmed by three infallible Popes?

There is a political aspect to this controversy, of another kind. Mr. Gladstone's Irish legislation was prompted by a strong and overpowering sense of justice. It is not even supposable that a calculation of its consequences to Government or party ever found a place in his thoughts. At any rate, if any one should insist that he counted the cost, it is quite certain that his political arithmetic must have been at fault. He offended the bulk of his English supporters, Nonconformists and "Evangelical," and thus exposed a breach in his defences, of which the Opposition were not slow to take advantage. The "religious" world has always looked with suspicion upon Mr. Gladstone's sacerdotal proclivities—it has not always turned an unwilling ear to rumours of an inclination Romewards, absurd as they obviously were. The appearance of the pamphlet has evoked some of the old enthusiasm amongst the rank and file of the Liberal party. Mr. Reed, M. P. for the Pembroke district, was the exponent of this feeling at Tenby, where he expressed his "delight that this modern Saul is, so to speak, leaving his father's asses, and has pleased all honest Protestants by his late denunciations of the Vatican." This joy over the returning prodigal is evidently grounded on the expectation that the ex-Premier's protest against Ultramontanism will be followed by a radical change in his public policy. The Home Rulers appear to entertain a similar notion, which is quite sufficient to account for the anger and chagrin manifest in their criticism of the pamphlet. We believe that both parties are egregiously mistaken. There is nothing in Mr. Gladstone's public career to sanction the idea that he is prepared to recede from ground he has once occupied. He has travelled far from his original stand-point, but it has always been in a straight line and in a forward direction. There has never been an ebb and flow in the ex-Premier's political progress, and it is not probable, at this late date, that he will alternate between high and low water-mark. That the imaginary return to "sound" Protestantism will tend to consolidate the scattered divisions of English Liberalism is probable enough. The popular memory is proverbially short, as the ready forgetfulness of Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards the Public Worship Act may serve to show. It is as certain as any vatication can be, which is founded on conclusions we draw regarding the character and dispositions of a fellow-man, that the return of the ex-Premier to office would be immediately followed by a new Irish University Bill, it may be more liberal than that on which he made shipwreck. There is another question on which a large section of his party desire their leader to speak in plain and unequivocal terms—the question of the National Church. Whether he is yet ready to advocate the policy of dis-establishment no one is in a position to say; that he will ultimately be found to favour, and perhaps effect it, is more than probable. At the same time it is not equally certain that he will, within the

presumable limits of his active leadership, yield to demands for disendowment. On the other hand, the Liberation Society, and such independent Liberals as Prof. Fawcett, refuse to accept the one measure unless it be accompanied by the other. The result will be that the enemies of the State Church must either consent to postpone the consideration of the subject, or place the party in a state of chronic division. On one point all Liberals are agreed, and that is the indispensable necessity of retaining Mr. Gladstone in the leadership at all hazards. It is in fact Hobson's choice with them; they may fret and grumble and even threaten rebellion, but they will find themselves compelled to keep step with him, no matter what their dislike for the slowness of his pace.

Sir Stafford Northcote's announcement that Mr. Disraeli is recovering from his indisposition, and will be able to appear in Parliament at the opening of the session. Apart from the exigencies of the time, the Premier's disappearance from the scene would have created a serious gap in the ranks. The hierophant of the Asian mysteries has been the butt of satire and ridicule, not altogether undeserved; but his death or retirement from public life at the present juncture would cause profound regret, even if it were not viewed as a national calamity. The announcement that Mr. Disraeli's complication of maladies had taken a serious turn spread consternation in both political camps. For the Conservative majority, the loss of the party educator would have disclosed a dreary prospect. The Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Derby were the only men to be named in connection with the leadership. The one, possessing, it is true, a noble name and splendid abilities, but incurably fossil; the other, plodding, timid, cautious and hesitating. The former enjoys the entire confidence of the people in Indian affairs, and the latter took an unexpectedly firm stand against the blandishments of Russia at the Brussels Conference; but as leaders of the party, with the Disraelian goad withdrawn, the case would soon be hopeless. As for the House of Commons, what would it be with Sir S. Northcote or Mr. Gathorne Hardy in the seat of Mr. Disraeli? On the Opposition side there is nothing but division. The great Liberal party is split up into petty sections, working at cross purposes, and having no policy in common. Loss of office has not yet had its normal effect of consolidation, and for the present they agree in nothing except their satisfaction that they have plenty of time to reorganize their "demoralized" forces.

Canadian election-agents and candidates who desire to bribe without knowing anything about it, may learn something to their advantage by perusing the evidence taken at the latest election trial at Stroud. We say the *latest*, because it is by no means the first, and is not likely to be the last. A few weeks before Mr. Gladstone took it into his head to dissolve the House, a Mr. Dorrington, Conservative, was elected to fill a seat rendered vacant by death. At the general election, two Liberals were returned, but they were unseated on petition, and Mr. Dorrington, with one Liberal, took their places. It was now the turn of the Liberals to petition, and they succeeded in getting the doubly unfortunate Conservative ejected. Mr. H. Brand, a Liberal, then gained the seat, and now he has been ousted for the usual offence —bribery by agents. They have a peculiar way of managing matters in Stroud, which shows a great advance in the arts of civilized life. Mr. Brand certainly knew nothing of the bribery, and the ingenuity of his agents was tasked to keep their own skirts clear. Had they succeeded—and they came within a little of success—the seat would have been retained, for, in their own proper persons, they had bribed no one. The approach of the elections was a signal for the sudden appearance of mysterious strangers of easy

manners and philanthropical inclinations. They seemed to have no connexion with Mr. Brand or his agents, and to be moved only to unwonted liberality by zeal for Liberal principles. One of these kind-hearted gentlemen would visit a "public" and distribute largess like an unseasonable Santa Claus, several months out of his reckoning. When the trial came on, the sitting member's counsel could afford to despise the evidence of this. "What have we to do with that?" or "we are not responsible for this," was his triumphant exclamation when it was produced. Unfortunately one paltry half-sovereign was traced indirectly to an agent, and Mr. Brand lost his seat. It may, perhaps, be a matter of surprise, that a town situated about midway between the episcopal cities of Gloucester and Bristol should be so depraved. Dr. Ellicott, the Bishop, can hardly have paid proper attention to this crookedly ingenious people, and it might not be amiss if, for sometime to come, he made a slight *détour* from the main line to Stroud, when passing from one of his cathedrals to the other.

The French Assembly met on November the Thirtieth, to renew the interminable war of words in which Gallican deputies appear to delight. The hope of any definitive settlement of constitutional questions is farther removed than ever. The projected alliance between the two Centres has again proved abortive. Nothing remains, therefore, but to shriek at the top of the voice, and to brandish fists in the unsympathetic faces of opponents. Marshal McMahon's message did not make its appearance until the fourth day of the session. It would appear the President and General de Cissey had quite as much as they could do to manage the Cabinet, so numerous were the difficulties they encountered in framing the *pronunciamento*. As it emerged from the crucible, it appears a tolerably forcible and well-tempered instrument, The Septennate only exists, we are told, "as a means of social defence and national recovery." Whether it may continue to be necessary for these laudable purposes until 1880 appears to be of no consequence; necessary or not, helpful or obstructive, the Marshal will occupy his position "till the last day with immutable firmness, and scrupulous respect for the law." Death is an element which does not appear to enter into the horoscope of the future. As for the constitutional laws, we presume the very notion of them has been abandoned. That impracticable marplot, the Count de Chambord, has taken order for their defeat, should they be presented. In a letter to the Extreme Right, he implores them not to do anything which might imperil the restoration. In other words, they are to keep the French people in a state of unrest and turbulence until, worried with seeking rest and finding none, they throw themselves, from sheer pain and exhaustion, at the feet of the Bourbon. Then again there is every possibility of a breach in the Republican party. The result of the municipal elections shows that M. Gambetta has been at his old tricks. His admirers found proof of his sound statesmanship in the reticence he preserved during last session, and the readiness with which he swore fealty to M. Thiers and the Conservative Republic. That is all over now; the Southern blood has simmered up again, and Radicalism has been stimulated into triumph at the municipal elections. The immediate result will be that the *bourgeoisie* and the rural population, disappointed in their expectations touching the Republic, will fall back into the arms of Imperialism. At all events, the outlook just now is less encouraging than it has been at any time since the establishment of the Marshalate.

Of Spain, there is nothing new to be said. At the last moment, however, we learn Iberian affairs have entered upon a new and important phase. Alfonso, the son of

ex-Queen Isabella II., has been proclaimed King. Like all recent changes in Spain, this new revolution was accomplished, without bloodshed, by a military *coup d'état.* Gen. Primo de Rivera, Captain-General of the forces at Madrid, has closely imitated George Monk who marched upon London with the army of the north, scattered the Rump, and brought in Charles II. No constitutional guarantees seem to have been exacted of Alfonso, and the whole transaction reminds one of the reckless surrender of England's liberties to the Stuart at Breda. Alfonso, like Charles, is lavish of voluntary promises; in fact, he "doth protest too much," and there can be little hope that he will keep his word. On the whole, however, the change will probably be for the better, and cannot possibly be for the worse. The backbone of Carlism—a more odious tyranny—has been broken, for the Biscayans, having no personal attachment to the Pretender, will desert him as soon as Alfonso gives them the assurance that their autonomy will be preserved, and the independence of their Provincial Councils respected.

The Von Arnim trial has resulted in the conviction of the accused Count, but not for the graver offence charged against him. The sentence is a few months imprisonment, less the period he has already passed in confinement. The Count was acquitted of misappropriation and embezzlement, of furnishing intelligence to the Vienna and other newspapers, and only convicted of indiscretion or carelessness in retaining the papers one month in his possession. Prince Bismarck's triumph is not worth much. Count Von Arnim's course was not defensible, it is true; but the Chancellor's arbitrary arrest and vindictive energy in pressing the prosecution have done him irreparable injury. In order to crush a possible rival, he has outraged the public opinion of the world, and made of his enemy a martyr. His tenure of office depends upon the life of William I., and will no doubt expire with it. It is no secret that the Empress and the Crown Prince and Princess are avowedly his enemies. He has now managed to estrange the people by arbitrary measures, of which his treatment of Von Arnim is only the most conspicuous example. The press is gagged, personal insults to the Chancellor are treated as State offences, all spiritual authority, Lutheran or Roman Catholic, is trodden under the iron heel of bureaucracy. Freedom there is none, for everything is squared upon the military pattern. Under the pretence of guarding against imaginary foes, the landwehr has been turned into the landsturm. Government does not exist for the good of the governed, but the reverse. This is not the free and united Germany for which longing hearts panted so long, and for which patriots like Körner sang and died. Prince Bismarck has done much for his country, and, as long as external conflict made obedience to despotic rule a duty, opposition was silent. But the struggle is over, and yet the victorious people groan under burdens not less onerous than those which press upon the vanquished. We are much mistaken if the future historian, in fixing a date for the decline of Bismarck's power, do not select the day of Von Arnim's arrest. Already there are signs that his star has culminated. The Reichstag is growing restive, and the clericals, Protestant and Catholic, have made common cause with the Radicals out of doors. It is in vain that an attempt is made to rekindle the national spirit by such speeches as that in Alsace-Lorraine, or that clumsy stories of impossible assassination plots are circulated by the police. They only serve to show that Bismarck feels the ground to be slipping from beneath his feet; and, as this fact is rendered more and more clear, he will grow in overbearing harshness and arrogance until the end.

We have now entered upon another year, with every prospect of increased prosperity as a people. Not a cloud appears on the Canadian horizon to disturb the equanimity of the most apprehensive. Elsewhere there are wars of various kinds—military, social, economical, and religious. We live in a critical time, when most things for whose stability our fathers had no fear, are shaking like reeds in the winter wind. It is a time of disquiet, when unwonted mutterings are heard in the air, of weird voices boding evil, or beguiling with vain promises of peace. It is a time of iconoclasm, when the old divinities are toppling from their pedestals, and strange gods, whom no man can worship, are being set up. It is a period of transition, when the old things that were loved are fading from the regretful vision, and the new which are to follow are not yet distinguishable in the mist. But above all it is a time of aspiration and of hope to every belief save that of pessimism, so that, amid the conflict which involves every human interest in seeming chaos, we may look foward with assured confidence to the day when, through doubt and perplexity, we shall pass into the secure region of a firm and abiding faith.

We have an announcement to make on this occasion, which we are sure our readers will regret as sincerely as we regret it ourselves. A valued contributor, to whose assistance we owe so much, especially in this department of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, ceased connection with it after the publication of the December number. Great as this loss may be, we shall endeavour to repair it, in some degree, by firmly maintaining the old literary standard, and by enlisting new talent in the service of the Magazine. We have every hope that, by the exertions it is proposed to make, the MONTHLY will be found not less acceptable to our readers than heretofore.

SELECTIONS.

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF OUR EARTH.*

(From the Contemporary Review.)

THE subject with which I am about to deal is associated by many with questions of religion. Let me premise, however, that I do not thus view it myself. It seems to me impossible to obtain from science any clear ideas respecting the ways or nature of the Deity, or even respecting the reality of an Almighty personal God. Science deals with the finite, though it may carry our thoughts to the infinite. Infinity of space and of matter occupying space, of time and of the processes with which time is occupied, and infinity of energy as necessarily implied by the infinities of matter and of the operations affecting matter,—these infinities science brings clearly before us. For science directs our thoughts to the finites to which these infinites correspond. It shows us that

* This essay presents the substance of a lecture delivered in New York on April 3, of the present year, being the first of a subsidiary series in which, of set purpose (and in accordance with the request of several esteemed friends), I dealt less with the direct teachings of astronomy which had occupied me in a former series than with ideas suggested by astronomical facts, and more particularly by the discoveries made during the last quarter of a century.—R. A. P.

there can be no conceivable limits to space or time, and though finiteness of matter or of operation may be conceivable, there is manifest incongruity in assuming an infinite disproportion between unoccupied and occupied space, or between void time and time occupied with the occurrence of events of what sort soever. So that the teachings of science bring us into the presence of, the unquestionable infinities of time and of space, and the presumable infinities of matter and of operation—hence, therefore, into the presence of infinity of energy. But science teaches us nothing about these infinities, as such. They remain none the less inconceivable, however clearly we may be taught to recognize their reality. Moreover, these infinities, including the infinity of energy, are material infinities. Science tells us nothing of the infinite attributes of an Almighty Being, it presents to us no personal infinities, whether of Power, Beneficence, or Wisdom. Science may suggest some ideas on these points; though we perceive daily more and more clearly that it is unsafe to accept as her teaching ideas which commonly derive their colouring from our own prepossessions. And assuredly, as respects actual facts, Science in so far as she presents personal infinity to us at all, presents it as an inconceivable, like those other inconceivable infinities, with the finities corresponding to which her operations are alone directly concerned. To speak in plain terms—so far as Science is concerned, the idea of a personal God is inconceivable,* as are all the attributes which religion recognizes in such a Being. On the other hand, it should be admitted as distinctly, that Science no more disproves the existence of infinite personal power or wisdom than she disproves the existence of infinite material energy (which on the contrary must be regarded as probable) or the existence of infinite space or time (which must be regarded as certain.)

So much premised, we may proceed to inquire into the probable past and future of our earth, as calmly as we should inquire into the probable past and future of a pebble, a weed, or an insect; of a rock, a tree, or an animal; of a continent, or of a type—whether of vegetable or of animal life. The beginning of all things is not to be reached, not appreciably to be even approached, by a few steps backward in imagination, nor the end of all things by a few steps forward. Such a thought is as unfounded as was the fear of men in old times that by travelling too far in any direction they might pass over the earth's edge and be plunged into the abyss beyond, as unreasonable as was the hope that by increase of telescopic range astronomers could approach the imagined "heavens above the crystalline."

In considering the probable past history of the earth, we are necessarily led to inquire into the origin of the solar system. I have already sketched two theories of the system, and described the general facts on which both theories are based. The various planets circle in one direction around the sun, the sun rotating in the same direction, the satellite families (with one noteworthy but by no means inexplicable exception) travelling round their primaries in the same direction, and all the planets whose rotation has been determined, still preserving the same direction of circulation (so to speak.) These relations seem to point, in a manner there is no mistaking, to a process of evolution by which those various parts of the solar system, which now form discrete masses, were developed from a former condition, characterized by a certain unity as respects the manner of its circulation. One theory of this process of evolution, Laplace's, implies the contraction of the solar system from a great rotating nebulous mass; according to the other theory, the solar system, instead of contracting to its present condition, was formed by a process of accretion, due

* I mean these words to be understood literally. To the man of science, observing the operation of second causes in every process with which his researches deal, and finding no limit to the operation of such causes, however far back he may trace the chain of causation, the idea of a first cause is as inconceivable in its relation to observed scientific facts as is the idea of infinite space in its relation to the finite space to which the observations of science extend. Yet infinite space must be admitted; nor do I see how even that man of science who would limit his thoughts most rigidly to facts, can admit that all things *are* of which he thinks, without having impressed upon him the feeling that in some way he cannot understand these things represent the operation of Infinite Purpose. Assuredly we do not avoid the inconceivable by assuming as at least possible that matter exists only as it affects our perceptions.

to the indrawing of great flights of meteoric and cometic matter.

I need not here enter at length, for I have already done so elsewhere, into the astronomical evidence in favour of either theory; but it will be well to present briefly some of the more striking facts.

Among the various forms of nebulæ (or star-cloudlets) revealed by the telescope, we find many which seem to accord with our ideas as to some of the stages through which our solar system must have passed in changing from the nebulous condition to its present form. The irregular nebulæ—such, for instance, as that wonderful nebula in the Sword of Orion—shew by their enormous extension the existence of sufficient quantities of gaseous matter to form systems as large and as massive as our own, or even far vaster. We know from the teachings of the spectroscope that these irregular nebulæ do really consist of glowing gas (as Sir W. Herschel long since surmised), hydrogen and nitrogen being presumably present, though the spectrum of neither gas appears in its complete form (one line only of each spectrum being shewn, instead of the sets of lines usually given by these gases.) An American physicist has suggested that hydrogen and nitrogen exist in the gaseous nebulæ in an elementary condition, these gases really being compound, and he suggests further that all our so-called elements may have been derived from those elementary forms of hydrogen and nitrogen. In the absence of any evidence from observation or experiment, these ideas must be regarded as merely speculative; and I think that we arrive here at a point where speculation helps us as little as it does in attempting to trace the evolution of living creatures across the gap which separates the earliest forms of life from the beginning itself of life upon the earth. Since we cannot hope to determine the real beginning of this earth's history, we need not at present attempt to pass back beyond the earliest stage of which we have any clear information.

Passing from the irregular nebulæ, in which we see chaotic masses of gaseous matter occupying millions of millions of cubic miles and scattered as wildly through space as clouds are scattered in a storm-swept air, we come to various orders of nebulæ in which we seem to find clear evidence of a process of evolution. We see first the traces of a central aggregation. This aggregation becomes more and more clearly defined, until there is no possibility of mistaking its nature as a centre having power (by virtue of the quantity of matter contained in it) to influence the motions of the matter belonging to the rest of the nebula. Then, still passing be it remembered from nebula to nebula, and only inferring, not actually witnessing, the changes described—we see a subordinate aggregation, wherein, after a while, the greater portion of the mass of the nebula outside the central aggregation becomes gathered, even as Jupiter contains the greater portion of the mass of the solar system outside the central sun.* Next we see a second subordinate aggregation, inferior to the first, but comprising, if we judge from its appearance, by far the greater portion of what remained after the first aggregation had been formed, even as Saturn's mass far exceeds the combined mass of all the planets less than himself, and so comprises far the greater portion of the solar system after account has been taken of Jupiter and the sun.† And we may infer that the other parts of nebulæ contain smaller aggregations not perceptible to us, out of which the smaller planets of the developing system are hereafter to be formed.

Side views of some of these nebulæ indicate a flatness of figure agreeing well with the general tendency of the members of the solar system towards the medial plane of that system. For the solar system may be described as flat, and if the nebulæ I have been dealing with (the spiral nebulæ with aggregations) were globular we could not recognise in them the true analogues of our solar system in the earlier stages of its history. But the telescope reveals nebulæ manifestly corresponding in appearance to the great whirlpool nebula of Lord Rosse, as it would appear if it is a somewhat flattened spiral and could be viewed nearly edgewise.

And here I may pause to note that although, in thus inferring progressive changes where in reality we have but various forms

* The mass of Jupiter exceeds, in the proportion of five to two, the combined mass of all the remaining planets.

† The mass of Saturn exceeds, in the proportion of nearly three to one, the combined mass of all the planets smaller than himself.

of nebulæ, I have been adopting an assumption and one which no one can hope either to verify or to disprove, yet it must be remembered that these nebulæ by their very figure indicate that they are not at rest. If they consist of matter possessing the attribute of gravitation—and it would be infinitely more daring to assert that they do not than that they do—then they must be undergoing processes of change. Nor can we conceive that discrete gaseous masses in whorls spirally arranged around a great central aggregation (taking one of the earlier stages) could otherwise change than by aggregating towards their centre, unless we admit motions of revolution (in orbits more or less eccentric) the continuance of which would necessarily lead, through collisions, to the rapid growth of the central aggregation, and to the formation and slower growth of subordinate gatherings.

I have shown elsewhere how the formation of our solar system, in the manner supposed, would explain what Laplace admitted that he could not explain by his theory—the peculiar arrangement of the masses forming the solar system. The laws of dynamics tell us, that no matter what the original configuration or motion of the masses, probably gaseous, forming the nebula, the motions of these masses would have greater and greater velocity the nearer the masses were to the central aggregation, each distance indicating certain limits between which the velocities must inevitably lie. For example, in our solar system, supposing the central sun had already attained very nearly his full growth as respects quantity of matter, then the velocity of any mass whatever belonging to the system, would at Jupiter's distance be less than twelve miles per second, whereas at the distance of the earth, the largest planet travelling inside the orbit of Jupiter, the limit of the velocity would be more than twice as great. Hence we can see with what comparative difficulty an aggregation would form close to the central one, and how the first subordinate aggregation would lie at a distance where the quantity of matter was still great but the average velocity of motion not too great. Such an aggregation once formed, the next important aggregation would necessarily lie far outside, for within the first there would now be two disturbing influences preventing the rapid growth of these aggregations. The third and fourth would be outside the second. Between the first aggregation and the sun only small planets, like the Earth and Venus, Mars, Mercury, and the asteroids, could form; and we should expect to find that the largest of the four small planets would be in the middle of the space belonging to the family, as Venus and the Earth are actually placed, while the much smaller planets Mercury and Mars travel next on either side, one close to the Sun and the other next to Jupiter, the asteroids indicating the region where the combined disturbing influences of Jupiter and the Sun prevented any single planet from being developed.

But I should require much more time than is now at my command to present adequately the reasoning on which the theory of accretion is based. And we are not concerned here to inquire whether this theory, or Laplace's theory of contraction, or (which I hold to be altogether more probable than either) a theory involving combined processes of accretion and contraction, be the true hypothesis of the evolution of the solar system. Let it suffice that we recognise as one of the earliest stages of our earth's history, her condition as a rotating mass of glowing vapour, capturing then as now, but far more actively then than now, masses of matter which approached near enough, and *growing* by these continual indraughts from without. From the very beginning, as it would seem, the earth grew in this way. This firm earth on which we live represents an aggregation of matter not from one portion of space, but from all space. All that is upon and within the earth, all vegetable forms and all animal forms, our bodies, our brains, are formed of materials which have been drawn in from those depths of space surrounding us on all sides. This hand that I am now raising contains particles which have travelled hither from regions far away amid the northern and southern constellations, particles drawn in towards the earth by processes continuing millions of millions of ages, until after multitudinous changes the chapter of accidents has combined them, and so distributed them in plants and animals that after coming to form portions of my food they are here present before you. Passing from the mere illustration of the thought, is not the thought itself striking and suggestive, that not only the earth on which we move, but everything we see or

touch, and every particle in body and brain, has sped during countless ages through the immensity of space?

The great mass of glowing gas which formed our earth in the earliest stage of its history was undergoing two noteworthy processes—first, the process of cooling by which the mass was eventually to become at least partially solid, and secondly a process of growth due to the gathering in of meteoric and cometic matter. As respects the latter process, which will not hereafter occupy our attention, I must remark that many astronomers appear to me to give far less consideration to the inferences certainly deducible from recent discoveries than the importance of these discoveries would fairly warrant. It is now absolutely certain that hour by hour, day by day, and year by year, the earth is gathering from without. On the most moderate assumption as to the average weight of meteors and shooting stars, the earth must increase each year in mass by many thousands of tons. And when we consider the enormous, one may almost say the awful time-intervals which have elapsed since the earth was in a gaseous condition, we cannot but perceive that the process of accretion now going on indicates the existence of only the merest residue of matter (ungathered) compared with that which at the beginning of those time-intervals was freely moving round the central aggregation. The process of accretion which now does not sensibly increase the earth's mass was then a process of actual growth. Jupiter and Saturn might then no longer be gathering in matter appreciably increasing their mass, although the quantity of matter gathered in by them must have been far larger than all that the then forming earth could gather in equal times. For those planets were then as now so massive that any possible increment from without was as nothing compared with the mass they had already attained. We have to throw back into yet more awful time-depths the birth and growth of those giant orbs. And even those depths of time are as nothing compared with the intervals which have elapsed since the sun himself began to be. Yet it is with time-intervals measurable by hundreds of millions of years that we have to deal in considering only our earth's history—nay, two or three hundred millions of years carry us back to a period when the earth was in a stage of development long sequent to the gaseous condition we are now considering. That the supply of meteoric and cometic matter now gathered in was then enormously greater than that which still exists within the solar domain, appears to me not a mere fanciful speculation, nor even a theoretical consideration, but as nearly a certainty as anything not admitting of mathematical demonstration can possibly be. That the rate of in-gathering at that time enormously exceeded the present rate, may be regarded as certain. That the increase resulting from such in-gathering during the hundreds of millions of years that it has been in operation since the period when the earth first existed as a gaseous mass, must have resulted in adding a quantity of matter forming no inconsiderable aliquot part of the earth's present mass, seems to me a reasonable inference, although it is certain that the present rate of growth continued even for hundreds of millions of years would not appreciably affect the earth's mass.* And it is a thought worthy of consideration, in selecting between Laplace's theory of contraction and the theory of accretion, that accretion being a process necessarily exhaustive, we are able to trace it back through stages of gradually increasing activity without limit until we reach that stage when the whole of the matter now forming our solar system was as yet unformed. Contraction may alternate with expansion, according to the changing condition of a forming system; but accretion is a process which can only act in one direction; and as accretion is going on now, however slowly, we have but to trace back the process to be led inevitably, in my judgment, to regard our system as having its origin in processes of accretion—though it seems equally clear that each individual orb of the system, if not each subordinate scheme within it, has also undergone a process of contraction from a former nebulous condition.

In this early gaseous stage our earth was preparing as it were to become a *sun*. As yet her gaseous globe probably extended beyond the smaller aggregation out of which the

* It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to explain that I refer here not to absolute but to relative increase. The absolute increase of mass would amount to many millions of tons, but the earth would not be increased by the billionth part of her present mass.

moon was one day to be formed. This may be inferred, I think, from the law of the moon's rotation. It is true that a moon independently created, and started on the moon's present course, with a rotation-period nearly equalling its period of revolution, would gradually have acquired a rotation-period exactly equalling the mean period of revolution. But there is no reason in nature why there should have been any such near approach; whereas, if we suppose the moon's gaseous globe to have been originally entangled within the outskirts of the earth's, we see that the peculiar relation in question would have prevailed from the beginning of the moon's existence as a separate body. The laws of dynamics show us, moreover, that although the conditions under which the moon moved and rotated must have undergone considerable change since her first formation, yet that since those changes took place very slowly, the rotation of the moon would be gradually modified, *pari passu*, so that the peculiar relation between the moon's rotation and revolution would continue unimpaired.*

In her next stage, our earth is presented to us as a sun. It may be that at that time the moon was the abode of life, our earth affording the supplies of light and heat necessary for the wants of creatures living on the moon. But whether this were so or not, it may be safely assumed that when the earth's contracting gaseous globe first began to have liquid or solid matter in its constitution, the earth must have been a sun so far as the emission of heat and light were concerned. I must warn you, however, against an undue regard for analogy which has led some astronomers to say that all the members of the solar system have passed or will pass through exactly similar stages. That our earth once gave out light and heat, as the sun does now, may be admitted as probable; and we may believe that later the earth presented the characteristics which we now recognize in Jupiter; while hereafter it may pass through a stage comparable with that through which our moon is now passing. But we must remember that the original quantity of matter in any orb passing through such stages must very importantly modify the actual condition of the orb in each of those stages, as well, of course, as the duration of each stage; and it may even be that no two orbs in the universe were ever in the same, or very nearly the same condition, and that no change undergone by one has corresponded closely with any change undergone by another.

We know so little respecting the sun's actual condition, that even if we could be assured that in any past stages of her history the earth was nearly in the same state, we should nevertheless remain in almost complete ignorance as to the processes to which the earth's orb was at that time subject. In particular we have no means of forming an opinion as to the manner in which the elementary constituents of the earth's globe were situated when she was in the sun-like stage. We may adopt some general theory of the sun's present condition; for example, we may accept the ingenious reasoning by which Professor Young, of Dartmouth, N. H., has supported his theory that the sun is a gigantic bubble;*

* On the theory of evolution some such view of the origin of the moon's rotation *must* be adopted, unless the matter be regarded as the result of a strange chance. If we believe, on the contrary, that the arrangement was specially ordained by the Creator, we are left to wonder what useful purpose a relation so peculiar and so artificial can have been intended to subserve.

* "The eruptions which are all the time" (*Anglice*, 'always,') "occurring on the sun's surface," says Professor Young, "almost compel the supposition that there is a crust of some kind which restrains the imprisoned gases, and through which they force their way with great violence. This crust may consist of a more or less continuous sheet of rain—not of water, of course, but of materials whose vapours are shown by means of the spectroscope to exist in the solar atmosphere, and whose condensation and combinations are supposed to furnish the solar heat. The continuous overflow of the solar heat is equivalent to the supply that would be developed by the condensation from steam to water of a layer about five feet thick over the whole surface of the sun per minute. As this tremendous rain descends, the velocity of the falling drops would be increased by the resistance of the dense gases underneath, the drops would increase until continuous sheets would be formed, and the sheets would unite and form a sort of bottomless ocean, resting upon the compressed vapours beneath and pierced by innumerable ascending jets and bubbles. It would have nearly a constant depth in thickness, because it would re-evaporate at the bottom nearly as fast as it would grow by the descending rains above, though probably the thickness of this

but we should be far from having any exact idea of the processes actually taking place within the solar globe, even if we were absolutely certain that that or some other general theory were the true one.

Assuming that our earth, when in the sun-like stage, was a gaseous mass within a liquid non-permanent shell, we can see that as the process of cooling went on the showers forming the shell would attain a greater and greater depth, the shell thus becoming thicker, the space within the shell becoming less, the whole earth contracting until it became entirely liquid; or rather these changes would progress until no considerable portion of the earth would be gaseous, for doubtless long before this stage was reached large portions of the earth would have become solid. As to the position which the solid part of the earth's globe would assume when the first processes of solidification took place, we must not fall into the mistake of judging from the formation of a crust of ice on freezing water that these solid parts would form a crust upon the earth. Water presents an exception to other substances, in being denser in the liquid form than as a solid. Some metals and alloys are like water in this respect; but with most earthy substances, "and notably," says Dr. Sterry Hunt, "the various minerals and earthy compounds like those which may be supposed to have made up the mass of the molten globe, the case is entirely different. The numerous and detailed experiments of St. Clair Deville, and those of Delesse, besides the earlier ones of Bischof, unite in showing that the density of fused rocks is much less than that of the crystalline products resulting from their slow cooling, these being, according to Deville, from one-seventh to one-sixteenth heavier than the fused mass, so that if formed at the surface they would, in obedience to the laws of gravity, tend to sink as soon as formed." *

Nevertheless, inasmuch as solidification would occur at the surface, where the radiation of heat would take place most rapidly, and as the descending solid matter would be gradually liquified, it seems certain that for a long time the solid portions of the earth, though not forming a solid crust, would occupy the exterior parts of the earth's globe. After a time, the whole globe would have so far cooled that a process of aggregation of solid matter around the centre of the earth would take place. The matter so aggregated consisted probably of metallic and metalloidal compounds denser than the material forming the crust of the earth. Between the solid centre and the solidifying crust, there would be a shell of uncongealed matter, gradually diminishing in amount, but a portion probably retaining its liquid condition even to the present time, whether existing in isolated reservoirs or whether, as Scrope opines, it forms still a continuous sheet surrounding the solid nucleus. One strange fact of terrestrial magnetism may be mentioned in partial confirmation of the theory that the interior of the earth is of this nature,—a great solid mass, separated from the solid crust by a viscous plastic ocean: the magnetic poles of the earth are changing in position in a manner which seems only explicable on the supposition that there is an interior solid globe rotating under the outer shell, but at a slightly different rate, gaining or losing one complete rotation in the course of about 650 years.

Be this as it may, we find in this theory an explanation of the irregularities of the earth's surface. The solid crust, contracting at first more rapidly than the partially liquid mass within, portions of this liquid mass within, would force their way through and form glowing oceans outside the crust. Geology tells us of regions which, unless so formed, must have been produced in the much more startling manner conceived by Meyer, who attributed them to great meteoric downfalls.*

sheet would continually increase at some slow rate, and its whole diameter diminish. In other words, the sun, according to this view, is a gigantic bubble, whose walls are gradually thickening and its diameter diminishing at a rate determined by its loss of heat. It differs, however from ordinary bubbles in the fact that its skin is constantly penetrated by blasts and jets from within."

* It is as yet doubtful, how far the recent experiments of Mallet affect this reasoning.

* There is very little new under the sun. In dealing with the multitudinous lunar craters, which were certainly formed in ages when unattached meteors were enormously greater in number and size than at present, I mentioned as a consideration not to be overlooked the probability that some of the meteoric matter falling on the moon when she was plastic with intensity of heat might be expected to leave traces which we could discern; and although none of the larger lunar craters could be so

At a later stage, when the crust, having hitherto cooled more rapidly than the interior, began to have a slower rate of cooling, the retreating nucleus left the crust to contract upon it, corrugating in the process, and so forming the first mountain ranges upon the spheroidal earth, which preceding processes had left partially deformed and therefore ready to become in due time divided into oceans and continents.

At this stage the earth must have been surrounded by an atmosphere much denser than that now existing, and more complex in constitution. We may probably form the most trustworthy opinion of the earth's atmosphere and the probable condition of the earth's surface at this early epoch by following the method of reasoning employed by Dr. Sterry Hunt. It will be remembered that he conceives an intense heat applied to the earth as at present existing, and infers the chemical results. It is evident that such a process would result in the oxidation of every form of carbonaceous matter; all carbonates, chlorides, and sulphates would be converted into silicates,—carbon, chlorine, and sulphur, being separated in the form of acid gases. These gases, with nitrogen, an excess of oxygen, and enormous quantities of aqueous vapour, would form an atmosphere of great density. In such an atmosphere condensation would only take place at a temperature far above the present boiling point; and the lower level of the slowly cooling crust would be drenched with a heated solution of hydrochloric acid, whose decomposing action, aided by its high temperature, would be exceedingly rapid. The primitive igneous rock on which these heavy showers fell, probably resembled in composition certain furnace-slags of basic volcanic gases. Chlorides of the various bases would be formed, and silica would be separated under the decomposing action of the heated showers until the affinities of the hydrochloric acid were satisfied. Later, sulphuric acid would be formed in large quantities by the combinations of oxygen with the sulphurous acid of the primeval atmosphere. After the compounds of sulphur and chlorine had been separated from the air, carbonic acid would still continue to be an important constituent of the atmosphere. This constituent would gradually be diminished in quantity, during the conversion of the complex aluminous silicates into hydrated silicate of alumina, or clay, while the separated lime, magnesia, and alkalies would be changed into bicarbonates, and carried down to the sea in a state of solution.

Thus far the earth was without life, at least no forms of life, vegetable or animal, with which we are familiar, could have existed while the processes hitherto described were taking place. The earth during the long series of ages required for these changes was in a condition comparable with the condition through which Jupiter and Saturn are apparently at present passing. A dense atmosphere concealed the surface of the earth, even as the true surface of Jupiter is now concealed. Enormous cloud masses were continually forming and continually pouring heavy showers on the intensely heated surface of the planet, throughout the whole of the enormous period which elapsed between the time when first the earth had a surface and the time when the atmosphere began to resemble in constitution the air we breathe. Even when vegetable life, such as we are familiar with, was first possible, the earth was still intensely heated, and the quantity of aqueous vapour and cloud always

formed, yet some of the smaller craters in these lunar regions where craters overlap like the rings left by raindrops which have fallen on a plastic surface, might be due to meteoric downfall. I find that Meyer had far earlier advanced a similar idea in explanation of those extensive regions of our earth which present signs of having been in a state of igneous fluidity. Again, two or three years ago, Sir W. Thompson startled us by suggesting the possibility that vegetable life might have been introduced upon our earth by the downfall of fragments of old worlds. Now, several years before, Dr. Sterry Hunt had pointed to evidence which tends to show that large meteoric globes had fallen on the earth, and he showed further that some meteors contain hydrocarbons and certain metallic compounds indicating processes of vegetation. Dr. Hunt tells me that, in his opinion, some of the meteors whose fragments have fallen on the earth in historic times were once covered with vegetation, since otherwise, according to our present chemical experience, the actual condition of these meteoric fragments would be inexplicable. He does not regard them as fragments of a considerable orb comparable even with the least of the planets, but still, whatever their dimensions may have been, he considers that vegetable life must have formerly existed upon them.

present in the air must have been far greater than at present.

It has been in vain, thus far, that men have attempted to lift the veil which conceals the beginning of life upon the earth. It would not befit me to express an opinion on the controversy whether the possibility of spontaneous generation has, or has not, been experimentally verified. That is a question on which experts alone can give an opinion worth listening to ; and all that can here be noted is that experts are not agreed upon the subject. As a mere speculation it may be suggested that, somewhat as the elements when freshly released from chemical combination show for a short time an unusual readiness to enter into new combinations, so it may be possible that, when the earth was fresh from the baptism of liquid fire to which her primeval surface had for ages been exposed, certain of the substances existing on her surface were for the time in a condition fitting them to pass to a higher order of existence, and that then the lower forms of life sprang spontaneously into existence on the earth's still throbbing bosom. In any case, we need not feel hampered by religious scruples in considering the possibility of the spontaneous generation of life upon the earth. It would be straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, if we found a difficulty of that sort *here*, after admitting, as we are compelled by clearest evidence to admit, the evolution of the earth itself and of the system to which the earth belongs, by purely natural processes. The student of science should view these matters apart from their supposed association with religious questions, apart in particular from interpretations which have been placed upon the Bible records. We may be perfectly satisfied that the works of God will teach us aright if rightly studied. Repeatedly it has been shown that ideas respecting creation which had come to be regarded as sacred because they were ancient, were altogether erroneous, and it may well be so in this matter of the creation of life.*

Whatever opinion we form on these points, it seems probable that vegetable life existed on the earth before animal life, and also that primeval vegetation was far more luxuriant than the vegetation of our own time. Vast forests were formed, of which our coal-fields, enormous as is their extent, represent merely a small portion preserved in their present form through a fortuitous combination of exceptional conditions. By far the greater portion of those forest masses underwent processes of vegetable decay effectually removing all traces of their existence. What escaped, however, suffices to show the amazing luxuriance with which vegetation formerly throve over the whole earth.

In assuming the probability that vegetable life preceded animal life, I may appear to be opposing myself to an accepted palæontological doctrine, according to which animal and vegetable life began together upon the earth. But I would remind you that the actual teaching of the ablest, and therefore the most cautious, palæontologists on this point, amounts merely to this, that if the geological record as at present known be assumed to be coeval with the commencement of life upon the globe, then animals and plants began their existence together. In a similar way the teachings of geology and palæontology as to the nature of the earliest known forms of life and as to the succession of faunæ and floræ, depend on an admittedly imperfect record. Apart, however, from this consideration, I do not think it would serve any useful purpose if I were to attempt, I will not say to discuss, for that is out of the question, but to speak of the geological evidence respecting that portion of the past history of our earth which belongs to the interval between the introduction of life upon the surface and the present time. In particular, my opinion on the interesting question whether *all* the forms of life upon the earth, including the various races of man, came into being by processes of evolution, could have no weight what-

* It is not for me to undertake to reconcile the Bible account of creation with the results which science is bringing gradually more clearly before us. It seems to me unfortunate, in fact, that such reconciliation should be thought necessary. But it must be conceded, I suppose, by all, that it is not more difficult to reconcile modern biological theories of evolution with the Bible record, than it is to reconcile with that record the theory of the evolution of the solar system. Yet strangely enough many oppose the biological theories (not without anger), who readily admit that some form or other of the nebular hypothesis of the solar system must be adopted in order to explain the peculiarities of structure presented by that system.

ever. I may remark that, even apart from the evidence which the most eminent biologists have brought to bear on this question, it seems to me illogical to accept evolution as sufficient to explain the history of our earth during the millions of years prior to the existence of life, and to deny its sufficiency to explain the development of life (if one may so speak), upon the earth. It seems even more illogical to admit its operation up to any given stage in the development of life, and there to draw a hard and fast line beyond which its action cannot be supposed to have extended.* Nor can I understand why it should be considered a comforting thought, that at this or that epoch in the history of the complex machine of life, some imperfection in the machinery compelled the intervention of God,—thus presented to our contemplation as Almighty, but very far from being All-wise.

There is, however, one aspect in which the existence of life has to be considered as intimately associated with the future history of our earth. We perceive that the abundance of primeval vegetation during long ages, aided by other processes tending gradually to reduce the amount of carbonic acid gas in the air, must have led to a gradual change in the constitution of the atmosphere. At a later epoch, when animal life and vegetable life were more equally proportioned, a state of things existed which, so far as can be judged, might have lasted many times as long as it has already lasted had not man appeared upon the scene. But it seems to me impossible to consider what is actually taking place on the earth at present, without perceiving that within periods short indeed by comparison with geological eras, and still shorter compared with the intervals to which the astronomical history of our earth has introduced us, the condition of the earth as an abode of life will be seriously modified by the ways and works of man. It is only in the savage state that man is content to live upon the produce of the earth, taking his share, as it were, of what the earth (under the fruitful heat of the sun, which is her life) brings forth,—day by day, month by month, year by year, and century by century. But civilized man is not content to take his share of the earth's *income*, he uses the garnered wealth which is the earth's *capital*—and this at a rate which is not only ever increasing, but is increasing at an increasing rate. The rapid consumption of coal is but a single instance of his wasteful expenditure of the stores which during countless ages have been gathered together, seemingly for the use of man. In this country (America), I need not dwell upon the fact that, in many other ways, man is consuming, if not wasting, supplies of earth-wealth which cannot be replaced. It is not merely what is found within the earth, but the store of wealth which clothes the earth's surface, which is thus being exhausted. Your mighty forests seem capable of supplying all the timber that the whole race of man could need for ages; yet a very moderate computation of the rate at which they are being cut down, and will presumably continue to be, by a population increasing rapidly in numbers and in the destructive capabilities which characterize modern civilization, would show that this country will be denuded of its forest-wealth in about the same period which we in England have calculated as probably limiting the effective duration of our stores of coal. That period—a thousand or twelve hundred years—may seem long compared with the life of individual men, long even compared with the duration of any nation in the height of power; but though men and nations pass away the human race continues, and a thousand years are as less than a day in the history of that race. Looking forward to that future day, seemingly so remote, but (on the scale upon which we are at present tracing our earth's history) in reality the *to-morrow* of our earth, we see that either a change in their mode of civilization will be forced on the human race, or else it will then have become possible, as your Ericson has already suggested, to make the sun's daily heat the mainspring of the machinery of civilization.

But turning from those portions of the past and future of our earth which, by com-

* Since I thus spoke, a new and as it seems to me an even more illogical limit has been suggested for the operation of the process of evolution as affecting the development of life, and this by an advocate of the general doctrine of evolution. I refer to the opinion advanced by Mr. J. Fiske, of Harvard College (U.S.), "that no race of organisms can in future be produced through the agency of natural selection and direct adaptation, which shall be zoologically distinct from, and superior to, the human race."

parison with the astronomical eras of her history, may be regarded as present, let us consider, so far as known facts permit, the probable future of the earth after astronomical eras comparable with those which were presented to us when we considered her past history.

One of the chief points in the progression of the earth towards her present condition was the gradual passing away of the heat with which formerly her whole globe was instinct. We have now to consider whether this process of cooling is still going on, and how far it is likely to extend. In this inquiry we must not be misled by the probable fact, for such it seems, that during hundreds of thousands of years the general warmth of the surface of the earth has not appreciably diminished. In the first place, hundreds of thousands of years are the seconds of the time-measures we have now to deal with; and next, it is known that the loss of temperature which our earth is at present undergoing chiefly affects the interior parts of her globe. The inquiries of Mallet and others show that the present vulcanian energies of the earth are due in the main to the gradual withdrawal of the earth's nuclear parts from the surface crust, because of the relatively more rapid loss of heat by the former. The surface crust is thus left to contract under the action of gravity, and vulcanian phenomena—that is, volcanoes and earthquakes,—represent the mechanical equivalent of this contraction. Here is a process which cannot continue for ever, simply because it is in its very nature exhaustive of the energy to which it is due. It shows us that the earth's nuclear regions are parting with their heat, and as they cannot part with their heat without warming the surface-crust, which nevertheless grows no warmer, we perceive that the surface-heat is maintained from a source which is being gradually exhausted. The fitness of the earth to be the abode of life will not only be affected directly in this way, but will be indirectly affected by the loss of that vulcanian energy which appears to be one of its necessary conditions. At present, the surface of the earth is like the flesh clothing the living body; it does not wear out because (through the life which is within it) it undergoes continual change. But even as the body itself is consumed by natural processes so soon as life has passed from it, so, when the internal heat of the earth, which is its life, shall have passed away, her surface will "grow old as doth a garment;" and with this inherent terrestrial vitality will pass away by slow degrees the life which is upon the earth.

In dealing with the past history of our earth, we recognized a time when she was a sun, rejoicing as a giant in the strength of youth; and later we considered a time when her condition resembled that of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, whose dense atmospheres seem to be still loaded with the waters which are to form the future oceans of those noble orbs. In considering our earth's future, we may recognize in the moon's actual condition a stage through which the earth will hereafter have to pass. When the earth's inherent heat has passed away and long ages have elapsed since she had been the abode of life, we may believe that her desert continents and frost-bound oceans will in some degree resemble the arid wastes which the astronomer recognizes in the lunar surface. And yet it is not to be supposed that the appearance of the earth will ever be closely similar to that presented by the moon. The earth may part, as completely as the moon has, with her internal heat; the rotation of the earth may in hundreds of millions of years be slowed down by tidal action into agreement with the period in which the moon completes her monthly orbit; and every form of animal and vegetable life may perish from off the face of the earth: yet ineffaceable traces of the long ages during which her surface was clothed with life, and instinct with inherent vitality, will distinguish her from the moon, where the era of life was incomparably shorter. Even if the speculations of Stanislas Meunier be just, according to which the oceans will gradually be withdrawn beneath the surface crust and even the atmosphere almost wholly disappear, there would for ever remain the signs of changes brought about by rainfall and snowfall, by wind and storm, by river and glacier, by ocean waves and ocean currents, by the presence of vegetable life and of animal life during hundreds of millions of years, and even more potently by the fiery deluge poured continually on the primeval surface of our globe. By all these causes the surface of the earth has been so wrought upon as to no longer resemble the primary igneous rock which we

seem to recognize in the scarred surface of our satellite.

Dare we look onwards to yet later stages in the history of our earth? Truly it is like looking beyond death; for now imagination presents our earth to us as an inert mass, not only lifeless as at the beginning, but no longer possessing that potentiality of life which existed in her substance before life appeared upon her surface. We trace her circling year after year around the sun, serving no useful purpose according to our conceptions. The energy represented by her motions of rotation and revolution seems to be as completely wasted as are those parts (the whole save only one 230,000,000th portion) of the sun's light and heat, which, falling on no planet, seem to be poured uselessly into desert space. Long as has been, and doubtless will be, the duration of life upon the earth, it seems less than a second of a time compared with those two awful time-intervals—one past, when as yet life had not begun, the other still to come, when all life shall have passed away.

But we are thus led to contemplate time-intervals of a yet higher order—to consider the eras belonging to the life-time of the solar-system itself. Long after the earth shall have ceased to be the abode of life, other and nobler orbs will become in their time fit to support millions of forms as well of animal as of vegetable existence; and the later each planet is in thus "putting on life," the longer will be the duration of the life-supporting era of its own existence. Even those time-intervals will pass, however, until every orb in turn has been the scene of busy life, and has then, each after its due life-season, become inert and dead. One orb alone will then remain, on which life will be possible,—the sun, the source whence life had been sustained in all those worlds. And then, after the lapse, perchance, of a lifeless interval compared with which all the past eras of the solar system were utterly insignificant, the time will arrive when the sun will be a fit abode for living creatures. Thereafter, during ages infinite to our conceptions, the great central orb will be (as now, though in another sense) the life of the solar system. We may even look onwards to still more distant changes, seeing that the solar system is itself moving on an orbit, though the centre round which it travels is so distant that as yet it remains unknown. We see in imagination change after change, cycle after cycle, till

> Drawn on paths of never-ending duty,
> The worlds—eternity begun—
> Rest, absorbed in ever glorious beauty,
> On the Heart of the All-Central Sun.

But in reality it is only because our conceptions are finite that we thus look forward to an end, even as we seek to trace events back to a beginning. The notion is inconceivable to us that absolutely endless series of changes may take place in the future and have taken place in the past; equally inconceivable is the notion that series on series of material combinations, passing onwards to ever higher orders—from planets to suns, from suns to sun-systems, from sun-systems to galaxies, from galaxies to systems of galaxies, from these to higher and higher orders, absolutely without end—may surround us on every hand. And yet, as I set out by saying, these things are not more inconceivable than infinity of time and infinity of space, while the idea that time and space are finite is not merely inconceivable, but opposed directly to what the mind conceives of space and time. It has been said that progression necessarily implies a beginning and an end; but this is not so where the progression relates to absolute space or time. No one can indeed doubt that progression in space is of its very nature limitless. But this is equally true, though not less inconceivable, of time. Progression implies only relative beginning and relative ending; but that there should be an absolute beginning or an absolute end is not merely inconceivable, like absolute eternity, but is inconsistent with the necessary conditions of the progression of time, as presented to us by our conceptions. Those who can may find relief in believing in absolute void space and absolute unoccupied time before some very remote but not infinitely remote epoch, which may in such belief be called the beginning of all things; but the void time before *that* beginning can have had no beginning, unless it were preceded by time not unoccupied by events, which is inconsistent with the supposition. We find no absolute beginning if we look backwards; and looking forwards we not only find an absolute end inconceivable by reason, but revealed religion—as ordinarily interpreted—teaches that on *that* side lies an eternity not of void

but of occupied time. The time-intervals, then, which have presented themselves to our contemplation in dealing with the past and future of our earth, being in their nature finite, however vast, are less than the shortest instant in comparison with absolute time, which—endless itself—is measured by endless cycles of change. And in like manner, the space seemingly infinite from which our solar system has drawn its materials—in other words, the universe as partially revealed to us in the study of the star-depths—is but the merest point by comparison with absolute space. The end, seemingly so remote, to which our earth is tending, the end infinitely more remote to which the solar system is tending, the end of our galaxy, the end of systems of such galaxies as ours—all these endings (each one of which presents itself in turn to our conceptions as the end of the universe itself) are but the beginnings of eras comparable with themselves, even as the beginnings to which we severally trace back the history of our planet, of the planetary system, and of galaxies of such systems, are but the endings of prior conditions which have followed each other in infinite succession. The wave of life which is now passing over our earth is but a ripple in the sea of life within the solar system; this sea of life is itself but as a wavelet on the ocean of eternal life throughout the universe. Inconceivable, doubtless, are these infinities of time and space, of matter, of motion, and of life. Inconceivable that the whole universe can be for all time the scene of the operation of infinite personal power, omnipresent, all-knowing, Utterly incomprehensible how Infinite Purpose can be associated with endless material evolution. But it is no new thought, no modern discovery, that we are thus utterly powerless to conceive or comprehend the idea of an Infinite Being, Almighty, All-knowing, Omnipresent, and Eternal, of whose inscrutable purpose the material universe is the unexplained manifestation. Science is in presence of the old, old mystery; the old questions are asked of her—"Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know?" And science answers these questions, as they were answered of old—"As touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out."

R. A. PROCTOR.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE anonymous work on "Supernatural Religion" appears to have attracted more attention than any rationalistic treatise since the appearance of Dr. Strauss's celebrated "Leben Jesu," with the single exception of Ernest Renan's, which was, however, a romance rather than a treatise, or even a biography. The work, though published in two volumes at a high price, has passed through several editions. Its authorship is one of our contemporary enigmas. It was at first attributed to the learned and venerable Dr. Connop Thirlwall, formerly Bishop of St. David's, then to Dr. Muir, author of "Ancient Sanscrit Texts," then to the Unitarian, Dr. Vance Smith, and now to Mr. Pusey, nephew of Dr. Pusey; but in the cases of Dr. Thirlwall and Dr. Smith, the conjecture was met by a prompt denial. In the *Contemporary Review* lately come to hand, Professor Lightfoot, a scholar of the highest reputation, contributes a first article on this work, upon which he makes a trenchant and, we had almost said, a savage attack. Any attempt to follow the Professor's philological criticism, which, from the nature of the case, is verbal and technical in its character, would be obviously impracticable within our narrow limits. It must suffice, therefore, to indicate briefly that criticism and the main points contended for by the writer. Quoting from five or six periodicals in which the anonymous author is eulogized as an acute scholar, a scientifically trained critic, &c., Professor Lightfoot ironically suggests that the "Supernatural

Religion," the reviewers had eulogized could not be the same as that lying before him. Then follows a long verbal critique on the author's renderings from Greek and Latin. He is charged with not knowing the difference between the indicative and the infinitive, of translating the present tense by the perfect, an imperfect subjunctive by a present indicative, and so on. He is then accused of self-contradiction, as when he first calls the story of the Pool of Bethesda "a later interpolation," and elsewhere says, "we must believe that this passage did originally belong to the text," &c. The next point examined is the reviewers' eulogy upon the author's candour and honesty in dealing with opponents. To this Professor Lightfoot retorts that he either chooses the weakest points from the apologetic writers, or has a very limited acquaintance with them. The latter his critic thinks the more likely, for otherwise he would have been spared innumerable slips and blunders. Such blunders are, the arguments regarding the length of Christ's ministry, the controversy regarding Easter, &c. One short example may be given. The author asserts that "sent" as a rendering of Siloam, is "a distinct error," because the word means "a spring, a fountain, a flow of water." To which the Professor replies, that it properly means an aqueduct (Latin, *emissarium*) from the Hebrew *shalach*, "to send." The question of miracles is taken up, and a second paper is to follow on the external evidences. The critic's conclusion is, "it must be evident by this time to any 'impartial mind,' that the 'Supernatural Religion' of the reviewers cannot be our 'Supernatural Religion.'"

"Saxon Studies" by Julian Hawthorne, a son of the author of "The Scarlet Letter," is continued. It is exceedingly lively and interesting, but somewhat cynical in spirit, and perhaps too epigrammatic in style. The subject of this instalment is "Gambrinus," the German Bacchus; in other words—beer. The aroma of beer pervades the entire paper—not merely in the brewery, the concert garden, or the *gasthaus*, but in the government. In the national disposition, scholarship, and literature —everything is of beer, beery. The suggestion to Bismarck that he should unite all the breweries into one monster establishment at Berlin, and thus consolidate German unity and his centralizing system is an admirable specimen of humour, and the story of Frau Schmidt is touchingly told.

Mr. Fitzjames Stephen is a thinker, sometimes a deep one; he is also a forcible writer; but there are some things he is not equal to. One of these is the intelligent discussion of philosophical subjects. His paper on "Necessary Truth," proves that he entirely misapprehends the position and even the technology of metaphysicians. It is written in reply to a reply by Dr. Ward, an able Roman Catholic writer in the *Dublin Review*. The arguments cannot be reproduced or even summarized here. Of course, Mr. Stephen denies the distinction between necessary and contingent truths. Dr. Ward upholds it; indeed he is compelled to do so by the creed he holds. To say nothing of some of the Gospel miracles, the doctrine of transubstantiation depends upon it. Mr. Stephen's reasoning is often extremely acute and even subtle, but his premises are sometimes more than doubtful. For our own part, we must confess that we never read anything from his vigorous pen, without feeling that fallacy in argument is often eked out with force of style, and force of will. After all, *sic volo, sic jubeo* is not a logical maxim.

As we have made room for Mr. Proctor's interesting paper on "The Past and Present of our Earth," we need not refer to it here, further than to express our opinion that it is pitched in a more elevated key than we are accustomed to in the popular works on astronomy, written by its author. Mr. James Hinton approaches a difficult task in a most becoming spirit. In a very brief sketch of the subject, the writer treats of "Professor Tyndall and the Religious Emotions." In the first place, these words are quoted from the celebrated Belfast address:— "To find a legitimate satisfaction for the religious Emotions, is the problem of problems of our day." Mr. Hinton contents himself with indicating a probable method of solution without attempting to work it out fully. By "legitimate," he understands "a satisfaction that, while contenting the religious aspirations, does not come into conflict with the operations of the intellect as expressed in science." Now what is there that Science and the Emotions require, that we should not contradict, prior to any attempt at reconciliation? Science forbids the

idea of arbitrariness in the universe or in any "agent, or existence, or power operative in it." On the other hand, the Emotions make the demand, "absolute and emphatic," that this agent, or existence, or power, is not to be regarded as mechanical. We must therefore exclude arbitrariness on the one hand and "mechanicalness" on the other. Mr. Hinton strives to show that the Emotions do not, after all, assume or even admit of the former, and that Science has discarded the latter. Therefore they are capable of reconciliation ; nay more, they never were, properly speaking, in antagonism. What is to be done—the problem to be solved is this : "So to use the Senses, the Intellect, and the Emotions *together*, as to learn from the appearance presented to us by Science, some truer fact, in respect to which we shall be able to understand why it should present to us this appearance." The office of the moral feelings is subsidiary to the intellect, clothing the dry skeleton of phenomenal mechanism with the warm glow of active vitality.

Mr. Hewlett's critique on "The Poems of Mr. Morris," is in the main favourable, and occasionally enthusiastic. He points out the many felicities of style, the admirable re-production of antique and mediæval fable, and the admirable unconsciousness of the poet's original style. The Defence of Guinevere, the Life and Death of Jason, and all the earlier poems seemed to Mr. Hewlett full of promise. Although he laments the absence of humour, which his master Chaucer possessed in such abundant measure, he protests against his being placed in the same form with Rossetti and Swinburne in the "Fleshly School of Poetry." Finally, while recognizing the many beauties of "The Earthly Paradise," he feels constrained to admit that he has forsaken his first method, and that "return to his early stand-point of unconscious serenity is plainly impossible." Dr. Radcliffe, in "Man Trans-corporeal," deals with a subject of absorbing interest in a peculiar and somewhat original way—not merely the immateriality of the soul or its superiority to the body, but its absolute independence of space or time, and its *immanence* in everything remembered, "wherever these may be, no matter whether without or within :" from which he concludes, that "the act of *recognition* ceases to be separable from the act of *cognition*." The writer analyses the phenomena of memory, imagination, pure intellect, and will at some length, as confirming his views.

The *Fortnightly Review* opens with a paper on "The Kafir War of 1873," by Mr. Westlake, Q. C. It is an earnest plea against the treatment of Langalibalele and his tribe by the authorities of Natal. According to the writer, "two hundred persons, including old men, women, and children have been killed, about two hundred sentenced to transportation or imprisonment, and fifteen thousand have been deprived of their land and cattle and driven out homeless." The two hundred who perished outright were, in plain English massacred in cold blood, "not by the native troops alone, but also by, and under the direction of, the whites. This tribe (The Ama-Hlubi) had not rebelled against the Government ; on the contrary, their chief and almost all the fighting men ran away, and endeavoured to find refuge amongst the Basutos, when the troops were sent against them. The only offence they had been guilty of was the possession of arms without a license. When they had got, as they thought, into neutral territory, the troops still followed them. Then, contrary to the express orders of their chief, who was far in advance, a small body fired on their pursuers. They were all trapped through the treachery of the Basutos and Langalibalele was transported for life, after a farcical trial which reflects great dishonour on the name of British justice. His plea is given in Mr. Westlake's paper, and it is clearly one of Not Guilty ; yet the court recorded one of Guilty. The privilege of summoning witnesses was denied him, and the counsel (who could not speak Kafir) whom the court assigned him, threw up his brief because he was not permitted to go into the merits of the case. Bishop Colenso appealed on behalf of the chief, but without success ; fortunately he is now in England, and has laid the matter before Lord Carnarvon. In a recent letter he asked the Aborigines Protection Society not to agitate the matter further, as a decision had been come to, which could not be disclosed at present, but was entirely satisfactory to him.

We should like to have devoted some space to a detailed notice of Professor Clifford's extraordinary paper on "Body and Mind." As it is, we must content ourselves with a few brief words explanatory of its nature and its

contents. The Professor is evidently determined to secure the blue ribbon in the headlong race into materialistic oblivion. After the ordinary explanation of the *modus operandi* of the brain and nervous system, we meet with the following startling propositions: That the physical world gets along entirely by itself; that will (therefore the Divine will) cannot influence matter, and to say that it does "is not untrue, but it is nonsense;" that matter can only be influenced by surrounding matter or its motion; "that the human race as a whole, has made itself during the process of ages;" that the doctrine of a destiny or providence outside of us is "immoral," if it is right to call any doctrine immoral; that the reality which underlies matter "is that same stuff which being compounded together in a particular way, produces mind; "That the supposition of mind without brain is a contradiction in terms," so that not only has an immaterial soul in man no existence, but there is no room for God, angel, or spirit, or for a world to come; that no such thing as Mind can be present in the inter-planetary or inter-stellar spaces; that man is a conscious automaton and *therefore* a responsible being, for if he possessed free-will he would not be so; from which we conclude that he is responsible for what he cannot help, and irresponsible for what he can help, &c. "These be thy gods, O Israel!" This is the consolatory creed which science regards as "nearly certain," "quite certain," or "highly probable." It is true that "not one man in a million has any right to a definite opinion about" these "facts." Only the select few are privileged to know the mysteries of the universe, or peer into its cheerless gloom; yet people will usurp the right to examine the claims of this appalling theory! In the exercise of that, albeit usurped, liberty, we ask our readers: What do you think of "Dogmatic Atheism?"

Mr. Cliffe Leslie's paper on "Auvergne" is a very interesting sketch of a French Province of which even travellers know little. Its scenery is but lightly touched upon, the writer being chiefly concerned with the effects of physical geography and religious or family traditions, on social and economical phenomena. He takes occasion to administer a sharp rap over the knuckles to the orthodox political economists. Mr. Fitch's paper on Education is of no immediate interest in Canada. It treats of the various ways which suggest themselves to the writer of extending and improving the English system of popular instruction. Mr. Symonds contributes an instructive article on "The Blank Verse of Milton." His first step is to trace the history of this form of unrhymed versification in English, as brought into use by the dramatists "from Marlowe to Massinger and Shirley." Then follows an examination of Johnson's mistakes regarding it. The great critic's ear was so attuned to the flowing couplets of the rhymed iambic pentameter, that he was quite bewildered when he attempted the scansion of some lines in Paradise Lost. Mr. Symonds also expounds the laws of this blank verse, compares Milton with the Dramatists in regard to the use made of it, and shows the liberties taken with it by the great Epic poet. In an article on "Clergy and Laity," Mr. Lewis takes up the cudgels on behalf of Mr. King, the clergyman who owned the winning mare, "Apology." The nature of the article may be gathered from the moral:—"The more the clergy are driven out of their top-boots, the more we shall see them in chasubles and birettas. Banish them from the opera-stalls by all means, but do not be surprised to find them taking their seats at the confessional." After all, he thinks that hunting and breeding blood-horses are nobler occupations than "cackling about and playing at croquet." The Honourable Mr. Stanley's review of "The Greville Journals," calls for no special remark; and the same may be said of Mr. Greg's very brief reply to Mr. Grant Duff, which is merely written to correct a few misapprehensions, and to show that he and his critic are substantially agreed. Mr. Edward Dicey treats of "The Republican Defeat in the United States." His general view is simply this, that the reaction has been caused by weariness of the negro, and that under a Democratic *régime*, the whites will again rule over him. He regards the "bogus" governments as a necessary evil, and the policy of concession to the South a fatal error.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE only events in the musical world which we have to chronicle are prospective ones. On Monday, the 11th instant, the Toronto Philharmonic Society will give a performance of the most popular of all oratorios, "The Messiah," at Mrs. Morrison's Opera House. Under the circumstances, the selection of this place of amusement for the performance, rather than the Music Hall, was a wise one. The latter is much too small for the purpose. In the Cathedral towns in England, the Cathedral is always utilized for oratorio performances, and it would have been better to have followed the example here; but we understand that St. James's Cathedral was not available for the purpose. The associations of a theatre such as that of Mrs. Morrison are perfectly unobjectionable, but still they are of a character *different* from those which ought to surround the rendition of sacred music. For this reason, it is a matter for some regret that the Grand Opera House is the best available place at present, and for hoping that before long Toronto will be in possession of a Music Hall adequate for oratorio performances. This is the more to be desired because, until we have such a hall, we cannot hope to have a first-class organ, an instrument which aids so greatly in the effective production of sacred music.

Another noteworthy musical event *in prospectu*, is the advent of the great Hungarian prima donna, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska and her concert troupe, who will give one performance at the Grand Opera House, on Friday, the 8th instant. Mdlle. de Murska is surpassed in the matter of voice, and as a dramatic artiste, by Adelina Patti, Christine Nilsson, Pauline Lucca, and Albani; but for vocal facility, florid execution, bravura—in short, for everything that is implied in the word *vocalism*, she has probably no living equal. Among her troupe are two artists whose names are familiar in Toronto, Mdme. Carreno-Sauret, the pianiste, and Signor Ferranti, the buffo-baritone. Besides these excellent performers, there will be the celebrated violincellist, Signor Braga—who on this particular instrument, is probably equalled only by the world-renowned Piatti—and the violinist, M. Sauret.

Among other items of musical gossip, it is stated that Toronto will be favoured before long with visits from Max Strakosch's Opera Troupe, with Mdlle. Albani, the celebrated Canadian cantatrice, as prima donna; and from Miss Emily Soldene's English Opera-Bouffe Company.

At Mrs. Morrison's Opera House, the most noteworthy performances during the past month have been "The Cricket on the Hearth," Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," and Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," brought out as a Christmas spectacle, with Mendelssohn's beautiful music. "The Cricket on the Hearth," for excellent acting all round, was, we think, the very best thing that the stock company, *unaided*, has yet given us. Especially good were Mr. Couldock, as *Caleb Plummer*, and Mrs. Marlowe, as *Tilly Slowboy*. "She Stoops to Conquer," was also very pleasantly acted, and nicely put on the stage as regards costumes and accessories. "Midsummer Night's Dream," is admirably adapted for being produced as a Christmas spectacle, and the management made the most of the opportunity. The scenery throughout was very pretty, the costumes were admirable, and the dances and marches all very well executed. The acting, however, was not so uniformly good, as in "The Cricket on the Hearth." Mr. Couldock and Mr. Rich were both very amusing as *Quince* and *Bottom* respectively, as also was Mr. Sambrook, as *Thisbe*, though a little less exuberance in the movement of his legs would have been an improvement. It is quite possible for a man to take a woman's character in a sufficiently ludicrous manner, without being vulgar. Mr. Lawrens was tame and cold, as *Theseus*, and neither Mrs. Linden nor Mrs. Marlowe were satisfactory as *Hermia* and *Helena*. Miss Egbert looked the part of *Titania* charmingly, and Miss Whittle was a vivacious *Puck*. Miss Rich, as *Oberon*, and Miss Ware, as *Second Fairy*, sang the duet, "I know a Bank," very nicely, and the orchestra, under the able leadership of Prof. Müller, did full justice to Mendelssohn's music.

At the Royal Opera House, on King Street, Mr. Joseph Murphy filled a very successful engagement a couple of weeks back, appearing in a number of characters, American, Irish, German, and Negro, in the protean dramas, "Help" and "Maum Cre." Mr. Murphy is a remarkably fine actor, thoroughly natural, and irresistably comic, without the least tinge of vulgarity. He is probably the very best stage "Irishman" ever seen in Toronto. On Monday, the 4th instant, the English actress, Miss Katherine Randolph, was announced to appear as *Juliet*, in "Romeo and Juliet." Miss Randolph comes with the highest testimonials to her powers as an actress, and will doubtless attract large audiences during her engagement.

BOOK REVIEWS.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD. By Thomas Hardy. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

Mr. Hardy is one of the new lights of the school of novelists variously denominated psychological, realistic, or analytic—the school of which George Eliot is the greatest living representative. As might have been expected then, "Far from the Madding Crowd," depends for its interest not so much upon an exciting plot, as upon natural delineations of character, keen observation of nature, shrewd remarks, and quaint humour. The scene is laid in an out-of-the-way part of the West of England, among homely rustics and sheep-farmers, of whom it can be truthfully said, in the well-known words of the poet Gray, that:

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learnt to stray,
Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

In fact those who are not partial to the realistic class of novels will perhaps complain, not altogether unjustly, that their wishes are altogether too sober and prosaic, that they never rise above the commonplace level of ordinary life, and are about as uninteresting a set of people as the boors of Teniers are to everybody except enthusiastic connoisseurs in Dutch paintings. The plot turns upon the contest of three men, Gabriel Oak, Boldwood, and Troy, for the love of the heroine Bathsheba Everdene. Of these four perhaps the heroine herself is the most interesting; still she has some unpleasant points about her, and, though a charming girl, is cast in a decidedly more commonplace mould than the hapless heroine of the author's touching story, "A Pair of Blue Eyes." In fact, none of the characters in the present work are as interesting as the principal ones in that charming novel. In the case of Gabriel Oak, this is to be regretted, as he is a noble fellow, who should have been spared the humiliation of being made a servant to such a man as Troy. Many readers will feel too that he loses some dignity in becoming a mere patient drudge, even though it be of the heroine. The total absence of the ideal element is indeed the main defect of the book as a work of art. This is a mistake that George Eliot never makes. No matter how realistic a novel of hers may be, she always retains enough of the ideal element to prevent it degenerating into a mere photograph, instead of a painting. Still, "Far from the Madding Crowd" is a very excellent novel of its kind. Readers who like a sensational plot full of startling incidents, will probably pronounce the conversational scenes of Mr. Hardy's unlettered rustics, tedious; but those who prefer subtle insight into character and motives, shrewd remarks, and quaint humour, will find the novel one after their own heart. Even readers of the former kind will derive enjoyment from one very powerful scene; that in which Bathsheba is alone with the coffin containing the dead body of Fanny Robin.

HISTORY OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. International Scientific Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

This work could not have appeared at a time more opportune than the present, when the conflict, the history of which it relates, is raging over a wider area and with greater intensity than at any previous period of the world's history. The author's masterly work on "The Intellectual Development of Europe" naturally led to very high expectations of the present one, and was in fact a guarantee that it would be of a sterling character. These expectations are to some extent fulfilled. The work in many respects is a very able one, such indeed as would have made the reputation of any less celebrated author. It is as full of matter as an egg is full of meat; in general the learning is ample and varied; and the style is compact, vigorous, and occasionally eloquent. While making these general acknowledgments, however, we have to confess to a certain sense of disappointment. To a great extent the book is a re-hash of the author's previous work, the readers of which and of Mr. Lecky's masterly History of Rationalism (both far abler works than the present) will find little that is new. Moreover, Dr. Draper seems hardly to have got to the bottom of his subject; at least there is a want of unity in his presentation of it. In the contest between Religion and Science—or, as the Comtists would say, between the Theological and Positivist stages of human knowledge—there has been no solution of continuity. The conflict has been essentially one, not half-a-dozen separate ones, as Dr. Draper makes it out to have been. The work, also, bears many marks of haste, not to say carelessness, as though it had been written to order to be ready by a specified time.

Dr. Draper's general view is this: Modern Science had its origin in the campaigns of Alexander, which led the Greeks of that age to

seek for knowledge, not, as previously, in their inner consciousness, but by observing nature; thus giving rise to the inductive method of Aristotle, the real father of modern Science. The method once adopted was carried on by the school of Alexandria—the focus of learning for many centuries—and by the Nestorian Christians. The great contest between Science and Religion did not fairly commence till Christianity became the state creed of the Roman Empire. Dr. Draper enumerates six conflicts in all, respecting:—1. The Unity of God; 2. The Nature of the Soul, its emanation and absorption; 3. The Nature of the World; 4. The Age of the Earth; 5. The Criterion of Truth; and 6. The Government of the Universe. The division has its defects as well as its merits. It leads to the exclusion of many relevant matters which cannot conveniently be brought under any one of the different heads; such as Omens, Oracles, and Divinations; Dreams considered as supernatural visitations, Astrology, and Magic; Ghosts, Witchcraft, Lunacy, Diabolical possession generally, and the existence of the Devil; the Divine Right of kings and the cognate doctrine of the Divine Right of priests; the supernatural character of diseases—plagues and pestilence—as indications of Divine wrath, and the doctrine of Divine judgments generally; the efficacy of prayer; the doctrine that sin brought physical death into the world, and that the receipt of interest on money is an offence against God; besides the general question as to miracles and the miraculous, including prophecy. The whole of these subjects and others that might be mentioned, have given rise to the bitterest conflicts between theologians and those who represent the scientific spirit; conflicts many of which are still raging as fiercely as ever. Many of these subjects, however, are not even alluded to by Dr. Draper, and none of them receive more than the most cursory notice.

Dr. Draper's classification, besides being faulty in what it omits, is also faulty in what it contains. The first conflict, that respecting the unity of God, cannot, except by a misuse of language, be described as a conflict between Religion and Science. Dr. Draper brings it under that head in a fashion both original and peculiar. He tells us that Aristotle and his followers, as a result of the scientific investigation of Nature, came to the conclusion that the Author of Nature is one and indivisible; that the unity of Nature proclaims the unity of Nature's God. This doctrine, Dr. Draper contends, being handed down by the Greek philosophers, especially those of Alexandria, became the property of the Nestorian Christians, from whom Mohammed, when quite a young man (*boy*, Dr. Draper calls him) received it; so that the resulting crusade of Mohammedanism against Christianity was a conflict between Science and Religion. Passing over the facts that Mohammed did not announce his belief till he was over forty years of age, and that he always attributed his conversion to a direct revelation from God by the angel Gabriel, the other undoubted fact remains that the Mohammedans, of that age at least, did not hold the doctrine of the unity of God as a scientific truth, but as a theological dogma revealed to them by Mahomet, *as the Prophet of God.* Moreover, even if it could be proved that they did hold it as a scientific truth, we should demur to the proposition that wars between men holding a scientific idea, and those holding a religious idea, are a conflict between Science and Religion. A duel or a bout of fisticuffs between Prof. Tyndall and Archbishop Manning, would with more propriety be called a struggle of physical force and skill than a conflict between Science and Religion. Science does not win her victories by brute force, but by convincing the human mind. *Her* conquests, at least, are free from the taint of blood. The wars between Mohammedans and Christians, then, were not a conflict between Religion and Science, but a conflict between one religion and another, or rather between their respective adherents. Moreover, Christians generally would strenuously deny that they fought against Mohammedans because Christianity denies the unity of God, a doctrine which Christians have always professed to hold firmly, implied as it is in the word "Trinity," which, of course, is merely an abbreviated form of Tri-Unity; Three in One. Dr. Draper's second conflict is open to an objection similar to the one made against his first. Belief in the emanation and absorption of the soul is not and never was a scientific doctrine, but a metaphysical one. Science deals with matters of experience, with objects of sense, with the physical world. Speculations—they have never been anything more—respecting the existence, nature, origin, and ultimate fate of the soul are outside the sphere of experience and the physical world; that is, they are *meta*-physical. If science makes any deliverance on the subject, it is that not even the *existence* of the soul is capable of proof; which is the view taken by such writers as Maudsley and Bain, and by the whole modern physiological school of psychologists. To project, as Dr. Draper does, the doctrine of the Conservation of Force, a completely modern idea, the growth of the last twenty-five years, backwards into the Arabian mind of a thousand years ago, is simply absurd.

The want of due proportion in the details is another striking defect. Irrelevant matters are treated at far too great length, while others more important, as pointed out above, are either passed over altogether or treated inadequately. The conquests of Alexander and of the Mohammedans appear to have fascinated Dr. Draper's imagination, and are related at needless length. Whole pages are filled with details of scientific

discoveries; in fact much of the book is occupied in relating separately the history of Religion, and the history of Science, instead of describing the *conflict* between the two. Some impression of the kind seems to cross the mind of Dr. Draper himself on one occasion (p. 306) where he suddenly winds up an account of mathematical discoveries, filling three pages, with the remark, "But here I must check myself. I must remember that my present purpose is not to give the history of mathematics." A similar effort of memory on other occasions would have resulted in the exclusion of a good deal of superfluous padding.

In his preface, Dr. Draper states that it is not necessary to pay much regard to more moderate or intermediate opinions, because "in conflicts of this kind, it is not with the moderates but with extremists that the impartial reader is mainly concerned. Their movements determine the issue." Little, therefore, is said respecting "the Protestant and Greek Churches." This appears to be an error in judgment, in view of the fact that Dr. Draper's audience is mainly Protestant, and probably more interested in the conflict between their own Religion and Science. Moreover, the result is somewhat unfair to Romanism, which is left to bear the whole brunt of Dr. Draper's onslaught almost alone.

Dr. Draper's work being intended for popular perusal, it was out of the question to overload its pages with references to authorities. Some references, however, are imperatively called for, which might have been given in an appendix, as their total omission detracts considerably from the value of the book. We have noticed some palpable errors. Thus, on p. 84, Mohammedans are said to number one-third of the human race; an absurd exaggeration. On p. 146, Llorente's figures in regard to the victims of the Spanish Inquisition are quoted without remark, though so learned a scholar as Dr. Draper ought to be aware that Llorente was a violent partizan, that his History is unreliable, that Von Ranke and Hallam do not scruple to charge him with dishonesty, and that Prescott and Hefele have pointed out several instances of his exaggerations and self-contradictions. On p. 240 it is said that the Nebular Hypothesis rests primarily on the telescopic discoveries of Herschel, a statement completely at variance with the fact that the hypothesis had, many years previously, been formulated with considerable elaboration by the great German philosopher Kant; and had been (also independently of Herschel's observations) placed on a more strictly scientific basis by Laplace. On p. 320, reflecting telescopes are said to have been invented in the last century, instead of the seventeenth. On p. 221, the work written by the strictly orthodox commentator Hengstenberg, in favour of the authenticity of the Pentateuch is quoted in such a way as to lead to the belief that Hengstenberg was writing against its authenticity; and on the same page, for the purpose of proving that it was written by Ezra, Dr. Draper adduces the authority of the apocryphal second book of Esdras, written no one knows by whom or when, but probably between 44 B.C. and 96 A.D., that is at least 400 years after Ezra's death. It is true that Dr. Draper apparently believes, though he gives no reason for his belief, that the second book of Esdras is genuine; but even so destructive a critic as Colenso does not place the composition of the Elohistic portions of the Pentateuch at a later date than Samuel, or about 1,100 B.C. In ascribing to Luther the Protestant doctrine of the right of private judgment in interpreting the Bible, as Dr. Draper appears to do (pp. 213, 295–6), he gives the Reformer too much credit. We doubt very much whether Luther held the doctrine even *theoretically*. There is no doubt that *practically* Luther was an intolerant bigot, who vilified all whose interpretation differed from his own. For this reason he wrote Erasmus —intellectually a far greater man than himself —out of the ranks of Reformers, with the remark that "he despaired of his salvation." Dr. Draper justly places upon the shoulders of Calvin the odium of the burning alive of Servetus, but it would have been only impartial to have also mentioned that Luther made himself an accomplice after the fact, by warmly approving of the crime. To come to the end of our list of errors, we have to note a curious blunder in spelling, which occurs twice on p. 357 and once in the index, where Lamaism —the theological system of the Buddhists—is spelt Llamaism. This reminds us of the remark of Lord Strangford, in regard to a similar mistake, that one might as well talk of the Grand Alpaca as of the Grand Llama. Errors such as the foregoing induce caution in accepting doubtful statements, such as the one on p. 292, that the Venetians brought the art of printing from China to Europe. Some authority for a statement so greatly at variance with ordinary notions would certainly be acceptable.

Another complaint and we have done. Dr. Draper is by blood, by birth, and by education, an Englishman. He has, however, resided so long on this side of the Atlantic as to have become thoroughly Americanized in feeling. That an Englishman should become Americanized without acquiring a dislike for his native country, appears to be impossible, and Dr. Draper is no exception to the rule. Evidences of his anti-British feeling were unpleasantly conspicuous in his history of the American Civil War, and they crop out occasionally in the present work. In several instances the claims of British men of science are ignored, while those of Americans are paraded conspicuously. Thus, on p. 318, the introduction of

anæsthetics in obstetrics is apparently claimed for America, though really due to the late Sir J. Y. Simpson, of Scotland. In giving the history of chemical discoveries and theories, those of Dalton and Black are not once alluded to, though several less important ones are mentioned. In treating of mediæval science, scholasticism, and the schoolmen, Roger Bacon, the greatest of them all, is never referred to; and in noticing the doctrine of Evolution there is a similar omission of the name of Herbert Spencer. Worst of all, however, is the treatment to which Lord Bacon is subjected. The remarks about him on p. 233 are nearly as untrue, as unjust, and as offensive as are those in regard to Socrates in "The Intellectual Development of Europe."

It must now be evident that Dr. Draper's work has numerous and grave defects, which preclude it from being an adequate exposition of the great subject of which it treats. At the same time we gladly admit, that, as a popular introduction, it has many and striking merits, and will well repay a careful perusal. As such we can cordially recommend it to our readers.

THE MAID OF FLORENCE; or, A Woman's Vengeance. A Tragedy in Five Acts. With an Historical Preface. London: Sampson, Low, Marston, Low and Searle. Toronto: Copp, Clark, and Co.

As this drama bears upon its title-page the name of a Canadian as well as an English publisher, we may suppose that Canada has a special interest in the writer. And we shall be glad if such is the case, for the work is one which undoubtedly shows talent, though talent in need of somewhat more careful cultivation.

Tragedy has not of late been in a flourishing condition. Perhaps it belongs especially to an age like that of Shakespeare, in which the general action of the world was more dramatic than it is at present, the points of character more salient, the manifestation of passion more undisguised, costume more picturesque, than they are at present, and in which, there being no newspapers, and little fiction except the obsolete romances of chivalry, the stage was the only mirror of life to the great mass of an active-minded and curious people. Nearly the same conditions existed during the palmy days of dramatic art at Athens. In our days the drama has two formidable rivals on different sides—the novel and the opera. Novels, which now come out in England at the rate of two in three days, absorb much of the interest formerly felt in the stage. The opera offers to an age caring for sensations, the excitement of music and spectacle, while many of the singers are really also excellent actors and actresses. Jenny Lind was a first-rate actress in parts that suited her, such as the *Figlia del Regimente*, and so is Titiens in such parts as *Lucretia Borgia*. The drama itself is fain to borrow the aid of spectacle, and the scene-painter has become as important as the poet. Tragedy, however, still keeps its place as a form of poetry, like the epic, that also belongs in its perfection to an age different from the present; and perhaps if the passion for excitement should ever subside, if art of the higher kind should recover its ascendency, and we should begin again to pay attention to our theatres as places of intellectual amusement and schools of national character, the tragic poet may have his own again.

Florence, whose history is full of action at once picturesque, passionate, and serious, was well selected as the scene of the drama, and both the play itself and the historical preface afford proof that the subject was studied with care and intelligence by the composer. The plot is in perfect keeping with the tenor of Florentine annals. Colonna, a Roman noble, but a leader of mercenaries, is taken into the service of Florence, hard pressed in war with Sienna, and gives her the victory over her enemy. Bianca, daughter of one of the chief men in Florence, falls in love with him and he with her. By her influence he is made *Podesta* or Dictator. But in his elevation, ambition gets the better of love in his heart; he discards Bianca and accepts the hand of a daughter of Viscomte, tyrant of Milan. Bianca, to avenge herself, gets up a counter-revolution in which Colonna perishes, while Bianca, who still loves him, takes the poison which she had been tempted, but had refused, to use against his life.

The action of the play is vigorous; character, though not very deep or complex, is well portrayed; the language is often very good, and we could pick out not a few pregnant and nervous lines. On the whole there is considerable promise of excellence. It is particularly difficult to give a specimen of a drama; but we will venture on an extract from the scene in which Ursula, a professed she-doctor and secretly a poisoner, who is also a spy, tempts Bianca to employ poison as the instrument of her revenge:

"BIAN. Leave us, Theresa. I would now consult
Your skilful friend alone. [*Exit* THERESA.
URSU. Well said, my lady!
The priest is the confessor to the soul;
The doctor, to the body. You must hide
No jot of the truth from either.
BIAN. Tell you all!
URSU. My art is vain, unless I know the truth.
Where ail you, madam?
BIAN. Where?—My body ails me—
[*touching her heart.*
Because my mind is racked— [*presses her brow.*
URSU. The body's ills
Harrass the mind. The mind's, far more the body—
Speak freely. You can trust me. Lies the root
Of your disease in nature's noblest part?
Whence comes your grief?
BIAN. Pardon me, good mother—
Dark, potent secrets doubtless you command.
Say first, whence comes your skill?
URSU. My father was a skilful alchymist,
And wondrous knowledge oft repaid his toil.
For, while the dreaming world around him slept,
His wakeful nights were spent in torturing nature;
Each limb and organ questioned on the rack,
To yield their secrets to him.—Happier truths,
Blessings to man, nature perverse would hide.
If God made this world, surely Satan marred it!
For dark and deadly secrets, hell-devised,
Revealed to him, he dreaded to make known,
Lest wicked men might use them. 'Twas this fear
Whitened his head, wasted his frame, while yet

Old age was distant—Yet—mysterious craving
Of intellectual man!—though evil their fruit,
He loathed to let his labours perish all—
On dying bed, with failing breath he whispered,
To me his daughter, many a dreadful process,
By which the occult arts appal mankind—
'Oh use them not!' he gasped, and gasping died.
BIAN. Taught he nothing else?
URSU. Much else he taught me,
Which, with God's blessing, I may safely use.
BIAN. But that dark knowledge!—cleaves it to you still?
URSU. Once known, alas, it ne'er can be forgotten!
We love to rifle nature of her secrets—
Her deadliest secrets—though we dare not use them.
Now, tell your griefs.
BIAN. Oh, name them not, good mother
Hast thou no sovereign drug, that can recall
The innocent, the unsuspecting past?
Canst thou not give the weary soul a draught
Of Lethe's blackest waters, to benumb
The memory of wrongs? Make me forget
The griefs that gnaw my heartstrings?
URSU. Take comfort, daughter. Know I can do much
To ease your pains—perchance, to right your wrongs!
BIAN. (*wildly*) Men, trusting in *their strength*, avenge *their* wrongs
With sword and lance! The dagger oft they use!
Are there no weapons fit for *woman's* hands?
URSU. There are such weapons—
BIAN. Secret? Sudden? Sure?—ow oft we need
Defence for honour, vengeance for our wrongs,
'Gainst that strong tyrant, man!—I am in danger—
A strong oppressor—
URSU. Who?
BIAN. I dare not name him—
For I am in his power—Help, good mother,
Oh, crown your charity with this good deed!"

The most patent fault which strikes us is that the verse is very often marred by misdivision of syllables. *Power* and *hour* for example, stand as words of two syllables, *gorgeous* as a word of three syllables, *Signiory*, and worse still, *encircling*, as a word of four syllables. These blemishes must be removed; and so must such offences against the ordinary rules of language as the use of *despair* and *swim* as transitive words. Licenses may be found in Shakespeare; but in the first place the language in Shakespeare's time was still very confined, and in the second place Shakespeare's prerogative is not ours. It must be remembered, too, when discords are introduced into the verse in supposed imitation of the Elizabethan dramatists, that the text of the Elizabethan dramatists is often very corrupt.

Not to close with censure we will repeat tha "The Maid of Florence" has, in our judgment, real merit, and that we shall look with interest for other productions by the same hand.

LITERARY NOTES.

WE learn that Mr. W. F. Rae's translations from the *Causeries du Lundi* of M. Sainte-Beuve, embracing a series of criticisms upon English writers, will be reprinted by Messrs. H. Holt & Co., New York.

Two new and delightful volumes of fairy lore come, with the holiday season, from the magic pen of the Right Honourable Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P. They are entitled "Whispers from Fairy-Land," and "River Legends; or River Thames and Father Rhine." The latter volume will doubtless be found too local in its subjects for Canadian youth to enjoy, but they will get rapturous over the former work. By the way, have we no native writer who will weave the legends of our great lakes, and the St. Lawrence, into a garland of mystic fancies for our "little folk," or summon from the great lone land, or the wild north land of our own territory, the ghouls, goblins, and necessary ingredients of fairydom for Canadian connoisseurs in this branch of literature? A British American "Hans Christian Andersen" should be no impossibility with such material to work with or to shape.

The author of "Friends in Council," Sir Arthur Helps, has laid his many admirers under further obligations by the publication of a new book from his pen. It is said to be a cheerful, wise, and wholesome work, and is entitled "Social Pressure."

A racy and entertaining volume of travel entitled "A Ramble Round the World, 1871," by M. Le Baron de Hubner, formerly ambassador and minister, appears from Macmillan's press.

Two important additions to the rapidly augmenting literature of African exploration have just been issued. The first of these is Sir Samuel Baker's "Ismailia; a narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the suppression of the Slave Trade," and the second, is a work to which a melancholy interest will attach, viz.: "The Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa," Edited by Horace Waller, F.R.G. S. The period covered by the lat-

ter volume is from 1865 to within a few months of the great explorer's death; to which has been added a narrative of his last moments and sufferings, obtained from his servants, Chuma and Susi. The former has appeared in a reprint from the Messrs. Harper Bros., and the latter will shortly be issued from the same house.

The Greville Memoirs is the title of a very gossipy and instructive series of Journals of the Reigns of King George IV. and William IV., kept by the Clerk of the Council to those sovereigns, Mr. Charles C. F. Greville, which have recently been issued by the Messrs. Longman. Its publication in the conventional three volume library style, will prevent its importation into this market, we fear.

The International Scientific Series bids fair to become a most valuable issue of books in the domain of science and philosophy. The recent contributions to the series embrace Dr. Draper's important work on the "History of the Conflict between Religion and Science," and a translation from the German of Prof. Oscar Schmidt, on "The Doctrine of Descent and Darwinism." Both volumes are meeting with an extensive sale.

A volume of political reminiscences, from the pen of Earl Russell, entitled "Recollections and Suggestions of Public Life, 1813–1873," is announced as in Messrs. Longmans' press.

The Diary of H. M. the Shah of Persia, during his Tour through Europe in 1873, has just been issued in an English dress, and translated verbatim, with all his Majesty's amusing blunders, &c., which add piquancy to the narrative.

A literary event of philological interest has just happened. We refer to the republication from the German of the best English Grammar extant—that of Prof. Maetzner, which has just been issued, in three large 8vo volumes, from the press of Mr. John Murray, London, and Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. have added to their rapidly extending series of reprints of English fiction, the novel, by Mrs. Lynn Linton, "Patricia Kemball." It is a fairly-written novel of English provincial life, but with nothing *outré* in its incidents or composition that could remind the reader of its being the work of the author of "Joshua Davidson, the Communist."

A curious volume, an exemplification of the fact that among our neighbours "every man is a law unto himself," appears in Mr. Nordhoff's work on "The Communistic Societies of the United States, from personal visits and observations." The volume embraces details as to the creeds, social practices, numbers, industries, and present condition of the various religious communities in the States.

The first volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's "Life of H. R. H. the late Prince Consort," published under the sanction of H. M. the Queen, has just appeared.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose contributions to the *Fortnightly Review* are widely known, is compiling a volume of Essays, under the title "Political Problems," chiefly made up, however, of his articles in that Magazine.

A new work from the pen of Principal Dawson, of McGill College, Montreal, on "The Dawn of Life upon the Earth," is announced for publication in England.

Religious controversy and scientific speculation seem to be the disturbing forces *par excellence* of the day. The sale of the two anonymous volumes on "Supernatural Religion," recently published, continues unabated; Mr. John Stuart Mill's posthumous Essays on "Nature, Religion, and Theism," have added to the ferment, and now comes Mr. Gladstone, with his "Vatican Decrees," to set the pot a-seething.

A new and cheaper edition, in 5 crown 8vo. volumes, is announced of Samuel Smiles important work, "The Lives of the Engineers, with an account of their principal works, &c." This biographical compilation, by the author of "Self Help," has been hitherto inaccessible to the readers of his popular works from its high price. The forthcoming re-issue will therefore be of interest to many,

The doctrine of Evolution, in its literary aspects, will shortly find illustration in the forthcoming issue of the ninth edition of our ponderous friend the Encylopædia Britannica. The first volume of the new series, under the editorship of Dr. Thomas Spencer Bayne, we learn is shortly to appear, and the successive instalments may be looked for at the rate of three volumes per annum. The tests which determine the "survival of the fittest," in regard to another Cyclopædia—Chambers'—we learn, have been applied to it, recently, and a re-issue of that work is now being undertaken by the publishers.

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 7.] FEBRUARY, 1875. [No. 2.

WOLFE AND OLD QUEBEC.

BY DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.

AMONG the thousands who yearly enter the St. Lawrence, and for the first time gaze on its noble landscape, few can fail to be impressed with the quaint picturesqueness of the ancient capital, enthroned amid its fine amphitheatre of hills, and crowned with the embattled heights of Cape Diamond. The landscape is one upon which the dullest eye can scarcely gaze unmoved; and presented, as it so often is, to the ocean-tossed emigrant, in search of a home in the wilderness, its beauty is like the first gleam of sunshine on a land of promise. But Quebec has other charms, in which it has no rival on this continent. It greets the voyager from the old world with proud historic memories, linking Cape Diamond and the heights of Abraham with the triumphs of the great Frederick, and the discomfiture of Louis XV; with the statesmanship of Chatham, the gallant rivalry of Wolfe and Montcalm, and all the old memories of the Seven Years' War.

Time has in store for our young Dominion a future which, we doubt not, will make for it many historic scenes, but no change can rob that landscape of its grand memories, or divorce the name of Wolfe from the embattled heights which are the monuments of his fame. Nevertheless, while, next after England's greatest leaders in arms,—her Marlborough and Wellington, her Blake and Nelson,—none claims a more honoured place than Wolfe, no biography worthy of him has been written; and his name lives only in the memory of younger generations associated with that life-bought triumph which gave a new bias to the destinies of this continent. Southey, to whom we owe the life of Nelson, contemplated writing that of Wolfe; Gleig has published selections from his letters; and Earl Stanhope has turned others of them to account in his "History of England;" but no adequate review of his personal life has yet been written; and the blaze of triumph in which it closed seems to have obscured all other incidents of his brief career. But that

career has a peculiar interest for Canadians, if indeed it may not be regarded as an episode in the history of the Dominion.

The family from which General Wolfe sprang played a prominent part among the royalists of Ireland in the era of the Commonwealth. On the capitulation of Limerick, in October, 1651, to the Parliamentary General, Ireton, twenty of the most distinguished among its defenders were excepted from pardon, including George Woulfe, a military officer, and his brother, Francis, a friar. The friar was hanged, but his brother made his escape to England, settled in Yorkshire, and there, in due time, a grandson was born, who rose to the rank of Lieut.-General in the reign of Queen Anne, distinguished himself in the campaigns of Marlborough, and did good service in the cause of the new Hanoverian dynasty, in 1715, against the Jacobite descendants of those with whom his Irish ancestry had staked their lives on behalf of a Stuart King. As Colonel, he commanded the 8th Regiment of Foot; and this regiment his son, James, —the future victor of Quebec,—entered in 1741, at the age of fifteen.

Some quarter of a century ago an old gentleman died in Glasgow, in whose possession an antique military-chest had remained for upwards of fifty years. The key had been broken in the rusty lock; and so its contents lay undisturbed, till the executor of its custodian, in the administration of his estate, forced the lock, and disclosed a confused heap of regimental papers, reports, and old letters. For the most part they recalled mere formalities of the old military days of pipe-clay and pig-tails. But one bundle, carefully filed apart, proved to consist of thirteen letters written by Wolfe to a brother officer. They extend over a period of nine years, from Wolfe's twenty-second to his thirty-first year, and not only supply interesting glimpses of his early military life, but admit us to the confidence of the young soldier in far more tender strifes of the heart.

Wolfe was stationed with his regiment at Glasgow when he addressed the first of these letters, in all the frankness of youthful friendship, to Captain Rickson, then with his regiment at Dublin. He communicates welcome intelligence about a lady to whom the Captain has evidently lost his heart, and assures him that she is every way worthy of his regard. He then whispers, in strictest confidence, of a fair maiden, known to both, who has won all his own affections; a lady of great sweetness of temper, good sense, and most engaging behaviour—as to lovers' eyes young ladies are wont to appear. But "the course of true love never did run smooth." A guardian uncle of the young lady finds his youth an insuperable objection; for, as he himself admits, he is "but twenty-two and three months." The General and Mrs. Wolfe, moreover, have still graver objections to the match; Mrs. Wolfe having her eye, as clever matchmaking mothers will have, on a matrimonial prize of £30,000 for their only son. He adds, however, that if he gets expected promotion, he will certainly pop the question before the year is out, in spite of prudent uncles and mammas. "But," he concludes, "if I am kept long here the fire will be extinguished. Young flames must be constantly fed, or they'll evaporate!" And so, with this rather confused lover's metaphor, the subject drops out of sight, and the lady is heard of no more, having, probably, accepted the hand of "a very rich knight," concerning whom Wolfe indulges in sundry contemptuous allusions, as a rival whom he holds exceedingly cheap.

The tongue is an unruly member, but it is nothing to the tell-tale pen which thus blabs old lovers' confidences a hundred years after their hearts are dust. It was, in truth, a mere play of fancy, in which the heart of neither can have been deeply touched. Ere long a more genuine passion mingled its tenderness with his latest dream of glory and of duty. But the same letter touches on other themes. Such schooling as Wolfe

had, in those old days, before Woolwich Boards or Civil Service Examinations were dreamt of, was obtained in his native Westerham, a pretty little Kentish Town, on the river Dart. But he left school to join his father's regiment, at the age of fifteen; and in writing to his friend he deplores his deficient education, with later years running to waste in a Scottish barrack, "where," he says, "your barren battalion conversation rather blunts the faculty than improves." But his was not the mind to rest contented with mere grumbling over opportunities lost. Already he had attracted notice by his aptitude for command; introducing the greatest regularity and exactness of discipline, and yet retaining the affection of his men. He was applying himself with unwearied assiduity to the mastery of his profession; and, amid the distractions and impediments of barrack life, was silently preparing himself in all ways for his great life-work. "You know," he writes, "I am but a very indifferent scholar. When a man leaves school at fifteen, he will never be justly called a man of letters. I am endeavouring to repair the damage of my education; and have a person to teach me Latin and the mathematics, two hours each day, for four or five months. This may help me a little." Thus modestly does the young soldier tell of time redeemed from the idleness of barrack life, to recover lost opportunities of earlier years.

But the glimpses thus caught of Wolfe, as a lover and a student, are episodes of a quiet interval between his earlier and later campaigns. Walpole, the sagacious minister of the first two Georges, to whose pacific policy the stability of their throne was mainly due, had been driven from power just as Wolfe entered the army. King George, with obstinate Hanoverian policies of his own, had no difficulty in enlisting England in a quarrel about the pragmatic sanction, and the Queen of Hungary's right to the Austrian Throne. There were then, as there ever have been, short-sighted Englishmen who thought it high-spirited and heroic to bear the brunt of every dynastic squabble; and were of the same opinion as has been so recently set forth anew, that it is a cowardly thing, if bloody noses are going in any corner of "Dame Europa's School," that we should not thrust our own into the strife. So there were fine chances for those who chose the profession of arms.

Young Wolfe had no sooner done so, than he embarked with his father for Flanders, and began the practical study of war; the same year in which Frederick the Great made that world-famous seizure of Silesia: the first of Prussia's German acquisitions, on which she has since kept tenacious hold.

England now became the fast ally of Austria, subsidised Denmark and Sweden; and, indeed, squandered money so lavishly in a quarrel with which she had absolutely nothing to do, that her national debt has kept up a very practical remembrance of it ever since. Still more to give hostages to fortune, her King served as actual soldier in the same ranks in which Wolfe did duty as subaltern. Nor was it any royal holiday work, or theatrical "baptism of fire." At the bloody battle of Dettingen, King George, with stolid coolness, led the cavalry to the onset; and when dismounted, put himself at the head of his own British and Hanoverian infantry, which broke and scattered the Duke de Grammont's ranks, and won the day. In this fierce struggle, Ensign Wolfe carried the colours of his regiment, and shared in the dangers and honour of the victory—the last in which a King of England bore part. Ere long, on the disastrous field of Fontenoy, Wolfe distinguished himself when others failed, and received the special thanks of the Commander-in-Chief.

One hundred and thirty years ago that war of the Austrian succession occupied all minds as eagerly as the late Franco-German struggle did our own. To our great grandfathers it seemed world-famous and unforgetable. To the very historian now it has

become obscure. Carlyle, in his sardonic vein, exclaims: "Of Philippi and Arbela, educated Englishmen can render account; and I am told young gentlemen entering the army are pointedly required to say who commanded at Ægos-Potami, and wrecked the Peloponnesian war; but of Dettingen and Fontenoy, where is the living Englishman that has the least notion, or seeks for any?"* Yet that war had other home-fruits for England besides her national debt, which live in all men's memories.

The sagacious foresight of Walpole had anticipated from the first the dangers which now beset the new dynasty. France, foiled by England's antagonism, revived its long-smouldering schemes of revolution, which many a fine Jacobite ballad helped to fan into flame; and soon the nation was involved in civil war. Fontenoy was fought on the 31st of May, 1745. Before the end of July, Prince Charles Edward was in Scotland; and soon the Highlands were in arms on behalf of the exiled Stuarts. The English regiments were hastily recalled from Flanders; and among them that in which Wolfe now held brevet rank of major, as the reward of his deeds in the continental campaign. Landing at the Tyne, the returned regiments, under command of General Hawley, were marched against the rebels, only to partake in his ignominious defeat at Falkirk. Surprised and panic-stricken, his broken battalions fled before the onset of the Highland clansmen. Three regiments only stood their ground, where veterans fresh from Dettingen quailed before the half-armed and undisciplined mountaineers; one, a body of six hundred Glasgow militia, commanded by the Earl of Home; another, the regiment in which Wolfe led his company, and held the ground with resolute coolness and intrepidity. It was a crisis in the history of England. Surprise and defeat had also scattered the royal forces at Preston-Pans; and in the *éclat* of princely courtesies, and the charm of revived national associations, Edinburgh, for a brief time, forgot the dragonnades of Charles II., and the boots and thumbkins of his more infamous brother.

But it was the last gleam of sunshine in a wintry day. Nearly three months after General Hawley's defeat at Falkirk, on the memorable 16th of April, 1746, the Duke of Cumberland commanded the royal forces on Culloden Moor. The gloomy dawn of that April morning, with its drizzling rain drenching the famished clansmen, haunts the mind, as though nature herself wept over the tragic scene. In truth it is a theme in which our judgment and our feelings are at war; and we are apt, even now, to forget, in the romantic associations of the Prince Charles of Scottish song, the real issues of a contest which established the hard-won liberties of the nation against a royal race for whom even adversity yielded no sweet uses or wise lessons.

In that memorable battle, where the Duke of Cumberland won the unenviable title of "*The Butcher*," Wolfe acted as aide-de-camp to General Hawley, who, with his cavalry, protected the lines of infantry on the flanks. It is needless to dwell on a struggle in which all the chivalry and heroism were on the side of the vanquished. Cumberland, though by no means prompt in pursuit, revenged himself by the butchery of the wounded on the field; and even yet, more than a century and a quarter after that bloody day, the name of the victor is recalled with abhorrence. One incident associated with such unheroic deeds, connects Wolfe with the events of the day. As the Duke rode over the deserted ground, with the young aide-de-camp in his train, the colonel of the Frasers—a youth who had fallen at the head of his clansmen,—raised himself with an effort, to gaze in the face of

* It is an interesting illustration of the service Art renders at times to history, that the fame of Dettingen is quite familiar to musical circles in England, from the "Te Deum" composed by Handel in celebration of that event—a fact which seems to have escaped Carlyle.—ED. C. M.

the victor. "Shoot me that Highland scoundrel, who dares to look on me with so insolent a stare!" exclaimed the Duke, turning to Wolfe. Pausing for a moment at the brutal order, according to the narrative of an eye-witness, Wolfe replied:—"My commission is at your Royal Highness's disposal; I am a soldier, not an executioner;" and so some meaner hand had to be found for the deed of butchery.

There is no pleasure in dwelling on such memories, or cherishing associations of our hero with a victory so dishonourable. Smollett penned, with passionate earnestness, his "Tears of Scotland;" and Collins, with the gentler sympathies of a stranger, wrote his exquisite Ode:

> "How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
> By all their country's wishes blest!"

The victor had done his best to discredit his own cause and render the name and race of the Guelphs more hateful to Scotsmen than even the persecutions of the Restoration Kings had made those of the Stuarts. Five years thereafter his dissolute, worthless, elder brother, Frederick, Prince of Wales—heir to the throne,—in the midst of paltry cabals and Court squabbles, suddenly died, and his epitaph, with that of his whole race, is thus feelingly set forth by the English muse:

> "Here lies Prince Fred,
> Who was alive, and is dead;
> Had it been his father,
> I had much rather;
> Had it been his brother,
> Sooner than any other;
> Had it been his sister,
> There's no one would have miss'd her;
> Had it been his whole generation,
> Best of all for the nation:
> But since it's only Fred,
> There's no more to be said!"

Let us remember—in order that we may rightly estimate this landmark of a time so different from our own,—that this same "poor Fred" is the great grandfather of our beloved Queen.

But to return to our hero. After a brief sojourn in the district between Loch Lomond and the Trossachs—since celebrated in romance and song—where Wolfe was sent to garrison the Fort of Inversnaid, once a stronghold of the old freebooter, Rob Roy, he was recalled to active service in the Seven Years' War. At the battle of Landfelt, where he was Major of Brigade, the entire brunt fell on the British left. He was numbered among the wounded; and received the special thanks of the General for gallantry on the field. At Nesselroy and elsewhere he served with increasing distinction, and was noted for the fine discipline of his brigade.

Yet amid all the harsh realities of war the heart of the soldier retained its youthful freshness unimpaired. It was subsequent to all this schooling in the bloody trade of war that Wolfe returned to Scotland in 1749, a Major, and ere long a Lieutenant-Colonel, though only in his twenty-third year, and wrote the first of those Glasgow letters in which we find the worldly wisdom of his mother in conflict with love's first young dream. His letters are invaluable for the glimpses they reveal of the earnest self-control, and the modesty of a noble nature. When entering on his duties as Lieutenant-Colonel, he thus writes: "I take upon me the difficult duty of a commander. It is a hard thing to keep the passions within bounds, where authority and immaturity go together. It is hard to be a severe disciplinarian, yet humane; to study the temper of all and endeavour to please them, and yet be impartial; to discourage vice at the turbulent age of twenty-three."

But with heart unsullied, in barrack as in camp, he writes his mother, regretting the want of such religious services as he had been familiar with, but rejoicing that the worship of God and the Christian Sabbath are still within his reach; and so he tells her he is acquiring the reputation of a good Presbyterian by his regular attendance at the Scottish Kirk. When we recall the prevailing mode of thought of that eighteenth cen-

tury, it is no slight token of a genuine religious feeling to find the young soldier, among strangers, and with an unfamiliar form of worship, perseveringly frequenting the house of God.

A period of imbecility, gloom, and disaster, marked England's share in the war which followed soon after the truce of Aix-la-Chapelle, till the Great Commoner was called to the councils of the Nation. Forthwith vigour took the place of despondency and defeat. Men were entrusted with the conduct of the war because of approved fitness, and not from family connections or parliamentary interest; and, among the rest, young Wolfe was selected by Pitt, and sent with General Amherst to this continent, where Lord Loudon had been conducting matters to most unsatisfactory results. Forthwith all was changed. At Louisbourg, Cape Breton, Brigadier Wolfe effected a landing under the eye of the General and Admiral Boscawen, in the face of powerful batteries, and with a sea so violent that many boats were foundered; and pushed on the siege till Louisbourg fell, and Cape Breton with it. The fleet to which the Court of Versailles had confided the defence of French America was destroyed; the captured standards were borne in triumph from Kensington Palace to the City, and there suspended in St. Paul's, amid the roar of cannon and the shouts of the people; and, as Walpole writes, "our bells are worn threadbare with ringing for victories!"

The energy of the great Minister seemed to extend its influence everywhere. The year 1759 opened with the conquest of Goree; next Guadaloupe fell; then Ticonderoga and Niagara, bringing that old war, in fancy, to our own doors. And as on land, so was it at sea. The Toulon squadron was completely defeated by Admiral Boscawen off Cape Lagos, while Wolfe—now General of the forces of the St. Lawrence,—was preparing for the achievement which was to crown the triumphs of the year with sadness and with glory. The season was already far advanced. He had tried in vain to effect a landing below the Montmorency, and do battle with Montcalm where he lay entrenched at Beauport. All fears or hopes of aid from the French fleet were at an end. But Montcalm had other resources; had already—though in vain—tried, by fire-ships and rafts, to annihilate the English fleet. His best hope now lay in the equinox, and early winter beyond, with their gales, to drive General and Admiral both out of the St. Lawrence; and he already flattered himself that Quebec and French America were as good as safe for another year.

The English General's fears corresponded only too closely thereto. Fatigue and anxiety preyed on his delicate frame. A violent fever prostrated him for a time; but, undaunted, he returned to his work, and at length the night of September 12th, 1759, had come, and the dawn of his fortunate day.

His force, 5,000 men in all, had been already transported above Quebec. This he embarked in boats, dropt down the broad river in silence, under the stars; and as he glides swiftly towards victory and death, a little incident illuminates for us the stealthy machinations of that night with a tender spiritual ray. John Robison, a young midshipman —long after well known as Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh,—was in the same boat with the general, and loved in after years to recall the incident. As they glided down the river with muffled oars, Wolfe repeated in a low voice some stanzas from Gray's Elegy—then in the first blush of its fame,—ending with the prophetic lines:—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

And as he closed, he added that he would rather be author of that poem than victor in the impending battle.

On the triumph which followed, we need

not here dwell. Wolfe's Cove, Cape Diamond, and the Plain of Abraham, with all their historic memories, are indelibly imprinted on every Canadian mind. With the morning's sun the flag of England floated over the heights of Quebec, marking an era in the world's history. This continent, thenceforth, under whatever form of government, was to be English, not French. Wolfe's work was done, and he and Montcalm lay there peaceful in the brotherhood of death.

For Wolfe, it was the close of a life that might well be envied. Tender and true as Nelson himself, and with a nobler moral self-command; he had fallen in the arms of victory, the youngest of England's generals since the old heroic days of the Black Prince. He was only in his thirty-third year. At home, the old general, his father, lay dying—died indeed before the news of mingled pride and sorrow could reach his ear. But besides the widowed mourner who survived, there was another to weep in that hour of England's triumph. His affianced bride was then vainly watching with longing eyes, for her young soldier's return. She was a rich heiress, and he an only son. They had everything that heart could desire; and she had urged his stay with all the eloquence of love. But duty called him, and, however reluctantly, he obeyed. The verses have been preserved which he addressed, on the eve of his departure, to the bride he was never to wed. They will not compare with Gray's "Elegy," but they have an interest of their own, as where he urges:

> "Two passions vainly pleading,
> My beating heart divide;
> Lo! there my country bleeding,
> And here my weeping bride."

And while thus pleading for that inevitable separation, he reminds her that—

> "No distance hearts can sunder
> Whom mutual truth has joined."

Thus fresh in all the passionate tenderness and fervour of youth was that heart which sacrificed love to duty on the field of death. He gave his bride, as a lover's token, at that last parting, a locket containing some of his own hair. She lived to become Countess of Bolton; but to the day of her death she wore on her bosom Wolfe's last gift, covered with crape.

England failed not to render what honours could be lavished on him who had thus found in the path of duty the way to glory and to death. The difficulties which Wolfe had to contend with had seemed insuperable. No one dreamt of success. Horace Walpole—a good specimen of the croakers of that day as of our own—is found writing to his friend, Sir Horace Mann, while tardy winds were wafting across the ocean news of the victory already won:—"*We have failed at Quebec, as we certainly shall!*"

Fancy the revulsion of feeling on the falsifying of such predictions—the exulting pride, the national outburst of tearful joy. The poet Cowper recalls the time, as one when it was—

> "Praise enough
> To fill the ambition of a private man,
> That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
> And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own."

Yet, also, it is well to realize to our own minds that which is so true a picture of what never fails as the attendant on war's triumphal car: the mother, just widowed; the bride unwed; answering to the nation's joy-bells with their tears.

All that the unavailing honours of this world can bestow waited on the victor's bier. West made his death the subject of his finest painting; Wilton, in Westminster Abbey, embodied the nation's gratitude in the sculptured marble of his tomb; and in the Senate, with more than wonted effort, Chatham strove to give expression to the universal sorrow. The feelings which thus found utterance in the fresh consciousness of his loss, remain associated with his memory to this hour. He lives on the historic page,

he dwells in our memories, in the beauty of perpetual youth.

Had Wolfe lived to mature his judgment by age and experience, he might have rivalled Marlborough and Wellington. Nay more, with Wolfe in the place of Howe or Burgoyne, in later American campaigns, he might have achieved less enviable triumphs and changed the destinies of the world. It is better as it is. He won unsullied laurels fighting his country's battles against a foreign foe. He had every motive that this world could offer to make life covetable; but he had lived in the thought of a life beyond, and, as he saw that work triumphantly accomplished which had been given him to do, he exclaimed, "Now God be praised, I die happy!" Such dead may indeed be pronounced happy.

"The glory dies not, and the grief is past."

But there was another hero of that fated field for whose tomb "the boast of heraldry" found no laurel wreaths. The young Marquis de Montcalm, whose name generous hands have since graven on the same column with that of Wolfe on the ramparts of Quebec, appears to have been a leader of exceptional worth among those whom the worthless Louis XV. delighted to honour. A letter of his, written to a cousin in France, only three weeks before the fall of Quebec, shows a statesmanlike prevision very suggestive to us now. Anticipating possible results, with the English masters of the river and the French fleet annihilated, he says, "If Wolfe beat me here, France has lost America utterly." But as he tells his friend, there lies for comfort in the future what even Chatham failed to foresee:—with all occasion for defence against French neighbours removed, "our only consolation is that, in ten years, America will be in revolt against England!"

So shrewdly reasoned Montcalm, as he looked from that old vantage ground into the future of this continent; and though there is no longer the jealousy of rival European powers to act as a counterpoise to American assumption, the foresight of the young Frenchman has still a lesson for ourselves. The generous emulation of Canada and the United States can only prove healthful to both. The habits of self-government learned from the same parent, may help, in honourable rivalry, to correct failures of each, while adapting to this new world free institutions inherited by both from England. But the dream of absorbing this whole continent into one unwieldy Republic is only suited to Young America in the stage of boastful inexperience. Should it ever be realized, the teachings of the past point to it as the mere transitional step to greater disunion. The bounds of our Dominion are, on the whole, well defined; and our historical individuality is determined by antecedents which it would puzzle the chroniclings of a Monroe doctrinaire to fit into the strange patchwork of his ideal Republic of the future.

The French-Canadian who calmly reviews what the France of his fathers of the Louis XV. era was; what New France of the subsequent Revolution era has been; what share has meanwhile been frankly accorded to him in working out free institutions on a wiser and surer basis; and what his own Nouvelle France, and the ampler Canada of the united races have become, has no reason to dissociate old Quebec from his cherished memories. But whirled into a political vortex which imposed on us the celebration of Fourth of July anniversaries, the memories of Quebec and those of Queenston Heights would equally puzzle us to reconcile with loyalty to the State on which they had been engrafted. There need be no antagonism between Canada and the United States—sprung like ourselves from the loins of Old England; nor all unworthy of her parentage. Nor need we shrink from acknowledging that the independence of the old Colonies was a victory in the cause of freedom, in which England herself has been a gainer: for the triumph of Lord North, and of King

George, would have impeded later hard-won rights which have made it impossible that an English minister shall ever again dare to do what Lord North then did. But Canada has no inheritance in the memories of New England grievances: unless it be those recollections which she loves to cherish of Loyalist forefathers, whose fidelity to the Empire overbore all consciousness of personal wrongs. The geographical and political characteristics of Canada alike shape out for it an autonomy of its own; and it were well that the statesmen of this continent should lay to heart all that is involved in the wise foresight with which Montcalm forecast its future.

France unquestionably had her revenge for the defeat at Quebec, in the revolution of 1783; and reaped revenge's fitting harvest in her own Reign of Terror, and all the endless revolutions that have followed, to prove her incapacity for self-government. For whether America forget it or not, England had trained her children to deal even with revolution, as freemen, and not as slaves broke loose. A grand experiment in the science of self-government has been entrusted to us; and the American Republic, with its Washington beaurocracy, and the quadrennial throes of its Presidential elections, has not so solved the problem that we must need cast in our lot among its still partially United States, as though that were the sole avenue to a political millenium.

A problem of singular interest is being solved here. Two races, the foremost in the ranks of humanity, long rivals in arts and arms:—the stolid, slow, but long-enduring Saxon; the lively, impressible, gallant Frank,—are here invited to share a common destiny, and work out a future of their own. The Norman and Saxon of elder centuries have united with the Celt to make England what she is. Saxon, Norman, and Celt meet here anew, under other fortunes, to make of our common Dominion what future generations will know how to prize. Men of the old French monarchy, before the era of revolutions, have been succeeded by those who here, under the ægis of England, have been admitted and trained to all the rights and privileges of a free people. *L'Etat, c'est moi*, was the maxim of Louis le Grand; and his descendant, Louis XVI., reaped the ample harvest of such a seed-time. Happy, indeed, would be the Paris of to-day, if it could borrow the art of self-government from Quebec; and strangely constituted must his mind be, who, amid the absolute freedom of self-government which we enjoy, can dream of casting in his lot either with the sturdy Republic on our own borders, or its Gallic sister beyond the sea.

It is a privilege not to be lightly thrown away, that we share the destinies of an Empire where the Rajah of a British Province on the Indian ocean—beyond the farthest foot-print of the Macedonian Alexander,—sends as his loyal gift to the Olympian Games of our common nationality, the prize-cup which victors from our young Dominion recently brought in triumph to our shores. The generation has not yet wholly passed away which stood undaunted against the banded powers of Europe; and should the necessity for it recur, it will be seen that England to herself can still be true.

Our living present, as well as the sacred memories which we inherit, as a member of that great British Confederacy which embraces in one united Empire, India and Canada; New Zealand and Newfoundland; the Bahamas; the Antilles; Australia and the Cape; are too precious to be lightly cast away. But if the time is ever to come—

"Far on in summers that we shall not see,"

—when this young Dominion shall stretch across the Continent, a free nation, with duties and with interests all its own; it will be for its interest as well as its honour that it can then look back only with loving memories on the common mother of the Anglo-Saxon race; while it emulates her example, and aspires to her worth.

ELSWITHA.

ELSWITHA knitteth the stocking blue,
In the flickering firelight's glow ;
Dyed are her hands in its ruddy hue,
And it glints on the shining needles too,
And flushes her cap of snow.

Elswitha dreameth a waking dream,
As busy her fingers ply ;
And it lights her eye with its olden gleam,
For the world seems now as it used to seem,
And the things far off are nigh :

The things far off in the lapse of years,
Dead faces and loves outgrown ;
Oh, many a form at her side appears,
And many a voice in her soul she hears,
And many a long hushed tone.

For memory walks thro' her halls to-night,
A torch in her lifted hand,
And lo ! at the sound of her footstep light,
They shake them free from the dust and blight,
And trooping around her stand.

Bright curls of auburn and braids of brown,
With the sunlight sifted through ;
And foreheads white as the hawthorn's crown,
And garlands fresh as when last thrown down,
Ay, fresher in scent and hue.

They come from aisles of the buried Past,
From the faded Long ago,
From sepulchres old and dim and vast—
They come with their grave-clothes from them cast,
To stand in this firelight glow.

And weird is the charm they weave, I trow,
Elswitha is young and fair ;
Gone are the furrows and tear-stains now,
Gone are wrinkles from hand and brow,
The silver from shining hair.

Gone are the years with their heavy weight,
(And heavy the years had grown)
For Love hath entered the lists with Fate,
And Memory needeth nor name nor date,
For Memory knoweth her own.

"Now haste thee dame, for the fire is low,
And the good man waits his tea!"
Back to their tombs do the phantoms go,
And dark and deep do the shadows grow,
But Elswitha smileth her dream to know—
Not a dream, but a *Prophecy!*

MARY BARRY SMITH.

St. John, N. B.

LOST AND WON:

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of "For King and Country."

CHAPTER IV.

A REVELATION.

"Be strong to bear, O Heart!
Nothing is vain;
Strive not, for life is care,
And God sends pain;
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain."

NEXT morning the storm had partially cleared away, but showers still fell at intervals, and as everything without was saturated with rain, the raspberry gathering which had been proposed was, of course, entirely out of the question. Alan, indeed, had abstained from speaking of it the night before, feeling sure that it would be impracticable, and being shy of speaking of Lottie unnecessarily in the family. He had an uncomfortable feeling that, though his mother had not said a word in opposition to his engagement, and though she never showed any lack of cordiality towards Lottie, she was not in her heart quite satisfied with his choice. Not so, however, his sister Jeanie. *She* had quite a chivalrous affection and admiration for Lottie, her only playmate in childhood, and now almost her only intimate friend; and she would have been as unwilling to acknowledge and as ready to excuse the faults of the girl she already rejoiced to think of as a sister, as would Alan himself have done.

Alan spent the morning in an uncomfortable fashion, attending to various odd jobs, of harness-mending, wool-packing, &c., all the while expecting a visit from Mr. Sharpley, and preparing himself for a negotiation. That gentleman, however, did not present himself, and perhaps Alan would have been still more uncomfortable could he have seen how much his new acquaintance was making himself at home in Mrs. Ward's kitchen. He had some business letters to write, and Mrs. Ward had established a table for him in the most convenient position in the win-

dow. Lottie, as soon as her necessary duties had been expeditiously got through, took out a piece of embroidery—her company work—in honour of the stranger, and, attired as smartly as she dared to be in the morning, sat conveniently near, ready, and by no means unwilling, to engage in a little bantering conversation with the visitor whenever he wanted a little relaxation from the dryness of business. This happened pretty often; but the business letters did not suffer so much as might have been expected, as Mr. Sharpley was a man who did not often allow himself to neglect business for pleasure, but could often combine the two, where men of more emotional temperament would fail. He was getting on splendidly, too, with Mrs. Ward, winning her favour as well as Lottie's by his ingratiating deferential manner. Most women are readily won by deference, and Dick knew how to make it go as far as most people could. He praised Mrs. Ward's sleek, well-fed cow; complimented her on her milking—for she always did *her* share, in the morning at least, and often Lottie's too;—praised her light, white bread, and took the trouble to penetrate to the cool milk-cellar, where the long rows of pans stood, yellow on the surface with the rich thick cream, and where poor black Cæsar was performing his daily task of propelling the treadmill churn, with due gravity and compulsory industry. For not even the house-dog was an idle appendage in Mrs. Ward's household. And when the butter was taken out of the white frothing foam in the churn, Mr. Sharpley was all ready with his declaration that he had never seen butter more quickly, more admirably, or more economically made. Mrs. Ward thought she had never met with a "pleasanter-spoken" young man, and, as she noticed his evident admiration for her daughter, and thought how well such a young man would be sure to "get on," she inwardly wondered whether it wasn't a pity Lottie had been in such a hurry, and hadn't looked farther before she promised to marry Alan Campbell.

In the afternoon the clouds broke up and melted away, and the sun, shining out again with his former force, dried up the fields and roads as if by magic, and drew forth all sorts of sweet odours from trees and flowers and meadows. Alan and his two brothers went down to the low meadow, to try to dry the unfortunate hay which had been out through the rain. As they returned, having done their best to put it in drying order, Hugh ran off to collect the cows for milking, and Dan stopped at the pasture-field to catch Beauty and another horse, with which he and his father were going to take a load of wool to Mapleford, where there was a woollen factory. The glossy, graceful mare bounded to her young master at his familiar call, and allowed him to lead her to the house by the forelock, without a halter.

"Isn't she a beauty, Alan? Doesn't she deserve her name?" said the lad, stopping to stroke down her shining chestnut sides. "And isn't it too bad to put her in harness? Old Vannecker said she should be kept entirely for the saddle, when he saw how splendidly she could take a five-rail fence without the least trouble. He said she ought to be in the United States cavalry, with me on her back! And I tell you, Alan," he added, confidentially, "if it wasn't for mother, and for leaving you to do all the work, I believe I'd go! Wouldn't it be splendid fun?"

"Dan, you musn't either think or speak of such a thing," said Alan, quickly. "You know how dreadfully it would vex and worry mother, just to hear you say that.

The boys, somehow, never thought much of things as affecting their *father*. It was always "*mother*."

"Oh, of course I know I can't do it; so its no use thinking about it! But I should like it awfully! It's so dull here, Alan, you know; always the same old digging and sowing, and haying and reaping and ploughing, year after year, and nothing else to look

forward to! Nothing ever happens here! Hugh's got his books, and you've got Lottie, and you're boss, too, in a sort of way; but poor me hasn't got nothing!"

"Except Beauty," said Alan, smiling at the boy's dolorous tone.

"Ah, yes! my Beauty! but then I'd have her with me there, you know, and wouldn't we have the fine old times!" and off he went to water the horses at the little stream which, taking its rise in a marsh that lay in the outskirts of Mr. Campbell's farm, flowed through a green glade behind the house, giving it its name.

Alan sighed a little over his brother's thoughtless words, wishing it were true that nothing did happen, or were likely to happen to disturb that quiet uneventful routine, and wondered whether, in the event of the worst contingencies that were haunting him, such a course as that Dan had suggested might not be the best the boy could take, if only it were not for the sorrow it would cause to "mother." "It *is* stupid for him, here, he thought. He's got all the martial spirit of the family, and has pluck and daring enough to make a splendid soldier. But, of course, it's not to be thought of."

When milking time was past and the early tea was over, and no Mr. Sharpley had appeared, Alan felt as if he could wait no longer, but must go and hunt him up at the mill. As his father and Dan, however, had gone to Mapleford, he had a good deal to do, and the sun was setting in soft rosy and purple banks of cloud as he walked rapidly along the road that led toward the mill. A few pools, here and there, were the only traces of the late rain; the air in the woods through which he was led was laden with the fragrance of the pines and hemlocks, the ferns, and the distant faint perfume of new hay; and everything seemed pervaded by a soft, fresh brightness which made it difficult to realize the wild, pelting storm of the night before. As he approached the farm-house by a side cut, avoiding the more frequented road that led straight to the mill, the river had caught the evening glow, and lay, calm and still, flushed with a rosy tint that reflected the clouds above it, while the moon was already pretty far up in the eastern sky. Everything looked to Alan so lovely and full of peace that it seemed to him as if the load of anxiety on his heart had no right to be there, and should be shaken off like a night-mare. The house looked deserted, but a glance in the direction of the flourishing kitchen garden showed him Lottie and her mother busily engaged picking currants, with two heaped-up baskets beside them, filled with the ruby fruit.

"Good evening, Alan," said Mrs. Ward, briskly, as he approached. "Lottie and me's just makin' the most of the daylight, gettin' in these currants. Last night's rain and to-day's sun's just ripened them all at once, so we thought after tea we'd begin and pick them; for I want a lot, you know, for my currant wine." Mrs. Ward's currant wine was an "institution" in the neighbourhood, and was a home-manufacture on which she particularly prided herself.

In the meantime Alan had found time and opportunity to give Lottie a tender greeting, and to ask playfully after the welfare of her dress.

"You didn't expect me to come raspberrying to-day, of course," she said, when she had replied, a little nonchalantly, to his enquiries.

"No, of course I didn't," he said. "I knew before I got home that it would be impossible to go, so I didn't even speak of it to Jeanie."

"And were you very wet?" she said, at last bethinking herself of asking the question.

"*Rather!* but my mother made me a cup of hot tea, and I was none the worse. Is Mr. Sharpley in, Lottie?" he added, unable to refrain longer from asking for the object of his visit.

"Mr. Sharpley! So you came to see

him!" said Lottie, with a mixture of surprise and curiosity, added to a little intermingled pique at having been mistaken in supposing herself the sole object of his coming.

"Yes. I wanted to see him about a little business," replied Alan. "He hasn't left, has he?" he added, anxiously.

"Oh, no! he hain't left," said Mrs. Ward, "that is, not yet, though he means to go by the stage from Dunn's Corners to-morrow. But I guess you'll hardly see him, for he went out in the afternoon, and said he shouldn't be back till late."

"Why, what do you want with him?" asked Lottie, bluntly, unable to restrain her curiosity. As she was the only point of contact between the two she wondered a little whether it could possibly have anything to do with her! Could Alan be feeling jealous already, like the heroes of some of the stories? The idea gave her rather a pleasant feeling of importance.

Alan replied gravely that he had a little business to transact with him for his father; and Lottie was obliged to be contented. Somehow Alan seemed so much graver and quieter since yesterday, and even as they strolled together by the river bank in the sweet dusk of the moon-lit evening, he appeared dull and abstracted, and not to be roused by her little attempts to pique him by praises of Mr. Sharpley, and by insinuations as to his politeness and attention.

Mrs. Ward had gone in to stow away the currants, which Alan had carried to the house, and now sat at the door beside the miller, who was enjoying his evening pipe; and, of course, his wife informed him that Alan had come to see Mr. Sharpley on business.

"Well now!" said the miller, "I wonder what business old Campbell can have with him! But if you'd heerd all the questions the lawyer chap was askin' about him last night when we was at the mill—'bout the farm, and what sort o' land it was, and how they worked it, and a sight more. I wondered what it was he was up to."

"Something!—you may be sure," said Mrs. Ward, with a knowing air. "That young man don't ask nothin' for nothin', I'll warrant! Why, when he asked me how many eggs a day my hens laid, and how many young turkeys I had, you'd ha' thought he was makin' notes and calkilations all the time! Shouldn't wonder if he thought some of startin' a poultry-yard himself! But whatever he does, he'll get on!" A remark in which Mr. Sharpley would probably have agreed with her, though her theory as to his intentions would have afforded him considerable amusement.

"That he will!" rejoined the miller, astutely. "And he hain't no incapable father, so far as we know, to pull him back."

"No, indeed," sighed Mrs. Ward, noticing that her husband's thoughts had evidently taken the same direction as her own.

"But he's a good lad, is Alan, and as steady as a rock," pursued he, "only I wonder what this business can be!"

Meantime Alan sauntered aimlessly about with Lottie, for the first time finding the time long in her company, so impatient was he to see Sharpley and have the dreaded interview over. And Lottie had no sympathetic tact to teach her to see and accommodate herself to her lover's altered air, perhaps because she lacked the genuine unselfish affection which will of itself teach this to any true-hearted woman. Still she missed something in Alan, and felt dissatisfied; and when he said, at last, that he could wait no longer, but must go, hoping to meet Mr. Sharpley on the way, she declared that as the night was so lovely she would go with him, at least to the great gate that opened from the mill-yard on the high road.

They strolled slowly along a meadow path that ran by the side of the farm, on the other side of which was the regular waggon-road to the mill and the farm-house. Beside the fence, for a good part of the

way, grew a sort of natural hedge of wild bramble and hawthorn bushes, thick enough to make a screen, even in daylight, still more in the paler, though clear, moonlight. As they approached the end of the path they heard the great gate open, and footsteps and voices approaching.

"There, I suppose that's Mr. Sharpley," Lottie exclaimed, "so now, Alan, you can come back and see him at the house. But he must have some one with him."

Alan listened, and readily distinguished the lawyer's smooth accents, and, alternating with them, the familiar, unwelcome, oily tones of Mr. Hollingsby. They seemed to be discussing some important matter in a low voice. Just as they came opposite to him, his ear caught his own name, and some strange instinct made Alan—though very far from an eaves-dropper—stop to listen; while an inexplicable intuition seemed to force itself upon him that he was going to hear something nearly affecting himself. It was Hollingsby who was speaking. "Take my word for it, sir, you'll find it a safe thing—and you can tell Mr. Leggatt so—if you can push it through. Why, the farm aint half properly worked. The old man's not himself half the time, and no great things when he's that, and the boys haint got no experience. Why, I could pay Mr. Leggatt double the interest he gets on his money, and make a good thing of it."

"Well, we'll see about it," was the reply, "only the thing must be kept as quiet as possible. So you think there's no chance of their raising the money in the meanwhile?"

"Not a chance of it, sir; there's nobody about here likely to have that much ready money, and I don't think capital's being plenty in Carrington, neither, just now. If they were to get this branch railway out here now, no doubt it would make a difference."

"Oh, that's quite an uncertainty at present. A hundred things might come in the way of that," said Sharpley, more hurriedly than he usually spoke.

"No," pursued the other, thoughtfully, "I don't think there's any way that they can raise it. There's their relation, Sandy McAlpine, he might do it, but they'll never get it from him. And any way, the old man's so off-putting, that he'll let them slip by without doing anything. And Alan's no hand at business, and besides he don't know the ins and outs of the affairs. I got that from the old man last night."

The last sentence Alan could just guess at, for, slowly as they were walking, they were by this time almost out of hearing.

It would be difficult to describe the mingled feelings of consternation, anger and dismay with which Alan, standing spell-bound, had listened to this conversation. From the moment that the name of Leggatt had been mentioned he knew perfectly well, pre-occupied as he was with the matter, what it was they were talking about. He saw through it all now—or thought he did—this villainous plan to rob a defenceless family of their property, and plunge them into ruin for selfish gain. It was not, then, for nothing that he had shrunk from Sharpley, and had dreaded having any transactions with the usurious Leggatt. But he had never thought it could be so bad as this! And Hollingsby too! Much as he had distrusted him, and false friend as he had long felt him to be, he had not thought there could be such rascality in the world! It was a cruel shock, in every way, to the generous, confiding young man. Lottie wondered as she felt the hand that lay on his arm pressed to his side with a force that hurt it, and looking up in Alan's face, saw how deadly pale it looked in the white moonlight, and how his teeth seemed tightly set.

"Alan! you hurt me!" she exclaimed. "What is the matter? What are they talking about? I don't understand. Won't you come back with me?"

"Not to-night, Lottie," said Alan, trying to steady himself to speak calmly, but trembling with excitement. "I need not stay

now, to talk to that fellow. It would be of no use. Lottie! I know now that he is trying to ruin us all; your 'nice young man!' he said almost fiercely.

"Why—how? Alan," she exclaimed in dismay.

But Alan instinctively felt that Lottie was not the sort of girl to be entrusted with matters requiring secrecy and prudence, so he only said—

"I can't stop to tell you now, dear—only don't speak of it to any one till I see you again. Good night."

And before she could detain him he was off—had leaped the rail-fence, and was hurrying along the white moonlit road, as if the rapid motion was a relief to the intense excitement that thrilled through his frame.

Just as he was emerging from the shadow of the woods, a few hundred yards from the gate of Braeburn, a slight figure glided out of the deep shadow of a spreading elm that stood a little by itself, and stood by his side in silence. Alan started for the moment—he almost thought it was an apparition. Then, on taking a closer glance, he half-smiled at his own superstition.

"Why, Ben, is it you?" he exclaimed. When did *you* turn up?"

It was a slight lithe stripling who stood beside him, whose dark sallow complexion, visible even in the moonlight, half shaded as it was by the overhanging trees, together with the high cheek bones, straight black hair, and grave sad expression, which seemed to wear the wistful look that often gleams out from the eyes of dumb animals, told to an experienced eye his Indian lineage. He was, in truth, an Indian boy, whose mother had died when encamped near Braeburn, when he was a mere child, and who, having taken a fancy to Mrs. Campbell's kind, motherly face and voice, had, of his own accord, lingered about the farm, and refused to go when the encampment broke up. As he grew up, though still strongly attached to his adopted home, he would often, with the restlessness of his race, wander away with his people when they happened to be in the neighbourhood, and would then disappear for months, regularly re-appearing when his restless fit was over, and settling down again to steady work until the wandering impulse returned. He had now been away for two months, and Alan had missed his active aid a good deal during the haying time.

"Came back this evening," he said laconically. "Wigwam up—down there by the Fork."

"Oh!" said Alan, "you waited till they came back, and left us to get through the haying without you!" The lad's sad expression grew sadder;—"Ben very sorry; people could'nt come sooner! Old grannie sick—most dying."

"Well, Ben, I'm glad to see you back, anyhow! Come along," he said, putting an arm round the boy's shoulder. But Ben stopped again presently, and said gravely and solemnly—"Met Hollingsby, and strange man with him, been round here for a couple of hours, walking all round, looking about. What does he want?"

"Never mind, Ben," said Alan, somewhat startled, "how do you know they were looking about?"

"Been watching them. They've been up and down, round by the marsh, and everywhere, busy talking too!"

Enlightened by the conversation he had overheard, Alan was at no loss to divine the subject of their talk, nor, in general, the object of their survey. It seemed to give him another stab to think of the probable purport of their consultation. However, he tried to turn Ben's mind away from the subject, which it was not difficult to do, as they were now in sight of Braeburn. As they turned the last winding of the lane that led up to the house, Alan thought, with a heavy sigh, how peaceful and home-like it looked in the white moonlight. It was a long, low house, part of it a story-and-a-half high,

built of logs; for, with the Campbells, times had never been prosperous enough to permit them, like most of their neighbours, to replace it, as years passed, by one of brick or stone. But it was substantial and comfortable enough, if the rooms were low, and the windows small; and a luxuriant Virginia creeper threw its masses of glossy foliage lovingly about the old walls and the little windows, communicating to it a picturesqueness that the smart, bare, new brick and stone houses of the neighbouring farmers, destitute of either creepers or shrubbery, entirely lacked. Besides the Virginia creeper, there was a wild vine whose rich green leaves and clinging tendrils hung about a little rustic porch, which in June, "when the vines with the tender grape give a good smell," made the house redolent with sweetness, and the porch a favourite resort of the busy little humming birds, glittering among the green leaves in gay gem-like hues of emerald and sapphire. There were a few shrubs, and rose-bushes, too, in front of the house; and some flower-beds—the flowers gradually straggling away, however, among cucumbers and tomato-plants. It was Mrs. Campbell who, amidst all her busy life, cared for these little natural adornments, and the same characteristics which thus found expression without, gave to the sitting-room within, plain and old as its furniture was, an unmistakable air of refinement that was entirely absent from the stiff grandeur of Mrs. Ward's "best parlour."

Alan had never known how much he loved the homely old place and all its surroundings till now, when the possibility of having to leave them forced itself on his mind. And he thought of his brother's words—"*Nothing ever happens here!*" There was his mother, by the little gate that opened on the lane, watching for his return, as she usually did when any of them were out late; the moonlight shining full on the saddened patient anxious face, furrowed by many a care and sorrow. Must this blow, too, fall upon her, and how would she bear it? And his father, whom he could just see, sitting in the porch, half hidden in the foliage! What would become of him—ruined in his old age!

But it was no time for thinking about ultimate possibilities. There was need of immediate action now. Jeanie and the boys were gone to bed, and after the Indian boy had had a kindly welcome and a supper provided for him, and been despatched to the bed that was always ready to receive him, Alan communicated to his father and mother—without alarming them more than he thought necessary—the grave nature of the emergency. His mother said nothing, but Alan felt that she took in the whole reality of the situation at once. His father dwelt upon the hardships of the case, and upon Leggatt's promises not to press him; although he now admitted, what, in his growing weakness of mind and confusion of ideas he did not seem at first to remember, that the time for which the money had been formally lent must have expired. But he took refuge in Leggatt's promises not to press him, and would hardly admit the idea of Hollingsby's treachery. There must be some mistake, he was sure; Alan would see it would come all right yet. He would see Mr. Sharpley to-morrow.

"Why," he said, "I'll just tell him how Leggatt said to me, over and over again, that I could just take my time about it. And when the mortgage was drawn out, there was to be something put in about its not being foreclosed, even when the principal came due, so long as I could pay the interest.

"Did you read over the mortgage yourself, father," asked Alan eagerly.

"Indeed no," said Mr. Campbell, somewhat embarrassed. You see, I hadn't my glasses with me that day, but I got Hollingsby to read it—he was with me, you know—and he said it was all right, so why should I think of reading it?"

Alan groaned inwardly. Things seemed darker and darker. He knew very well that

his father's "having no glasses with him" had probably had its not very remote cause in "*glasses*" of another sort. And these wide-awake men of business, and this pretended friend, had been ready to take a base advantage of their victim. But it was of no use whatever for his father to see Sharpley. More vigorous measures must be taken.

"Well, father," he said, "I think the only thing that can be done is for me to go to Carrington to-morrow morning, see Leggatt myself, and find out exactly how it stands, and then try if I can raise another loan."

"Well, well," said the old man, helplessly and fretfully; "Do the best you can. I don't know where we're to get another loan, unless Sandy McAlpine would give it. You can try him, at any rate. But don't fret, Janet," he added, to his wife, "you'll see it will all come right yet."

And, with this favourite prognostication, the little group separated—Alan to get all the sleep he could before his early start. But it was long before he could sleep, and he knew, by the sounds in the room below, that his mother did not go to bed for hours. And, accustomed as he was to her ways and habits, he knew, as well as if he had been with her, that she was kneeling by his father's old worn arm-chair, seeking comfort and help and guidance where she had often sought and found it before.

CHAPTER V.

OTHER MEN'S STAIRS.

"Steep is the ascent of other men's stairs."
—*Dante.*

EARLY as Alan started next morning, he did not leave home without a warm breakfast, prepared by his mother's careful hands. She did not look as if she had slept much; poor woman, her eyes often had that look; but she put on an air of cheerfulness that she might send her boy away on his anxious errand in as good spirits as possible. And she gave him certain commissions to execute—little feminine orders for cotton and thread; not so much because she needed them, as to take away a little, in seeming, from the solemnity of the crisis. And then, when she had dismissed him with a smile, and watched him, mounted on Dan's "Beauty," disappearing in the turning of the road, and there was no more need for "keeping up," she sat down in the silent house, where no one was yet stirring, and in the old, simple, expressive phrase, "wept bitterly." To Alan, the freshness of the early morning, and the little bustle and excitement of the start, had communicated, in spite of his fears, a more cheerful and hopeful spirit. Only the faint light of dawn was as yet in the sky, all soft grey and rose-purple in the western, and amber and saffron in the eastern horizon, whence the golden sun was just about to emerge. The woods were full of balmy and delicate fragrances, and vocal with the early choruses of the birds, who, as if to show their carelessness about human admiration, hold their grand concerts at an hour when the ears of most people are sealed in sleep. The world at that hour seemed given up to the pure and sweet influences of innocent nature, and Alan, in spite of himself, felt that his passionate excitement of the night before had in some measure calmed down, for the time at least, as if soothed by a kind and loving hand. He could not, just now, feel so savagely towards the authors of the impending calamity, and especially towards him whom he, not unjustly, in his heart styled "that sneaking Sharpley," as, with his Highland spirit, he thought he ought to feel.

At Dunn's Corners, some four or five miles from home, he stopped to water "Beauty," at the tavern, for it was a warm morning, and he could not conveniently do so for some miles farther on. He took her to the well in the wide open court-yard, surrounded by stables, and taking the bucket,

which was fastened to the pump by a chain, he filled it for the already thirsty animal. The landlord, however, whose windows overlooked the court-yard, hearing the sound of the pump, had hurried on his clothes and hastened out to intercept a possible customer.

"Won't you come in, Mr. Alan, and have something?" he hospitably enquired.

"No, thank you, Mr. Brown, I had breakfast before starting."

"But a little drop o' bitters would set you up for a long ride, for you'll be goin' to Carrington most like."

"No, thank you, Mr. Brown, I don't believe in those bitters of yours," replied Alan, good humouredly, but wishing that he could make some other acknowledgment of the bucket of water. For wayside wells in these days are not practically as free as they were in the days of Eliezer and Rebecca.

"That's a fine mare of yours," he said, patting the beast, as Alan prepared to mount. "Old Vannecker was offering Mr. Dan a high price for her here t'other day; but I suppose he wouldn't sell her on no account," he said, enquiringly.

"No, I don't think so," said Alan, shortly, remembering, with a pang, how much they needed money. But *this* would only be a drop in the bucket!

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if he'd make him a better offer yet when he comes again. I tell you what," he added slyly, "Mr. Dan might do worse than put himself and *her* into the Federal army. There's Mike O'Rourke has listed, I hear."

"Indeed," said Alan, are you sure?" Mike O'Rourke was one of Dan's wild young associates, and if he were out of reach it would be good news, Alan thought.

"Oh yes, sure enough! I had it from one of his own people; and a nice little sum he got—bounty money."

"Well, good morning," said Alan, hastily. It was not easy to get out of range of Mr. Brown's tongue.

People were taking their breakfasts when Alan reached the outskirts of Carrington. He could see them, through the half-closed Venetian blinds, sitting at their white-covered breakfast tables—busy, all of them, no doubt, with the various projects and interests of the day. He wondered whether any of them were oppressed with a load of care like that which had begun to make its weight felt anew, now that the critical moment was drawing near.

Carrington was a great lumbering place, as any one could tell on approaching the little town by railway, on observing the tall piles of yellow, fresh-smelling, newly-squared lumber which ramparted the approach to the station, awaiting their turn for transportation, or the quantities of floating logs which were always to be seen almost filling up the bed of the rapid little Arqua, the same river that flowed past Blackwater mill, and which, here grown considerably larger, came whirling and tossing over rocks and shallows, creating any amount of rapids and foam, and "water power," and "privileges," before merged its noisy little existence in the larger, calmer river that waited at Carrington to receive it. It was these "privileges" that had been the making of Carrington, and it valued them accordingly. There was the great saw-mill belonging to the Arnolds, who had made their fortune, people said, by lumbering, and the gates of whose stately mansion, the crowning glory of Carrington, lying between the road and the Arqua, Alan had passed as he approached the town. Then there were various other saw and grist mills, and wheel and axle factories, and others, more or less ambitious, all bearing a direct relation to the lumber. And besides the dressed lumber, which went by barge or train to the nearest profitable market, large rafts of round logs, in "cribs"—as the divisions were called—strongly lashed together, and bearing the little house and domestic establishment of the raftsmen, often floated down the wider river to some more distant emporium. So that Carrington, between its rafts-

men, and mill-hands, and mill-owners, and the buying and selling that followed in their train, was a busy and thriving little place.

Alan went first to put up his mare at the "British Lion Hotel," as it was loyally named, and then took a stroll along the busy main street on which it stood, whiling away the time by making his mother's little purchases until he could expect to find Mr. Leggatt at his office. He went once too soon, and found the office locked; but the second time he met at the door an individual attired in a suit of rusty black, of a rather dried up and wizened aspect, with keen twinkling grey eyes and grizzled hair, who opened the door with an air of proprietorship, and invited Alan to enter. It was a dingy little office, with a few large business-looking folios on a high desk by the window, and some county maps, charts, and large bright-coloured advertisements of railway and insurance companies hanging on the wall, for Mr. Leggatt was agent for several companies, and transacted various other little odds and ends of business, which consorted well enough with his own personal money-making projects.

When Alan had communicated his name, Mr. Leggatt smilingly pushed him a chair, sitting down on another, folding his hands with a prepared air of expectation, as he said, "Very happy to make your acquaintance, sir! Called, I suppose, about your father's little business?"

Alan replied in the affirmative, and with a beating heart proceeded to state his father's surprise at receiving his letter, and his impression as to Mr. Leggatt's assurances.

"Quite a mistake, sir, quite a mistake!" said that gentleman, glibly and smilingly, when Alan had reached this point. "I told your good father I shouldn't hurry him *unless I wanted the money myself.* But I *do*, you see, want it badly. We business men have got to come up to time with our payments ourselves, and so we can't oblige others, however much we may wish it. Business is business you see, sir, and can't be made pleasure of, anyhow."

And Mr. Leggatt smilingly took a pinch of snuff, as if to emphasize the statement.

Alan felt completely at bay. He had no reasonable plea to urge, except that this pressure simply meant ruin; he could feel that any appeal *ad misericordiam*, even if he could stoop to the humiliation, would slide off Mr. Leggatt's encasement of bland civility like water from oilcloth. He could not even find a pretext for expressing the indignant contempt that was thrilling through his frame. As the only thing he could do, he asked leave to look at the mortgage.

"Ah, my friend, Mr. Sharpley has that, and I'm afraid you can't see it to-day, as he's out of town. You see I consider the matter is in his hands now, and I really must refer you to him for the future; and I'm very busy this morning, sir, so I hope you'll excuse me."

The fact was, Mr. Leggatt, in spite of his assumed nonchalance of manner, not being made altogether of flint, was beginning to wince a little, inwardly, under the young man's earnest, scrutinising look, in which the anxiety he was suffering was, unconsciously to himself, quite discernible.

Alan coldly bade him good morning, and walked away, feeling distressed enough. His only resource now was to see what Sandy McAlpine could or would do; and he did not feel particularly sanguine. Sandy McAlpine was a second cousin of his mother's, a Highlander by birth, as his name intimated, and his deep-set voice and strong Gaelic accent betrayed to all who made his personal acquaintance. Moreover, Sandy was very proud of his origin, was a pillar of the St. Andrew's Society, and very cordial in claiming kinship with all "brither Scots"—the prosperous ones, at least. With the unprosperous he was not quite so cordial. But as they were in the minority, and were not apt to come prominently forward, this did not so much matter, and he

was considered, on the whole, a loyal and genial Scot. With the Campbells he had very heartily claimed acquaintance when, some dozen years before, he had come to Carrington to set up in the hardware business, and had spent many pleasant holiday weeks at Braeburn Farm, enjoying its warm-hearted hospitality—which was apt sometimes to exceed its means. But of later years, as Sandy prospered more and more, and the Campbells less and less, Sandy's cordiality had somewhat diminished, and his visits came more and more to resemble those of angels in their infrequency. Still, old Mr. Campbell and he always had a cordial "crack," when the former came to market at Carrington.

It was not long before Alan beheld at a distance the large tin tea-kettle—bright and glittering, and suggestive of domestic comfort—which served Sandy for a sign. He found Mr. McAlpine's tall and broad person leaning against the doorway, conversing amiably with a country customer.

"And how are ye, Alan lad? And how's your good mother and your worthy father?" exclaimed Sandy, with a cordial hand-grip. "Just walk in and sit down till I've put up Mr. Bennett's nails and harvesting-gloves, and then I'll hear all the news from out your way." Alan walked in, past rakes and hoes and other farming implements, to the counter, glittering with various exhibition articles of Britannia metal and plated ware. At last the parcels were put up, the customer dismissed, and Sandy, leading the way to the back part of the shop in order to be out of the way of interruption, took his seat on the counter, with his feet against a coil of rope, and renewed his enquiries after the health of the inmates of Braeburn Farm.

"Well, we're all well, cousin Sandy, but we're rather in trouble."

"Trouble! What sort?" asked Sandy, his countenance visibly elongating. He was rather afraid of "trouble."

Alan explained as briefly as possible, and wound up his recital by intimating, somewhat timidly, his father's hope that his cousin might be able to help him with a loan.

"My dear lad! that's just an impossibility!" he exclaimed, almost out of breath at the idea. "Where would I get such a sum in ready money as that? It's as much as I can do, often, to make my own payments."

Alan glanced involuntarily around the "store," whose well-filled shelves and generally thriving aspect seemed to tell a tale of a flourishing business. Mr. McAlpine seemed to understand the look.

"If I had the worth of all *that* by me in ready money," he said, explanatorily, "I should be a rich man. But you little know how much a business like mine takes to keep it going! It's just paying out, paying out, all the time, and as for the paying in! it's 'small profits and slow returns,'" he said, jocularly paraphrasing the placard bearing the motto—"Small profits and quick returns," that hung about the shop.

"I'm afraid it'll be ruin for us if the money can't be raised somehow," said Alan, dejectedly, for all the hope he had had seemed slipping away from him.

"'Deed, I'm very grieved about it—very grieved!" returned Mr. McAlpine, an expression of real concern visible in his face; for though a self-seeker and a worshipper of mammon and success, he was not, on the whole, a bad-hearted man, and could feel for trouble, even when he would make no sacrifice to relieve it. "These mortgages are just real evil things. It's a terrible pity your good father ever had anything to do with them. But are you quite sure nothing can be done to get out of it? Have you been to any lawyer about it?

Alan explained that he could not even get a sight of the mortgage.

"Well, I'll just tell you what now," said Sandy, with the air of a man who had hit

upon something to relieve his perplexity, "You and me'll just go down the street and see Mr. Dunbar about it. He's just an extraordinar' clever man, and a first-rate lawyer; and if there's anything can be done, Philip Dunbar's the man to do it. Him and me's real friendly, and he'll give us a bit of advice without charging for it, which it is'nt every one of these lawyer chiels 'll do!"

So saying, Mr. McAlpine seized his hat, and leaving his shop under the supervision of his clerk, a grinning young "man of colour,"—though the "colour" was of the very palest—he carried off Alan, who felt as if his own resources were at an end, and he must passively resign himself to be borne on by the current of events.

They went along the busy street, past the gay shop windows, where, under awnings to protect them from the damaging glare of the sun, all sorts of "dry goods" and milliners' wares were displayed, to tempt the eyes of the farmers' wives and daughters on this market-day; past the market, crowded with rows of patiently waiting "teams" and waggons, on which were seated the farmers' thrifty wives busily engaged in selling their eggs and butter and other commodities to chaffering customers, each apparently trying to win the palm of "sharpness" from the other. Then, as they came to a rather less noisy region, they passed several professional doors, legal, photographic, dental, among which Alan noticed—as one always does notice anything unpleasant—the name, in large characters, of "Richard Sharpley, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law." Turning down a little side street that led to the river, they stopped at a small house partly shaded by trees, from the end of which projected a diminutive out-building on whose door Alan read the name of "Philip Dunbar, Barrister, &c."

Mr. McAlpine entered the outer door, which stood open, and his knock at the half-open inner one was responded to by a "come in," from a pleasant voice whose cultivated but slightly peculiar intonation Alan at once distinguished as not altogether Canadian. It was a neat quiet-looking little office which they entered, looking as cool as an office could look on a hot July day. There was the usual display of red and yellow-backed law books, "statutes," &c., the usual paraphernalia of writing arrangements, letter scales, tin boxes, &c., and conspicuous on the high desk, the usual little Bible, tied across with red tape, placed conveniently for the taking of affidavits. Alan involuntarily wondered—and with his recent experience of legal integrity it was natural enough—whether the Bible was so bound up to prevent its pages opening at inconvenient places. But Philip Dunbar, at least, was one who did not need to fear the denunciations of righteous wrath upon those who "oppress the poor and needy," and "destroy the poor with lying words." The cause of the oppressed against the oppressor was the one which, of all others, he was most willing to take up, however small might be the prospect of remuneration, while no fee was large enough to bribe him to engage in any proceedings which involved what he considered an injustice. Many a scheme for the unjust advantage of the strong over the weak, his decision and wary coolness had quietly baffled; and keeping to the rigid determination with which he had commenced professional life, he had never permitted his services to be retained in any case which his own conscientious convictions ranked as even doubtful. And when "the glorious uncertainties of the law" turned the scale against some poor client whose cause he believed a just one, Mr. Dunbar's bill of costs was generally largely cut down from its legitimate proportions, or, in some cases, entirely cancelled, when he knew that the circumstances involved hardship and suffering enough without the additional burden of a heavy lawyer's bill. Moreover, he always

declined to be a party to the practice—common in Carrington—of lending money at ruinously usurious rates of interest; unlike some of his *confrères*, who made large profits by fleecing needy borrowers, while the lenders received no more than ordinary interest. Any spare money that Mr. Dunbar had of his own was usually lent out at a very modest per centage to honest struggling people, whose circumstances he knew, anxious to get up a much needed house, or complete the purchase of a little bit of land, or get out of a menacing "difficulty." For which combined reasons Philip Dunbar, though in obscure quarters he was the recipient of a good deal of unobtrusive gratitude, was looked upon by some of his "sharper" contemporaries as "a Utopian and unpractical sort of fellow;" and although an able and acute lawyer, was not yet, nor was he at present likely to become, a rich man.

Alan, in spite of his very natural prejudice against lawyers, could not help being favourably impressed with the quiet courteous greeting of his new acquaintance, a man apparently in the early prime of life; and as he scrutinized the thin, clearly-cut features, the deep-set, penetrating eyes, carrying, with all their keenness, an expression of quiet reflectiveness, and the pale, broad, intellectual forehead, with the wavy brown hair somewhat carelessly tossed aside from it, he had an instinctive consciousness, despite a slightly cynical look in the eyes, and a suspicion of sarcasm lurking about the corners of the mouth, that this was a man who could be trusted and not be found wanting.

Mr. Dunbar provided seats for his visitors, and stood with folded arms half leaning against the high desk.

"Well, Mr. McAlpine," he said, smiling, "can I do anything for you to-day?"

"No, it's not my own affair I've come about," said Sandy, as a prudential disclaimer—"It's just a little bit of trouble this lad's in; his mother and me's cousins; and I brought him along here to see if you could give us a bit of advice as to what's best to be done." And then Sandy resorted to his snuff-box, to refresh himself after his walk.

Mr. Dunbar with unobtrusive kindness soon drew from Alan, by a few judicious questions, all the particulars of the case, and gravely considered the matter for a few minutes.

"It's quite possible," said he, "that there is some rascality in the matter. I'm afraid both Sharpley and Leggatt are equal to such. They, no doubt, wanted to get possession of the property, and have been laying their plans accordingly. But, at the same time, it is very improbable that they would have ventured so far as they have, if they had not the letter of the law on their side. There's many an iniquity perpetrated, unfortunately, under that same 'letter of the law.' So it's very doubtful, indeed very improbable, I should say, that there's any loophole left to get out at; Sharpley's up to the business of making it all safe. But, if you like, I'll see him about it and examine the mortgage, and find out if there is any reasonable prospect of resisting these very harsh proceedings."

Alan thanked him, and Mr. McAlpine added an enquiry whether he knew of any one likely to be willing to advance another loan.

"No, I do not," he replied. "All the money in my hands for investment is taken up already. People here are wanting so much, all the time; and the Arnolds have been offering 12 per cent. for a loan, to put up a new saw-mill. I don't approve of these high rates of interest, for I think they are disastrous for all parties, but you see money's scarce about here just now."

This was no news to Mr. McAlpine, who had but lately lent out a pretty large sum at 14 per cent.

"One thing more," Mr. Dunbar added, turning to Alan. "It isn't my business, of course, but you will excuse the liberty. Is it well, do you think, even if you could get

a new loan—to go on with this borrowing system? I've never seen it, almost never at least, lead to anything except ruin in the end—all the worse because the evil day has been staved off so long. Has your father any reasonable hope of working his way out of these difficulties? And if not, isn't it just like a great snowball, growing bigger every year? Hard as the remedy is, wouldn't it be better to have the worst over, and be through with it?"

Alan was rather taken aback by this view of the question, which had not occurred to him. All his thoughts and energies had been concentrated on the averting of the impending crisis of ruin and disaster, and he had only thought in the vaguest manner, with the untried hopefulness of youth, of what lay beyond.

"Ay," said Sandy, feeling relieved by this suggestion," it might just be the very best thing for you, after all! Your father, poor man, is not so able as he was, and it would be a great load on you, Allan, just beginning the world, to have this debt to work off. You're a young fellow, you see, with the world before you, and it's my belief it's the best thing you could do just to throw up the sponge, and let the thing go, and begin again with a clean score."

It was a bitter pill to Alan, whose unsophisticated Highland nature shrank from the humiliation of having to "give up" in anything, and to whom, in his inexperience, being "sold out," seemed at once a terrible evil and a great disgrace. However, he thanked Mr. Dunbar for his good advice, and the two took their leave—Mr. Dunbar promising to write to Alan himself, as soon as he had made the intended examination; and, in any case, to do all he could to protect their interests.

"Now, you'll just come in and rest awhile, and then you'll go home for a bit of dinner with me," said Mr. McAlpine, as they returned towards his shop.

Alan thanked him, but observing that he had still several commissions to execute for home, they separated, Alan promising to rejoin his relative at noon.

He was walking along in an absorbed and dejected mood, taking very little note of anything or any one that passed, when he observed, fronting him, drawn up by the sidewalk, a low pony-carriage, in front of which stood a black pony with a white face, which struck him with a vague sense of familiarity. He was wondering of what it reminded him, when a voice which seemed to him the sweetest he had ever heard, said, with a peculiarly musical intonation, "Yes, you may go, Pauline, only don't be long, for Puck doesn't like standing."

And a graceful, fairy-looking girl of some eleven or twelve, whose long, light bronze tresses hung quite to her waist, bounded away from the side of the carriage into a confectioner's shop close by. Two young ladies remained sitting in the carriage, one a pretty blonde, with a doll-like face of no very decided character; the other, one hardly thought whether *she* were pretty or not, so interesting were the large, dreamy, wistful eyes, whose tender, half sad expression seemed the distinguishing characteristic of a face, delicate in feature and transparent in complexion, the latter seeming paler and more transparent by contrast with the rippling dark hair that was drawn back from it under the simple straw hat.

Just as the little girl bounded away, the reins, which the fair driver had been holding somewhat carelessly, somehow slipped from her grasp, down among the horse's feet, and the animal, feeling his freedom, made a dart forward. It was the work of a moment for Alan to stop him, gather up the reins, and hand them back to the young lady, who bent forward to take them. As she did so, his eye was first caught by a gleam of fair hair and blue draperies on the side next him, and then rested for a moment on the face of the other, with a strange, vague sense of recognition, as he encountered the eyes which

had gleamed out upon him through the storm. They evidently did not recognise him, however, and hardly waiting to bow a hasty acknowledgment of her courteously uttered thanks, Alan hurried on, colouring a little with vexation at himself for what he thought the somewhat prolonged stare he had given, in his surprised endeavour to recall where he had seen her before.

The rays of the sun were glaring hotly down on the dry, dusty street, as Alan, in company with his entertainer, made his way to the abode of Mr. McAlpine, and, notwithstanding the inconvenience of groping his way through a dark room, at the imminent risk of upsetting chairs and tables, he was not sorry to find himself in his cousin's parlour, from which every ray of light that it was possible to shut out had been excluded. Sandy, after having long remained a bachelor, had lately taken to himself a wife, young, at least in comparison with himself, though her female friends were malicious enough to insinuate that she had taken Mr. McAlpine only because, having waited a good time already, he seemed the most eligible *parti* likely to fall in her way. Alan, who now saw her for the first time, privately thought that his cousin had contented himself with a very moderate allowance of beauty, but it was not so much the lack of complexion and good features, nor the somewhat *outré* profusion of short sandy curls, that repelled him, as the hard selfish expression that lurked about the shrewd, black eyes, betokening a disposition in every respect to be a helpmeet for Sandy in his schemes of self-aggrandisement. However, Alan had no reason to complain of his reception, for Mrs. McAlpine was always pleased when any of her husband's country friends came in to be impressed with the splendour of her newly furnished house, and particularly of the little drawing room, with its gorgeously patterned carpet, its rep and walnut, and its new piano.

After all the family news had been discussed, Mr. McAlpine reverted to the subject of Philip Dunbar. "He's a man that knows his business thoroughly," said he, "none of your surface-lawyers that get along on a smattering of education and law, plenty of brass and a good gift of the gab;—like some you and I could name. He's had a first class education, too;—his father, who was a doctor hereabout, sent him to Edinburgh University, where he got his Greek and Latin."

"That accounts for his accent, then," said Alan. "I hardly thought, at first, that he was a Canadian."

"Ay, is he! and a thorough one too; Some day or other, I expect to see him go into politics. But he was a good while in the old country, and good use he's made of it. Why, he can discuss *home* politics with me just as well as Canadian ones, and that's what very few of them can do. Better for them if they knew a little more about them. But though Dunbar's such a clever scholar, and a good lawyer into the bargain, that chap Sharpley is beating him out and out, as to practice."

"How's that?" said Alan; "I shouldn't think there was the least comparison between them."

"Nor I either! But you see, Sharpley's the man to bolster up a bad case, and he's a capital hand to bully a witness and tickle a jury, and so he'll often get a verdict where Dunbar wouldn't; and then Dunbar won't take slippery cases at all, and a good many of the paying cases about here have been slippery, on the side that could give big fees, at least. However, I don't think Dunbar cares much. He's got nobody to look after but himself, and he's fond of his books, and just likes to go on quietly, thinking a good deal more than he says."

"Then he isn't married?" said Alan, who felt somewhat interested in his new friend.

"No, he's never done such a foolish thing yet!" replied Sandy, with a sly glance at his wife. "He had a mother and sister

living with him when he first settled here; but the mother died, and the sister didn't marry to suit him, and she's gone from these parts long ago; so he seems all alone in the world. They say half the young ladies of Carrington's been setting their caps at him, to say nothing of the mammas. And sometimes I've heard say he was to be married to this one, and sometimes to that one, but, however it is, none of them have got him yet, or are likely to, so far as I know. They say it'll be because he has no great opinion of the female *sect*," said Sandy, waggishly; "but, however that may be, he's got plenty of time yet, as I tell him, and he may wait as long as I did, and fare none the worse! Eh! Matilda!"

The last words were accompanied by a look of proud proprietorship towards his wife, duly acknowledged by a self-satisfied smile, and a deprecating "Don't be so silly," to which Mr. McAlpine replied only by another smile of great satisfaction.

"By the way, Alan," he said, "they're talking of getting a branch railway carried out your way. That would be a fine thing for Radnor—wouldn't it?"

"I don't think anything's been heard about it there," replied Alan.

"Oh, well, I don't suppose there's much done about it *yet*, but it's altogether likely it'll be managed some time. The Arnolds are keen about it, for it'll be the very thing they want, with that new saw-mill they're going to put up, some miles above Mapleford. And I suppose Mr. Langley'll get them a grant from Parliament to help. But my time's up, so I must go; and, Matilda, try and get rid of some of those flies by tea time."

"That's easily done," she replied, "when you're out of the house, but the moment you come in, you go opening all the blinds, and letting the light in!"

"There's the way we get lectured when we get married, Alan!" said he, jocularly; and, Alan having bade farewell to Mrs. McAlpine, the two left the house together.

CHAPTER VI.

FACING THE WORST.

"For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear."

OUT of regard for the comfort both of "Beauty" and himself, Alan remained in Carrington until the intense heat of the day was over. It was between four and five when he rode out of the little hotel, the street in front of which was crowded with country "teams," just starting, loaded with farmers' families and their town purchases, and country stages setting out, with their unfortunate passengers crammed in among their packages and baskets, behind the leathern curtains, which were half let down to keep out the heat and dust, and half drawn up to let in the air. Alan congratulated himself that he was not obliged to take passage in it, although the sun's rays still shone down pretty hotly on his head, protected though it was by a strong straw hat, with several folds of linen inside, put there by his loving mother's hands.

He rode slowly past the outskirts of the town, and soon emerged upon the peaceful country, among newly-cut hay meadows and waving fields of green wheat, just beginning to wear a yellow tinge, and plantations of Indian corn nodding their graceful, airy plumes in a light breeze, and homesteads with embowering orchards and heavy bits of woodland breaking the monotony; with the ever-present blue line of pine-woods skirting the horizon, and the silver band of the river winding sometimes near the road, sometimes far away in the distance.

As he plodded on his somewhat long and weary way, now urging his steed to a smart trot, and now passing, at a slower pace, beneath an occasional bit of grateful shade, Alan's thoughts reverted to the tangle of affairs which he had not advanced, as yet, a step towards unravelling, and to Mr. Dun-

bar's counsel. He felt—though he strove against feeling—its wisdom. He well knew by the depressing influence it had exercised on his own boyhood; by the constant pressure for money there had always been in the household; by the discouraged, helpless air which constant embarrassment had given to his father, despite his sanguine temperament; and by his mother's always anxious and prematurely furrowed countenance, what a dead weight this debt had always been, crushing their energies and impeding their progress. For years his father had been striving to free himself from it, and as years passed he was only sinking deeper and deeper into the slough of despond. And how could Alan hope to make much more headway, with all his young energy and determination—in the task of clearing off these long-standing debts—to say nothing of the more personal projects he had been cherishing—how Utopian, he smiled bitterly to think! Though the thought of Lottie was always latently present in his mind; yet, owing to the excitement of the day, she had scarcely been consciously in his thoughts except when he passed the photographer's, where she had promised to have her photograph taken soon, and when he had stopped to buy her a pretty neck-ribbon that he saw in a draper's window. But now he realized, for the first time, the darkness of the prospect; how long it would be before he could provide such a home and maintenance for Lottie as the miller would require before he would let her go, or before he himself would feel justified in taking her away from her comfortable home. He wondered how, only the other day, he had been building such confident hopes on such a shadowy foundation, and how it was that the miller had made no opposition to his suit. But—

"What cannot be, Love counts it done,"

And Alan was not the first who has found the calculation somewhat premature. And the miller rightly considered Alan a steady, energetic young man, with every chance of doing well, and superior to most of the young men in Radnor; while the extent of Mr. Campbell's liabilities was known to none in the neighbourhood, unless it might be to the perfidious Hollingsby.

But now it would all be known of course, and how would the knowledge affect the worldly-wise miller? And Lottie, how would she bear the test—the "hope deferred,"—the weary waiting of a long engagement? Alan's heart shrank from the question, for with all his affection for Lottie he had never been able to feel absolute confidence either in her love or her constancy. So, with an effort, he turned his thoughts again to the household at home, more immediately affected by the present trouble.

Would it not be better, he thought, terrible as the impending wrench would be, of parting with home, and farm, and all other possessions—to have the worst over, and breathe freely once more, with perhaps a little left with which to make a new beginning? Suppose a new loan could be effected at once, and the foreclosure prevented, what would it be but going on again with the old anxious life of pinching and pressure—the constant recurrence of the day when the high interest should be paid, with the harassment of seeking the wherewithal to pay it—and with the payment of the principal seeming as far off as ever? He knew the land might be worked so as to give a better yield. The implied slight of Hollingsby upon his farming had wounded him as keenly as anything that had been said between him and Sharpley on that evening, for he felt he had not had fair play. He knew of various things in the way of improving the land, that might be done with a little expenditure of money; but the money was just the thing that was wanting, and it would never do to borrow more, and add to the already heavy debt, for the sake of even a probable increase of profits.

So Alan felt that the way was closed;

that there was no hope of averting the blow; and he knew that his mother, deeply as she would feel it, would recognise the necessity at once. Of its effect on hisfather he felt painfully afraid.

A few miles out of Carrington Alan met the Radnor stage, ensconced in which, as it passed, he discerned Mr. Sharpley, in a grey linen travelling coat, and seemingly quite engrossed in talking to a girl on the seat beside him. He looked up just in time to give Alan a nod as he passed, a nod in which Alan fancied there lurked an expression of exultant, malicious satisfaction. Alan eagerly glanced past him at the girl he was talking to, whose face was almost hidden by her broad straw hat. For a moment he half fancied, with ready incipient jealousy, that it might be Lottie; and the next moment smiled at himself for such an improbable supposition. As for Mr. Sharpley, he generally managed, wherever he went, to amuse himself for the time with such female society as fate provided for him.

Well! the fellow was gone! At least that was one comfort. He felt as if he could breathe more freely now; but he felt, also, how thoroughly he hated him. What a satisfaction it would be, he thought, as he clenched his teeth involuntarily, if they two could stand alone in a Highland pass, and have it out with good Highland blades, like Fitz James and Roderick Dhu in that contest which had often kindled his boyish imagination. But then, one thing would be lacking—

> "The stern joy that warriors feel
> In foemen *worthy of their steel*;"

For his hatred was largely mixed with contempt. It would be a comfort at least, he thought, to give the fellow a good "licking," such as he had occasionally, to his mother's great distress, given, in a fit of boyish passion, to a school-fellow in a boyish feud. And then his anger was over and done with. And, possibly, such violent though unconstitutional methods of rough-handed justice—undesirable as they are—are less fatal, after all, to peace of mind and nobility of character, than the subtle, secretly nourished spirit of hatred, which silently corrodes and saps the foundations of good. And all hatred is, ultimately, murder—in desire at least—of happiness and prosperity, if not of the physical life.

And Dick Sharpley! Did he experience no unpleasant pricking of remorse as his quick eye noted the grave, depressed look of the young man, so near his own age, whose family, for his own ends, he was doing his best to ruin? Perhaps he did, in the bottom of his shallow, selfish heart, for he was young and not quite callous yet, and our guardian spirits often strive long with us, if one may use the metaphor for the strife between good and evil that goes on so long in the human heart, before either gains the mastery. But with such as he, such transient feelings of remorse seldom come to the surface sufficiently to affect the actions, so long, at least, as their schemes go on prosperously. In the present instance Sharpley's transient fit of misgiving was driven away by the sight of Alan's handsome chestnut mare. That would be for sale by and by, along with all the rest—and who knew but it might be got cheap! And he considered whether his projects would, as yet, permit him the extravagance of keeping a horse. Hardly yet, prudence decided; by and by he should have not one but two, and various other splendours that at present floated in shadowy glory before his fancy. But for the present it must all wait till the fabric rested on more secure foundations.

Alan did not stop at the Dunn's Corners tavern on his way home, feeling in no humour to meet the questions and remarks of the loquacious landlord. But, instead, he made a slight *détour* to reach the river at a convenient spot, where he might let his thirsty beast wade into the stream and drink as much as she liked, while he himself could have a bathe, which would be very

refreshing after the heat and dust of his journey. Besides, it would delay a little his arrival at home, which he was beginning to dread intensely.

He took a winding horse-path familiar to him, which led through a belt of wood down to the margin of the stream, at a place where a little promontory, almost an island, divided the river for a space, into two branches,—a spot known as the "Fork." The little promontory was a tangle of rocks and brushwood, a place which, for its contiguity to the school-house, had been a favorite play-ground with himself and his comrades; where they had played at fortifications and conducted sieges, and where the dramatic combat of the Saxon and the Gael had been, once at least, impersonated, —with certain differences.

As he approached the place, usually so solitary, various signs recalled to his recollection what Ben had said about the encampment of his kindred there; and soon, under the shelter of the rocks on the little promontory, he espied it. It was not the picturesque birchen wigwam, which the march of civilization has now banished from most parts of Canada, and is to be found chiefly in Kreighoff's paintings. The most prominent objects were a sort of half tent, rudely put up, formed of a dirty piece of canvas—probably an old sail—a rough hammock slung to two trees, in which two children were reposing, and various parti-coloured quilts and garments scattered here and there; with the cooking arrangements —the pile of stones and suspended kettle— in the foreground. A little farther back, against a projecting rock, a rather more picturesque wigwam had been erected, of stout poles and branches interwoven, leaning against the rock, and thatched with fragrant pine boughs. Beside the smouldering fire sat an elderly, wrinkled squaw, in her blanket and black petticoat,—warm as it was— watching the preparation simmering in a black pot; near her were two younger and better looking women, rather lighter in complexion, similarly attired and busily engaged in preparing long, thin strips of wood, white and coloured, and ingeniously weaving them into baskets. One of them had her papoose strapped to her back in its wooden framework, but the infant seemed to give her no trouble, lying vertically, with wide open black eyes and true Indian composure, staring gravely at the overhanging branches of the hickory that shaded the spot.

Just as Alan reached the shore, a birch bark canoe glided round the point of the promontory, making a picturesque break in the glassy water, which had already caught a golden gleam from the sunset, and reflected, as if in a mirror, the branches that bent over its breast. The canoe, whose yellow outline contrasted sharply with the deep green of the shadowed water into which it glided, and left a wake of quivering broken reflections behind it, was swiftly paddled by a figure which Alan presently recognised as Ben, and who was accompanied by another Indian, lazily recumbent in the bottom of the canoe, holding a trolling line.

In a moment Ben's quick eye had caught sight of Alan, and the canoe shot swiftly across to where he stood, with an Indian shout of greeting.

"So you're fishing down here, Ben," said Alan.

"No; paddling for Indian to fish," replied Ben gravely, and pointing to a pretty large pile of fish in the bottom of the canoe. Then, as if struck by a sudden idea, he exclaimed,—

"Come, see Granny; she'll be glad."

Alan assented, and, tying his horse to a tree, was soon paddled across, as the most convenient mode of gaining access to the spot which, with Indian love of secluded places, had been selected for the encampment. In the pine-thatched wigwam he found old "Granny" reposing on a few old blankets, her black eyes gleaming wistfully up at him from the withered and emaciated

brown face. She seemed very weak, and spoke with difficulty, but looked pleased to see Alan, with whom she had occasionally held friendly communication on former visits to the neighbourhood. In a few broken words, and in broken English, she tried to convey her thanks for his familiar kindness to Ben. Then, extending her skinny hand to a bundle lying near, she, with some difficulty, took out of it a pair of moccasins and a birch-bark card case, beautifully embroidered, the one in beadwork and the other in dyed porcupine quills, and placed them in his hands. Alan looked puzzled; the moccasins were quite too small for any masculine foot, and what was *he* to do with the card-case?

"Keep—for white squaw"—said the old woman, feebly, with as near an approach to a smile as Indians ever indulge in, and added, "Always look after Ben."

Alan readily promised, and then, promising that his mother should come down to see her soon, and bring her some of the little comforts she knew so well how to prepare for sick people, he thanked her for the gifts, promised to apply them as she wished, and, with a smile and a nod to the other women, one of whom insisted on presenting him with a small basket, he was paddled back by Ben, and, mounting again, proceeded to seek a more convenient place for his bath.

Somehow the little incident, diverting his thoughts into a pleasanter channel, made his heart feel much lighter. The gift for the "white squaw," too, seemed a good omen, and Alan was a trifle superstitious.

But at last, the last turning was reached, and home lay full in sight, in the soft dusky twilight—the moon just rising behind the old pear-tree at the end of the house, the fire-flies glancing in and out of the shadowy copse that skirted the little stream behind it, and, plainly discernible to his practised sight, the familiar figures in the porch watching for his return.

Alan never knew how he told them the evil tidings. Perhaps his face told them beforehand. Perhaps the shadows which coming events cast before them had already weighed down their hearts with a sense of inevitable calamity; but they hardly seemed surprised. His mother heard it in silence, and closed her eyes and clasped her hands as Alan had seen her do before when troubles came. His father—sober now, poor man—sat awhile in moody quietude, and then, rising, began to pace the floor, muttering weak and incoherent reproaches against Leggatt, Hollingsby, and his own hard fate.

(To be continued.)

CANADIAN POETRY.

WE seek a song for Canada! Would fain
Mingle the ivy with the simple wreath
Of forest-leaves that wither fast beneath
The chill autumnal blast. Not wholly vain
Is our aspiring, for the grand refrain
Of nature's music in the woods and streams,
Stirs in the heart and echoes thro' the strain
Of native bards; to whom, as well beseems,
Be grateful honour paid! Friends, do ye long
For deeper utt'rance? Then give fitting themes
In your more earnest thought and worthier deed!
So ev'rywhere the sunny fields along
That ye have scattered with this gen'rous seed,
Shall bloom the sweet, unfading flower of Song!

G. G.

ICE-CUTTING ON LAKE HURON.

BY MORGAN COLDWELL.

THE ice crop of 1874 having failed in the United States, a number of Americans in the business turned their attention to Canada, and at the invitation of one of them—a particular friend of mine—I went to see the operation of cutting and stacking ice. It was in the afternoon of a Monday in the beginning of April that we started—Mr. Le Stair and I. The place we were bound for was a distant point on Lake Huron. The place we started from was near Saugeen, on the shores of that Lake. Our conveyance was—a cutter, you say: no, it was a buggy, drawn by two grey horses. Mud was on the earth beneath; sunshine in the heavens above.

It was the worst ride I had had for an age.

"We'll soon be over this bit," says Le Stair, as we bounded over a corduroy road, he driving and smoking, and the other passenger smoking and abusing the roads, the buggy making mad attempts to get off its springs, and the horses doing incipient somersaults front and back without intermission. We did get over that "bit," but not soon. Then we got into the mud, and had a comparatively peaceful time of it for a long spell. We got over this "bit" very well. Sometimes one wheel went up suddenly into the air, and I dashed sideways against Le Stair; and sometimes the other wheel went up, and Le Stair precipitated his left shoulder upon me. We did not converse much on this "bit." Several times my fellow-traveller began to say something, evidently about the damage the buggy was sustaining, but he never got beyond the first syllable of the first word of the sentence, and then he sunk into wrathful silence and played with the whip.

"It's a lucky thing we brought the buggy," he remarked, as a new idea struck him, when we were three hours and a half on the road, and fifteen miles on our way. "A cutter," he continued, "would not have done at all."

I was speechless with conviction.

"We must get a cutter at Stewart's Mills," he went on, "and then we'll make for the Lake and get along splendidly."

We made Stewart's in five hours, and on looking at the horses and his watch, he said, "We have not done so badly after all."

It was not so good, however; for here we got nothing to eat ourselves, and only a wisp of hay for the horses.

"Now," says Le Stair, as we left Stewart's an hour later, packed into the cutter, "we'll get along nicely, once we get to the Lake." He did not say how we should get on before we reached the Lake; but I soon found out.

The road we had to travel was simply no road. Now we were wending our way over a ploughed field, and again we were doing the same thing in the bush. We jolted against a log on the right, and turned sharp round and brought up against a stump on the left; we fled headlong into ravines and toiled up hills. We—that is Le Stair—performed innumerable skilful feats in driving; but success elated him. He tried to "cushion" off the side of a steep hill, and we went over. As an upset it was successful, especially as it was done on the off side, and I fell upon Le Stair.

"First adventure," said he, as we righted the cutter and replaced the robes.

"Yes," I replied; "and it was thoughtful to let it come off in day-light. It will be dark in less than an hour."

"Don't mind," said he. "We'll be on the Lake in five minutes." It was twenty-five, however.

Once in view of the Lake, Le Stair grew reckless. He encouraged the greys with voice and whip, and we bowled on to its frozen waters just in time to admire the setting sun. It was a glorious sight. Along the shore ran a belt of ice-hills, dazzling white, formed into a thousand fantastic shapes by the furious Nor-westers of Huron. A huge bank of black clouds was piled up at the horizon, making a striking background for the sparkling ice-hills. Behind the black clouds the sun had just gone down—a magnificent halo of brightest gold marking the spot, while every cloud in the western heavens glowed with a fiery fringe.

"This is what I call enjoying life," says Le Stair, in a burst of admiration. "Look at these matchless colours!—what beauty, brilliancy, delicacy, harmony! Talk to me of the painter's art! What in art can compare with nature?"

"A cigar, old fellow," I replied, producing one, and not knowing at the moment anything better to suggest.

He took; he lit; he smoked it.

We both gave way to the enthusiasm of the moment. The horses were left to find their way by sight or instinct. We lay back and gazed in delight, whiffing the light blue clouds of the fragrant weed, and indicating each charming change in the scene by a nod, a sign, or a monosyllable, until the heavenly fires grew dim, and darkness descended upon the face of the deep.

On we went, and down came the night, black and blacker, and cold and colder. We moralized that it would have been better if we had started earlier; that it was a pity there was no half-way house, or any house, or any living thing to meet with on the Lake between us and our destination, and then we remained silent for miles.

"Can you see the track at your side?" said Le Stair.

I gazed through the darkness on my side, and not seeing any track, reported my disappointment..

"We've lost it," he remarked.

"Best let the horses find it," I suggested and with slackened rein and drooping heads the greys were left to their own devices. After wandering half an hour whither they listed, they did find the road. Again we made a little spurt, and after a couple of hours driving found ourselves among what are called the "Fishing Islands," a group of many uninhabited islands, large and small, that stud Lake Huron west of the Bruce peninsula. Here we again lost our way, and this time completely. In the darkness we had gone west instead of east of one of the islands, and, as if apprehensive of danger, the horses attempted to turn back. To turn back, however, was infinitely worse than to go on, for it was now pitch dark, and late, and it was much farther to return than to go ahead. Le Stair persisted that he could find a way out of our difficulties by proceeding, and on we went, slowly and painfully. As a preventive against melancholy we discussed the thickness of the ice. It was giving forth some of those collapsing, sobbing sounds, startling in daylight, frightful at night. We had got upon new ice, weakened by currents flowing between the islands. "Just think of it," says Le Stair, "Two thousand pounds is no joke on rotten ice; and twenty feet to the bottom!"

I did think of it, and, rashly perhaps, advised speed. Again the greys were put to it. They broke into a trot, and one of them broke through the ice almost simultaneously. A crash, a short mad struggle, the off horse tearing himself almost out of the harness, the nigh horse making frantic efforts to get on the strong ice. A series of yells and

vociferations, a lash of the whip, a bound forward, and we came out of the peril, pale and panting, and with an indescribable feeling of relief.

"I'll walk ahead and see if there are any more holes in the ice," said Le Stair, hastily disengaging himself from the cutter and handing me the lines, and off he started into the darkness at a brisk pace, whilst I followed with the team, and reflected on the coldness of the night and the coolness of some people.

After a long walk, Le Stair waited for me and got into the cutter again, preferring the risk of being drowned to the certainty of being fatigued. He confessed to some misgivings that troubled him. He did not know where he was—he did not know exactly where he was going to. It was an island in the Lake, but it was so dark that unless we ran over it we could not see it, or distinguish it from the surrounding group. "It is not this, however, that bothers me most," he said: "it is that confounded bridge."

"What confounded bridge?" I asked, with aroused 'curiosity. "Bridges in the middle of Lake Huron are the last things I should expect to bother any one."

"The fact is," he said, "there is an opening in the ice formed by the currents flowing between the islands. It lies between us and our destination. It is many miles in length and some twenty feet in width. It has beeen bridged over by our men with planks on the track leading to Main Station Island—the island we are bound for, and if we miss the bridge we shall drive into the water, and be drowned. Now," he exclaimed, with returning animation, "you know the worst of it. So keep a sharp lookout for that track, for the track leads to the bridge."

We strained our eyes peering into the darkness, until they ached again, but there was nothing to see. We drove in this way for an hour, when a black streak suddenly loomed up, dimly discernible across our path, a hundred feet ahead of us. "What is that?" "Who-a-h! By George that is the water."

We pulled up like a flash, and once more Le Stair got out and left me with the horses, while he went coasting along the chasm on foot to find the bridge. As luck would have it, he found it after a long walk, and we paused to hold a consultation, he near the brink of the water, alone; I a couple of hundred yards in the rear with the greys.

"Now," said he, "can you see me?"

"No."

"Drive on a little. There now, look sharp. I'm at the bridge. Follow in my tracks, and be sure you keep straight, or else you'll get into the Lake."

"Had you not better come back and drive over?"

"No! Follow me quick."

Le Stair started on at a run. There was a splash, a skip, and a jump, and an "all right, I'm over! come ahead." With a kind of desperation I prepared to follow with the horses.

"Keep straight for me," he sung out of the darkness. Throwing back the robes so that I could spring out in an instant, and tightly grasping whip and reins, I put the greys to it in the direction of the voice. "Get along." Crack went the whip, and on they went. "Gee-gee! to the right. For me, for heaven's sake!" yelled Le Stair, as the brutes, scared at the water and the yielding of the ice, began to haw, and crowd, and shy to certain destruction. A few vigorous lashes —a spring as if they were clearing a double ditch—a splash and dash across the loose planks, and over we went, safe and sound.

Now that we were over the bridge and on the track, we trotted along, if not merrily, at least with a load off our minds. In and out, in the darkness, among the islands. Rounding a large one, a gleam of light in the distance—scarcely time to say "look!" and utter darkness again! Another turn.

"There it is again!" All right this time. It shines out with a bright, friendly blaze. It comes from the window of one of the shanties on Main Station Island, where our men are. I call them "our" men, having come so far and gone through so much to see them stacking ice. Fifteen minutes more, and we pulled up under the window, and made the island ring with "Hollo! will some of you come and take these horses!" "Frank! Louis! Bob!" Half a dozen came, and we stumbled out of the cutter, shouldering each a buffalo robe—our blankets that were to be—and, tired and hungry as tired and hungry could be, we handed over the cattle, went into the shanty, and after doing ample justice to a welcome meal, turned into bed and slept the sleep of the weary.

It seemed no time when I was awakened by the uproar attendant upon the natives turning out. I peeped through the planks of my shanty and saw a streak of daylight. The crows began to caw vociferously all over the island. It seemed to me that at least fifty of them were performing a matinée on the roof, just a foot over my head. As I had not travelled so far merely to enjoy the pleasure of sleeping in a shanty, I was soon on the floor, performing an elaborate toilet. We sallied out. It was a glorious morning. A few fleecy clouds flecked the firmament. As he rose above the tree tops the sun poured down his rich, ruddy, gladsome rays, enlivening man, and beast, and bird. The lake sparkled as if sown with diamonds. But the gentle reader does not care about these things, or the breakfast we had, or anything, in fact, but the cutting of ice and the piling it into huge stacks as high as a house, and as long and broad as a good size block of buildings.

The force employed in cutting and stacking ice numbered over forty men and six horses. The operation is as follows:—First a spot is chosen on the lake, where the deepest water is nearest the shore. The locality is selected for two reasons: the ice is thicker and purer the deeper the water, and the deeper the water the easier for a vessel to come alongside the Island, and load from the ice stack. A space of say a square acre or two of ice is then scraped as bare as possible of the surface snow. This is done by means of common wooden scrapers. Two ice ploughs, each drawn by one horse, are then set to work to cut the ice into blocks about two feet square. An ice plough is not like an earth or a snow plough. It is more like a saw. Its action, however, is not up and down like a carpenter's engine, but along the plane of the ice field like an ordinary plough working on a meadow—hence it is called an ice plough. It is composed of a blade of steel a quarter of an inch thick, six feet in length, and from nine inches to one foot in depth—according to the thickness of the ice to be cut. It has only six or seven teeth, but they are very large and strong, and in shape each one is like the stem of one of those ironclads called rams—the six or seven immense teeth looking like a fleet of those rams sailing close behind one another. The blade is fixed into an iron bracket, which gives it all the solidity and fixity it requires when in use. At the front of the plough is an iron ring, to which is attached the chain by which it is drawn by the horse. At the back are a pair of handles—the same size and shape as those used in an ordinary plough—by which it is guided; one man guides the plough, and a boy leads the horse so as to insure his walking in a straight line on the level surface of the ice field.

The manner in which so thin a machine is made to work in parallel lines running along the surface of the ice, is simple. From the centre of the plough, where the blade is fixed in the bracket, an iron bar two feet long springs out at right angles; from this depends a small blade two feet in length, the same height as the blade of the plough, and running parallel with it. This small

blade has no teeth and is called the marker, and its use is twofold. It enables the plough to be driven with the requisite steadiness along the ice field, an operation like pushing a saw along the plane of a board, instead of cutting through it; and it secures a uniformity of size for all the blocks cut, for after the first line is cut from end to end across the ice field, the plough is shifted to cut another line, and then the marker is placed in the first line already cut, in the groove of which it runs, keeping the plough cutting exactly parallel to it all the way across the field.

Two ploughs will cut up a square acre of ice eighteen inches thick in a short time. They work as follows: Supposing the sides of this acre to lie north-south-east-west, by way of easy illustration. One plough will be set to work from north to south to cut the ice into parallel lines two feet apart, and the whole length of the acre. The other plough will at the same time be set to work from east to west to cut the ice into parallel lengths, two feet wide, also the whole length of the field. In a short time the acre of ice begins to look like a chequer board—all marked off into squares. It is necessary to state that the ice in no instance is cut through all the way to the water. There is no necessity for that: besides it would be dangerous, if not impossible of execution. The depth to which, say eighteen inch ice is cut would not be more than twelve inches. It is then firm enough to walk over and work upon without showing the least sign of weakness, while at the same time, it is so sufficiently cut through that it can be easily divided into separate lengths and blocks by a few strokes of the ice bar. The ice bar is an iron bar the end of which is broad and sharp. This is struck into the grooves cut by the plough, and a few strong leverage pulls will detach a line of ice twenty feet long by two feet broad. It is also necessary to state that in no case can the ice be cut to the required depth by the first cutting of the plough, which constitutes another difference between ploughing land and ploughing frozen water. When first driven across the ice field the groove made would not be more than an inch deep. Back the plough comes again on the same groove and cuts another inch deeper, and so on across and recross until the required depth is reached, when the next length is attacked. The time occupied in the operation is short, as the horses go through their work at a smart walk.

Stacking ice is a more exciting operation, and it too, is done in quite an easy way. The ice to be cut and stacked is selected, as before stated, at a place where the deepest water is nearest the shore. A level place on the shore opposite the ice that is cut is cleared and levelled off to a space of say one hundred by two hundred feet. The place chosen is as near the water's edge as is compatible with the safety and preservation of the ice when stacked. A skid is then erected, one end of which touches the spot where the ice is to be lifted out of the lake, while the other end reaches to the cleared and levelled place where it is to be stacked upon shore. A skid is composed of two inclined planes: one, about say a hundred yards in length, reaching up from the lake towards the shore to a certain height, say twenty feet, and the other perhaps the same length, reaching down from this height to the stacking ground. The length of the skid depends upon the distance of the ice field from the shore: that used on the present occasion was some six hundred feet. It is constructed as follows: A tressel work of poles somewhat in the shape of a bridge is erected from the stack to some point as near the ice field as possible: the centre is, say twenty feet high, and the breadth six feet. In the middle is a flooring of plank hard and smooth, and two feet and a half wide, with a three inch raised scantling running its entire length on each side. Up this flooring or skid the ice is drawn, the scantling keeping it on the track. Beside the flooring are narrow run-ways with

pieces of wood nailed across them to form stairs, up and down which the men guiding the ice travel when it is being drawn up. The end of the skid touching the ice field is, I must add, carried under the water to a depth of three feet and a length of nine feet, so that the ice blocks are easily floated up to it and on to the skid.

Having now described how the ice is cut, and how the skid is made, I will describe how the ice is lifted and stacked. We will suppose it all cut up into blocks two feet square. The first thing to be done is to cut out a long canal leading from the ice field to the end of the skid where its point is submerged. This canal is as long as is required, and is only three feet in width. Up this narrow passage the blocks are floated until they touch the skid. They are separated by the ice bar as they come up the canal, so that when they reach the skid they are ready to be stacked. The stacking is accomplished by ropes and pullies. At the centre of the skid are two tall poles and two sets of tackle. The rope passing through the top pulley is attached to a large iron hook or clasp which catches with a sure grasp the block of ice intended to be lifted.

A large handle is fixed to the hook by which the blocks are guided when being drawn up. The rope passing through the bottom pulley is yoked to a span of horses. When the hook is fixed on the ice, the word is given, off go the horses, and up comes the ice until it is drawn to the top of the incline reaching from the canal; the hook is then whipped off by the guide who goes up with each load, and down flies the block by its own momentum on the incline leading to the stacking ground. It is there seized by another man who drags it to its place in the stack. To make the description clear, I have spoken as though only one block of ice was lifted at a time. Five blocks were lifted every time while I was present, the hook being placed at the back of the fifth block in the canal, and the whole five coming up the narrow channel, and so on to the skid, and up the skid and down again to the stack —just as easily as one block could be handled. As every block weighed over two hundred pounds, it will be seen that each lift brought up half a ton of ice. And as there were two teams of horses busily at work, one at each side of the skid, hauling up half a ton at a time, it can easily be imagined that ice went up one incline of the skid very rapidly, and came down the other incline very lively, and required a large number of men, and smart men too, to handle it and arrange it in the stack. Four skids, each worked by two teams of horses, are sometimes used in putting up a stack— and then there must be an awful rush; but this is done mostly when an emergency, such as threatened bad ice weather, occurs.

The ice stack that I saw was two hundred feet in length, a hundred feet in depth, and twenty feet in height, composed of solid ice, and contained I was told about five thousand tons. It is easily built. The blocks are placed side by side, in rows, close together, until the space intended for the foundation is covered. Then a second tier is laid upon the first; a third upon the second; and so on until the top is reached. As each tier is laid, the incline of the skid leading to it is raised by means of pulleys, until finally, as the stack grows in height, the incline which at first led to the foundation, becomes part of a long incline leading all the way from the canal to the top of the stack.

The celerity with which the ice is stacked as I have described it, is astonishing. Le Stair and I timed them for a spell of their ordinary mode of working, and saw no less than eight tons lifted out of the water and placed on the stack in five minutes. A ton a minute is slow work. No wonder then that the cutting and stacking of ice as I witnessed it, is an exhilarating sight. Some forty men and six horses were hard at it. Some were driving the ploughs, cutting the ice up into convenient lengths. Others were separating

the lengths into squares by blows from the ice bar. A dozen of men with long poles, tipped with iron spikes, were pushing the floating blocks from the place where they were cut to the canal, and up the canal to the skid. Another dozen men and four horses were unceasingly at work at the skid, hauling the floating ice out of the water on to the skid and up the incline, from the top of which the blocks rushed down with a crash upon the stack, where another dozen men were as busy as bees grasping them with iron ice hooks, and dragging them to their places. It was nothing but strings of ice blocks running up one incline and thundering down the other without intermission, at the rate of over sixty tons an hour.

It is hard work; sometimes it is dangerous. The men that guide the blocks up the incline have been known to be thrown from the top of the skid, which is over twenty feet high, down upon the ice below, by reason of the hook slipping; and, said Louis to me—when in the course of full blast operations, suddenly there were a series of cries and shouts, and a man was seen staggering to his knees while the horses were thrown back on their haunches by the frightened drivers, and there was a crashing of ice in the canal—said he: "We lost a couple of men a few years ago, just in that manner. Hook slipped; man holding it suddenly yanked over the skid, fell on his head, killed. Ice blocks went smashing back amongst the workers—man in the way—broke his leg." Not the least discomfort to be endured in cutting ice, is snow-blindness. This affects all the workmen. In the morning when I saw them there was scarcely a man whose eyes were not greatly inflamed, and one of them had to give up work. To save their eyes the men wear green veils, and amongst the novel sights I saw at Main Station were these great, rough, bearded fellows flitting about with their delicate green silk veils. For myself, however, I soon had reason to admit that such things are useful; for I had not been four or five hours on the ice when the glittering reflection of the sun on the ice and my always looking down watching the work, inflamed my face and eyes so that I could not have stood such a glaring scene unprotected for twelve hours. The shipping of ice from the stack is conducted by means of the skid. Upon the opening of navigation three or four vessels are sent to remove the ice to the nearest railways or markets in the States. The skid is continued out into the lake until water is reached deep enough to enable the ships to come alongside of it. The ice is then conveyed along the skid from the stack to the vessel, where it is packed in sawdust and taken away. Loading ice from the stack is no trouble and requires but few hands. During the interval that elapses between the stacking of the ice and the opening of navigation, the stack is protected from the wasting effects of the weather by being covered either by lumber or by green boughs; the former, I understand, is the dearest mode at first, but in the end it is said to be the cheapest and best.

We returned home very tired, very sunburnt, and very well pleased with our trip to see how our enterprising American friends cut and stack ice, making, I am glad to say, tens of thousands of dollars out of a raw material of which Canada has an unlimited supply—sometimes an unwelcome monopoly—and upon which as a staple we have hitherto placed little or no value, but which if rightly handled would yield a handsome revenue in return for private enterprise.

OUT IN THE SNOW.

WHEN Winter, riding on the blast,
Awakes the cohorts of the snow,
Whose feathered crystals quick deploy,
And hide each trace below;
Then wakes the simoom of the north,
Whose searching pregnant rigour still
Holds treacherous kindness in its touch,
And lulls where it would kill.

What rage and lust of icy sway!
What vengeful tireless force is thine—
Whose pointed javelins of ice
Sweep in unbroken line!
The phalanx of the biting north,
Which, rousing with the tempest's breath,
March in unpitying wild career—
Fraught with a double death.

How sinks the heart and chills the frame
At thought of him—beneath the sun,
Who, trusting to the trait'rous plains,
Met thee and was undone.
How blinded in the wild turmoil—
The eddying press and whirling field,
Assailed by myriad deaths at once,
And never one poor shield.

Hope quailing flies, while instinct springs!
'Tis life—dear life—that's menaced stern;
Amid this blinding trackless waste
No hearth-lit torch may burn.
With inward prayer he presses on;
How melts his heart, how ebbs his will—
Wrung with the doubt that tells despair,
The circle narrowing still.

Ah! vain the struggle, vain the task!
 This victim of a questing shroud—
The raging, fleering, flouting wind
 Rings with his requiem loud.
With stiff'ning hand he oft essays
 To clear his dim and baffled eyes,
To pierce the stinging, varying veil,
 That wraps him as he dies.

Deject at last, his strength all gone,
 Haply unconscious—overcome—
No more he fears the rising drifts,
 Nor that *he* may make one:
Yields to the grateful drowsy spell—
 The unthought antidote of pain,
And drowsing, sinks away to sleep,
 Never to wake again.

Ah! cold, cold couch, at feud with life,
 That strikes so quick this form to stone;
A ridge upon the snow-ridged heath,
 All dreadfully alone!
A banquet for the prowling wolf;
 A something sought to put away;
A something wept for in long nights,
 That comes no more by day!

F. L. HUNT.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

BY FIDELIS.

PERHAPS no subject, certainly no subject connected with education, has excited so much interest and discussion during the past year, as that of the higher education of women. Had this article been intended specially as a review, it might have been prefaced by a list a column long of books, brochures, and articles, which during the past few months have appeared on this subject, on both sides of the Atlantic. Dr. Clarke's much discussed book, "Sex in Education," sounded the key-note of alarm regarding the evils which, in his opinion, an overstrained though magnificent system of female education was producing in the physical condition of American women; but it also called forth replies, more or less convincing, such as "Sex in Education," by Mrs. Howe; "No Sex in Education," by Mrs. Duffey; "Woman's Health and Woman's Education," &c., &c. Then, on the other side of the Atlantic, the subject was taken up in the *Fortnightly Review* by two medical writers of high authority, Dr. Maudsley and Mrs. Garrett Anderson; while a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* ably reviews both, and attempts to show that, after all, neither has contributed much to the solution of the great question: to what precise *practical* results the principles of "Sex in Education" should lead. Mrs. Garrett Anderson certainly makes it manifest that Dr. Maudsley was discharging his lance at a woman of straw, so far as England is concerned, since the promoters of female education there have no desire to ignore the differences that God made when "He created them male and female," or to deny that woman's mental characteristics are so differentiated from those of man, as to make her his *complement*, not his *duplicate;* and moreover, that it is their aim and desire to provide most solicitously for the due physical as well as mental development of English girls, while they carefully guard against the evils of overwork during the critical years of opening life. Moreover, she gives some excellent reasons, not generally taken into account, why, owing to the more temperate and less self-indulgent habits of young women, as a class, and to their often much greater industry and perseverance, the intellectual race between the sexes may in the long run be more equal than is commonly supposed.

Certainly the subject of female education, even if only its reflex influence on the other sex be considered, is second to none in relation to the future development of any country, a fact that is being largely acknowledged now in missionary operations. Fletcher of Saltoun's saying about popular songs might be truthfully altered into something like the following: "If I am allowed to mould the character of the women of a country, I care not who shall mould that of the men." For, setting aside the question whether men of great mental powers do or do not most frequently inherit their intellectual characteristics from their mothers, there is no room for disputing the immense amount of influence, intellectual and moral, that woman exercises over man. From her, in most cases, he receives his first impressions, his first moral and intellectual impulse and direction. As life advances, the influence of the women with whom he comes in contact, most especially, of course, of the wife, is not less potent for good or ill on the maturer life of the man than was that of the mother in moulding the character of the

boy.* Who can doubt that if our Canadian young women, *as a class*, should become truly cultivated, earnest, high-toned, full of the noble ambition to devote life to noble work for noble ends, a very few years would strikingly demonstrate their influence in raising our young men, *as a class*, to a very much higher plane than that which they at present occupy? The question of higher female education, then, which is simply that of the development of woman to the highest possible point of intellectual and moral excellence, is surely well worthy the attention of every thoughtful man and enlightened patriot.

The two great points at present under discussion in regard to female education, seem to be those of "*identical education*" and "*identical co-education*," the latter, of course, implying not only the assimilation of the education of girls to that of boys, but also that the education of the two sexes should be conducted *together*, even in its more advanced stages, thus compelling the girls not only to run the same race with the boys, but to run it in equal lengths. It is against this mode of education, especially, that Dr. Clarke's most urgent warnings are directed. "It is one thing," he says, "to put up a goal a long way off, five or six months, or three or four years distant, and to tell girls and boys, each in their own way, to strive for it; and quite a different thing to put up the same goal, at the same distance, and oblige each sex to run their race for it, side by side on the same road, in daily competition with each other, and with equal expenditure of force at all times. Identical co-education is racing in the latter way." For his deprecation of this system he adduces several strong physiological reasons, his principles being in outline the following: That the more delicately organized and less vigorous physical system of woman, with a brain some five or six ounces lighter than that of man, cannot stand so great a strain, either mental or physical, as that of man, and that consequently the average girl should not be expected to do as much work, either mental or physical, as the average boy.

1. That the special organization of woman marks out for her a special career, as that of man does for him.

2. That overwork of the brain, during the years usually devoted to higher education, diverts the vital force needed for properly maturing the feminine organization; and that the injurious effects thereby caused will be too often and too sadly perceptible when the days of study are over, and the serious work of life begins.

3. That the law of female force and work differs from that of male force and work; and that, while a boy may safely study six hours daily, a girl may not do so without injury for more than four or five, requiring, in addition, a remission of study and work at regular intervals.

Disregard of these principles, which Dr. Clarke holds to be laws clearly written by God in the physical constitution of the female sex, he maintains to be a fruitful source of the debility and ill-health so unfortu-

* The following extract from Mr. Kingsley's new book "Health and Education" bears strongly upon this point. "Let me ask women to educate themselves, not for their own sakes merely, but for the sake of others. For whether they will or not, they *must* educate others. I do not speak merely of those who may be engaged in the work of direct teaching—that they ought to be well taught themselves, who can doubt? I speak of those, and in so doing I speak of every woman, young and old, who exercises as wife, as mother, as aunt, as sister, or as friend, an influence, indirect it may be, and unconscious, but still potent and practical, on the minds and characters of those about them, especially of men. How potent and practical that influence is, those know best who know most of the world, and most of human nature. There are those who consider—and I agree with them—that the education of boys under the age of twelve years ought to be entrusted as much as possible to women. Let me ask of what period of youth and of manhood does not the same hold true. I pity the ignorance and conceit of the man who fancies that he has nothing left to learn from cultivated women."

nately common among American women, often laying the foundation of serious organic disease. In confirmation of his position he cites case after case, in which he thus sums up the cause of neuralgic nerves and confirmed malady: "She lost her health simply because she undertook to do her work in a boy's way and not in a girl's way." And he adds the alarming prediction that, if the causes of female ill-health "continue for the next half century, and increase in the same ratio as they have done for the last fifty years, it requires no prophet to foretell that the wives who are to be mothers in our republic must be drawn from trans-Atlantic homes." Of course even Dr. Clarke admits that over-education is only one among many causes for the existence of such a state of things. He alludes to the "perpetual pie and doughnut" of American tables; to the "stiff corsets and heavy skirts" of the dress of American women; and—unfortunately not of American women alone—to the foolish dissipation, late hours, and perpetual excitement in which so many of them are immersed; and to the grasping demands of the race for wealth—driving the unremitting factory wheels and the unresting factory "hands," male and female alike, with as unrelenting an impetus as ever slave-driver did his gang. Certainly, when all these causes, added to the unnatural high-pressure life of American cities, are taken into consideration, it would seem as if the educational system might be considerably lightened of the responsibility of producing so much feminine ill-health; although Dr. Clarke explicitly declares that "the number of female graduates in American schools and colleges who have been permanently disabled to a greater or less degree, is so great as to excite the gravest alarm, and to demand the serious attention of the community."

To this assertion of Dr. Clarke's there have, however, been numerous replies, and the representatives of various American colleges, both co-educating and exclusively female, have met his charges in very forcible and convincing terms. Certain co-educating colleges in the United States, Oberlin and Antioch especially, have had special enquiries made regarding the health of their living female graduates, enquiries which have been, in many cases, most satisfactorily answered in such terms as the following from Kansas: "A troop of merry children; good health and a happy home." The percentage of deaths among the graduates of more than forty years, they declare to be nearly one-twentieth greater among the male than among the female graduates. Miss Avery, the resident physician at Vassar College, and Miss Maria Mitchell, professor of astronomy at that institution—an American Mary Somerville—testified to Miss Emily Faithful, on her visit to Vassar, "that the girls who studied the hardest there were also the healthiest. They traced the bad health of American women to its true source: the terrible severity and extremes of climate, combined with the unwholesome habit of heating houses with furnaces, to the exclusion of any proper ventilation, and the widespread disinclination to physical exercise of any description." And Miss Faithful "ventures to add that the delicacy complained of is also due to the fearful rapidity with which our American cousins apply the rule of doing 'smartly' whatever they have on hand, to their meals, and to their intemperate use of iced water throughout winter and summer."

From Michigan University, also a co-educating institution, we are told that "the college girls pertinaciously keep their health and strength in a way that is aggravating, and they persist in evincing a capability for close and continued mental labour, which, to the ordinary estimation of woman's brain power, seems like pure wilfulness." And the President says, as regards their *mental* health and endurance, that "the young women have addressed themselves to their work with great zeal, and have shown them-

selves quite capable of meeting the demands of severe studies as successfully as their class-mates of the other sex. Their work, so far, does not evince less variety of aptitude or less powerof grappling even with higher mathematics than we find in the young men. They receive no favours, and desire none. They are subjected to precisely the same tests as the men."

Miss Brackett, editress of one of the replies to Dr. Clarke's book, undertakes to show that the health of American boys has been as much injured by over-taxed brains and want of sufficient attention to physical development as that of girls has been. And an American correspondent, quoted by Dr. Maudsley, declares that "the medical mind of the United States is arrayed in a very ill-tempered opposition, on assumed physiological grounds, to the higher education of women in a continuous curriculum, and especially to the co-education of the Western Colleges," and adds, to the successful results of Oberlin and Antioch as to health as well as mental and moral improvement, the fact that the "Quaker College of Swarthmore claims a steady improvement in the health of its girl-graduates, dating from the commencement of their college course." He goes on to say: "There are other reasons which go to make up the languid young-ladyhood of the American girl. Her childhood is denied the happy out-door sports of her brothers. There is a resolute shutting out of everything like a noisy romp; the active games, and all happy boisterous plays, by field or roadside, are not *proper* for her! She is cased in a cramping dress so heavy and inconvenient that no boy could wear it for a day without falling into gloomy views of life. All this martyrdom to propriety and fashion tells upon strength and symmetry, and the girl reaches womanhood a wreck. That she reaches it at all under these suffering and bleached-out conditions, is due to her superior elasticity to resist a method of education that would have killed off all the boys years before. There are abundant statistics to prove that hard study is the discipline and tonic most girls need to supplant the too great sentimentality and useless day-dreams fostered by fashionable idleness, and provocative of 'nerves', melancholy, and inanition generally; and, so far as statistics can, that the women graduates of these colleges make as healthy and happy wives and mothers as though they had never solved a mathematical problem, nor translated Aristotle."

From all this uniting testimony it would seem that, so far as physical considerations are concerned, co-education, notwithstanding what Miss Faithful calls Dr. Clarke's "extravagant attack," has stood its ground remarkably well. Yet it may well be that the American forcing system, extending to intellectual as well as to other things, has really been carried in many cases to an injudicious extreme, and that a word of warning was not unneeded. Nor is it unneeded in Canada, when we find school-inspectors, who ought to know better, urging upon their female teachers to "give the girls plenty of writing" out of school hours, so as to keep them at close mental work *for several hours over and above the six hours of school confinement;* and when we find young children of from *seven to ten* loaded with lessons to learn out of school-hours, including so much writing, in the way of copying sums, &c., that poor parents find the supply of the necessary paper a serious tax. Let us hope that a greater degree of practical enlightenment will ere long prevail, and that barbarities like these will soon become obsolete.

As regards intellectual and moral considerations, co-education seems, so far as it has yet been tried, to have resulted as favourably as it has physically. All the testimony cited in an interesting article in the *Nation* goes to show that experience has falsified the prediction of Mr. Buchan, in his paper read before the Ontario Teachers' Association, that "the college that instructs the sexes

together must finally have its standard relatively lowered." So far from this has been the actual result, that the President of Michigan University declares : "During the last three years we have been steadily increasing the requirements for admission, and broadening the range of studies." In a moral point of view, the results of this University co-education have been not less satisfactory. Contrary to some *a priori* reasoning, those who have watched the experiment declare that the influence of co-education has proved a refining and elevating one to both sexes. One observer declares his conviction "that young men are never so animated to high endeavour, never so put upon their manliness, as when in the presence of women; and equally, that women are never so inspired by womanly sentiment, or so raised to noble efforts, as by the presence of true gentlemen." Other testimony, also founded on personal observation, concurs in this opinion, and one remark concerning the results of co-education, is to the effect that it tends to remove some of the foolish illusions which bring about premature *affaires de cœur*. This is reassuring to those who, noting the tendency of Canadian girls to precocious flirtations, would fear lest such a system of education should have the effect of increasing the evil. But it would seem as if the discipline of hard study, and the occupation of the mind with other objects, in reality prove an antidote to what often arises from sheer vacuity and want of any other adequate interest. Certainly Cupid does often find his way into places where he has clearly no business; and even the parish schools of Scotland, where, as in our common schools, children of both sexes studied together, have not been proof against his insidious advances: witness Motherwell's exquisite little poem of "Jeanie Morrison," in which he so vividly recalls those early school days, when he and his first love sat on the same bench, conning their lesson together :—

"Baith bent above the same braid page
Outspread upon our knee,
Your eyes were on your lesson,—
But my lesson was in thee!"

"And mind ye, Jeanie Morrison,—
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Because the bairnies laughing said
We clecked thegether hame?"

But few boys are born poets, and such a pure and tender boyish fancy as is here described would have an elevating and refining, rather than an injurious effect. And it will be seen that the poet-lover testifies that the little maiden's eyes, at least, "*were on her lesson!*" At all events, such exceptional cases were never considered to militate against the Scottish parish school system of co-education.

But, like many other doubtful experiments, the results of which often turn out very differently from *a priori* theories, co-education will have to be fairly and fully worked out before any satisfactory final conclusion can be arrived at. In the meantime, as higher female education in Canada is as yet based entirely on the principle of separate education, it more immediately concerns us to know how *that* should be conducted; and whether the objections raised against separate *identical* education are well founded.

Few, probably, would care to dispute this enunciation by Dr. Maudsley of a great general principle: "It is plain that we ought to recognise sex in education, and to provide that the method and aim of mental culture should have regard to the specialities of woman's physical and mental nature. Each sex must develop after its kind; and if education, in its fundamental meaning, be the external cause to which evolution is the internal answer; if it be the *drawing out* of the internal qualities of the individual into their highest perfection by the influence of the most fitting external conditions, there must be a difference in the method of education of the two sexes, answering to differences in their physical and mental natures."

But though this principle be a true one, it by no means follows that the same studies which are nourishing, invigorating, and stimulating to the "mental natures" of boys, may not be equally beneficial to those of girls, any more than that the same kind of physical nourishment is not equally good for the physical natures of both. Though *mental characteristics* may differ, the *mental processes* as well as the nutritive processes, are the same in both sexes, and what invigorates these in the one sex will be found to have the same effect in the other also. But, moreover, in educating a boy, there is, or ought to be, some reference to the particular mental organization that he exhibits, so that the faculties which are weak or deficient may be strengthened, while those which are naturally strong may be prevented from attaining an undue preponderance. Now, what are the points in which the mental nature of woman is confessedly weak, and what are the qualities in danger of being unduly predominant? According to the concurrent testimony of observers of both sexes, we find that woman, while in general more acute in observation and quicker in perception than man, is, at the same time, much less accurate and thorough-going; that, with a more vivid imagination, greater versatility, keener sensibility, a more delicate nervous organization, and much greater strength of sympathy and warmth of emotional temperament, she has less power of concentration and sustained thought—weaker reflective and reasoning powers than man; so that her judgment is at the same time weaker and more likely to be swayed by strong prejudices, as we see constantly exemplified in daily life. Now the ordinary system of female education which has prevailed in the past, so far as it has been a system, has been exactly adapted to *increase* rather than to lessen these points of difference, since to women have been almost denied those severer studies that tend to check the undue influence of the imagination and the emotions, to brace the *mental* constitution, and to strengthen and develop the judgment and the reasoning powers. For a nervous, sensitive, imaginative boy, approaching in temperament to the feminine type, these severer studies are thought especially necessary to strengthen his nature for the duties and experiences of life, and to give his mind a due equilibrium, by developing the powers naturally deficient. In like manner girls need, even more than boys, studies such as mathematics, to give concentration and steadiness of thought; such as languages, thoroughly learned, to teach accuracy of thought and expression; such as mental philosophy, to enlarge the sphere of thought and raise the mental tone; such as logic, to give clearness of thought and strengthen the judgment, naturally too much under the dominion of feeling and prejudice. Had boys been, for generations past, educated on the same miserably superficial system which has been the rule with girls, filling their minds with an undigested chaos of heterogeneous facts, and expending their energies on a number of so-called "accomplishments," *all imperfectly acquired*, it is probable that their minds would have exhibited much of the superficiality and inaccuracy which have so long been held to demonstrate the great mental inferiority of women.

Mr. Morley in a recent paper says: "Women are at present far less likely than men to possess a sound intelligence and a habit of correct judgment. They will remain so while they have less ready access than men to the best kinds of literary and scientific training." Kant, while he imputes to man the "noble virtues," allows to woman only the "*beautiful* ones," which are nothing more than amiable, unreasoning impulses. Do not these and many similar observations show how much the female mind, from its very constitution, requires invigorating mental discipline, and a liberal and thorough culture?

But, some one may object: We want women

to remain women, not to approximate to the qualities of men. Granted, in so far as all that constitutes the *essential idea* of woman is concerned. But surely that essential idea does not include narrowness of thought, weakness of judgment, prejudiced intolerance, the silliness and frivolity of vacant minds! All these imply a degeneracy from the true idea of woman as a *helpmeet* to man. Will she not be a truer helper, a safer counsellor, if she be wise, earnest, thoughtful, unprejudiced and sagacious in judgment; if, in short, she approximate to Wordsworth's noble ideal of the

> "Perfect woman nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command."

And there is not the slightest reason to suppose that she needs, or is likely to lose the slightest particle of her natural tenderness and womanliness in becoming this nobler creature. The laws which God has implanted deep in her organization will secure her against such danger far more than all the moralizings of men. Give a lily the richest soil, the most generous culture you like, and you will never transform it into a rose, far less into an oak. It will only become a more beautiful, more perfect lily. And so, the more highly a woman's nature is developed by *thorough* culture, the more true a woman will she become. The more elevated a nature is—other things being equal—it is the more *truly* tender. When we find Mrs. Browning—with a classical training of which many an Oxonian might be proud—producing such exquisite love-poems as the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," such tenderly maternal ones as her lines to her "Young Florentine;" when we see Mary Somerville, with her masculine studies and mathematical authorship, preserving to the last all the delicate graces of a gentle womanly character; when we see Parepa Rosa, amid all the triumphs of a brilliant professional career, pining for the little child that was only to be laid dead in her longing arms; we need hardly fear that the greatest gifts, the most generous culture that a woman can have, will be likely to render her "masculine" in any other sense than that of possessing the greater vigour of mental tone, which is surely in itself a desirable thing, whether for man or woman. It is only a *half* culture that makes "masculine" women—the shallow and noisy pretenders who have dragged the "Rights of Woman" in the mire till they have made the very term a by-word! *

Of course, however, there is no need for carrying this severer study to an injurious extreme. It is very probable that this may have been done in some of the American Colleges, and that girls may have been unduly stimulated to too arduous and incessant study at an age when such demands overtax the brain. There is no necessity for setting girls to run the same race with boys in equal time; and even *boys* are often injured by being driven through the course too fast, with too severe and unremitting mental labour. But if a girl's earlier years are well and judiciously directed, it is possible to lay a good foundation of solid groundwork during those years, without at all overtaxing her

* The *true* "Rights of Woman" have been thus beautifully expressed:

> "The rights of woman! what are they?
> The right to labour and to pray;
> The right to comfort in distress,
> The right, when others curse, to bless;
> The right to love whom others scorn,
> The right to comfort all who mourn;
> The right to shed new joy on earth,
> The right to feel the soul's high worth;
> The right to lead the soul to God
> Along the path her Saviour trod—
> The path of meekness and of love,
> The path of faith that leads above,
> The path of patience under wrong,
> The path in which the weak grow strong;
> Such woman's rights our God will bless,
> And crown their champions with success."

No one would quarrel with such a definition; but it will be found that, other things being equal, the woman of thorough culture will use these "rights" more freely and more wisely than she whose education has been narrow or superficial.

powers, physical or mental. To this, indeed, might advantageously be given the larger portion of those dreary hours which many girls, totally devoid of musical talent, are compelled to spend in "practising" an art which in after-life they never think of using. And by gaining such a fundamental groundwork, *thorough*, so far as it goes, girls may thus be prepared, like boys, for pursuing to advantage the deeper studies which they may find congenial, in the maturer years which begin when a girl's education is popularly supposed to be "finished." In England it is proposed that "after a girlhood of healthful work and healthful play, when her development is complete and her constitution settled, the student, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, should begin the college course, and should be prepared to end it at twenty-two or twenty-three."

What a boon such a "course," or even the pursuit of *one* congenial study or art, properly directed, would be to most of our aimless girls "in society," a very little observation would suffice to show. Many a mother in "easy circumstances" is utterly at a loss to know what to do with her "finished" daughter, thrown on her own resources, without necessary domestic duties to fulfil, with nothing in the way of real "occupation," forced to fill up her time in the best way she can, with morning calls, shopping, practising, desultory reading, and almost useless "fancy work." What wonder that good mental powers, frittered in this way, should by-and-by perish by intellectual atrophy!

And how many a girl, of average energy and ability, really suffers from the almost insupportable dulness of a life in which she has no vivid interests, no mental stimulus—nothing to give any adequate outlet to her faculties and energies! Such dulness, proceeding from mental inanition, has, under specially concurrent circumstances, induced low spirits, morbidness, nervousness, hysteria, consumption, habits of intemperance, and even insanity! What wonder if girls, suffering from this dull and objectless existence, sometimes take refuge in the excitement of a foolish flirtation, ending in a rash and unhappy marriage? What wonder if, in many more cases, they seek the lacking interest in extravagance in dress, in the fashionable dissipation which destroys far more health than does over-study, and in the sensational novel-reading which, with its exaggerated and *fruitless* demands upon the emotional nature, is far more injurious, physically and mentally, than even an undue proportion of good hard intellectual *work*? It may be said that there is plenty of active philanthropic work for girls with unoccupied leisure on their hands. But *all* girls are not specially fitted for such kinds of this work as come in their way, nor indeed is that always of a kind to absorb beneficially a girl's surplus of mental energy; least of all if she have any special tendencies which crave for development and use. And most women would be better fitted for the useful discharge of the philanthropic work they may undertake, by a bracing mental training of vigorous study.

There is abundant evidence of the beneficial effect of earnest continued study, and of the interests which it brings in its train, on the health as well as the happiness of young women. President Hunter, in speaking of the "remarkably good" health of the young ladies who attend the new Normal College in New York, says, that in his opinion "the amount of mental work they have to do is physically beneficial; the most efficient sanitary measure for a safe passage from girlhood to womanhood being, study enough to keep the mind occupied with other thoughts than those pertaining to sex and self." Professor Huxley expresses substantially the same opinion when he declares his belief that even the severe study required in preparation for the medical profession would be less injurious to the physical health of women than the vacuity and

inanition of the average life of young ladies. Even Dr. Maudsley admits that many "suffer not a little in mind and body from a method of education which tends to develop the emotional at the expense of the intellectual nature; and by their exclusion from appropriate fields of practical activity." How many of the daughters of luxurious homes are continually needing "tonics," medical men will testify. But, as Mrs. Garrett Anderson says: "There is no tonic in the pharmacopæia to be compared with happiness; and happiness worth calling such is not known where the days drag along filled with make-believe occupations and dreary sham amusements."

Nor would the effect upon bodily and mental health be the only beneficial result of a higher intellectual training. How much the whole tone of feminine life would be raised, if higher interests than those of dress, gossip, and amusement, were systematically cultivated? How much less would there be of the trivial gossip that is perpetually tending towards detraction, were the minds of women more generally open to the numerous elevating subjects of interest in which their minds could find occupation of a nobler kind than that of minutely discussing the petty affairs of their neighbours! And with more mental occupation, and more real culture, there would be infinitely less of that absorption and extravagance in dress which is one of our relics of barbarism, and which causes many an anxious paterfamilias to sigh over the magnitude of bills that he is powerless to diminish. There would be greater simplicity and good taste in dress, and also in language. We should not hear so much of that slangy talk in which too many young ladies indulge, and in which, owing to the delicate correlation between thought and speech, they can hardly indulge freely without some injury to refinement of mind as well as of language. There would be a stronger appreciation of the value of *time*, in which women in general are deficient; and by a more methodical use of it, even wives and mothers could save from the time *unnecessarily* spent in dress and society, sufficient leisure to keep up some knowledge of things in regard to which their minds had previously been trained to intelligent activity. By so doing they would certainly become more intelligent companions, and even counsellors, to their husbands, removing the temptation arising from lack of society at home to seek it among male companions abroad. How much better fitted, too, might mothers become for the care of children and invalids, since it is to be feared that many a valuable life is cut short—many an infant one nipped in the bud, or at least deprived of some of its rightful vigour and vitality, through the ignorance of mothers and nurses as to the commonest physiological principles? How much influence might the higher culture of women exercise in stimulating self-culture among young men, especially in the homes of wealthy yeomen, where the sons are too apt to remain in a state of intellectual stagnation that will tell in future on the status of Canada among the nations. How much, in the conflict of opinion that is ever increasing, might the influence of woman on the side of Christianity be strengthened by a more thorough mental training, since, without losing in any degree the strong realizing faith which is more especially her happy privilege, she would be better qualified to give "a reason for the faith that is in her," and more free from the narrownesses, weaknesses, and inconsistencies that too often prejudice intelligent observers against the faith that she is so anxious to commend. And how often, by the cultivation of habits of deeper reflection, and by a wider range of thought, would women be saved from being a drag upon the right efforts and aspirations of their husbands; from being even a snare and a temptation to them, not from any wrong intention, but from a partial and superficial judgment.

But there is another point of view, more closely concerning the interests of women themselves, in which a thorough early training is most important. In theory, the true sphere of woman is the domestic one; her destined end, that of wife and mother. And, doubtless, this *is* her happiest destiny, when it is reached by means of that real heart-union, which is the only safe condition of the external one. But in actual life this does not come in the ordinary course of events, to all women; indeed, statistics teach us that to many it *cannot*. Is it not then a cruel delusion, to foster in girls the idea that in marriage lies a woman's *only* prosperous and happy career, failing which, life must be blank and objectless? And why, seeing that a single life must inevitably be the lot of so many, should she not be encouraged to possess herself of some means of achieving an honourable independence, instead of being driven to choose, eventually, between poverty and a dependence that sacrifices her self-respect, or a mercenary marriage, still more destructive of it? This need is recognized clearly enough among the humbler classes; and the "trade" learned, or the "situation" obtained, soon makes girls self-supporting and self-reliant. But, in richer homes, because the daughter can be maintained comfortably till the time when, as it is hoped, she will be married, she is often encouraged to waste valuable years in comparative idleness; and then, perhaps, when sudden bereavement or adversity comes, she is compelled, with the best and freshest years of her life gone, with faculties dulled by disuse, and a mind that had been frittered away on the most desultory pursuits, *at last*, reluctantly, to choose "a career." Too often she has but little choice;—the alternative between teaching, after a fashion that perpetuates her own superficialty, or sewing, with its miserably poor remuneration, and its unhealthy confinement. Even if the anticipated marriage *does* come, how often there follows an early widowhood, when with the additional weight of the care of young children on her hands, the mother, unfitted by previous preparation, has to toil, with sadly untrained powers, for a bare subsistence for herself and them! Without trespassing unnecessarily at present upon the disputed question of woman's work, would it not be a real benefit to society, were every girl encouraged to learn thoroughly *some one* kind of *real* work, be it profession, art, or handicraft; something which would bring her not only subsistence, but interesting occupation should she have to travel the journey of life alone. Our American neighbours are beginning to learn this lesson from their many commercial reverses, and it is a useful lesson to learn, although in their case, rather sharply taught. As to the choice of an occupation, regard should certainly be shown, as in the case of boys, to any strong distinguishing bias or impulse, such as seems to be especially implanted by the Divine Author of our being, to incline to the adoption of such callings as would otherwise be but little chosen. The strong natural impulse which has drawn some women to the medical profession, in spite of the severe preliminary study, the heavy adventitious clogs that have retarded their progress, and the discouraging and ungenerous rebuffs which they have in many cases received, must surely, according to the principle of final causes, have a strong *raison d'être*.*

* The following sketch of Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, who has been several times referred to in this article, is an illustration, at once, of the difficulties which beset the path of female medical students and of the perseverance which has overcome them with the most satisfactory results. "Nearly twelve years ago I heard of a young lady of high position, who was making almost desperate efforts to win her way into the medical profession. She had taken a room near one of the largest hospitals in London, to which she was not openly admitted, that she might study cases of disease or injury, but where, through the generosity of certain physicians, she was able, as it were, to pick up such crumbs of

It will be found, in spite of the objectors, that such women will have an ample field in ministering to their own sex and to children, as well as in the most useful capacity of medical missionaries; while the gradual establishment of exclusively female medical colleges will do away with the most plausible argument of the objectors. It is a pity that in this, as in many other matters, woman has for some time seemed to assume a somewhat aggressive attitude. She has been in the uneasy position of an unrecognized state, and has been obliged to contend stoutly, though not selfishly, for "recognition." When this shall have been fully accorded to her—when man shall no longer treat her with the mock deference which too often does duty for real respect—when he shall act towards her as if he considered her not a toy nor an ornamental lay figure, but as a helpmeet, a friend and fellow-worker,—she will assume a less aggressive position, and things will fall gradually to their natural level; when it will probably be found that there is work enough for even exceptional women, without interfering with the interests of "the more worthy gender."*

It has been urged against the choice of a profession by women, that they thereby run the risk of closing against themselves the gate of domestic life. Such an objection can hardly be seriously sustained, since, even if a woman should eventually meet with the possibility of a worthy union, her thorough professional training would be by no means thrown away; while no man whose regard was worth having would be repelled by the circumstance that a woman had had the courage and wisdom to provide for herself an independent means of subsistence in case of need. There can hardly be much doubt which is the more dignified and happier position for women: to drag out idle useless lives, wasting their energies in inane pursuits, in gossip, crochet work, morning visits, and evening dissipation,—waiting, as we have satirists enough to tell us, for the husband who never comes—or to have these same lives filled with delightful and engrossing occupations, which shall make their developed and cultivated womanhood a blessing to their country and their age.

The fact that the profession of teaching is falling so much into the hands of women, is a strong argument for their higher education. In New York, nine-tenths of the teachers

nformation as might fall from the table of the male students. By dint of her perseverance, means of information and study increased. I visited her room near the hospital, and found this young lady surrounded by specimens such as are conventionally supposed to bring fainting fits on any person of that sex at sight. I found that being excluded from the usual medical and surgical schools, she had been compelled to employ lecturers to teach her alone. Fortunately she had the means of doing this, but it amounted to her establishing a medical college, of which she was the only student. That lady is now known as Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, an eminent physician, who has done, not her sex alone, but this entire community, a great benefit by showing that a woman's professional success is not inconsistent with her being a devoted and happy wife and mother."

* Mr. Kingsley in "Health and Education," formerly quoted, says, in a plea for a more general knowledge of hygienic principles:—"I say, women as well as men. I should have said women rather than men. For it is the women who have the ordering of the household, the bringing up of the children; the women who bide at home, while the men are away, it may be at the other end of the earth. Let women, duly educated and legally qualified, teach to women, what every woman ought to know, and what her parents will very properly object to her hearing from almost any man. This is one of the main reasons why I have, for twenty years past, advocated the training of women for the medical profession, and one which countervails, in my mind, all possible objections to such a movement. And now, thank God, I am seeing the common sense of Great Britain, and, indeed, of every civilized nation, gradually coming round to that which seemed to me, when I first conceived of it, a dream too chimerical to be cherished, save in secret—the restoring woman to her natuual share in that sacred office of healer, which she held in the Middle Ages, and from which she was thrust out during the sixteenth century."

are women, and the Board of Education there declare the teaching by women to be more satisfactory than that by men. In the United States, as a whole, one-third of the common school teachers are women, while many of the chairs in the female colleges are filled by female professors, one of whom, the professor of mathematics at Antioch, is said "to have taught, without book, the most abstruse portions of her science with a clearness which the best male professors acknowledged could not be surpassed." In Canada, women are fast gaining the same numerical preponderance as teachers, as must always be the case in a new country, where there are so many more tempting openings for ambitious young men. If, therefore, the early training of our boys, as well as our girls, is to be in the hands of women, (and it is to be remembered that the earliest groundwork of an education often determines the character of the whole), is it not of considerable importance that the mental training of women should be thorough, instead of superficial?

The New York New Normal College, before mentioned, with accommodation for 1,500 students, and a thorough equipment of educational facilities, is probably the finest Institution in the world for the education of female teachers. It provides for "a careful training in Latin, French, German, History, Mathematics as far as Trigonometry, Physics, Botany, Astronomy, Zoology, English Literature, Rhetoric and Composition, Drawing and Music; these regular studies being supplemented by lectures on Mineralogy, Chemistry, Anatomy and Physiology, and other branches of science. No pretence is made to anything like a mastery of all the studies pursued. It were folly to attempt it in the time allotted. The instruction given is rather such as *to develop habits of intelligent study*, while supplying the pupils with such general and fundamental information as will fit them for the work of elementary teaching."

For the continuation of such studies—the building to be erected on such a superstructure—Vassar College, the most magnificent of female colleges, with its boarding accommodation for 300 students, and splendid provisions for studying to the fullest advantage, affords most available facilities; realising in actual life Tennyson's playful daydream of a feminine college:

> "With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
> And sweet girl graduates in their golden hair."

The girls in the United States *should* be well educated, and the advantages that many of them have enjoyed are already telling upon their ranks of female authorship. One part of female education they have, however, as a rule left unprovided for, though attention has recently been called to the omission. A gentleman whose wife had been educated at Hartford Female Seminary, declared himself thoroughly satisfied with her education in every respect, save that of *bread-making;* and with a view to remedy this defect in the education of other future wives, he offered a prize for proficiency in this art, which was, accordingly, competed for during the past summer. Why should not we in Canada profit by this experience? Besides training our future wives and mothers in such principles of physiology, chemistry, and hygiene, as may fit them for the intelligent discharge of the duties appertaining to the guidance of a household, why should there not always be in a ladies' college, something like a professorship of domestic Technology—the application of scientific principles to daily needs—and, as there is at the Crystal Palace, London, a professor of Domestic Economy, the present teacher of which, Miss Hooper, assures us that even in old England there never was a time when it was so necessary that girls should be instructed in every branch of domestic economy. The principle of giving only a special education is as far from being right in the case of girls as of boys; but certainly a system of education is defec-

tive when it contains no provision for the discharge of those duties which are most likely to fall to the lot of the individual. Why, then, should not any projected course of female education include some practical instruction in the different kinds of domestic work? Of this, in a country like ours, women more especially require a competent knowledge, since the wife of the wealthiest man may at any moment be placed in circumstances in which ignorance of such matters may be disastrous to the entire comfort of the household. There is no reason why a woman of cultivated mind should be unfit for the right discharge of housewifely duties; no necessary connexion between a liberal education, literary and scientific tastes, and an untidy *ménage* —badly cooked and ordered meals, and neglected children. Whatever public prejudice may say, such lives as that of Mrs. Somerville prove the contrary. When the case is otherwise, it most frequently arises from not knowing exactly what to do, and how to do it — the defect of a one-sided education. Why should not this one-sidedness be remedied by the introduction into ladies' colleges of some training in domestic work? Why should we not have competition in domestic arts at such institutions, as well as at our country shows? Why not have prizes for bread-making, for cooking, for neat plain sowing, as well as for languages, for drawing, and music? Even in old-fashioned Edinburgh, the modern Athens, it has long been customary for young ladies of "the best families" to take lessons in cooking from some experienced "Meg Dodds." And in Canada such an education is even *more* needed; while, in the homes of the wealthier classes at least, it is too often neglected. Moreover, might not a due attention to this branch of training help us to solve the problem, how best to thoroughly utilize the period of female education and yet avoid excessive brain-work, and a one-sided development? As a change of occupation is in itself a rest and a recreation, may there not be found, in a judicious commingling of intellectual and practical education, the golden mean we want, and the best corrective to the tendency of schools to overwork the mind? And an arrangement by which cheerful, brisk, manual work should be interspersed, at proper intervals, with the sedentary and brain-tasking studies, would be the most effectual preventive of idling, since it would afford a useful outlet for physical activity, a desirable relief and alterative from the strain of mental labour, while it would furnish some, at least, of the active exercise needed to keep up the tone of physical and mental vigour, for which the ordinary "constitutional" walk of ladies' schools generally is not nearly enough. As supplying a decided variety in school exercise, it would constitute a recreation in itself, which should not, however, supersede the more absolute recreations, and even more active physical exercises. The result of such a system would probably be to demonstrate that, so far from there being any reason why higher culture should unfit a woman for domestic duties, the truly cultivated woman is in reality the one who can best guide the wheels of the domestic machinery to move smoothly and unobtrusively, both from her more methodical habits and from the graces and amenities which her higher tastes enable her to throw over domestic life. And even for women of decided literary tastes and pursuits, though overburdening domestic duties are often a clog upon their progress, yet these same domestic duties, in moderation, are a useful relief from mental strain; just as some mechanical or other active work is to masculine students.

In the courses of lectures to ladies now going on both in Toronto and in Montreal, as well as in the ladies' colleges being established throughout the country, we have promising signs of a growing interest in this important subject. The former, however, will have to be conducted on a more systematically organized plan, so as to secure

earnest, systematic, and thorough study, before they can be of the degree of use which is desirable. As to colleges, which for girls out of our large cities will be almost the only available means of procuring a thorough education, they will require the most careful supervision to obviate the dangerous tendencies often too correctly attributed to such large institutions. In the United States even, parents are beginning to turn towards the secluded cloister-education of Lower Canada as a relief from the too artificial and hot-house education of some American higher schools. Most of all, therefore, we want in our ladies' colleges—and it is the *sine qua non*—a pure, high-toned atmosphere free from worldly frivolity and vanity, from unhealthy rivalry and competition, from superficial display of all kinds, from conventionality and fashionable folly. We want an atmosphere in which our Canadian girls may grow up as pure, and fresh, and dewy as English violets, or as the typical English girl who is not yet quite an extinct species, and whose graceful combination of modest simplicity and gentle unconscious dignity presents so attractive a contrast to the "loud," fast-talking, pert, and familiar "girl of the period," with whose "style" we are unfortunately too familiar. Such an atmosphere, it is to be hoped, will characterize our Canadian Ladies' Colleges, in which, under the guidance of refined and cultivated women, fitted by God for their work, and looking in faith for the Divine blessing which alone can crown their efforts with success, "our girls" shall grow up to be thoughtful, high-toned, earnest, intelligently-helpful women, crowned with that which high authority has declared to be woman's truest adornment, "a meek and quiet spirit;" realizations of Wordsworth's beautiful ideal; to beautify with womanly and Christian graces, refinement, and culture, many a future Canadian home.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

BY THE LATE HON. JOSEPH HOWE,

Lieut-Governor of Nova Scotia.

ONCE more I put my bonnet on,
And tie the ribbons blue;
My showy poplin dress I don,
That's just as good as new;
And smooth and stately as a swan,
Go sailing to my pew.

Once more—ah me! how oft, how oft
Shall I the scene repeat?
With graceful ease and manner soft,
I sink into my seat,
And round the congregation waft
The sense of odours sweet.

A finer form, a fairer face,
Ne'er bent before the stole;
With more restraint no spotless lace
Did finer orbs control;
I shine the beauty of the place,
And yet I look all soul.

When to the sinful people round,
My pitying glances rove,
The dewy tints of heaven's profound
Seem in my eyes to move—
Too sorrowful their hearts to wound,
And hardly asking love.

And thus for four long years I've sat,
My gloves without a crease,
For two of them I wore a hat,
For one a blue pelisse :
When will the wicked know what's what,
The weary heart have peace ?

My head gear twenty times I've changed,
Worn Paris flowers in spring,
Wheat sheaves in autumn re-arranged,
Tried birds of every wing,
Bade that from paradise estranged,
Its lustre o'er me fling.

But yet, as nether millstones hard,
The hearts of men appear ;
Smooth-shaved, or "bearded like the pard,"
They're worse from year to year ;
My virtue is its own reward,
I'm sitting single here.

The rector's eyes, a brilliant pair,
Lit up with love divine,
Beaming with inspiration rare,
And phrenzy very fine,
Like nestling birds from upper air
Would gently droop to mine.

What could I think, as, day by day,
His gaze more earnest grew,
Till half the girls began to say,
He neither cared nor knew
Though all the church should go astray,
If he could save my pew.

I read divinity by reams,
The Bible got by heart ;
I studied all the church's "schemes,"
Prepared to play my part
As rector's wife, as well beseems
A lady of high art.

But let the truth at once be told,
Religion's cause was nought,
For twenty thousand pounds in gold
The rector's heart was bought ;
And I was most completely sold,
The "blackbird" was not caught.

The curate's hair was crisp and brown,
His colour very high ;
His ample chest came sloping down,
Antinous-like his thigh ;
Sin shrank before his gathered frown,
Peace whispered in his sigh.

So young ! I hoped his steps to guide
From error's devious way ;
By bad example sorely tried,
I feared the youth might stray ;
To life's allurements, op'ning wide,
Become an easy prey.

I did my best, I watched and prayed,
His ardent soul to save ;
But by the sinful flesh betrayed,
(What could I do but rave ?)
Ten stone of blonde, in lace arrayed,
Walked with him down the nave.

If Gospel truth must now be told,
I've selfish grown of late :
The banker next, though somewhat old,
And limping in his gait,
And quite as yellow as his gold,
I thought to animate.

I'm sure my "note" he would have "done,"
With "two good names" upon it,
I do not think he ever run
His eye-glass o'er my sonnet,
Or counted in the morning sun,
The feathers in my bonnet.

The widow'd judge I next essayed,
His orphans kindly viewing,
Read Blackstone nearly through, 'tis said,
All gaudy dress eschewing ;
But am I doomed to die a maid ?
Not yet he comes a-wooing.

Once more I'll put my bonnet on,
And tie the ribbons blue,
My showy poplin dress I'll don,
That's just as good as new,
And slow and stately as a swan,
Go sailing to my pew.

Merchants and lawyers half-a-score,
Bend o'er their hats to pray ;
Tho' scatter'd round, I'm very sure
They always look my way.
I'll re-appear—encore, encore !
Whom shall I catch to-day ?

NOT JUST YET.

FIFTEEN years ago, London was a much jollier place in every way than it is now. It had an individuality of its own then; its big hotels were unbuilt, its Houses of Parliament were unfinished; it was just a big, brown, busy city, with a splendid river running slap through it. For it had a river then, with shores and noble bridges; now it has but a stone trough, with iron drain-pipes across it. One rode on the top of busses then, or darted about in hansoms; now, I declare, when I visit London, I spend all my time in a coal-cellar, where there is an escape of gas, and where all the hot cinders from the kitchen fire are emptied —I mean the Metropolitan Railway.

Fifteen years ago, I was in London, living on a slender pittance, and much troubled in the matter of dinners. As a rule I dined in the middle of the day, on a chop sent in by a neighbouring publican, and made out with bread and cheese and beer at night. But there were times when the soul craved more luxurious living. Those times generally coincided pretty accurately with the advent of quarter day, and then one would go in for a cut of Simpson's mutton, or, if more reckless, for a dinner at the Wellington, at that time just opened, *vice* 'Crockford's.'

Sundays were the worst days for dinner arrangements. By breakfasting at noon, indeed, one avoided the necessity of any luncheon; but at about five o'clock a desperate craving would come over me, a gnawing vulture in the stomach would ceaselessly cry for food. Frequently, I confess, an empty purse coincided with an empty stomach, and the vulture cried in vain; but sometimes one had a few shillings in one's pocket, and then, even then, the problem was a difficult one—where to dine on Sunday.

I often went on such occasions to an underground chamber called the Recesses, not far from Long-acre. The promises of that establishment were excellent. Soup, fish, and joint— all for the modest sum of eighteen pence. The performance, however, was somewhat feeble. I don't mean to say it wasn't an excellent dinner for the money—it was. But it wasn't an invigorating dinner. The soup was somewhat thin, the fish were generally 'fresh' herrings, and they'd have been better for a little salt originally. The joint was usually boiled beef, and, you see, the joint and the soup were like the two buckets of a well—the stronger the soup the less succulent the joint, and *vice versa*.

One Sunday, I remember, my funds were getting low, very low. I had determined to remain in my lodgings and support nature on tobacco-smoke; but my hunger was too strong. I had a few shillings left, and as the evening wore on, and the cravings of my appetite increased, resolution broke down. I put on my hat, and hurried out in quest of a dinner.

How is it everything looks so ghastly on Sunday? Don't tell me about the prickings of conscience, misspent day, and all that. Good lack! I wish I'd nothing worse than that to reproach myself with. But I believe it to be a physical fact that on Sunday the air is loaded with bile. I don't think it rises above a certain altitude; I've escaped it on the heights of Hampstead, on the hills of Surrey; but within a certain distance above the level of the sea I believe the air, between eleven o'clock a. m., and eight p. m., on Sunday, to be overcharged with bile. Perhaps it's owing to so many people being in church or chapel, and that they leave their bile outside, as they do their umbrellas on a wet day.

When I made up my mind to go to the Recesses for a dinner, it was because I knew that there was no other place open the prices of which would be within my means. How dismal it looked this Sunday evening, that long, low room! its tables almost deserted, save for one or two men here and there nodding over a plate of biscuits. There was pea-soup that night, I remember, and it was rather good too. The fish was fishy, the joint was reduced to a stump.

'Waiter,' I cried, 'can I dispense with the other courses, and dine off the soup?'

'If you wish, of course, sir,' said the waiter.

I had three helps of that excellent pea-soup, and in each plate I put a spoonful of dried mint. But the after result was not exhilarating; it rather clogged the pores, I think, that soup. Miserable and depressed as I went into the Recesses, I felt still more miserable, more depressed after my dinner. I had spent my prescribed allowance. I couldn't go anywhere or do anything. I could only go back to my gloomy lodgings through the sloppy streets, and sit, and lonely chew the cud of bitter meditation.

The idea seemed to me horrible; and yet now, as ever, there appeared to be no escape for me from the embraces of this dull melancholy fiend. I couldn't help saying to myself, as I sat with my chin resting on my hands, 'I wish I were dead!'

I didn't mean to say it aloud, but I suppose I must have whispered it audibly; for a man who was sitting opposite me at the table—who had been sitting there, smoothing his heavy red moustache all the time I had been dining, his eyes fixed on his plate—looked up of a sudden, and gave me a quick and searching glance.

I knew him then; it was Medhurst, an old schoolfellow. As a boy he had been always a mystery to us; that quick sudden glance of his had always had such a strange effect upon all on whom it fell. We used to say he had the Evil Eye, and wonderful tales used to be told at school about the effect of Medhurst's look. Still, I was glad to see him; any relief from the loneliness and monotony of my life was pleasant. He recognised me also, and came over and sat beside me.

'Well,' he said, after we had shaken hands—he had a strange flabby, chilly hand, which somehow sent an icy thrill to my very heart—'well, and so you wish you were dead.'

'Did you hear me?' I said. 'O, it was nonsense, of course. I often say so. A foolish habit I have. I don't mean it.'

'It wasn't nonsense!' he said; he talked in a low monotonous voice, intelligible enough to the ear for which it was intended, but not to be overheard by others. 'It wasn't nonsense, but a very rational, prudent wish. I wish so myself; and what is more,' he said, 'I have the means to carry out both our wishes.'

I laughed uneasily. 'You are joking.'

'I never joke. Until now,' he went on, 'the great deterring influence which has restrained those wise men, who see the folly and emptiness of life, who, measuring their feeble capacities for enjoyment with their unlimited capabilities for suffering, would gladly resign a possession which has no advantage for them—the great deterring influence has been, the doubt whether death be really a complete severing of the body and the soul; whether, indeed, there is not a lingering capability of feeling still hanging to the relaxed nerves, a lingering consciousness in the decaying brain; that, in addition to the bitterness of death, one may taste also the gloom of the grave, the horrors of the charnel-house.'

'Good heavens!' I cried. 'What a horrible idea!' He fascinated me, this man. I would gladly have risen and gone away; but he stopped me with his eye.

'Listen,' he said. 'I have overcome this impediment; I have opened the gates of Death to all mankind. To you, my young schoolfellow, I will reveal the secret; lest,

tempted some day to cross the boundary, I should die, and leave mankind as wretched as ever. You see this powdered herb; it is like mint, is it not? the smell, the taste, everything is like mint—you would not know them apart; and yet in a small quantity of this powder lies a release from all the miseries of life. Don't shrink back; it is innocuous in small doses, produces merely a pleasing languor; but in such a quantity as a teaspoonful, it produces lethargy; twice the quantity brings on syncope; thrice, inevitable DEATH. I have often ventured as far as the second stage, but have always stopped short of the third. But I have brought back thus much assurance from the world of shadows: consciousness ceases altogether at the second stage. There are no dreams in the sleep of death.

'The preliminary stage of lethargy is delightful—I often indulge in it; but I have had a doubt sometimes whether I might not possess an exceptional physical organisation; whether the herb would produce exactly the same effects on others. I determined to try the experiment on a large scale. I came here to night to do it. I have noticed that each frequenter of these rooms, on pea-soup nights, which are frequent, takes one plate of soup, to which he adds one spoonful of mint. Well, I watched my opportunity. I came here as soon as the room was opened; and, whilst the waiter's back was turned, I emptied the contents of the plate of mint into my pocket, and filled the plate with my own powder. The experiment was a bold one. I might have caused the death of innocent persons. However, I persevered; the interests of science overpower considerations of humanity. The experiment has completely succeeded. Each *habitué* of these rooms has swallowed his plate of soup, his spoonful of precious herb; each has gone through the state of lethargy. There are some now, you observe, passing through that stage.'

I threw an agonised glance around. Yes, sure enough, there were two or three men lying back in their chairs, their heads sunk on their breasts, in a state of complete lethargy.

'And,' he went on, 'I can see the symptoms of the approaching lethargy upon you—the dilated pupil of the eye, the expression of anxiety in the face; yes, all is perfect; the symptoms are—'

'BUT,' I gasped, 'I HAVE TAKEN THREE SPOONFULS!'

'Martyr of science! he cried, springing up and grasping me by the hand, 'how carefully, how painfully I will watch every symptom of your declining vitality! Dear friend, your case will be an era in the history of humanity. Like Curtius, you have leaped into the chasm for the public weal.'

'But isn't there an antidote?' I gasped; 'a remedy?'

'There is none; and were there, you would not go back from the noble path? My dear friend, imitate the example of the ancient Roman; a quietude and serenity in your last hours is indispensable for the proper noting of your phenomena.'

'But I won't die!' I shouted, getting up. My limbs trembled beneath me; I felt the very chills of death upon me. 'I won't, I won't!' Here I screamed, 'Send for a doctor—for policemen. Quick! Quick! I'm poisoned!'

All the lethargic men jumped to their feet, the waiters came running in, the proprietor appeared, pale and wondering.

'I'm poisoned!' I shouted; 'poisoned in the mint! Send for a doctor, you fools! do you hear?'

'Mad!' said a quiet voice; 'mad as a hatter. Poor fellow! he's subject to these fits. He'll fall down directly; look out for him!'

'But I'm not going to have the character of the house taken away for no mad freaks. What do you mean, sir, by attacking the quality of my victuals, sir?'

'It was he,' I shouted, pointing to my

friend, 'who now seeks to screen himself by calling me mad. But, good heavens! will you see a fellow-creature perish, *perish*, PERISH?'

'There, don't aggravate him,' said my friend. 'Put him into a cab and send him to a police-station; he's sure to have been advertised for.'

I was dragged and hustled from the room, and hustled into a cab. Two or three policemen had come up, and one took charge of me inside, whilst another mounted the box. I was quiet now, overcome by my struggles, and lay exhausted in the corner of the cab, waiting the insidious advances of the deadly narcotic.

Presently the cab stopped. 'We've got that chap they advertised for,' cried the man outside, to a policeman who was lounging at the door of the police-station.

'The deuce you have!' said the inspector, coming up. 'Then you've done a good job to-night. There's fifty pounds offered now. Take him right off to the asylum at once. Let's have a look at him, though. Why this ain't the man at all; this ain't Medhurst! Low, you ought to have known better. Red full moustache, drooping eyelids, aquiline nose—why they're as different as light from darkness.'

'What! is Medhurst mad?' I said, a light bursting in upon me.

'Yes; 'as he been playing any of his pranks upon you, 'sir?—making believe to give you poison, or anything of that sort? Lord, he's the cunningest chap in creation, that Medhurst. He's a small fortune to the police to bring him back after his escapes. He's quite 'armless, too, though he's always up to so many tricks. Quite a gentleman too. I've swallowed a pint or more of his p'ison just to please him, and then he'd stand a bottle of champagne afterwards. That's how you ought to have served him, sir. There, you won't get hold of him to-night, chaps; he's miles away by this time.'

I have never wished myself dead since then.—*Belgravia.*

A SERENADE.

"*Leise flehen meine Lieder.*"

(Translation from the German.)

LIGHTLY let my song entreat thee,
Winging through the night;
To the quiet grove beneath thee,
Come! my heart's delight!
Slender tree-tops whisper, swaying
In the moon's soft light,
Dream not, sweet, of men's betraying,
Here will naught affright.

Hear'st the nightingale's soft sorrows?
Ah! she prays to thee!
From her grief sweet notes she borrows,
Pleading them for me!
She the bosom's yearning feeleth,
Knows the lover's smart,
And with silver tones she healeth
Every tender heart.

Open now thy heart towards us,
List, and come to me!
Trembling shadows night affords us—
Waiting here for thee,
Here for thee!

Barrie. F. R.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT FERNS.

BY AURORA.

"To him who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours,
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware."

W. C. BRYANT.

WHEN a fashion is rapidly adopted we may reasonably conclude that it meets a need. Such appears to have been the case with the fashion of Fern-growing. Whence the fashion came it would perhaps be difficult to say, but all of us can testify to its adoption; and while not a few of us can remember the pleasure we derived from the "Ferns and Mosses" chapters in the excellent little "Family Friend," edited by Mrs. Warren twenty years ago, and have delighted ourselves with the "Ferns and Ferneries" of Shirley Hibberd, in his "Gardener's Magazine" of a later date, we should be puzzled to assign the motive power that has filled our conservatories and drawing rooms, as well as our humbler parlors and hearths, with these most graceful and fascinating children of our woods and streams.

Certainly there is much in fashion, as the gardener knows who is pestered to death for some "new thing" by those whose hobby it is to outvie their neighbours; but there is much more in intuitive sympathy; and who shall define the limits of human nature's love for what God has made so very beautiful. The artificial love which is born of fashion dies with the excitement that gave it birth; but the natural love that leads us to cherish the wayside flower is of immortal birth; it is a relic of that "Paradise Lost," out of the ground of which "made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight," and is an earnest of that "Paradise Regained," our desire for which is stimulated in the description of the "pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal," and of "the tree of life on either side of it, bearing twelve manner of fruits." It is that indestructible chord in our nature that makes the old man dying, "babble o' green fields," and the little child at play cry, "Who'll buy my daisies?"

Fashion is often sneered at by the votaries of their own conceits, but fashion has often done the world good service by bringing into general notice subjects very worthy of regard, and by spreading that which would otherwise remain a local, though not less valuable object. And in no instance has fashion been more worthily followed than in Fern-growing. Graceful, beautiful, easy of culture as they are, how many hundreds of city women who now delight in the beauties of a Fern-case, would have remained in ignorance of its charms had not fashion intervened? And this from no obtuseness or want of sympathy with natural beauty, but from mere force of circumstances.

But fashion becomes a blind leader of the blind when she leads us to overlook the beauty that lies at our door, and commands us to bestow all our admiration on foreign subjects, be they never so lovely. Canada has no need to go from home for ferns of surpassing grace, elegance, and hue, for no group can exceed the types that may be met with anywhere among the woods and by the waters of this fair land. The Brakes, the Polypodies, the Spleenworts, the Adiantums, each have abundant representatives here, as

also has the Tree-fern—though but in miniature—of the tropics.

Our native artists have made some of the beauties of our gardens imperishable upon their canvas. In Canadian Ferns the artist will find a sufficiently exacting study, both as to form and colour, and an ample reward. Let him give us the handsome Brake (*Pteris aquilina*), waving its plumed head in the evening sunshine; the delicate maiden-hair (*Adiantum nigrum*), black and shining, standing apart under her array of fan-like pinnæ; the cheerful robust Polypody (*Polypodium aculeatum*), riveting the eye in the foreground by the vigor and depth of its growth and colour; the Maiden-hair Spleenwort (*Asplenium adiantum*,) like a merry country lassie, standing a-tip-toe on the edge of a beetling crag where none dare follow. Should he add a graceful Marsh-fern (*Polypodium thelyptris*), at the edge of his glinting little rock-pool, none will deem it unwelcome; nor can any object to a tuft of the erect, though tender, green Mountain-fern, in the crevice of a crag. Sir Edwin Landseer might not be satisfied without the antlered head of a large-eyed stag peeping down at us from above, but we shall be contented with the Ferns.

Nor need the painter travel far for his "models," provided he be "our local artist." Let him take a summer holiday among the woods and streams of Castle Frank, now rendered so poetically interesting by the genial pen of Professor Wilson, and he will find the Maiden-hair Spleenwort nodding at him from many a precipitous brow, and perfectly unconscious of the possibility of being a case of "mistaken identity" to the artist, if he be not "up" in wild-wood individualities; for the Spleenwort is so like the Wild Columbine, graceful as herself, that he needs to remember that while *Asplenium* loves the cool breeze and fears not the sunshine, *Columbina* favours the grassy dingle. In some sequestered spot, hidden among the fallen trees, and undisturbed by aught save the little chipmunk or the butterfly, the true Maiden-hair waves her fans in the summer breezes, and in broad rosettes upon the hill-sides. In the moss at the foot of a tree, or where a little streamlet of water trickles from—nobody knows where, he will come upon *Polypodium aculeatum*, the regular arrangement of its pinnæ, and its solid tone of colour, making it a fine contrast to the fairy texture and hue of *Adiantun nigrum*, and the careless grace of *Asplenium*. Close by, the feathery evergreen fern *Aspidium angulare*, is sure to challenge his admiration by its intricate foliage and magnificent tufts.

Somewhere among the rugged stones of the broken hill-side, or at the foot of a valley, our artist will possibly meet with a lonely specimen of the quaint Moonwort (*Osmunda lunaria*), its rather circular pinnæ crowding each other on the single stem. It often bears a little flower-spike at the top, but whether flowering or not, the Moonwort is an excellent "subject" for an odd corner, either of picture or fern-garden. Following a stream, or the windings of the lazy Don, our artist will be sure to meet with the delicate Marsh-fern, of a pale—almost sickly—green, its stem of a cinnamon brown, almost transparent, some of its fronds quite short, yet not more robust than the longer ones that bend over so gracefully. And on some steep overhanging bank, exposed to the rough blasts that sweep the valley, the Mountain-fern rears its ever-youthful head. He may know it from many other pale green ferns which resemble it at various stages of their growth, from the fact that the pinnæ decrease in extent from the middle towards the base, the lowest being very short, and all rather far apart.

On half decayed fallen trees exposed to the washing of freshets, or half hidden under water, grows a fern that pleases our taste better than any other. Its black rhizoma creeps along for many feet with no other support or sustenance apparently than the sprinkling of dark mould that accumulates

in the crevices of the fallen trunk: yet it throws up a longer stemmed frond, which may more justly be termed a leaf, than any other fern that grows. Broad, rather thin, of a middle depth of colour, deeply cut, after the pattern of a "royal oak" leaf, its bold and noble front commands admiration, and must render it a favourite subject for the painter. We cannot assign the name of our favourite, though we have searched all the annals of British Ferns we possess. At first sight it appears as though it might be the Beech-fern, but there are many objections: familiarly we term it the Oak-leaf Fern. We have seen it portrayed in pictures of greenhouse ferns, and it is certainly not rare in the neighbourhood of Toronto, at least on the eastern side. Besides fine specimens from the Don, we have seen tiny ones that were gathered in the Homewood grounds, and several fine specimens of the same fern have been procured near the banks of the Humber, not far from Woodbridge. In the same neighbourhood, magnificent specimens of all the ferns we have mentioned (more especially *Adiantum nigrum*) may be found.

Ferns, however, differ considerably in their development, according to the circumstances of their growth. A hot dry season will dwarf some of them remarkably, while a very changeable one, provided the ferns are in exposed situations, will cause the pinnæ to vary in size with the rapidity of their growth. There is no doubt whatever that they derive their chief nourishment from the atmosphere. Thus we see a fern growing in a valley parallel with a cardinal point of the compass, and thereby exposed to a constant draught, puny and small, though it may be green and healthy; while its sister, under the shelter of the deep woods, attains a size and beauty not to be held in comparison with it. The fern of which we last spoke has, in its growth by the marshy Don, so great a resemblance to an oak-leaf in its simple and curved indentations, (though it is broadest at the base, in which it differs from an oak-leaf,) that our familiar name will serve to identify it; yet in the neighbourhood of the swift Humber it grows so luxuriantly, that its simple pinnatifid form is almost changed by the depth of its cuttings and the elongation of its marginal curves into points, so as to give the idea of separate pinnæ. We have one frond out of several similar now before us, which has on either side and from the centre of its long stalk eight pinnate divisions, exclusive of the lanceolate apex, which is irregularly notched into three deep points on one side, and two shallow ones on the other. These eight, or rather sixteen points, are again notched irregularly and deeply into several points, tending towards their apex. The *Polypodium aculeatum* also varies considerably with locality and circumstances. We have three specimens fully developed, gathered in the Queen's Park. All three are arranged on a six-inch card, leaving plenty of margin, and we have growing specimens nearly ten inches long, whose pinnæ touch each other from base to apex, and are three inches in width from tip to tip of opposite pinnæ, all the way up; the "thumb" on the upper side of the base of each pinnule being well developed, and the edges of the whole fringed with very decided spines—these two last peculiarities being either very slight or absent in ill-developed specimens.

July is the best month in the Canadian year for seeing ferns in all their beauty, and for marking the peculiarity of their flowering, or fructification. In the Marsh-fern the seed-vessels or sporanges are now very perceptible, the longer fronds being the fertile ones, though the thecæ are very irregularly distributed: upon the back of a few only of the pinnæ may be observed dark brown spots in a row on each side of the rib; and against the midrib of the frond, at short intervals, are also little green pellets, so that the marsh-fern has her seed of two characters. The beautiful evergreen, prickly-fern, (*Aspidium angulare*)—sometimes called the Lady-fern in one variety that flourishes luxu-

riantly in Canadian woods and is an elegant object singly or in a group—shews its yellowish thecæ in very regular rows at the back of numerous fronds; while the lordly bracken involutes the margin of his pinnæ as it were to hold in a tight and careful grasp the fine powdery seed. Again the elegant Maidenhair carries its thecæ upon the upper or notched margin of the fans, which gives the pinnæ the appearance of having been slightly reflected hastily by some fatal agency; but as you look longer, and find that the frond remains in a normal and healthy state, you observe also that the thecæ are similar to tiny curved pods placed with their inner margin against the notches in the pinnæ of the frond, and giving to the whole plant a more delicate and interesting aspect. You will find the thecæ of the *Polypodium aculeatum* lying thickly under the pinnæ, more particularly those near the apex of the frond, and if you perceive a frond for the most part perfect, suddenly lose its exact conformation, be sure you will there find masses of the yellow brown thecæ, like rusty velvet; but if you examine others of the fronds still of perfect form, you will find more thecæ scattered in tiny and irregular patches about some of them, making you wonder by what rule dame Nature works in this matter.

Our paper has but briefly referred to the beauty of a few ferns which are very generally distributed in the neighbourhood of Toronto. We have said nothing of the delights of Fern-gathering as a happy and invigorating recreation; of the pleasures of Fern-growing, and the interesting occupation and knowledge to be thereby gained, leaving scientific attainments entirely out of the question. But to the scientific lover of nature, who has a little time and money at command, how wide a field is open. Three thousand Ferns are already known among the three classes, arborescent, shrubby, and herbaceous. Of these, Britain alone claims nine hundred, chiefly herbaceous. Who can doubt but that Canada may with the care of her loving children establish her claim to an equally large proportion. And with her tropic summers, as well as by means of her Arctic winters, it is probable the range would be comparitively wider than in Britain. She might, at least, swell the list with new species, hidden among her woods and by her waters, in her valleys and on her crags, where never yet the foot of man has trod.

A wise discretion and an unselfish spirit should distinguish the lover of nature. Seeing how profusely she gives, let us not be wasteful, but rather anxiously preserve and generously foster such specimens as may be local and rare, that those who come after us may not find some of the most desirable extinct. Fern-growers should remember this also, and acknowledging the havoc they often make, through ignorance, carelessness, or ill-luck, in the species of ferns they honour with their choice, let them be self-denying, until experience guarantees success with even the rarest of their favourites.

Nor let us fail to give our children those simple and beneficial tastes from which we derive so much advantage, for not only will they thereby learn to love the land of their birth with a pure affection, but when the fierce fires of worldly conflict menace their souls, they will find support and comfort in the sweet smile of nature to which we have taught them to look: nay, more, they will "look through Nature, up to Nature's God," and their hearts will echo the Psalmist's invitation, "Come and see the works of God."

CURRENT EVENTS.

AS both political parties profess to be satisfied with the net result of the Ontario elections, there seems to be no reason why we should complain. The Government has, of course, secured a majority; but, on the other hand, the Opposition has gained in numbers and, we hope, in ability and tact. It is not easy to make out accurately the muster-roll of either belligerent, and the task has not been made easier by the feats of classification and addition accomplished in the newspapers. That rival journals should contend for the right of property in individual members was not only natural, but, all things considered, inevitable. When men cannot tell what they are fighting for, it is not to be wondered at, if those in command occasionally mistake an enemy for a friend, especially when the error may be turned to temporary advantage. In politics, a clearly defined principle is as a light set on a hill; men may be for or against it at will, but there it is, for weal or for bane, compelling recognition even though it fails to secure confidence. But when the primary colours of the prism are blurred and the hues of party grow faint, neutral, and indistinguishable, who shall discriminate between the Conservative blue and the buff of Reform? The electoral contest of last month was partly conducted on historic ground. The organ-in-chief submitted the Pacific Scandal to the people as the great question before them. It was not altogether clear what connection could be traced between that memorable *exposé* and the affairs of Ontario in 1875; yet, for lack of any imaginable point of party difference, the journalist was compelled to seek the living among the dead. A minister of the Crown delved still further into the past and brought us face to face with such venerable relics as he could gather of the struggles about Responsible Government, the Clergy Reserves, and, strangest of all, Lower Canada domination. Party politics has thus been constituted a branch of Archæology. If, however, we leave antiquarian research on one side, it would be difficult to tell what the contest was about. The Government party could, of course, enumerate the measures it had passed; but the Opposition might retort that they would very cheerfully have introduced and carried through much better measures, had they been favored with the opportunity. The Opposition told its story of corruption, not unseasoned with scandal, and the Government was ready with the unanswerable *tu quoque*. Under these circumstances the electors of Ontario acted wisely in resolving not to give too much rope to either faction. The Ministry has been sustained by a majority quite sufficient for legitimate purposes, and the power of the Opposition has been extended so far as to render it effective, and yet not far enough to make it heady or presumptuous.

We may reconcile the discrepancies between the numbers furnished by the *Globe* and *Mail* by a summary process. The former classifies the new House thus: Ministerialists 50, Opposition 33, Independents 4; whilst the latter (we correct errors in addition) enumerates them as 48, 37, and 2 respectively. Now, if the "Independents," in each case, be thrown into the scale of that party to which the editor is opposed, it will be found that they agree to a unit. The result is a majority of thirteen for the Government, which we take to be as close an approximation to the truth as we can expect for the present. Of "Independent

Candidates" we shall have something to say in the sequel; here it may suffice to remark that the Grit journal has a very bad character to give them. One would naturally suppose, therefore, that the four who have managed to deceive the elect should be put at once into political Coventry. Strange to say, this is not the case. All four, we are told, have signified their intention of supporting Mr. Mowat's Government, and if they are held off for a moment and grouped in a class by themselves, it is only that they may be drawn nearer and clasped closer to the party bosom. Now, of course, "Independent Candidates" are not the same as Independent Members; yet no one dreams of asserting that there is sacramental efficacy in the ballot-box. It is not quite apparent, then, why this quartette of political waifs should be so precious in party eyes, and why the *Mail* should be roundly scolded for attempting to abduct them. Either the *Globe* does not believe that the "Independents" are so bad as it painted them, or else it is paying the Reform party an equivocal compliment, when it represents them as its natural allies.

The experiment of secret voting has been eminently successful, at least from one point of view. It secures free, fair, and orderly elections. There is an entire absence of that feverish unrest which usually pervaded a constituency under the old system, and was too often stimulated into riot and bloodshed by frequent announcements, true or false, of the state of the poll. On the other hand, too much must not be expected from the ballot. It will, no doubt, render the expenditure of money in electoral corruption more difficult, and its returns as an investment, uncertain and precarious; but, as they have discovered in England, it does not put a stop to all bribery but that of a blind and tentative character; the old-fashioned, well-assured system handed down from our ancestors has been made available with some necessary modifications. Again, the ballot does not favour the growth of such virtues as veracity and moral courage. It is beyond question that at the Toronto elections, hundreds of voters who had pledged themselves to support particular candidates, deliberately broke their word. The evident surprise with which the committees of both candidates in the Eastern division heard the numbers announced, was a proof that somebody had been the victim of false promises. Henceforth the returns of canvassers will not be relied on as an indication of probable results, because they are, to all appearance, more likely to mislead than to assure the candidate.

There was another feature in the late elections partly attributable to the ballot. It is probable that the electorate would, under any circumstances, have taken the first opportunity of repudiating a dictatorship which had become too galling and insolent to be much longer endured. The leading journal may parade names and figures as long as it pleases: the fact remains that the "party," to say nothing of its opponents, is growing restive under the whip of the Managing Director. The comparison between parties, as they stood at the dissolution of the old House, and as they may stand—for it is a mere assumption—in the new, is nothing to the purpose. The "organ" must say something to mislead, or at least amuse its following; and an anxious effort to prove that Ontario hugs its chains is as innocuous as it is futile. Let the reader compare the figures and judge for himself. In this city, at the Dominion election a year ago, Mr. Wilkes had a majority of two hundred and eighty-one in St. James' Ward; in 1875, Mr. Crooks had only fifty-five, although his canvassers were assured of at least two hundred and fifty. Mr. Brown calls this "fickleness" on the part of city voters; to us it shows that the rebellion appears first and most powerfully where the dictatorship is best known and most sorely felt. Let us, however, take two counties, one east, and the other west,

of Toronto. In East Durham at the 1872 election, Mr. Ross, M.P. had a majority of 240; in 1874, a majority of 651; in 1875, Mr. Rosevear (opposition) is elected for the Ontario Assembly by a majority of 275. In West Elgin, at the local election of 1872, Mr. Hodgins secured a majority of 198; in 1875, he is defeated by a small majority These are by no means the best examples of the growing dissatisfaction of the Reform party, nor will it do to pit against them opposition defeats, which are irrelevant in this connection. Any one who will take the trouble to set the election returns of the various elections for four years past side by side, will at once realize the plain significance of the one through which we have just passed. It cannot be affirmed that there is any actual revulsion in political opinion; if there were, it would be causeless and aimless. The Opposition has certainly done nothing to attract support from its adversaries, and Mr. Mowat's real service to the State more than counterbalances the blunders of his Administration. If the Premier is wise, he will at once recognise the fact that the Reform party is afflicted with an incubus no longer to be borne—an "Old Man of the Sea," who must be thrown from Sinbad's shoulders at once and forever. In a new House, in which forty-one members will take their seats for the first time, Mr. Mowat has an opportunity of turning over a new leaf, which he cannot afford to neglect. Let him abandon party cant and set about the purely local and municipal duties committed to the Provincial Assembly. Let him boldly emancipate himself from the traditions of the past, and select his colleagues, should a reconstruction of the Cabinet be necessary, solely for their administrative ability, without regard to the arbitrary and unmeaning distinctions of party. A majority of a dozen is not a large majority in a new Parliament; yet, by preferring the interests of Ontario to every other consideration, and steadily labouring in the prosaic path laid down in our Constitution, he may soon attract to his standard all the support that is worth having on both sides of the House.

Any speculation as to the probable tone and temper of the new Assembly would be premature on this occasion. Nearly half the House consists of new and untried men, of whom nothing can be predicated, except that they are labelled as belonging to the genus "Reform," or the genus "Conservative," which is equivalent to the admission that we know very little about them. The species, family, and variety to which each individual member must be affiliated have yet to be found out. Of the old members, the Government has lost several whom it can afford to lose; and the Opposition has been deprived of one or two whom it will do quite as well without. It is much to be regretted that Messrs. Crooks and Hodgins have failed to secure seats. Men of culture and intelligence do not superabound in the House, and the exclusion even of one cannot be regarded as a matter of indifference. The Treasurer can, no doubt, find a place elsewhere, should he decide to retain his office. It must be confessed that he was unconsciously the author of his own misfortunes; for his defeat was entirely due to his temerity in matching himself with the leader of the Opposition, and to the confidence he reposed in the fallacious assurances of ward politicians. While we deplore his exclusion from the House, we cannot affect to conceal our satisfaction that Mr. Cameron retains his seat; for his defeat at this juncture would have been a heavier blow to the cause of good Government than the Treasurer's discomfiture can possibly be. Mr. Hodgins has probably fallen a victim to that wretched localism which sometimes takes possession of rural constituencies, and spreads with the virulence of zymotic disease. Of its temporary presence, powerfully aided by the growing discontent in the Reform ranks, the Opposition has taken advantage. We are glad to welcome Messrs. Meredith and Be-

thune back to their places; they are the first fruits of a movement on behalf of rational, as opposed to imaginative, politics, and it is to be hoped they will not suffer the thorns of party to spring up and choke their nobler aspirations. Mr. Wm. McDougall made a gallant fight in East York; but he came late into the field, and had the dictator's body-guard to contend against. His ability and experience would be invaluable in the House, and we are happy to hear that there is a possibility of his being returned for another electoral division. If any one doubts Mr. McDougall's sterling worth, he may refer to the *Globe's* flattery of him or to its abuse. During a period of twenty-five years, from the time when that gentleman first published the *North American* up to this moment, he has been alternately lauded and denounced in the organ. Our readers may select the praise or the blame, according as they regard the one or other as the better recommendation.

One of the few sincere political sentiments current now-a-days is the repugnance felt by working politicians and journalists to professions of political independence. The *Globe* devoted a whole article, a couple of weeks ago, to warning the constituencies against so-called "independent candidates." All such, we were told, might be roughly divided into two classes, empty-headed prigs, not knowing enough to choose a side, and deliberate impostors, who have not yet made up their minds which side it will suit them best to choose.

We have no desire in the world to shut our eyes to facts: we leave that to those who have anomalies to defend or sinister purposes to serve; and we therefore freely acknowledge that many a man has, ere this, assumed the name of independent who was quite unworthy of so respectable a designation, and that some who have been elected in that character have proved themselves, before long, the most self-seeking and servile of partisans. The name, however, is still a good one, and we trust that the labours of the *Globe* to make it a by-word of contempt will be as futile as the labours of that journal often are. The first class of Independents which the organ held up to derision are those who are so very independent as not to be able to make up their minds on any open question, and who can, therefore, give the electors no satisfaction as to the course they propose to hold. As a sample of "inner consciousness" work, this particular essay in class-building is tolerably creditable; for certain it is that no man in the flesh—not to say any class of men—ever tried to make ineptitude pass for independence, in the fashion described by the *Globe*. To the mind of the greatest simpleton there never could appear to be any connection, or even relation, whatsoever, between ignorance or indecision respecting public affairs, and that which every uncorrupted mind understands by independence in politics—namely, a disinterested desire to deal faithfully by public interests, and a disengagement from all ties that might render such faithful dealing difficult or impossible. If the question is squarely put: What system is most favourable to the intrusion of ignoramuses into political life?—no honest man can pretend that the answer is far to seek. It is the system which throws the nomination of candidates into the hands of a few wire-pullers, and which makes intelligence, character, and everything else of secondary or rather of no importance at all, in comparison with "fidelity," as it is called, to party leaders. Everyone knows that the contending parties have invariably acted on the maxim that any stick will do to beat a dog with, and that, in accordance with this sublime principle, the *Globe*, in 1858, was prepared to support Mr. Romaine against Mr. Baldwin, while, in 1872, the *Mail* did support Mr. Bickford against Mr. Moss. With such facts as these in full view, it requires a practised audacity for a party journal to boast, as the *Globe* does by implica-

tion, of the superior political sagacity and character of strictly partisan candidates.

All Independents, however, we are told, are not mere conceited nonentities, hiding their want of political intelligence under a specious name; the larger number are tricksters of the worst type, waiting to see which party will offer them the highest price. That these sharp-witted gentlemen should so confidently count upon finding a market for their valuable votes is, perhaps, not an altogether creditable feature of the party system; but, as our views about party are said to be fundamentally wrong, perhaps we are mistaken upon this minor point as well as upon greater ones. Who knows that the party leader or whip who approaches one of the superior class of independents with a bribe is not fired with an apostolic zeal for the salvation of the man's political soul? He sees him wandering in darkness and error, and if a mere trifle in the way of worldly emolument or advantage will win him over to the true faith—and something in the man's eye or an apparent local irritation in his palm points him out as a hopeful subject for conversion —why withhold what it is so easy to give? Of course he should be gathered in with the faithful; it will be a blessing to himself and —the party will be all the stronger. One only needs to be in sympathy with an institution to see as beauties what to the unsympathizing are deformities; and surely it should be reckoned a very touching trait in political parties that, instead of anathematizing the unbelievers and rigidly excluding them from communion, they should show the tenderest anxiety for their welfare, and offer all possible facilities for their reclamation. We have read somewhere of people who compassed sea and land to make one proselyte, and who, when they had got him, — well, did him no good. We should not have thought of this were it not for the resemblance established by the *Globe* between the proselyte and the converted Independent who, it seems, goes beyond his converters in political iniquity.

When two parties are struggling for place and power and nothing else; when they are known to be far from scrupulous as to the means by which they gain adherents; when the spectacle of their warfare tends continually to lower the tone of public morality—is it any wonder in the world that a few unscrupulous men should falsely assume an independent character, in order to gain time to decide which party will pay most for their support? Why, no more inevitable consequence of the whole system could be imagined: the hypocrisy of such men takes a different shape, but is essentially the same, as the hypocrisy of those hardened partisans who pretend to think that the interests of the whole country depend upon the triumph of their party, and who for their most factious and disreputable acts make the public good the pretext. Imagine the "standard-bearer" who has gone through a few election contests taxing the pseudo-independent with hypocrisy. Allow equal wit on both sides, and it is far from certain that the "standard-bearer" would make much by the attempt.

The only independence which it is proper for any man to profess before the electors is independence of such ties as would make his public conduct depend upon views of party interest; and we have no hesitation in saying that the man who is not independent in this sense is not deserving of the people's confidence, inasmuch as it is impossible for him to be a faithful steward of the interests committed to his charge. This argument is so clear and simple, that we are almost afraid it will have but little effect with those who most need it. There are people in the world whom you can convert to anything except the plain teachings of common sense. Whatever lays no tax on their credulity they despise, very much as the Syrian King, who expected "some great thing" to have been commanded him, and despised the simple

prescription of the prophet Elisha. Our advice to the people in regard to "independent candidates" is, to see that they make something more than a mere formal profession of independence, which is worth little or nothing. A man who asks the suffrages of his fellow-citizens ought to be prepared to state his views upon public questions, and may fairly be expected to display an intelligent grasp of the whole political situation. For a man who has no views in particular, and who has never been distinguished by moral earnestness, to make profession of independence is simply a fraud. To be independent in any effective or worthy sense of the word requires a superior degree both of intelligence and character. There are many men in the country who, in Parliament or in the Legislatures, could act the part of true independents; but, unfortunately, there are no indications at present that the country generally desires the services of such men. Still, those who believe in better things must look away from all discouraging signs, and trust that the time will come when the most "available" candidate will be the best candidate; when a profession of independence will not expose a man to suspicion or to ridicule; and when leading journals will not conspire to teach the demoralizing lesson, that the strife of factions is the only means through which the political life of a free country can be carried on.

We are not disposed to claim the Dominion election in East Toronto as a crucial instance of the decay of party. There was room there for strong personal preference and, in a certain sense, for strong religious prejudices. So far, however, as the latter formed an element in the contest, it is clearly open to misconstruction. We believe that the number of those who voted against the Grit candidate solely because of his religion was small. Bigotry, pure and simple, notwithstanding the unfortunate efforts to keep it alive by secret organizations and periodical parades, is an exotic in Ontario; certainly its practical influence in politics has been greatly exaggerated. Roman Catholics were returned at the local elections for constituencies mainly Protestant; and, we have not to go back many years, to find the Orange and the Green united on the hustings and at the polls. Temporary causes, such as the Fenian raids and the murder of Scott, may tend to arouse fanaticism; but it has no permanent vitality; and even these perturbing events do not cause a general proscription of all Roman Catholics, but only of those whose loyalty is open to grave suspicion. When, therefore, the partisans of Mr O'Donohoe urged the plea of religious toleration upon the electors, they were guilty of an anachronism, as they must have felt when they pronounced all who supported Mr. Platt to be disciples of Lord Eldon and Mr. Percival. References to Sydney Smith, Bayle, and Addison were equally irrelevant; they might as well have published Jeremy Taylor's "Liberty of Prophesying," or Locke's "Letter on Toleration," as "campaign papers." There was, in fact, an obvious fallacy underlying this stratagem in party tactics. An attempt was made to draw the inference that, because Roman Catholics are justly and properly entitled to equal rights and equal privileges with their fellow-subjects, therefore, we ought to vote for every Roman Catholic candidate the wire-pullers may name, no matter how shady his antecedents. The objection to Mr. O'Donohoe was, not that he was a Roman Catholic, but that he was in sympathy with a particularly noisy, troublesome, and disloyal set of men, who "profess and call themselves" Roman Catholics. We do not say that that gentleman is, or ever has been, a Fenian, or even that he is disposed to be actively disloyal, but people are only judging by his antecedents when they conclude that if the major part of her Majesty's subjects were O'Donohoes, the Throne would be in a shaky condition. The vote against Riel's expulsion after a

price had been set upon that outlaw's head, would not have counted for much; but, coupled with Mr. O'Donohoe's former utterances, it shed some light upon a dark spot, and confirmed the popular belief that, in his eyes, insurrection and bloodshed, if not laudable, are, at worst, legitimate and harmless methods of diversion. These and other matters of a more purely personal character determined the course of the constituency. The Opposition had an additional advantage in the *personnel* of its candidate. He is not an active politician, it is true, but he possesses exactly those qualities which his rival lacks. Hence it happened that many who are rational men first, and Grits, if at all, afterwards, declined to be made the victims of any compact between Catholicism and its old traducer. They were not prepared to unlearn the old lesson in a day. They might have swallowed a less nauseous dose had the party physician been content to prescribe one; nothing would satisfy him but an emetic, and the result was that both the doctor and his physic were kicked into the street. If the confidence of these credulous patients was shaken, the effect upon the general intelligence of the Division was more marked and more decided. Of the four hundred and fourteen majority obtained by Mr. Platt, three hundred, at least, were recalcitrant Reformers, men who had more respect for themselves than they had for their party—men who preferred the interests of their country to the exigencies of a Quebec alliance, or the trumpery triumph of a Toronto journal. We observe that the *Mail* is endeavouring to take the victory to itself and to its party. Conservatism, as such, had very little to do with it. It elected neither Mr. Platt nor Mr. Cameron; for both owe their seats to a break-up of the Government party—the consequence of a too free use of the spur and the whip. But, as we have said already, even this cause of re-action, powerful though it was, would not have been adequate to the production of such an effect, had not the insane confidence, the domineering assurance of the party engineers beguiled them into fatal mistakes. The battle was intended to be one for party without principle; the constituency preferred the triumph of persons and principles, leaving party to shift for itself. To crown all, the ballot interposed a shield between the faint-hearts and the eye and lash of their old master.

Major Walker, M.P. for London, has been disqualified, as he deserved to be; the only thing to be regretted is that he suffers alone. If the Judges had been as "strict to mark iniquity, and severe to punish sin" as we think, with all respect, they might have been, he would not be without companions in adversity. At least half-a-dozen who, to use Mr. Justice Gwynne's sober figure, had been "immersed" in the waters of bribery would have been put to dry in the judicial furnace. We are accustomed in Canada to see Governors and Judges abused when they fail to meet the wishes of particular men or coteries of men, but we must confess that the denunciation of the Common Pleas Court, because it declined to call black white, is about the most outrageous on record. So far from the bench having been filled by the Tory party with "violent political partisans," it is a notorious fact that all the Superior Court Judges who took an active part in politics before their elevation to the bench were Reformers; we, of course, except the President of the Court of Appeal, who has nothing to do with election cases. The Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas acted with the greatest forbearance when he simply unseated Major Walker; and although many years ago he was said to be a Conservative voter, it would require more audacity than falls to the common lot to insinuate that the Judge's decisions have ever been influenced by any considerations unworthy of him as an upright magistrate and

an impartial "divider" between man and man. As for Judges Galt and Gwynne, if they ever had any political views, they have not obtruded them upon the public; at any rate they are far removed above the tainted atmosphere in which faction delights to live and move.

The commutation of Lepine's sentence as so generally expected that its announcement has taken no one by surprise. An attempt is, of course, being made to get up a little factitious indignation on the subject, but it will certainly fail. We have already expressed a very decided opinion that the execution, at this late date, of the actors in the tragedy of 1870 would be a wanton and inexcusable act of bloodshed. Whenever politicians strive, by means of popular clamour, to compass the death of any man solely in the interests of party, governments do well to interpose the Royal prerogative between the agitators and the culprit. There has been rebellion in Canada before, and it is not forgotten that two victims were hurried to the scaffold with unseemly haste in 1838, whom no one would have thought of hanging three or four years afterwards. The *quasi* judicial murder of Thomas Scott was utterly indefensible; the only plea in extenuation of the useless crime that could bear a moment's serious consideration was the excited and fevered state of both parties at the time. It must be borne in mind, however, that there are other elements to be taken into account besides the naked fact of the crime itself. Archbishop Taché was sent up to Red River to make what terms he thought fit. It is true that the shooting of Scott had not then taken place; but that is beside the point. The Roman Catholic prelate was endowed with plenary powers, and he exercised them in such a way as virtually to condone the offence. Moreover, as if that were not enough, Lieutenant-Governor Archibald subsequently confirmed the Archbishop's action by receiving Riel and accepting his services on behalf of the Crown. The hanging of even the arch-rebel, under these circumstances, could only be paralleled from English history by the execution of Raleigh notwithstanding that he had been in the King's employment during the period which intervened between the alleged crime and its punishment. The only objection which can fairly be urged against the commutation of Lepine's sentence is the way in which it was effected. To our view, and we believe it is the view of every unprejudiced person in the Dominion, the course taken by Mr. Mackenzie is entitled, if not to hearty approval, at least to indulgent consideration, under the peculiar difficulties of the case. In any Cabinet, whether constructed by Mr. Mackenzie or by Sir Jno. A. Macdonald, serious differences of opinion would be inevitable on this troublesome question. These dissensions could not be obtruded upon public attention otherwise than by a complete break-up of the Administration. The Privy Council is not a legislative body in which each member may publicly record his vote *pro* or *contra*; it must exist as a unit or cease to exist at all. Each individual minister is obliged to surrender his private opinion to the voice of the Premier and the majority or resign; nay more, he must be prepared to defend in Parliament and on the hustings the Government policy, whatever it may be. Perhaps it will be said that honourable men would retire rather than occupy so false a position; but would that be a solution of the difficulty? It is quite certain that no Government could be formed that would give satisfaction to the two Provinces. The French Canadian population will be content with nothing short of a full amnesty and a free pardon; and no Ontario member, west of Kingston at any rate, would dare to entertain such a proposition. It might be as well, therefore, if Opposition journals, before being pharisaically severe on Mr. Mackenzie, would be kind enough to inform the public how

Sir Jno. A. Macdonald could have acted otherwise. The party out of power is not so entirely without sin that it can afford to throw a stone at its successors. The Royal instructions to the Governor-General have been appealed to by both parties; but an attentive perusal of His Excellency's despatch to Lord Carnarvon will show that he acted knowingly and ostensibly without reference to them. His words place this fact beyond dispute:—"In thus *dispensing* with the advice of my responsible Ministers, and exercising the Queen's prerogative according to my own judgment, I am aware I have undertaken a grave responsibility." What responsibility could Lord Dufferin have incurred, if he were simply acting as in an ordinary matter on the usual instructions? We believe that the *Globe* is right when it says that "the incidents in the case of Lepine were peculiar to itself, and of a nature certainly not contemplated in the ordinary instructions." His Excellency might have acted otherwise; he might have embarrassed the Government by declining to interfere in the matter. No doubt had Sir John Macdonald been in power, the *Globe* would have insisted upon such a course, and abused the Governor-General for not taking it; even now, though it happens to be right, it cannot refrain from giving a false reason for its view. The argument that because Scott was murdered before Manitoba became a Province of the Dominion, the Ottawa Government could not advise the Crown touching the sentence is absurd. Chief Justice Wood is a Dominion official, and if his superiors have no power to commute a sentence pronounced by him, it is clear that he had no power to pronounce it. Nor can we refrain from reminding the Grit organ that the strong antagonism between the two Provinces must be chiefly laid at the door of its party. If politicians in opposition would only look a little beyond their noses, they would hesitate to raise an agitation when out of office, which they cannot lay when they are in it. The difficulty would have been easily adjusted if Mr. Mackenzie had not thought it consistent with his dignity to wander about the country as stalking horse to the Orange thoroughbred. We owe it to the chivalrous and impartial bearing of Earl Dufferin, as well as to his broad and comprehensive views of public policy, that Government has not been brought to a dead-lock, and the federal bond to the verge of dissolution.

The meeting of the Dominion Board of Trade calls for a brief notice. Its principal achievement was the hurling of another stone —and that a rather weighty one—on the coffin of that unfortunate Reciprocity Treaty. The discussion was conducted solely from a commercial point of view, as it ought to be, and the condemnation of the scheme was prompt and decisive. We are unable to sympathize with the Opposition attacks upon Mr. Brown in this matter, and, in deprecating these attacks, we are certainly not moved by admiration of his political course. To any one who lays aside the spectacles of party, it must be evident that Mr. Brown could have had no object in view but the material interests of the Dominion. We may be sure that he took all he could get, and the best negotiator could do no more. If he has failed to satisfy everybody, that is his misfortune, and not his fault. After all, although present attempts to come to an agreement on the Reciprocity question have failed, it by no means follows that they have been put forth in vain. In any case, there is neither sense nor justice, not to speak of gratitude, in heaping abuse upon the head of Mr. Brown. We observe that the Board of Trade touched very gingerly upon the question of exemptions from taxation; for, although they protested against them, so far as Government property is concerned, they were warned off ecclesiastical preserves by the worn-out cry, "The Church is in danger." Perhaps the time may come when

the plain truth that to exempt churches and manses from taxation is to endow them out of the public funds will be apparent to every one. Another important matter was the Board's resolution against the exorbitant charges made by the Express monopoly. Mr. Clemow's suggestion that the Government should assume the business now carried on by Express Companies, did not meet with much favour; but the grievance of which he complained is a real and palpable one. Every merchant knows that he is at the mercy of these foreign corporations, which are growing rich by extortion. It is full time that the monopoly were broken up, and that our own people undertook their own forwarding business. It is not to their credit that they have submitted so long to the intolerable exactions of the existing companies.

We have grown so accustomed to unseemly wranglings amongst professors of the Gospel of Peace that we no longer feel called upon to express surprise at their periodic recurrence. The symptoms seldom vary, and the disease runs its ordinary course of misapprehension, misrepresentation, and personal attack, until its victims, exhausted by the violence of the fit, sink back into their wonted state of quiescence. The year would be dull indeed which did not witness one of these feverish outbreaks; for, although they do not occur with the regularity of a tertian ague, we have learned to expect them, like the movable feasts of the Church, at some time within a definite period. The intestine warfare now being waged, with so much bitterness, in the Anglican diocese of Toronto might be passed over in silence, were it not synchronous with a more deadly struggle in the mother Church of England. It is with no intention of entering the lists on behalf of either party, that we refer to the subject on this occasion. That one or other, or both of them, may have just cause of controversy, we shall not undertake to deny. If, not satisfied with fighting manfully "against sin, the world, and the devil," they are determined to earn a new claim to the title of Church Militant, by fighting one another, it is unlikely that anything we can urge will recall them to a better frame of mind. Still it is surely open to any one to suggest the enquiry whether the weapons in use are not carnal rather than spiritual, and whether the cause of religion will be a probable gainer by the adoption of tactics we are learning to despise in the warfare of political faction? Let us take a hasty glance at the facts of the case. The Church Association was formed for the purpose of protecting the Anglican communion in this Diocese from what its members regard as dangerous and unauthorized innovations in doctrine and also in ritual, so far as the latter symbolizes unorthodox dogma. This object, in our humble opinion, was a perfectly legitimate one; and we adhere to that opinion, notwithstanding that episcopal authority seems to be against us. The question remains how far may the means adopted for carrying out that object be justified? So far as the Executive Committee is concerned, its aims were clearly defined and its complaints carefully and distinctly formulated. They ought, therefore, to have received fair and courteous consideration. It is not to the credit of their opponents that the charges made were not even respectfully examined, and that no attempt to disprove them, in a regular and orderly way, was made. No one will believe, for a moment, that such men as Chief Justice Draper, Vice-Chancellor Blake, Dr. Wilson and Mr. Gzowski would lightly and without a firm belief in their truth, attach their names to the documents formally promulgated by the executive of the Association. Whatever opinion may be entertained of the views enunciated by these gentlemen, there was certainly nothing published under their names—at least so long as they were treated with common courtesy—to warrant the ugly

epithets which have been flung at them. On the other hand, the Association has been favoured with the patronage and support of a band of combative guerillas—theological Modocs they may be called—who impede the movements and compromise the credit of the regular belligerents. They know nothing of the history of their Church; they are not aware that it is based upon a policy of compromise, and depends for its very existence upon mutual forbearance. That rude husbandry with which alone they are acquainted, not only tempts them to pluck up the tares at the risk of uprooting the wheat, but fails to provide them with the means of distinguishing the one from the other. They neither know, nor care to know, the *locus standi* of those who differ from them. The Real Presence, which is certainly taught in the Prayer Book, they persist in identifying with the dogma of Transubstantiation, because they cannot discriminate between "real" and "corporeal." Rushing into the columns of a press which, though nominally secular, is in reality bitterly denominational, they inflict such wounds upon their own Church as they can inflict with the feeble appliances at their command. These men are in the Church of England; but they are not of it. Their sole aim is to make the entire body "sound" as they call it, by driving intelligence and culture out of its pale. There is but one consistently dogmatic Church in Christendom, and that is the Church of Rome. Having cast off the intolerable yoke of Papal authority, men who think for themselves will not bend their necks to popes of an inferior sort, Evangelical or Ritualistic. We are bound to give the Bishop credit for a sincere and honest desire to promote peace and good-feeling within his Diocese. If his Lordship has failed, it is because he is unable to comprehend the difficulties, or enter into the spirit—honest and earnest as it is—of the "Evangelical party." Professor Ambery's defence of Trinity College was in every way creditable to him, and his letter should be studied as a model of what a Christian gentleman of culture is capable in the way of controversy, without sacrificing his principles, or lowering his dignity by unseasonable passion or spiteful vituperation.

The appearance of a new Reform Journal in Toronto, has peculiar significance at this juncture. It means, or else it has no meaning, that *The Liberal* expects support from that large and growing section of Government supporters, who are tired of the *Globe*, and are not willing to submit themselves any longer to its dictation. The first issue of the new venture, which lies before us, though studiously non-committal on the domestic quarrels of its party, is not without indications of a contemplated rupture with the Grand Lama. There must, of course, be two parties to every quarrel; but, unless the chief organ resorts to the ostrich policy, and quietly ignores the existence of the *The Liberal*, a family *fracas* is inevitable. It was not to be expected that the first utterances of the paper would be combative in tone. A man cannot make a courteous bow, and pose himself in a belligerent attitude at the same moment. Yet we could wish that our young contemporary had uttered a less uncertain sound. An editor may support Messrs. Mackenzie and Mowat, and declare himself a Reformer, without giving the public any distinct idea of his political whereabouts. *The Liberal* may possibly disappoint many more besides Mr. Goldwin Smith and those who, like ourselves, have a hearty contempt for both the factions. The name of Mr. Edward Blake is mentioned in the leading article, but without any expression of opinion as to his position as a Reformer. The editor cannot be ignorant of the fact that people who prefer country to party, hold the member for South Bruce in the highest esteem, and look to his honesty, ability, and eloquence, for deliverance from an irksome dictatorship.

He has approved himself to them as a man who can think and act for himself on public matters. Philistinism has affected to regard him as eccentric, because he has dared to strike out his own path and devote his talents to the service of his country in his own way. We shall soon see whether *The Liberal* will rise to the importance of the impending crisis; meanwhile we wish its publishers, as we are always ready to wish any one who launches his bark upon the uncertain sea of journalism, a large measure of success in their new enterprise.

If General Grant had the power and the nerve, as he unquestionably possesses the desire, to retain the supreme power in his own hands for life, the free institutions of the United States would not be worth a month's purchase. Years ago Gen. Blair of Missouri expressed his conviction that the low estimate popularly formed of Grant's intellectual capacity was a mistaken, and might prove a fatal, one. In his opinion, and he had ample opportunities of forming a correct judgment, Grant "possessed a vigour of mind and an intensity of ambition which would make his election to the Presidency a great public danger." This view led Blair to prognosticate that if the General "were once elected to that office he would never relinquish it." The President has devoted his energies during the second term in endeavouring to secure re-election for a third; and, although his hopes received a powerful check at the November elections, it is by no means clear that he has abandoned them. His intimate associates publicly boast that they "will have him for ten terms, if they can get him." Before the war, Grant was a sort of *chevalier d'industrie*, and so little did he care for the Union, that it was by a mere accident he was not enrolled in the army of Gen. Lee. Luckily for himself, he was attracted to the Northern side, rose to fame and attained the highest office in the gift of his fellow-citizens. During a six years' occupancy he has feathered his own nest with characteristic avarice, and, at the same time, charitably provided for every man, woman, and child having, by birth or marriage, the good fortune to be connected with the noble house of Grant. Should he gracefully relinquish the office on the fourth of March, 1877, he will retire into the obscurity of private life with the proud consciousness that he is the richest President who ever turned his back upon the White House, leaving as a legacy to his grateful country the countless herd of relations he has quartered upon it.

Recent events in Louisiana have clearly demonstrated the utterly unscrupulous character of Grant. A ruler who will maintain in power a notoriously illegal government by force, and send his soldiery to re-enact Colonel Pride's purge in the legislature and to decide contested elections at the point of the bayonet, is capable of any outrage upon the liberties of a free people. After making every allowance for the real difficulties in the President's path, there can be no apology for his persistent efforts to make these difficulties chronic. Out of his own mouth he stands condemned, for he laid down the law for himself in these words;—"I can conceive of no case, not involving rebellion or insurrection, where such interference by authority of the general government ought to be permitted, or can be justified." There is no pretence that any lawlessness prevails in the unfortunate State, except that of the carpet-baggers and the U. S. troops who uphold them in usurped power. The mission of Gen. Sheridan to New Orleans is the master-key to the secret designs of Grant. No one knew better than the President that the "Lieutenant-General" might be safely entrusted with the execution of a policy which Strafford and Laud would have recognized as "Thorough." Gen. Grant has gone back to 1868; he might have gone a little further back. In 1867, Andrew Johnson, finding

in his classic phrase, that Sheridan "was up to his devilment" at New Orleans, thought it necessary to transfer him to Kansas. Grant knew well the character of the man, for the order of removal was countersigned by him as Acting Secretary of War. The Committee appointed by a Republican House of Representatives deputed a sub-Committee, consisting of two Republicans and one Democrat, to visit New Orleans and ascertain the true facts of the case. The investigation was conducted in an impartial manner, both sides being represented by counsel; and even the usurping Governor Kellogg was so well satisfied that he declared himself willing to abide by its decision. The report of the Committee, as published in the *New York Herald* of the 16th ultimo, convicts both Sheridan and the President of gross misstatements. If either of them had desired to get at the truth, it was within their reach; but that was not their object. Sheridan spent four days at New Orleans, apparently roystering with Kellogg; and Grant accepted a version of the facts received from that overblown flower of his nepotism, Casey, a brother-in-law. The Investigating Committee went no farther back than the November elections; but we can easily give briefly the whole history as in a panorama. Kellogg, in 1872, received a minority of the votes cast, but was declared duly elected by a committee who had not even the returns before them, chosen from a legislature which was also installed illegally. A judge, one Durell, by a decision on which General Grant lays great stress, but which was extra-judicial and declared null and void by a Republican Senate, confirmed "the frauds and forgeries," and, to crown all, the Federal forces were called in to sustain an illegal judgment confirming an illegal return by an illegal legislature, and to install in office an usurping Governor. The entire path traversed by Grant and his adherents has been tainted with fraud at every step. It is unnecessary to follow the Committee in its disgraceful revelations regarding the election of 1874, when the Democrats had a clear majority of twenty-nine, in spite of the outrageous means taken by Kellogg to win the day, and yet were deprived of it—although only three seats were contested—by a partisan Returning Board. In his triumphal despatch, Sheridan expressed a wish that the members of the White League might be declared "banditti," so that he could try them by court-martial, and Grant, in his message, while admitting that that salutary reform of the penal laws is impracticable under the Constitution, does not conceal his regret that this is the case, because such a summary proceeding would undoubtedly put an end to the voting power of his opponents. The Investigating Committee distinctly vindicates the White League as being simply a political organization, as guiltless of rebellion, murder, or even intimidation as the Reform or Carlton Clubs of London. The scene at Vicksburg the other day, when Gen. Emory expelled a sheriff who had been duly elected and installed without protest in his office, is a fitting supplement to the more disgraceful doings in Louisiana. When staunch Republicans like the venerable poet Bryant, Carl Schurz, and William Evarts, vehemently denounce these military usurpations, there can be no doubt of their true character. Happily, as a New York journal remarks, although Grant has, by means of the military, interfered with a Legislature after the manner of Cromwell and Napoleon, it is a consolation to know that he is only "a very faint and contemptible copy" of his illustrious predecessors.

The last Session of the moribund Congress is being spun out to its legal term by buncombe speeches on the affairs of Louisiana and the question of a third term. Grant has a majority in both Houses at present, and they will no doubt absolve Sheridan, sustain Grant, and prop up the tottering seat of Kellogg; but the real tug of war between State rights and military despotism has yet to come. A motion was made in the Lower

Chamber to amend the Constitution by adding an article to extend the Presidential term from four to six years, and forbid the re-election of any future President. This proposition was warmly supported by men of both parties, and, so far as a bare majority is concerned, prevailed by a vote of 134 to 104; but it lacked the two-thirds required to carry a constitutional amendment. The Currency Bill has been dropped, and the Civil Rights Bill will share the same fate or be vetoed by the President. The elections of U. S. Senators have followed the verdict of the several States in November. In New York, Kernan has been elected; in Pennsylvania, after a sharp struggle, Wallace, also a Democrat. Our old enemy, Chandler, has been rejected in Michigan, and Grant's "momentary dreams of peace" have been dispelled by the election of ex-President Andrew Johnson, in Tennesee. The Democrats of Missouri let slip a golden opportunity of cementing their alliance with the anti-Grant Republicans. Instead of accepting Carl Schurz, they were foolish enough to take up and, of course, elect a nobody called Gen. Cockrell.

Baron Reuter and the Associated Press, when they manipulate the cable telegraph, are doubtless public benefactors; but they are sadly given to propounding enigmas for Cisatlantic solution. A week or so ago we were treated to a paragraph from the *Times*, which may be regarded as alarming or not, according to the peculiar temperament of the reader. Perhaps the Baron's agents have been giving us the luxury of a war panic, as they hoaxed the *Times* itself with an imaginary quotation from the President's Message, on a very slim basis of fact. It may be that the leading journal, while in a dyspeptic frame of mind, was trying to correct its digestion by getting rid of the atrabilious humour which temporarily weighed upon it. Be this as it may, the newspapers on this side of the Atlantic have coupled the *Times'* regret that "the momentary dreams of peace have fled away" with Mr. Disraeli's declaration that Europe is "on the eve of a great crisis;" and have exercised their ingenuity upon the probable cause of these gloomy forebodings. The peace of the world may be interrupted at any moment in several ways. There is first, the obstinate and menacing fact that every nation in Continental Europe is armed to the teeth. These bloated armaments are not maintained in times of peace, still less materially strengthened, as they have been by the Landstürm Bill in Germany, without set purpose. They indicate clearly either that the first power on the Continent is apprehensive of attack, which was Von Moltke's absurd plea for an extension of its military establishments, or that Prince Bismarck, "the high-priest clad in chain-mail," has not yet had his fill of blood and iron. The Chancellor can hardly suppose that France is likely to renew the attack for some years to come; but he is vexed that she has so soon repaired her disasters, and thus stolen a march upon the road to her revenge. He has, therefore, declared that Germany must not wait till France is ready, but take her in a half-prepared state. This is danger number one. Closely connected with it is the Papal question, which has assumed international significance from the publication of Bismarck's despatch on the next Papal election. This remarkable document is a singular jumble of historical errors and inconsequent deductions, but it clearly shows that Germany contemplates interference in the choice of Pius the Ninth's successor, and, what is without precedent, the right to veto the choice of the Conclave after it has been made. In this despatch Bismarck made a bid for support from the other powers, it is said without success. Moreover, it would not be difficult to find a pretext in Spain, if the Chancellor were so disposed. At present the speck of war appears on the Eastern horizon. When the three Emperors met together last year most people were disposed to assign little

importance to the meeting; yet it may turn out that some very grave and weighty matters were settled at that conference. So far as England is concerned, the results may be very serious. Having already treated the stipulations of 1856 as waste paper, Russia proceeded upon her eastward march and took permanent possession of Khiva, notwithstanding her positive assurances to the contrary. Then followed her attempt to entrap England, at the Brussels Conference, into adopting rules of warfare which would place small Powers like Belgium, Denmark, and Switzerland entirely at the mercy of the autocrats. The next step was the dispute regarding the commercial treaty with Roumania, in which Austria was the active agent, backed by Russia and Germany. The advice of England was adopted by the Porte, and that *casus belli* disappeared. Now it is Montenegro, whose inhabitants, being of Slavonic origin, are regarded by Russia as peculiarly her *protegés*. The facts are briefly these. Last year a trading party of Montenegrins was set upon in the Turkish Province of Albania, and some of them were killed. Reparation was demanded, and given by the Porte promptly in the shape of a wholesale execution of twenty—all the murderers he could get hold of. This might have been considered satisfactory by the mountaineers, but Russia and Austria, both of whom managed to interpose, urged the Montenegrins to make demands it was not likely Turkey would comply with. What will come of this new *imbroglio* is uncertain; but, for the present, it appears as if the mountain snows were the only obstacle to active hostilities. Almost simultaneously with this assault on "the sick man," comes the intelligence that Russia has made another advance eastward from Khiva—another step towards our Indian frontier. In any case, the atmosphere of Europe is surcharged with clouds which may at any moment break into whirlwind and storm.

The fitful attendance of Mr. Gladstone during the last Session of Parliament should have prepared his party for the announcement that he has definitively withdrawn from active political life. "This retirement," he writes to Lord Granville, "is dictated by personal views regarding the method of spending the closing years of my life." The few touching words which have reached us seem to find a fitting parallel in the lines put by the great master into the mouth of Lear:—

> "'tis our fast intent
> To shake all cares and business from our age,
> Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
> Unburdened crawl toward death."

The time has not yet come for a satisfactory review of Mr. Gladstone's public life and work. Contemporaries have been too close to that finely-textured nature to judge of it aright, either in its strength or its weaknesses. They have been often puzzled by the subtle workings of his intellect, and more than once annoyed, not to say exasperated, by sudden and inconvenient displays of moral earnestness, which sober politicians regard, perhaps rightly, as a perturbing element in public affairs. For the present it is scarcely possible to form a calm and adequate judgment of Mr. Gladstone as a statesman; but, when distance shall have softened the angularities of that rarely gifted and delicately organized mind, and cast a mellowing glow over the struggles of the hour, his true worth and essential nobility of nature will be ungrudgingly acknowledged. Even as it is, the Liberal party, torn by dissensions, has learned his value, now that it has lost him. Achilles retires to his tent, not perhaps in the best of humours, and there is no Patroclus capable of filling out the armour of the great chief. Even Mr. Gladstone's formal abdication does not content either those who sought to keep him back or those who strove to urge him on. They are haunted with the fear of his sudden apparition in the field, to dis-

pute the strategy or disturb the orderly arrangements of his successor; so long as he is in Parliament, there will be a skeleton in the Liberal closet. The Radical party is, for the present, a broken and voiceless faction—*inceptus clamor frustatur hiantes.* Mr. Bright has made what may be taken as a valedictory address to his constituents at Birmingham. "He did not ask his hearers to declare for disestablishment. He would only ask them to consider the question as reasonable beings;" but "he declined to enter upon an agitation to hasten disestablishment." Mr. Gladstone's retirement has set his party on the search for a leader. The Marquis of Hartington, eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire, would make an "eminently respectable" leader of the old aristocratic Whig type, so dear to Edinburgh Reviewers. Sir William Harcourt is protesting too much, and angling for support in all waters with too palpable an aim at the coveted prize, to take with the party. Moreover, he had the bad taste to abuse Mr. Gladstone while yet his chief, with singular coarseness and virulence. He would be of no service to the Left, for with characteristic straining after originality, he opposes disestablishment on the ground that Rome would be the "residuary legatee" of the English Church. He aims to be regarded as a Disraeli of the Reform type; and certainly one Sphinx at a time is enough. Mr. Forster would be at once hailed as the best available successor to the ex-Premier, but it has not been forgotten that he was the author, and is still a strenuous defender of, the twenty-fifth clause of the Education Act. He is therefore unacceptable both to the Secularists and the radical Nonconformists; yet, no doubt, they would accept him, *au défaut de mieux.* The advanced Liberals have very little to hope for from any leader that may be chosen; indeed, they have reason to expect more from Mr. Disraeli than from him. The Home Rulers may possibly fall into line again; but theirs will no longer be an "undivided allegiance." They are not blind to the unconcealed exultation with which Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet has been received by their former English allies. Parliament meets ominously on a Friday, the 5th inst., and will no doubt expect to be startled by a sensational programme. It is more likely, however, that Mr. Disraeli's illness will have prevented his excogitating any of those startling surprises he delights to spring upon the House. Still he is not as other men, and no one may venture to indulge in speculations on his probable course.

The affairs of Continental Europe call for no special remark this month. France has been as busy as usual, organizing the Septennate [or disorganizing it with becoming seriousness. Nothing delights French politicians so much as building up a system of government, except perhaps the luxury of pulling it down. Marshal McMahon's Government is avowedly provisional; but until the twentieth of November, 1880, casualties excepted, its stability will merely depend on the will and temper of its chief. The Marshal's message to the Assembly, at the opening of the Session, laid down his position and intentions with soldierly lucidity and bluntness. If the Assembly chose to hedge about his nondescript authority with constitutional defences, so much the better. If not, they might go their own way and he would pursue his; and, although they did not seem likely to agree upon anything, he had come to a very positive conclusion, and that was, that, having the army at his back, he would retain the supreme power in his hands until the end of the allotted period. Early in the year, however, this vein of masterly indifference was succeeded by another stroke of masterly activity. The President had discovered that a Second Chamber was "imperatively called for by the Conservative interests which you entrusted to me, and which I will never abandon," and the neces

sity would be none the less, "even if, as my Government has asked you, you arm the Executive power with the right of appealing to the judgment of the country." He also desired, not as the Republicans demanded, that the form of Government should be definitely settled then, but that the Assembly of 1880 should "have full and entire liberty of determining the form of government of France." An attempt to take up the question of the Senate was met with an unmistakable expression of the Assembly's opinion. The entire Left, in all its sections, the Buonapartists and the Right, united against the Marshal, and threw the matter out by a vote of 420 to 250. Then followed, in due course, a ministerial crisis, which, so far as we can glean from the cable dispatches, is still diverting the quidnuncs of Paris. The latest information received at this moment is, that the Senate Bill has passed a first reading by the decisive vote of 512 to 188. If so, the long-cherished dream of a union of the Centres must have taken place, and they must have been further reinforced by the Imperialists.

Alfonso, by the grace of the army and the treachery of Primo de Rivera Captain-General of Madrid, has ascended the Throne of Spain. To call it the throne of his ancestors is no rhetorical figure, for, as an English journal informs us, he is the forty-ninth in direct descent from Don Pelayo, who wrestled with the infidel in A.D. 716. He is the twelfth Asturian Alfonso, the eleventh, formerly called *el ultimo*, the last, having been freed from the cares of this world somewhere about A.D. 1350. The new Monarch is said to have selected, or rather to have had selected for him, a good set of advisers. His Minister of Foreign Affairs is a decided Liberal, no unimportant qualification in these Bismarckian days. In the War Department there is Jovellar, an approved warrior; for the Interior, a disciple of Narvaez; for the Colonies, an oratorical rival of Castelar; and what is more important than all, a Finance Minister, Salaverria, who is said to be the only successful one Spain ever had. On the whole, it is probable, and surely desirable, that the unfortunate Peninsula may enjoy a respite from civil broils. The rumour which came from Barcelona that the *Transigentes* and the Carlists were about to join hands against Alfonso, with the prospect of a *plébiscite* to determine which should have the prize, was absurd on the face of it. The power of Don Carlos is evidently melting away, and will probably disappear with the snow when the spring torrents rush down from the rugged sides of the Sierra.

SELECTIONS.

REPLY TO THE CRITICS OF THE BELFAST ADDRESS.*

BY JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D, F.R.S.

I TAKE advantage of a pause in the issue of this Address, to add a few prefatory words to those already printed.

The world has been frequently informed of late that I have raised up against myself a host of enemies; and considering, with few exceptions, the deliverances of the press, and more particularly of the religious press, I am forced sadly to admit that the statement is only too true. I derive some comfort, nevertheless, from the reflection of Diogenes, transmitted to us from Plutarch,

*Preface to the seventh edition of the Address before the British Association at Belfast, with an Appendix on "Scientific Materialism," etc. London: Longmans & Co. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

that "he who would be saved must have good friends or violent enemies; and that he is best off who possesses both." This "best" condition, I have reason to believe, is mine.

Reflecting on the fraction I have read of recent remonstrances, appeals, menaces, and judgments—covering not only the world that now is, but that which is to come—it has interested me to note how trivially men seem to be influenced by what they call their religion, and how potently by that "nature" which it is the alleged province of religion to eradicate or subdue. From fair and manly argument, from the tenderest and holiest sympathy on the part of those who desire my eternal good, I pass by many gradations, through deliberate unfairness, to a spirit of bitterness which desires, with a fervour inexpressible in words, my eternal ill. Now, were religion the potent factor, we might expect a homogeneous utterance from those professing a common creed; while, if human nature be the really potent factor, we may expect utterances as heterogeneous as the characters of men. As a matter of fact we have the latter; suggesting to my mind that the common religion professed and defended by these different people is merely the accidental conduit through which they pour their own tempers, lofty or low, courteous or vulgar, mild or ferocious, holy or unholy, as the case may be. Pure abuse, however, I have deliberately avoided reading, wishing to keep, not only hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, but even every trace of irritation, far away from my side of a discussion which demands not only good temper, but largeness, clearness, and many-sidedness of mind, if it is to guide us even to provisional solutions.

At an early stage of the controversy a distinguished professor of the University of Cambridge was understood to argue—and his argument was caught up with amusing eagerness by a portion of the religious press—that my ignorance of mathematics renders me incompetent to speculate on the proximate origin of life. Had I thought his argument relevant, my reply would have been simple; for before me lies a printed document, more than twenty-two years old, bearing the signature of this same learned professor, in which he was good enough to testify that I am "well versed in pure mathematics."

In connection with his limitation of speculative capacity to the mathematician, the gentleman just referred to offered what he considered a conclusive proof of the being of a God. This solemn problem he knocked off in a single paragraph. It interests me profoundly to reflect upon the difference between the state of mind which could rest satisfied with this performance and that of the accomplished poet, and more than accomplished critic, who in "Literature and Dogma" pronounces the subject of the professor's demonstration "an unverifiable hypothesis." Whence this difference? Were the objective facts decisive, both writers would come to the same conclusion: the divergence is, therefore, to be referred to the respective subjective organs which take the outward evidence in. When I turn, as I have done from time to time for years, to the articles and correspondence in our theological journals, and try to gather from them what our religious teachers think of this universe and of each other, they seem to me to be as far removed from nineteenth-century needs as the priests of the Homeric period. Omniscience might see in our brains the physical correlatives of our differences; and, were these organs incapable of change, the world, despite this internal commotion, would stand still as a whole. But happily that Power which, according to Mr. Arnold, "makes for righteousness" is intellectual as well as ethical; and by its operation, not as an outside but as an inside factor of the brain, even the mistaken efforts of that organ are finally overruled in the interests of truth.

It has been thought, and said, that, in the revised Address, as here published, I have retracted opinions uttered at Belfast. A Roman Catholic writer, who may be taken as representative, is specially strong upon this point. Startled by the deep chorus of dissent with which my dazzling fallacies have been received, he convicts me of trying to retreat from my position. This he will by no means tolerate. "It is too late now to seek to hide from the eyes of mankind one foul blot, one ghastly deformity. Prof. Tyndall has himself told us how and where this Address of his was composed. It was written among the glaciers and the solitudes of the Swiss mountains. It was no hasty, hurried, crude production; its every sentence bore marks of thought and care."

My critic intends to be severe: he is simply just. In the "solitudes" to which he refers I worked with deliberation; endeavouring even to purify my intellect by disciplines similar to those enjoined by his own Church for the sanctification of the soul. I tried in my ponderings to realize not only the lawful, but the expedient; and to permit no fear to act upon my mind save that of uttering a single word on which I could not take my stand, either in this or any other world.

Still my time was so brief, and my process of thought and expression so slow, that, in a literary point of view, I halted, not only behind the ideal, but behind the possible. Hence, after the delivery of the Address, I went over it with the desire, not to revoke its principles, but to improve it verbally, and above all to remove any word which might give colour to the notion of "heat and haste." In holding up as a warning to writers of the present the errors and follies of the denouncers of the past, I took occasion to compare the intellectual propagation of such denouncers to that of thistle-germs; the expression was thought offensive, and I omitted it. It is still omitted from the Address. There was also another passage, which ran thus: "It is vain to oppose this force with a view to its extirpation. What we should oppose, to the death if necessary, is every attempt to found upon this elemental bias of man's nature a system which should exercise despotic sway over his intellect. I do not fear any such consummation. Science has already, to some extent, leavened the world, and it will leaven it more and more. I should look upon the mild light of science breaking in upon the minds of the youth of Ireland, and strengthening gradually to the perfect day, as a surer check to any intellectual or spiritual tyranny which might threaten this island than the laws of princes or the swords of emperors. Where is the cause of fear? We fought and won our battle even in the Middle ages; why should we doubt the issue of a conflict now?"

This passage also was deemed unnecessarily warm, and I therefore omitted it. It was an act of weakness on my part to do so. For, considering the aims and acts of that renowned and remorseless organization which for the time being wields the entire power of my critic's Church, not only resistance to its further progress, but, were it not for the intelligence of Roman Catholic laymen, positive restriction of its present power for evil, might well become the necessary attitude of society as regards that organization. With some slight verbal alterations, therefore, which do not impair its strength, the passage has been restored.

My critic is very hard upon the avowal in my preface regarding atheism. But I frankly confess that his honest hardness and hostility are to me preferable to the milder but less honest treatment which the passage has received from members of other churches. He quotes the paragraph, and goes on to say: "We repeat this is a most remarkable passage. Much as we dislike seasoning polemics with strong words, we assert that this apology only tends to affix with links of steel to the name of Prof. Tyndall the dread imputation against which he struggles."

Here we have a very fair example of subjective religious vigour. But my quarrel with such exhibitions is that they do not always represent objective fact. No atheistic reasoning can, I hold, dislodge religion from the heart of man. Logic cannot deprive us of life, and religion is life to the religious. As an experience of consciousness, it is perfectly beyond the assaults of logic. But the religious life is often projected in external forms—I use the word in its widest sense—by no means beyond the reach of logic, which will have to bear—and to do so more and more as the world becomes more enlightened—comparison with facts. The subjective energy to which I have just referred is also a fact of consciousness not to be reasoned away. My critic feels, and takes delight in feeling, that I am struggling, and he obviously experiences the most exquisite pleasures of "the muscular sense" in holding me down. His feelings are as real as if his imagination of what mine are were equally real. His picture of my "struggles" is, however, a mere phantasm. I do not struggle. I do not fear the charge of atheism; nor should I even disavow it, in reference to any definition of the Supreme which he, or his order, would be likely to frame. His "links" and his "steel" and his "dread imputations" are, therefore, even more unsubstantial than my "streaks of morning cloud," and they may be permitted to vanish together.

What are the conceptions in regard to

which I place myself in the position here indicated? The Pope himself provides me with an answer. In the Encyclical Letter of December, 1864, his Holiness writes:—"In order that God may accede more easily to our and your prayers, let us employ in all confidence, as our Mediatrix with Him, the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, who sits as a Queen on the right hand of her only-begotten Son, in a golden vestment, clothed around with various adornments."

In regard to this, as to other less pictorially anthropomorphic and sartorial conceptions of the Supreme, I stand in an attitude of unbelief; for, taken in connection with what is known of the extent, organization, and general behaviour of this universe, they lack the congruity necessary to commend them to me as truth.

Soon after the delivery of the Belfast Address, the Protestant Bishop of Manchester did me the honour of noticing it; and, in reference to that notice, a brief and, I trust, not uncourteous remark was introduced into my first preface. Since that time the Bishop's references to me have been very frequent. Assuredly this is to me an unexpected honour. Still a doubt may fairly be entertained whether this incessant speaking before public assemblies on emotional subjects does not tend to disturb that equilibrium of head and heart which it is always so desirable to preserve—whether, by giving an injurious predominance to the feelings, it does not tend to swathe the intellect in a warm haze, thus making the perception, and consequent rendering of facts, indefinite, if not untrue. It was to the Bishop I referred in a recent brief discourse as "an able and, in many respects, a courageous man, running to and fro upon the earth, and wringing his hands over the threatened loss of his ideals." It is doubtless to this sorrowing mood—this partial and, I trust, temporary overthrow of the judgment by the emotions—that I must ascribe a probably unconscious, but still grave, misrepresentation contained in the Bishop's last reference to me. In the *Times* of November 9th, he is reported to have expressed himself thus: "In his lecture in Manchester, Prof. Tyndall as much as said that at Belfast he was not in his best mood, and that his despondency passed away in brighter moments." Now, considering that a *verbatim* report of the lecture was at hand in the *Manchester Examiner*, and that my own corrected edition of it was to be had for a penny, the Bishop, I submit, might have afforded to repeat what I actually said, instead of what I "as much as said." I am sorry to add that his rendering of my words is a vain imagination of his own. In my lecture at Manchester there was no reference, expressed or implied, to my moods in Belfast.

To all earnest and honest minds acquainted with the paragraph of my first preface, on which the foregoing remark of Bishop Fraser, and similar remarks of his ecclesiastical colleagues, not to mention those of less responsible writers, are founded, I leave the decision of the question whether their mode of presenting this paragraph to the public be straightforward or the reverse.

These minor and more purely personal matters at an end, the weightier allegation remains—that at Belfast I misused my position by quitting the domain of science, and making an unjustifiable raid into the domain of theology. This I fail to see. Laying aside abuse, I hope my accusers will consent to reason with me. Is it not competent for a scientific man to speculate on the antecedents of the solar system? Did Kant, Laplace, and William Herschel, quit their legitimate spheres when they prolonged the intellectual vision beyond the boundary of experience, and propounded the nebular theory? Accepting that theory as probable, is it not permitted to a scientific man to follow up in idea the series of changes associated with the condensation of the nebulæ; to picture the successive detachment of planets and moons, and the relation of all of them to the sun? If I look upon our earth, with its orbital revolution and axial rotation, as one small issue of the process which made the solar system what it is, will any theologian deny my right to entertain and express this theoretic view? Time was when a multitude of theologians would be found to do so—when that arch-enemy of science which now vaunts its tolerance would have made a speedy end of the man who might venture to publish any opinion of the kind. But that time, unless the world is caught strangely slumbering, is forever past.

As regards inorganic Nature, then, I may

traverse, without let or hindrance, the whole distance which separates the nebulæ from the worlds of to-day. But only a few years ago this now conceded ground of science was theological ground. I could by no means regard this as the final and sufficient concession of theology; and at Belfast I thought it not only my right but my duty to state that, as regards the organic world, we must enjoy the freedom which we have already won in regard to the inorganic. I could not discern the shred of a title-deed which gave any man, or any class of men, the right to open the door of one of these worlds to the scientific searcher, and to close the other against him. And I considered it frankest, wisest, and in the long-run most conducive to permanent peace, to indicate without evasion or reserve the ground that belongs to Science, and to which she will assuredly make good her claim.

Considering the freedom allowed to all manner of opinions in England, surely this was no extravagant position for me to assume. I have been reminded that an eminent predecessor of mine in the presidential chair expressed a totally different view of the Cause of things from that enunciated by me. In doing so he transgressed the bounds of Science at least as much as I did; but nobody raised an outcry against him. The freedom that he took I claim, but in a more purely scientific direction. And looking at what I must regard as the extravagances of the religious world; at the very inadequate and foolish notions concerning this universe entertained by the majority of our religious teachers; at the waste of energy on the part of good men over things unworthy, if I might say it without discourtesy, of the attention of enlightened heathens: the fight about the fripperies of Ritualism, the mysteries of the Eucharist, and the Athanasian Creed; the forcing on the public view of Pontigny Pilgrimages; the dating of historic epochs from the definition of the Immaculate Conception; the proclamation of the Divine Glories of the Sacred Heart—standing in the midst of these insanities, it did not appear to me extravagant to claim the public tolerance for an hour and a half for the statement of what I hold to be more reasonable views: views more in accordance with the verities which Science has brought to light, and which many weary souls would, I thought, welcome with gratification and relief.

But to come to closer quarters. The expression to which the most violent exception has been taken is this: "Abandoning all disguise, the confession I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern, in that Matter which we, in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." To call it a "chorus of dissent," as my Catholic critic does, is a mild way of describing the storm of opprobrium with which this statement has been assailed. But, the first blast of passion being past, I hope I may again ask my opponents to consent to reason. First of all, I am blamed for crossing the boundary of the experimental evidence. I reply that this is the habitual action of the scientific mind—at least of that portion of it which applies itself to physical investigation. Our theories of light, heat, magnetism, and electricity, all imply the crossing of this boundary. My paper on the "Scientific Use of the Imagination" illustrates this point in the amplest manner; and in the lecture above referred to I have sought, incidentally, to make clear how in physics the experiential incessantly leads to the ultra-experiential; how out of experience there always grows something finer than mere experience, and that in their different powers of ideal extension consists for the most part the difference between the great and the mediocre investigator. The kingdom of science, then, cometh not by observation and experiment alone, but is completed by fixing the roots of observation and experiment in a region inaccessible to both, and in dealing with which we are forced to fall back upon the picturing power of the mind.

Passing the boundary of experience, therefore, does not, in the abstract, constitute a sufficient ground for censure. There must have been something in my particular mode of crossing it which provoked this tremendous "chorus of dissent."

Let us calmly reason the point out. I hold the nebular theory as it was held by Kant, Laplace, and William Herschel, and as it is held by the best scientific intellects of to-day. According to it, our sun and planets were once diffused through space as an impalpable haze, out of which, by con-

densation, came the solar system. What caused the haze to condense? Loss of heat. What rounded the sun and planets? That which rounds a tear—molecular force. For æons, the immensity of which overwhelms man's conceptions, the earth was unfit to maintain what we call life. It is now covered with visible living things. They are not formed of matter different from that of the earth around them. They are, on the contrary, bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. How were they introduced? Was life implicated in the nebulæ—as part, it may be, of a vaster and wholly Incomprehensible Life; or is it the work of a Being standing outside the nebulæ, who fashioned it as a potter does his clay, but whose origin and ways are equally past finding out? As far as the eye of science has hitherto ranged through nature, no intrusion of purely creative power into any series of phenomena has ever been observed. The assumption of such a power to account for special phenomena has always proved a failure. It is opposed to the very spirit of science, and I therefore assumed the responsibility of holding up in contrast with it that method of Nature which it has been the vocation and triumph of science to disclose, and in the application of which we can alone hope for further light. Holding, then, that the nebulæ and all subsequent life stand to each other in the relation of the germ to the finished organism, I reaffirm here, not arrogantly, or defiantly, but without a shade of indistinctness, the position laid down in Belfast.

Not with the vagueness belonging to the emotions, but with the definiteness belonging to the understanding, the scientific man has to put to himself these questions regarding the introduction of life upon the earth. He will be the last to dogmatize upon the subject, for he knows best that certainty is here for the present unattainable. His refusal of the creative hypothesis *is less an assertion of knowledge than a protest against the assumption of knowledge*, which must long, if not for ever, lie beyond us, and the claim to which is the source of manifold confusion upon earth. With a mind open to conviction, he asks his opponents to show him an authority for the belief they so strenuously and so fiercely uphold. They can do no more than point to the Book of Genesis, or some other portion of the Bible. Profoundly interesting and indeed pathetic to me are these attempts of the opening mind of man to appease its hunger for a Cause. But the Book of Genesis has no voice in scientific questions. To the grasp of geology, which it resisted for a time, it at length yielded like potter's clay; its authority as a system of cosmogony being discredited on all hands by the abandonment of the obvious meaning of its writer. It is a poem, not a scientific treatise. In the former aspect it is forever beautiful; in the latter aspect it has been, and it will continue to be, purely obstructive and hurtful. To *knowledge* its value has been negative, leading, in rougher ages than ours, to physical, and even in our own "free" age, as exemplified in my own case, to moral violence.

To the student of cause and effect no incident connected with the proceedings at Belfast is more instructive than the deportment of the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland; a body usually wise enough not to confer notoriety upon an adversary by imprudently denouncing him. The *Times*, to which I owe nothing on the score of sympathy, but a great deal on the score of fair play, where so much has been unfair, thinks that the Irish cardinal, archbishops, and bishops, in their recent manifesto, promptly and adroitly employed a weapon which I, at an unlucky moment, had placed in their hands. The antecedents of their action cause me to regard it in a different light; and a brief reference to these antecedents will, I think, illuminate not only their proceedings regarding Belfast, but other doings which have been recently noised abroad.

Before me lies a document, bearing the date of November, 1873, but which, after appearing for a moment, unaccountably vanished from public view. It is a memorial addressed by seventy of the students and ex-students of the Catholic University in Ireland to the Episcopal Board of the University. This is the plainest and bravest remonstrance ever addressed by Irish laymen to their spiritual pastors and masters. It expresses the profoundest dissatisfaction with the curriculum marked out for the students of the university; setting forth the extraordinary fact that the lecture-list for the faculty of Science, published a month before they wrote, did not contain the name of a single professor of the Physical or Natural Sciences.

The memorialists forcibly deprecate this,

and dwell upon the necessity of education in science: "The distinguishing mark of this age is its ardour for science. The natural sciences have, within the last fifty years, become the chiefest study in the world; they are in our time pursued with an activity unparalleled in the history of mankind. Scarce a year now passes without some discovery being made in these sciences which, as with the touch of a magician's wand, shivers to atoms theories formerly deemed unassailable. It is through the physical and natural sciences that the fiercest assaults are now made on our religion. No more deadly weapon is used against our faith than the facts incontestably proved by modern researches in science."

Such statements must be the reverse of comfortable to a number of gentlemen who, trained in the philosophy of Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas, have been accustomed to the unquestioning submission of all other sciences to their divine science of Theology. But something more remains: "One thing seems certain," says the memorialists, viz., "that if chairs for the physical and natural sciences be not soon founded in the Catholic University, very many young men will have their faith exposed to dangers which the creation of a school of science in the university would defend them from. For our generation of Irish Catholics are writhing under the sense of their inferiority in science, and are determined that such inferiority shall not long continue; and so, if scientific knowledge be unattainable at our university, they will seek it at Trinity, or at Queen's Colleges, in not one of which is there a Catholic professor of science."

Those who imagined the Catholic University at Kensington to be due to the spontaneous recognition on the part of the Roman hierarchy of the intellectual needs of the age, will derive enlightenment from this, and still more from what follows; for the most formidable threat remains. To the picture of Catholic students seceding to Trinity and the Queen's Colleges, the memorialists add this darkest stroke of all: "They will, in the solitude of their own homes, unaided by any guiding advice, devour the works of Häckel, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Lyell; works innocuous if studied under a professor who would point out the difference between established facts and erroneous inferences, but which are calculated to sap the faith of a solitary student, deprived of a discriminating judgment to which he could refer for a solution of his difficulties."

In the light of the knowledge given by this courageous memorial, and of similar knowledge otherwise derived, the recent Catholic manifesto did not at all strike me as a chuckle over the mistake of a maladroit adversary, but rather as an evidence of pro found uneasiness on the part of the cardinal, the archbishops, and the bishops who signed it. They acted toward it, however, with their accustomed practical wisdom. As one concession to the spirit which it embodied, the Catholic University at Kensington was brought forth, apparently as the effect of spontaneous inward force, and not of outward pressure which was rapidly becoming too formidable to be successfully opposed.

The memorialists point with bitterness to the fact that "the name of no Irish Catholic is known in connection with the physical and natural seiences." But this, they ought to know, is the complaint of free and cultivated minds wherever the priesthood exercises dominant power. Precisely the same complaint has been made with respect to the Catholics of Germany. The great national literature and scientific achievements of that country in modern times are almost wholly the work of Protestants; a vanishingly small fraction of it only being derived from members of the Roman Church, although the number of these in Germany is at least as great as that of the Protestants. "The question arises," says a writer in a German periodical, "what is the cause of a phenomenon so humiliating to the Catholics? It cannot be referred to want of natural endowment due to climate (for the Protestants of Southern Germany have contributed powerfully to the creations of the German intellect), but purely to outward circumstances. And these are readily discovered in the pressure exercised for centuries by the Jesuitical system, which has crushed out of Catholics every tendency to free mental productiveness." It is, indeed, in Catholic countries that the weight of ultramontanism has been most severely felt. It is in such countries that the very finest spirits who have dared, without quitting their faith, to plead for freedom or reform, have suffered extinction. The

extinction, however, was more apparent than real, and Hermes, Hirscher, and Günther, though individually broken and subdued, prepared the way in Bavaria for the persecuted but unflinching Frohschammer, for Döllinger, and for the remarkable liberal movement of which Döllinger is the head and guide.

Though managed and moulded for centuries to an obedience unparalleled in any other country, except Spain, the Irish intellect is beginning to show signs of independence, demanding a diet more suited to its years than the pabulum of the middle ages. As for the recent manifesto where pope, cardinal, archbishops, and bishops, may now be considered as united in one grand anathema, its character and fate are shadowed forth by the vision of Nebuchadnezzar, recorded in the Book of Daniel. It resembles the image, whose form was terrible, but the gold, and silver,and brass,and iron of which rested upon feet of clay. And a stone smote the feet of clay, and the iron, and the brass, and the silver, and the gold, were broken in pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors, and the wind carried them away.

There is something in Jesuitism profoundly interesting, and at the same time clearly intelligible, to men of strong intellects and determined will. The weaker spirits, of whom there are many among us, it simply fascinates and subdues. From the study of his own inward forces, and their possible misapplication, the really determined man can understand how possible it is, having once chosen an aim, to reach it in defiance of every moral restraint—to trample under foot, by an obstinate effort of volition, the dictates of honesty, honour, mercy, and truth; and to pursue the desired end, if need be, through their destruction. This force of will, relentlessly applied, and working through submissive instruments, is the strength of Jesuitism.

Pure, honest fanaticism often adds itself to this force, and sometimes acts as its equivalent. Illustrations of this are not far to seek, for the dazzling prize of England, converted to the true faith, is sufficient to turn weak heads. When it is safely caged it is interesting to watch the operations of this form of energy. In a sermon on the Perpetual Office of the Council of Trent, preached before the Right Reverend Fathers assembled in Synod, the Archbishop of Westminster has given us the following sample of it: "As the fourth century was glorious by the definition of the Godhead and the Consubstantial Son, and the fifth by that of his two perfect natures, and the thirteenth by that of the procession of the Holy Ghost, so the ninetenth will be glorious by the definition of the Immaculate Conception. Right Rev. Fathers," continues this heated proselyte, "you have to call the legionaries and the tribunes, the patricians and the people, of a conquering race, and to subdue, change, and transform them one by one to the likeness of the Son of God. Surely a soldier's eye and a soldier's heart would choose by intuition this field of England for the warfare of the faith. It is the head of Protestantism, the centre of its movements, and the stronghold of its powers. Weakened in England, it is paralyzed everywhere; conquered in England, it is conquered throughout the world. Once overthrown here, all is but a war of detail: it is the key of the whole position of modern error." This is the propaganda which England has to stem. What mere stubble a *dilettante* ritualist or a weak-headed nobleman must be when acted upon by this fiery breath of fanaticism! The only wonder is that weak heads, which are so assiduously and deliberately sought out, are not more plentiful than they are.

Monsignor Capel has recently been good enough to proclaim at once the friendliness of his Church towards true science, and her right to determine what true science is. Let us dwell for a moment on the historic proofs of her scientific competence. When Halley's comet appeared in 1456, it was regarded as the harbinger of God's vengeance, the dispenser of war, pestilence, and famine, and, by order of the pope, all the church bells in Europe were rung to scare the monster away. An additional daily prayer was added to the supplications of the faithful. The comet in due time disappeared, and the faithful were comforted by the assurance that, as in previous instances relating to eclipses, droughts, and rains, so, also, as regards this "nefarious" comet, victory had been vouchsafed to the Church.

Both Pythagoras and Copernicus had taught the heliocentric doctrine—that the earth revolved round the sun. In the exercise of her right to determine what true sci-

ence is, the Church, in the pontificate of Paul V., stepped in, and, by the mouth of the holy Congregation of the Index, delivered, on March 5, 1616, the following decree:

And whereas it hath also come to the knowledge of the said Holy Congregation that the false Pythagorean doctrine of the mobility of the earth and the immobility of the sun, entirely opposed to Holy Writ, which is taught by Nicholas Copernicus, is now published abroad and received by many—in order that this question may not further spread, to the damage of Catholic truth, it is ordered that this and all other books teaching the like doctrine be suspended, and by this decree they are suspended, forbidden, and condemned.

Though often quoted, I thought the never-dying flavour of this celebrated decree would not be disagreeable to some of my readers. It is pleasant to be able to say that the very doctrine here pronounced "false," "opposed to Holy Writ," and "damaging to Catholic truth," Science has persuaded even Monsignor Capel to accept.

But it is a constant *tendency* rather than a single fact which is chiefly important here, and a few jottings will show with sufficient plainness what this tendency has ever been. The fate of Giordano Bruno is referred to in my Belfast Address. For a further reference to him I would direct the reader to a brief passage in the Appendix to the same. The case of Galileo is also touched upon; and to this it may be added here that he died the prisoner of the Inquisition, which, true to its instincts, followed him beyond the grave, disputing his right to make a will, and denying him burial in consecrated ground.*

Again, the famous Academia del Cimento was established at Florence in 1657, and held its meetings in the ducal palace. It lasted ten years, and was then suppressed at the instance of the Papal Government. As an equivalent, the brother of the grand-duke was made a cardinal. The Jesuits were less successful in Bavaria in 1759; for they did their best, but vainly, to prevent the founding of the Academy of Sciences in Munich. Their waning power was indicated by this fact, and in 1773 Pope Clement XIV. dissolved the order. The decree was to be "irrevocable;" the Society of Jesus was "never to be restored;" still, in 1814, an infallible follower of Clement, Pope Pius VII., undid the work of his equally infallible predecessor, and revoked his decree.

But why go back to 1456? Far be it from me to charge by-gone sins upon Monsignor Capel's Church, were it not for her practices to-day. The most applauded dogmatist of the Jesuits is, I am informed, Perrone. Thirty editions of a work of his have been scattered abroad in all lands by a society to which he belongs. His notions of physical astronomy are quite in accordance with those of 1456. He teaches boldly that "God does not rule by universal law . . . that when God [obviously a Big Man] orders a given planet to stand still He does not detract from any law passed by Himself, but orders that planet to move round the sun for such and such a time, then to stand still, and then again to move, as His pleasure may be." Jesuitism proscribed Frohschammer for questioning its favourite dogma that every human soul was created by a direct supernatural act of God, and for asserting that man, body and soul, came from his parents. This is the society that now strives for universal power; it is from it, as Monsignor Capel graciously informs us, that we are to learn what is allowable in science and and what is not!

In the face of such facts, which might be multiplied at will, it requires extraordinary bravery of mind, or a reliance upon public ignorance almost as extraordinary, to make the claims made by Monsignor Capel for his Church.

A German author, speaking of one who has had bitter experience in this line, describes those Catholic writers who refuse to submit to the Congregation of the Index as outlawed; fair subjects for moral assassination!* This is very strong; but still, judging from my own small experience, not too strong. In reference to this point I would ask indulgence for a brief personal allusion here. It will serve a two-fold object, one of which will be manifest, the other being reserved for possible future reference. Sprung

* Draper, "Trial of Galileo."

* See the case of Frohschammer as sketched by a friend in the Preface to "Christenthum und die moderne Wissenschaft." His enemies contrived to take his bread, in great part, away, but they failed to subdue him, and not even the Pope's nuncio could prevent five hundred students of the University of Munich from signing an address to their Professor.

from a source to which the Bible was specially dear, my early training was confined almost exclusively to it. Born in Ireland, I, like my predecessors for many generations, was taught to hold my own against the Church of Rome. I had a father whose memory ought to be to me a stay, and an example of unbending rectitude and purity of life. The small stock to which he belonged were scattered with various fortunes along that eastern rim of Leinster, from Wexford upward, to which they crossed from the Bristol Channel. My father was the poorest of them. Still, in his socially low but mentally and morally independent position, by his own inner energies and affinities, he attained a knowledge of history which would put mine to shame; while the whole of the controversy between Protestantism and Romanism was at his finger's ends. At the present moment the works and characters which occupied him come, as far-off recollections, to my mind: Claude and Bossuet, Chillingworth and Nott, Tillotson, Jeremy Taylor, Challoner and Milner, Pope and McGuire, and others whom I have forgotten, or whom it is needless to name. Still this man, so charged with the ammunition of controversy, was so respected by his Catholic fellow-townsmen, that they one and all put up their shutters when he died.

With such a preceptor, and with an hereditary interest in the papal controversy, I naturally mastered it. I did not confine myself to the Protestant statement of the question, but made myself also acquainted with the arguments of the Church of Rome. I remember to this hour the interest and surprise with which I read Challoner's "Catholic Christian Instructed," and on the border-line between boyhood and manhood I was to be found taking part in controversies in which the rival faiths were pitted against each other. I sometimes took the Catholic side, and gave my Protestant antagonist considerable trouble. The views of Irish Catholics became thus intimately known to me, and there was no doctrine of Protestantism which they more emphatically rejected, and the ascription of which to them they resented more warmly, than the doctrine of the pope's personal infallibility. Yet, in the face of this knowledge, it was obstinately asserted and reasserted in my presence some time ago, by a Catholic priest, that the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope had always been maintained in Ireland.*

But this is an episode, intended to disabuse those who, in this country or the United States, may have been misled in regard to the personal points referred to. I now return to the impersonal. The course of life upon earth, as far as Science can see, has been one of amelioration—a steady advance on the whole from the lower to the higher. The continued effort of animated Nature is to improve its conditions and raise itself to a loftier level. In man, improvement and amelioration depend largely upon the growth of conscious knowledge, by which the errors of ignorance are continually moulted and truth is organized. It is assuredly the advance of knowledge that has given a materialistic colour to the philosophy of this age. Materialism is, therefore, not a thing to be mourned over, but to be honestly considered — accepted if it be wholly true, rejected if it be wholly false, wisely sifted and turned to account if it embrace a mixture of truth and error. Of late years the study of the nervous system and of its relation to thought and feeling, has profoundly occupied inquiring minds. It is our duty not to shirk—it ought rather to be our privilege to accept—the established results of such inquiries, for here assuredly our ultimate weal depends upon our loyalty to the truth. Instructed as to the control which the nervous system exercises over man's moral and intellectual nature, we shall be better prepared, not only to mend their manifold defects, but also to strengthen and purify both. Is mind degraded by this recognition of its dependence? Assuredly not. Matter, on the contrary, is raised to the level it ought to occupy, and from which timid ignorance would remove it.

But the light is dawning, and it will become stronger as time goes on. Even the Brighton Congress affords evidence of this. From the manifold confusions of that assemblage my memory has rescued two items which it would fain preserve: the recognition of a relation between Health and Religion, and the address of the Rev. Harry

* On a memory which dates back to my fifteenth year, when I first read the discussion between Mr. Pope and Father McGuire, I should be inclined to rely for proof that the Catholic clergyman, in that discussion, and in the name of his Church, repudiated the doctrine of personal infallibility.

Jones. Out of the conflict of vanities his words emerge fresh, healthy, and strong, because undrugged by dogma, coming directly from the warm brain of one who knows what practical truth means, and who has faith in its vitality and inherent power of propagation. I wonder is he less effectual in his ministry than his more embroidered colleagues? It surely behooves our teachers to come to some definite understanding as to this question of health: to see how, by inattention to it, we are defrauded, negatively, by the privation of that "sweetness and light" which is the natural concomitant of good health; positively, by the insertion into life of cynicism, ill-temper, and a thousand corroding anxieties which good health would dissipate. We fear and scorn "materialism." But he who knew all about it, and could apply his knowledge, might become the preacher of a new gospel. Not, however, through the ecstatic moments of the individual does such knowledge come, but through the revelations of science, in connection with the history of mankind.

Why should the Roman Catholic Church call gluttony a mortal sin? Why should prayer and fasting occupy a place in the disciplines of a religion? What is the meaning of Luther's advice to the young clergyman who came to him, perplexed with the difficulty of predestination and election, if it be not that, in virtue of its action upon the brain, when wisely applied, there is moral and religious virtue even in a hydro-carbon? To use the old language, food and drink are creatures of God, and have therefore a spiritual value. The air of the Alps would be augmented tenfold in purifying power if this truth were recognized. Through our neglect of the monitions of a reasonable materialism we sin and suffer daily. I might here point to the train of deadly disorders over which science has given modern society such control—disclosing the lair of the material enemy, insuring his destruction, and thus preventing that moral squalor and hopelessness which habitually tread on the heels of epidemics in the case of the poor.

Rising to higher spheres, the visions of Swedenborg, and the ecstacy of Plotinus and Porphyry, are phases of that psychical condition, obviously connected with the nervous system and state of health, on which is based the Vedic doctrine of the absorption of the individual into the universal soul. Plotinus taught the devout how to pass into a condition of ecstacy. Porphyry complains of having been only once united to God in eighty-six years, while his master Plotinus had been so united six times in sixty years.* A friend who knew Wordsworth informs me that the poet, in some of his moods, was accustomed to seize hold of an external object to assure himself of his own bodily existence. The "entranced mind" of Mr. Page-Roberts, referred to so admiringly by the *Spectator*, is a similar phenomenon. No one, I should say, has had a wider experience in this field than Mr. Emerson. As states of consciousness, those phenomena have an undisputed reality, and a substantial identity. They are, however, connected with the most heterogeneous objective conceptions. Porphyry wrote against Christianity; Mr. Page-Roberts is a devout Christian. But notwithstanding the utter discordance of these objective conceptions, their subjective experiences are similar, because of the similarity of their finely-strung nervous organizations.

But admitting the practical facts, and acting on them, there will always remain ample room for speculation. Take the argument of the Lucretian. As far as I am aware, not one of my assailants has attempted to answer it. Some of them, indeed, rejoice over the ability displayed by Bishop Butler in rolling back a difficulty on his opponent; and they even imagine that it is the bishop's own argument that is there employed. Instructed by self-knowledge, they can hardly credit me with the wish to state both sides of the question at issue, and to show, by a logic stronger than Butler ever used, the overthrow which awaits any doctrine of materialism which is based upon the definitions of matter habitually received. But the raising of a new difficulty does not abolish—does not even lessen—the old one, and the argument of the Lucretian remains untouched by anything the bishop has said or can say.

And here it may be permitted me to add a word to an important controversy now going on. In an article on "Physics and Metaphysics," published in the *Saturday Review* more than fourteen years ago, I ventured to state thus the relation between physics and consciousness: "The philosophy of the future will assuredly take more account

* *See* Dr. Draper's important work, "Conflict between Religion and Science."

than that of the past of the relation of thought and feeling to physical processes; and it may be that the qualities of Mind will be studied through the organism as we now study the character of Force through the affections of ordinary matter. We believe that every thought and every feeling has its definite mechanical correlative in the nervous system, that it is accompanied by a certain separation and remarshaling of the atoms of the brain.

"This latter process is purely physical; and were the faculties we now possess sufficiently strengthened, without the creation of any new faculty, it would, doubtless, be within the range of our augmented powers to infer from the molecular state of the brain the character of the thought acting upon it, and, conversely, to infer from the thought the exact corresponding molecular condition of the brain. We do not say—and this, as will be seen, is all-important — that the inference here referred to would be an *a priori* one. What we say is, that by observing, with the faculties we assume, the state of the brain, and the associated mental affections, both might be so tabulated side by side, that if one were given, a mere reference to the table would declare the other.

"Given the masses of the planets and their distances asunder, and we can infer the perturbations consequent on their mutual attractions. Given the nature of a disturbance in water, air, or ether, and from the physical properties of the medium we can infer how its particles will be affected. The mind runs along the line of thought which connects the phenomena, and, from beginning to end, finds no break in the chain. But when we endeavour to pass by a similar process from the phenomena of physics to those of thought, we meet a problem which transcends any conceivable expansion of the powers we now possess. We may think over the subject again and again—it eludes all intellectual presentation—we stand, at length, face to face with the Incomprehensible."

The discussion above referred to turns on the question: Do states of consciousness enter as links in the chain of antecedence and sequence which give rise to bodily actions and to other states of consciousness; or are they merely by-products, which are not essential to the physical processes going on in the brain? Now, it is perfectly certain that we have no power of imagining states of consciousness interposed between the molecules of the brain, and influencing the transference of motion among the molecules. The thought "eludes all mental presentation;" and hence the logic seems of iron strength which claims for the brain an automatic action, uninfluenced by states of consciousness. But it is, I believe, admitted by those who hold the automaton-theory that states of consciousness are *produced* by the marshaling of the molecules of the brain; and this production of consciousness by molecular motion is certainly quite as unthinkable as the production of molecular motion by consciousness. If, therefore, unthinkability be the proper test, we must equally reject both classes of phenomena. I, for my part, reject neither, and thus stand in the presence of two Incomprehensibles, instead of one Incomprehensible. While accepting fearlessly the facts of materialism dwelt npon in these pages, I bow my head in the dust, before that mystery of the brain which has hitherto defied its own penetrative power, and which may ultimately resolve itself into a demonstrative impossibility of self-penetration.*

But, whatever be the fate of theory, the practical monitions are plain enough, which declare that on our dealings with matter depends our weal or woe, physical and moral. The state of mind which rebels against the recognition of the claims of "materialism" is not unknown to me. I can remember a time when I regarded my body as a weed, so much more highly did I prize the conscious strength and pleasure derived from moral and religious feeling, which I may add, was mine without the intervention of dogma. The error was not an ignoble one, but this did not save it from the penalty attached to error. Saner knowledge taught me that the body is no weed, and that if it were treated as such it would infallibly avenge itself. Am I personally lowered by this change of front? Not so. Give me their health, and there is no spiritual experience of those earlier years —no resolve of duty, or work of mercy, no act of self-denial, no solemnity of thought, no joy in the life and aspects of Nature—that would not still be mine. And this without the least reference or regard to any purely personal reward or punishment looming in the future.

* *See* Tyndall's "Fragments of Science," article "Scientific Materialism."

As I close these remarks, the latest melancholy wail of the Bishop of Peterborough reaches my ears. Notwithstanding all their "expansiveness," both he and his brother of Manchester appear, alas! to know as little of the things which belong to our peace as that wild ritualist who, a day or two ago, raised the cry of "excommunicated heretic!" against the Bishop of Natal. Happily we have among us our Jowetts and our Stanleys, not to mention other brave men, who see more clearly the character and magnitude of the coming struggle; and who believe undoubtingly that out of it the truths of science will emerge with healing in their wings. Such men must increase, if the vast material resources of the Church of England are not to fall into the hands of persons who may be classed under the respective heads of *weak* and *infatuated.*

And now I have to utter a "farewell," free from bitterness, to all my readers—thanking my friends for a sympathy more steadfast, I would fain believe, if less noisy, than the antipathy of my foes; commending to these, moreover, a passage from Bishop Butler, which they have either not read or failed to take to heart. "It seems," saith the bishop, "that men would be strangely headstrong and self-willed, and disposed to exert themselves with an impetuosity which would render society insupportable, and the living in it impracticable, were it not for some acquired moderation and self-government, some aptitude and readiness in restraining themselves and concealing their sense of things." In this respect, at least, his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury has set a good example.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE anonymous author of "Supernatural Religion" has replied to Professor Lightfoot in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*. He had an obvious advantage over his critic, of which he evidently desired to avail himself. The Professor's strictures were of that minute and carping character peculiarly annoying to an author, and they were conveyed in language decidedly, and perhaps intentionally, rude and uncourteous. The complaint is certainly just, that "while delivering severe lectures upon want of candour and impartiality, and preaching temperance and moderation, the practice of the preacher, as sometimes happens, falls very short of his precept." This is quite true, and the author, although he visibly "winced" under the attack, was, no doubt, inclined to profit by the Professor's mistaken tactics, when he said—"I shall not emulate the spirit of that article, and I trust that I shall not scant the courtesy with which I desire to treat Dr. Lightfoot, whose ability I admire, and whose position I understand." It was perhaps too much to expect that this calm and dignified tone should be maintained under the circumstances, by ordinary flesh and blood. The defence of "Supernatural Religion" assumes a two-fold aspect. So far as philological disputes are concerned, the writer enters two pleas, one of not guilty, and the other, as the lawyers would say, of "confession and avoidance." Those who read any of the apologetic or rationalistic treatises on the canon of Scripture will be aware that the name of Papias occupies a prominent place in the controversy. He was bishop of Hierapolis, a Millenarian, and evidently a man of weak and credulous character; but it so happens that he is traditionally reputed to have been a disciple of St. John, and he is the only authority for the Synoptic Gospels till we come to Justin Martyr, about the middle of the second century. His writings have been lost, and all that we know of them we owe to Irenæus and Eusebius, the one belonging to the latter part of the second century, and the other to the beginning of the fourth. Now the author was referring to the dubious reference of Irenæus where, speaking of "the presbyter, a disciple of the Apostles," he uses the words "that therefore the Lord said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.'" This presumptive allusion to the fourth Gospel would be very important, if we could identify Papias with the presbyter; but every one having the slightest acquaintance with patristic literature, however, is well aware that the prevailing method of quotation is extremely loose and untrustworthy. Irenæus himself quotes, as a saying of our Lord's, a monstrous Talmudic fiction regarding the material de-

lights of the Kingdom. Among the host of authorities cited by the author, Dr. Davidson may be mentioned, who says, "it is impossible to show that the four (Gospels) were current as early as A. D. 150," and, in reference to the disputed passage in Irenæus, asks—"Is it not evident that Irenæus employed it (the word 'elders') loosely, without an exact idea of the persons he meant?" The question regarding the date of Celsus, the heathen writer against Christianity, whose works we only know from Origen's reply, is parried by the author, who shows that if he errs, he errs with Tischendorf, one of Dr. Lightfoot's favourite apologists. There are other points, on which the author, with greater or less success, meets his antagonist. His general conclusions may be summed up thus:—"The higher criticism in which Dr. Lightfoot seems to have indulged in this article, scarcely rises above the correction of an exercise or the conjugation of a verb," and that "if it were granted, for the sake of argument, that each slip in translation, each error in detail, and each oversight in statement with which Canon Lightfoot reproaches 'Supernatural Religion' were well-founded, it must be evident to any intelligent mind that the mass of such a work would not really be affected." We may add that the author announces his intention of comparing the Gospel and Pauline forms of Christianity in a future work.

Sir George Campbell is known to the public chiefly as having been Governor of Bengal during the recent Indian famine. His paper on "The Tenure of Land" is a very interesting and valuable one. He differs from most English "land reformers" in doubting the propriety of abolishing the right of primogeniture. He is of opinion that, instead of building up a peasant proprietary, it would merely, so far as it had any effect, transfer the ownership of land from aristocracy to plutocracy. His remedies, such as the abolishing of entails and settlements, the extension of tenant-right, a cheaper and easier method of conveyance by purchase, and a systematic effort on behalf of popular rights in the remaining commons, call for no special remark. Mr. Symond's critique of Lucretius is of special importance just now from the prominence given to his writings by Prof. Tyndall and his school. This paper is not only written opportunely, but it is a clear and able view of the great philosophical poet of Rome. If we were disposed to demur to any of the writer's claims on behalf of Lucretius, it would be that of originality of thought, which seems to be unduly pressed. Very little of the poet's philosophy was his own; he was, in fact, indebted for it to the Atomic and Eleatic Schools,and to Epicurus. Prof. Cairnes examines Herbert Spencer's theory of Social Evolution. His criticism is, for the most part, of a friendly kind, but he entertains a strong objection to the attempt to base Sociology upon a Darwinian foundation. In the first place he objects to it as an "unverifiable hypothesis," and then strives to prove in opposition to Spencer that "political institutions do not 'grow' in the sense in which plants and animals grow: they are not the 'products' of a community in the sense in which the fauna and flora of a country are its products; but are due to causes and to processes of an entirely different kind. Under these circumstances to describe them as examples of spontaneous development, and to class them with the ordinary phenomena of organic life, is to use language, and to adopt a classification, fitted to obscure and to confound, rather than to elucidate, the problems of social existence."

Mr. Hales' paper on *King Lear* is an acute and careful analysis of Shakespeare's tragedy. The writer justly complains of the depreciative criticism of some critics, native as well as foreign, and he proceeds to show that it has proceeded entirely from inability to understand the poet's aim. "It has not been seen," he says, "that it was his design in this play to depict an age unruly and turbulent, but now emerging from barbarism, in whose ears the still voice of conscience was scarcely yet audible, and where Passion was yet lord of all." In short, it was a pre-Christian period in a scarcely half-civilized country. Mr. Hales has the credit also of striking upon an original clue to the tragedy. He points out with great clearness, and fortified by a careful analysis, that Shakespeare was aiming at the portraiture not only of men but also of a race. *Lear*, in this view, becomes in fact a curiously-varied series of sketches of the characteristics of the Celtic temperament. The second of Mr. Morley's papers on "Mill's Essays on Religion" is similar to the first in contending that Mr. Mill concedes too much to the theologians.

The *Contemporary Review* contains no less than nine papers, each one of which would require, in justice, more space than we can devote to them all. Professor Lightfoot continues his examination of "Supernatural Religion." The present article is devoted to a careful analysis of the writings of what are known distinctively as the Apostolic Fathers. There is a decided improvement in the tone of the criticism, which may be partially accounted for by the delicate and precarious ground on which Dr. Lightfoot has ventured to tread. Still some of his objections are extremely trifling, as when he complains that the author, in referring to Eusebius, uses "knows nothing" as a substitute for "says nothing"—surely a pardonable way of impressing upon his readers that "silence" of the ecclesiastical historian which is a weapon in the hands of both disputants. There is also a disposition on the part of the apologist to use the word "Canon" in an elastic and ambiguous way; for it is clear that the canon Dr. Lightfoot is concerned in defend-

ing is not the canon of Eusebius, or of Papias, Hegesippus, and the other early writers whom the later Father quotes in his usually loose way. The present article, however, displays great learning, and is probably the best exposition of the apologetic side of this particular branch of the general subject. "Cassandra" is again in the field, this time to disprove the fallacy that "the earth has been given to *mankind at large*, not to this or that generation, or to this or that tribe or nation, far less to this or that class or section of a people, but as a source of sustenance for the support and maintenance of succeeding and increasing generations of men." The thesis attempted to be established by Mr. Greg—a very convenient one by the way to those who monopolize the possession of land—is that governments should consider "not what system will yield most food and support to the densest population, but what will sustain the finest race physically, morally, and intellectually." The whole paper is a plutocratic application of the Darwinian doctrine of "survival of the fittest," which goes far to serve it as a *reductio ad absurdum*. A posthumous paper by the Count de Montalembert on "Rome and Spain," is a most impressive view of the true cause of the fall of the Iberian power. We should like to have been able to reproduce this valuable historical sketch; as it is, we must be content to state the moral. "The world," writes the Count, "beholds the most lamentable transformation under the sun. What is the cause? We answer—The subjection of a people to their masters, and the too intimate and too absolute union between the throne and the altar." Mr. Llewellyn Davies is well-known as an able disciple of the Broad Church in England. His article on "Church Prospects" deserves careful perusal. He takes a cheery, and perhaps rather too sanguine, view of the theological outlook. That view may be summed up in the two considerations, that there are signs in prevailing scepticism of a return to the Christian faith, and the Church was never in so healthy a condition; and that, if it can induce Parliament to abstain from interposing with its Public Worship Regulation Acts, all will go well with the Church of England. Professor Max Müller maintains with his wonted vigour the proposition that "Language is the great barrier between man and beast," in opposition to the younger Darwin, whose arguments appeared in the November number of the *Contemporary*. Hawthorne's "Saxon Studies" are written in the author's usual style. They are always interesting from their graphic power and good-humoured cynicism. The sermon Bishop Colenso *intended* to preach in Westminster Abbey will reach a vaster congregation through the columns of the *Review;* but it calls for no special remark.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

WE have no more welcome task than that of recording the not unfrequent performances of the Philharmonic Society, whose sacred concerts are always regarded with anxious interest by those enthusiastic lovers of music who look forward to a time when it may be said that oratorio is as popular in Canada as in Great Britain, and is even accepted as one of our national institutions. It cannot be overlooked that it is mainly owing to the cultivation of an acquaintance with the best works of George Frederick Handel, that England has became the most liberal patron of music among the nations of Europe—a fact which she fully appreciates. The profound veneration in which she holds the memory of the master, finds adequate expression in the monster festivals which she periodically gives in his honour. Handel's great oratorios, composed, be it remembered, to English words, have became the standard to which all sacred musical compositions are referred, and it is scarcely necessary to point out that his universal popularity indicates that his music is peculiarly suited to the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race. As co-partners in the traditions, the sympathies, and the language of the English, the people of Ontario may reasonably be expected to share in the deep attachment for oratorio which has been developed in the mother-land, and in process of time, to vie with her in paying homage to one who has consecrated his muse to the most sublime and exalted purposes. It would not be too daring to hope to imitate, at no distant date, those famous musical celebrations of which report brings across the Atlantic such glowing accounts. We, therefore, readily attach all the importance to the performances of our Society that is claimed for them, and have faith that ere long they will attain a merit and dignity of which our citizens may be proud. We take pleasure in believing that it would be perfectly feasible to hold in Toronto a Handel festival, in which the most prominent professional and amateur musicians in the Province might take part. Nothing, however, but the most hearty

co-operation and liberal support on the part of the public would enable the Philharmonic Society to carry out such a scheme, but we feel assured that when required, these would not be withheld. If, as we are informed, the Society have this honourable aim in view, they would have greater claims upon the public than would be acknowledged for any purely local purpose.

Before proceeding to notice the recent performance of the *Messiah*, at the Grand Opera House, it may not be out of place to give a sketch of the circumstances that attended the first production of the oratorio in Great Britain, for although the public are perfectly familiar with the design and the numerous beauties of the work, but little is known of its early history. Victor Schœlcher, Handel's biographer, tells us that in the summer of 1741, the great composer, then 58 years of age, left London on a visit to Gopsall Hall, Leicestershire, the residence of his friend, Charles Jennens, a gentleman of distinction, and of some literary ability. It was Charles Jennens who arranged the libretto of the *Messiah*, and it is supposed that during his visit, Handel wrote his inspired music. Jennens, in a letter which he subsequently wrote to a friend says: "I shall show you a collection I gave Handel, called *Messiah*, which I value highly, and he has made a fine entertainment of it, though not so good as he might, and ought to have done. *I have with great difficulty made him correct some of the grossest faults in the composition. But he retained his overture obstinately, in which there are some passages far unworthy of Handel, but much more unworthy of the Messiah.*" The extraordinary opinions advanced in this letter are refreshing, to say the least, and need no comment. Whether the music of the *Messiah* was written at Gopsall Hall or not, the inscription on the manuscript shows that it was commenced and finished in the autumn of 1741—

> "Commenced on the 22nd Aug., 1741.
> End of first part, on 28th August.
> End of second, on 6th September.
> End of the third, on 12th Sept., 1741.
> Filled up (scored) on the 14th."

It surely could have been nothing less than an inspiration which enabled Handel to complete so stupendous a work within the short space of twenty-three days. We have only to consider that Haydn took nearly three years to compose the *Creation*, to appreciate the nature of such an achievement. Having been somewhat harassed by the undisguised hostility of the nobility of London, Handel had determined to try his fortune in Dublin, where he had long been eagerly wished for; and accepting the invitation of the Lord Lieutenant, he set out for the Irish capital on the 4th November, carrying with him the new oratorio. He arrived in Dublin on the 18th November, and having given a series of successful performances of his earlier compositions, announced that the *Messiah* would be produced at the Music Hall, Fishamble Street, on the 13th April, 1742. The curious advertisement that appeared in *Faulkner's Journal*, was as follows:—

"This day will be performed Mr. Handel's new grand sacred Oratorio, called the *Messiah*. Doors will be opened at eleven, and the performance begin at twelve.

"The Stewards of the Charitable Musical Society request the favour of the ladies not to come with hoops this day to the Music Hall. The gentlemen are desired to come without their swords."

From a report that appeared in the same journal, it would seem that the new oratorio was most enthusiastically received, being witnessed by over seven hundred people. The proceeds amounted to nearly $2,000, which Handel generously distributed among three charities of the city. The writers of those days stated that "words were wanting to express the exquisite delight it afforded to the admiring crowded audience. The Sublime, the Grand, and the Tender conspired to transport and charm the ravished heart and ear." The *Messiah* was performed for the second time in Dublin on the 25th May, 1742. After a nine months' residence in Ireland, Handel left Dublin for England in August, 1742. On his return to London, the *Messiah* was produced three times at Covent Garden in 1743, but, owing to a senseless cry of sacrilege that was raised, was announced under the title of the "Sacred Oratorio," as a kind of concession to popular prejudice. It was performed twice in April, 1745, and then withdrawn until 1750, when it was announced under its original designation, "The Messiah." It was, doubtless, on account of this bigoted cry of sacrilege raised against his work, and not to the supposed coldness of its reception by the London audiences, that caused Handel to give it so seldom. On the 11th April, 1750, Handel gave a performance for the benefit of the London Foundling Hospital, and the proceeds having been considerable, it was repeated in the following year for the same charitable purpose. Finally Handel, finding that his oratorio had become popular, gave the hospital a copy of the score, and promised to give a performance each year in aid of the Institution. The trustees of the Hospital, wishing to secure the gift legally, drew up a petition to Parliament for leave to bring in a Bill to secure the privileges Handel proposed to confer upon them. It is related, however, that when a deputation was sent to the composer to ask his assent to the measure, Handel flew into a great rage, and exclaimed, "Te d——l! for vat sal de Foundling put mien oratorio in de Parlement. Te d——l, mien music sal not go to de Parlement." Handel, nevertheless, fulfilled the pro-

mise he had made, and the eleven performances under his direction in aid of the hospital, from 1750 to 1759, realised $34,000. This is a touching history of his generosity, especially when it is remembered that he conducted these performances in person up to 1758, and that he became *blind* in 1753. After Handel's death, seventeen performances were given from 1760 to 1770, and we are told, on the authority of Dr. Burney, that the hospital gained an addition to its funds of $50,000 from this one source. It is scarcely necessary to follow the history of the *Messiah* further than to say, that in 1798 Mozart wrote his additions to the instrumentation, to serve as a substitute for the organ accompaniment which Handel used to add when presiding at that instrument. The charitable work that Handel commenced has been continued up to the present day, and the London Sacred Harmonic Society make it a practice to give the *Messiah* every year for the benefit of distressed musicians, so that it has truly been said of it, "It has fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and fostered the orphan."

The performance of the *Messiah* by the Philharmonic Society, on the 11th ult., was given by way of experiment in the Grand Opera House. A more disastrous step could scarcely have been taken, for, from a musical point of view, the whole thing was a failure. It required no extraordinary perception to discover that under existing arrangements the Opera House is quite unfitted for the representation of oratorio. The acoustics of the house are defective, and a large proportion of the performers having to be placed at the back of the stage, the choruses were rendered indistinct in outline, and sounded comparatively insignificant. It would, however, be unfair to lay the whole blame of the very level performance upon the Opera House. The orchestra, which had been reinforced by Mrs. Morrison's orchestra and several members of a Buffalo band, had evidently not had a sufficient number of rehearsals. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the violinists who came from the other side had ever played the music of the *Messiah* before in their lives. There was not the slightest pretence to uniformity of bowing; each player seemed to phrase and take the passages as best suited his peculiar style or convenience, and the result was that the beautiful accompaniments were disfigured, and often made to assume a character quite inconsistent with the elevated nature of the oratorio. Had not the Society been put to great expense for the purpose of securing the services of these foreign musicians, there would have been no occasion to dwell upon this point; but we may be allowed to complain if the outside material was of indifferent quality. The soloists were Mrs. Grainger Dow, of Boston (soprano), Mr. Simpson, of New York (tenor), and Mr. Egan (bass). Mrs. Dow, although the possessor of a flexible and brilliant voice, misinterpreted the solos that fell to her share in a manner that led us to believe she was quite out of her element in oratorio. She *improved* upon Handel to an appalling extent—introduced shakes and other ornaments that were entirely out of place, while her singing throughout was marked by a want of sympathy or understanding. Mr. Simpson, whose voice is of fine quality, was unmistakably the most successful of the soloists, and the public will doubtless be glad to hear him again in Oratorio. The exquisite recitative, "Comfort ye," was sung in most chaste and finished style, and under his treatment the music was truly in harmony with the words of consolation to which it is wedded. Equally satisfactory was his rendering of "Behold and see," which he sang with great pathos. It was regretted that on one or two occasions he slightly departed from the text. Mr. Egan, it was apparent, had not sufficiently rehearsed his part, and in justice to him it must be said that it was generally understood he had received short notice that his services would be required. Our amateurs, Mrs. Osler, the Misses Dexter, and Miss Madison, sustained their parts creditably. The choruses, owing to the disadvantageous position of the singers, did not go so crisply as usual. Had the stage been effectually boarded in at the back and sides, as well as above, the effect might have been improved. The chorus, however, struggled bravely against the acoustical difficulties, and delivered the "Hallelujah" with something like their wonted fire. It was observed that during the singing of this number, the audience adopted the English custom of rising *en masse*. It has been erroneously supposed that this is a mark of respect to the more than ordinarily sacred character of the chorus. The explanation may be found in the following extract from Beattie's Letters, published in 1820:—

"When Handel's *Messiah* was first performed, the audience was exceedingly struck and affected by the music in general; but when that chorus struck up, "For the Lord God omnipotent," in the Hallelujah, they were so transported, that with the King (who happened to be present) they started up and remained standing till the chorus ended. This anecdote I had from Lord Kinnoul."

The practice, therefore, is merely an act of homage paid by the English public to the memory of the composer, as they do not rise at the Hallelujah chorus in Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and other oratorios. In concluding our notice, we must not forget to add that the conductor was Mr. Torrington, who presided with his usual care and ability. It is hoped that Mr. Torrington will give us an opportunity of becoming familiar with the *Israel in Egypt*.

A concert company, under the management of a Mr. De Vivo, visited Toronto last month, appearing at the Grand Opera House on Fri-

day, the 8th. The artists were Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, the celebrated Hungarian *prima donna;* Madame Carreno-Sauret, pianiste; Mons. Sauret, solo violinist; Signor Braga, violoncellist; and Signor Ferranti, the popular *buffo.* The house was crowded in every part. As was anticipated, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska proved that she possessed most extensive powers of vocalization, and her feats of *fioriture* excited great astonishment. The general opinion, however, was that her voice was on the decline, and she failed, moreover, to exert that sympathetic charm which is expected from all singers who claim to be considered high-class artists. It is unnecessary to enumerate the different numbers of the programme, as they have already been noticed by the daily press. Mdme. Carreno-Sauret, who has appeared in Toronto on former occasions, is evidently a favourite. Her touch is somewhat hard, but her execution is remarkably brilliant, and she makes light of the greatest difficulties. Mons. Sauret played several violin solos with all that nicety of finish which is peculiar to the French school; his style, however, is cold, and fails to touch. As to Signor Braga, we have not heard a finer violoncello player in this city. He unfortunately indulges in all those displays of virtuosity calculated to catch the applause of the unthinking, and consequently compromises his reputation as a conscientious artist. Signor Ferranti gave a number of *buffo* songs which, if somewhat exaggerated, were very cleverly rendered, and provoked unusually enthusiastic applause. The Company subsequently gave a second concert in Shaftesbury Hall, which was, however, a failure. The audience was weak, and Madame Sauret being indisposed, did not appear. Her place as accompanyist was ably filled by Mr. Torrington.

The Boston Philharmonic Club gave two concerts at Shaftesbury Hall on the 18th and 19th ult. As in the programmes of the Club there is always to be found a selection of the best classical music, we regretted that the audiences were small. Owing to the fact of the Club being one of recent formation, their *ensemble* was scarcely so good as that of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, an association of an older date. Their performance was, however, of a high order, and we shall be glad to welcome them again in Toronto.

In drama the principal feature of the month at Mrs. Morrison's Opera House has been the successful three-week's engagement of Mr. Frederick Robinson, the eminent English tragedian. He appeared in "The Wife's Secret," "The King of the Commons," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," and other plays, and showed himself a tragic actor of no ordinary power, though not belonging to quite the highest class. A noteworthy feature is his elocution, which, without being over-studied, is so wonderfully distinct that not a word is lost. Mr. Robinson is remarkable also for his versatility, being quite as good in comedy as in tragedy or melodrama. His greatest successes were unquestionably obtained in the two brilliant comedies of the late T. W. Robertson, "School" and "Ours," both of which were put upon the stage, and acted, as regards all the principal characters, in a manner that would have done credit to any theatre in the world. In both of them, but especially in the last act of "Ours," the scenery, costumes, stage accessories, even to the most trifling minutiæ, and the acting, were presented with a life-like actuality and realism that were perfectly delightful to witness. We are glad to add that the audiences which witnessed them were large and enthusiastic. On the first night of "Ours" the curtain had to be drawn up no less than six times at the close of the second act.

At the Royal Opera House, Miss Katharine Randolph, the English actress, appeared for a couple of weeks. The principal parts performed by her were *Juliet Julia* in "The Hunchback," *Pauline* in the "Lady of Lyons," and *Galatea* in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's charming comedy "Pygmalion and Galatea." Miss Randolph is possessed of great personal beauty, both of face and figure, has a musical voice, good elocutionary powers, and is altogether an exceedingly good actress, though scarcely so good as the notices in the London *Times* and other papers had led us to expect. Her principal defect is a decided tendency to "overact," a tendency especially noticeable in *Julia* and *Pauline.* Her *Juliet* was much better, her presentation of Shakespeare's hapless heroine, though by no means on a level with Miss Neilson's wonderful impersonation, being a very powerful and effective piece of acting. Her *Galatea* also was very effective, being characterized by a very charming *naiveté*, grace, and innocence; though it would have been improved by giving greater prominence to the poetical side of Mr. Gilbert's conception. Miss Randolph's engagement was but moderately successful, not so much so as it deserved to be. We take pleasure in announcing that the great English tragedian, Mr. T. C. King, will re-appear at this establishment on Monday, the 8th inst. When last here Mr. King did not favour us with his masterpiece, *Richelieu.* We hope he will do so this time.

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 7.] MARCH, 1875. [No. 3.

REMINISCENCES OF SOME CAMBRIDGE PROFESSORS.*

BY THE REV. H. SCADDING, D.D.

THERE are many men in Universities who enjoy, and quite justly, a great repute locally, but who are little heard of outside University limits. Whewell, however, won for himself a name in the general world of British, if not European, science. He first appeared as the author of a number of elementary treatises on Mechanics, Statics, Dynamics, Geometry, and Conic Sections, which were used very generally as text-books in the lecture-rooms; but his reputation rests chiefly on two works, The History of the Inductive Sciences, and The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences. He wrote also one of the Bridgewater treatises. In the intellectual arena of Cambridge, Whewell, as Tutor, Professor, and finally, Master of his College (Trinity), was regarded with considerable awe, on account of the extra vigour of his mind and a certain tendency to domineer. With Everett, in his lectures entitled "On the Cam," the expression is "Trinity's honoured head;" but Bristed, in his Five Years at an English University, speaks of "Whewell's awful presence." He was a Lancashire man, of stalwart frame and powerful physique; German, perhaps, rather than English, in the character of his countenance, which was open, fresh-hued, and round. In his younger academic days he was regarded with respect by the bargees of the river and the roughs of the town, between whom and the gownsmen there used to be, some years ago, periodical passages of arms. I have myself seen serious conflicts of this kind in the streets of Cambridge; quite senseless affairs, but attended with considerable risk to skin and limbs. If on such occasions one happened to be out of his own rooms and belated somewhere with a friend, it was highly advisable, when returning home to College, to get under the lee of Whewell, or some one else of his bulk and build. I was in residence when the old-fashioned "Charley," or watch, disappeared from the pavement and the modern policeman took his place. The effect on the public peace of Cambridge was very soon apparent. Whewell has left

* From "Leaves They Have Touched:" No. 3. Read before the Canadian Institute, Saturday, Jan. 30, 1875.

memorials of himself in Cambridge of the old durable mediæval kind. Previous to his death a so-called Hostel for the accommodation of Trinity students was added to the College by his munificence; also a quadrangle, known as the Master's Court. Princely endowments were afterwards bequeathed by him for the perpetual maintenance of these augmentations to Trinity. He likewise by his will established and endowed a chair of International Law, with scholarships for students in the department of science. Whewell's first wife was a a sister-in-law of Lord Monteagle (Spring Rice); his second was the widow of a clerical baronet (Sir Gilbert Affleck). By the custom of England this latter lady retained her name and title after her second marriage. The invitations to the Lodge used then to run in the following curious form:—"The Master of Trinity and Lady Affleck request the honour, &c." At Cambridge it was humorously said that Whewell's name was one that ought to be whistled. This was to correct the wrong rendering of it sometimes heard, Whe-well. Another little jest among undergraduates used to be that no book of Whewell's ever appeared without the assertion somewhere or another in it of Newton's Three Laws of Motion. As years rolled on, an epigrammatic saying became current that science was Whewell's forte, and omniscience his foible; it does not appear, however, that his acquirements in any direction were superficial. As an instance of the great variety of his knowledge, a story is told of the conversation having been purposely led to the subject of Chinese music, a learned traveller from China being present who had made himself master of that subject; when, to the astonishment of all, it was found that Whewell was more intimately acquainted with the theory and practice of music in China than the stranger himself. The manuscript relics which I preserve of Whewell are, first, a note addressed from "Trin. Coll." to the Editor of the *Philosophical Magazine*, accompanying matter for that periodical. It is characteristic of Whewell's ever-busy intellect. "I send you," he says, "an account of the last meeting of the Philosophical Society here, which I shall be glad if you will insert in the *Philosophical Magazine* of next month, including the abstract of Mr. Murphy's paper and Prof. Airy's communication. I send you also a notice of some remarks of Berzelius, which I shall be glad if you can find room for. Yours faithfully, W. Whewell." And, secondly, a cordial welcome addressed by him to a friend or relative, on hearing of his intended visit to Cambridge. He happens to speak incidentally of the war raging at the time between the Northern and Southern States. "I am glad," he says, "that you are coming to the British Association: you shall have Victor's room, or some other, and will consider the Lodge your home in all other respects. . . . I am quite prepared to believe all that you tell me of McClellan. He seems to me to have shown great generalship. But I am afraid the Northerners have lost their opportunity of making a magnanimous end to the war when they were successful. I do not see now," he continues, "what end is possible except an end from pure exhaustion. Certainly both parties have shown great military talents on a large scale; but that is small consolation for the break-up of such a constitution as theirs; and I fear that the cause of the black man's liberty is losing rather than gaining by the conflict. We have been in Switzerland," he then adds, "for a fortnight, and are now returned to our usual occupations. I am sorry that we have not seen our own dear Lakes this summer." This note is dated from Trinity Lodge, Cambridge, Sep. 22, 1862. The hand is minute and clear, and not indicative of the imperious character which the writer was reported to possess.

Another eminent man at Cambridge, well known by sight to all students of the year

1833 and downwards, was Adam Sedgwick. He was among the earliest English geologists of note, and bore the brunt of the first assaults on the new science. He was a Fellow of Trinity and the seventh occupant of the Woodwardian Professorship of Geology. In 1833 he published a Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge, which ran through several editions and still maintains its ground.* In a note to that work he thus speaks in relation to his favourite science: "We have nothing to fear from the results of our inquiries, provided they be followed in the laborious but secure road of honest induction. In this way we may rest assured we shall never arrive at conclusions opposed to any truth, either physical or moral, from whatsoever source that truth may be derived: nay, rather, as in all truth there is a common essence, that new discoveries will ever lend support and illustration to things which are already known, by giving us a larger insight into the universal harmonies of nature." He thus maintained the perfect compatibility of science with religion. In another place he asks a question as pertinent to be put to speculative philosophers in 1875 as it was in 1833. "Shall this embryo of a material world," he says, "contain within itself the germ of all the beauty and harmony, the stupendous movements and exquisite adaptations of our system, the entanglement of phenomena held together by complicated laws, but mutually adjusted so as to work together to a common end, and the relation of all these things to the functions of beings possessing countless superadded powers, bound up with life and volition? And shall we then satisfy ourselves by telling of laws of atomic action, of mechanical movements, and chemical combinations; and dare to think that in so doing we have made one step towards an explanation of the workmanship of the God of nature? So far from ridding ourselves," the Professor adds, "by our hypothesis of the necessity of an intelligent First Cause, we give that necessity a new concentration, by making every material power, manifested since the creation of matter, to have emanated from God's bosom by a single act of omnipotent prescience." The third annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science took place in Cambridge in 1833, and Sedgwick was chosen its president for that year. In the address delivered by him on the occasion he used language similar to the above, declaring that "man was compelled by his intellectual nature to ascend from phenomena to laws, and the moment he grasped the idea of a law he was compelled, by the very constitution of his inner mind, to consider that law as the annunciation of the will of a supreme intelligence." I preserve with care a report of this memorable meeting, especially for the sake of the autographs which it contains in *fac-simile* of the numerous savans from all quarters who were present. There Sedgwick's own name appears, the counterpart of the manuscript signatures of his which I have. Like several other contemporaries of note at Cambridge, as, for example, the two Roses, Hugh James and Henry John, Sedgwick was from the north of England. His speech, in which he was very voluble and sometimes eloquent, was strongly northern in accent, as was theirs; and his countenance—long, bony, dark, and stern—was northern, perhaps Norse, in type. The relics which I possess of Professor Sedgwick are volumes, once his property, containing some curious manuscript annotations from his pen. The first book consists of two collections, bound up together, of verses by self-taught men—one named Sanderson, the other, Nicholson. The Professor, besides inscribing within both his name, "A.

* A severe review of this well-known "Discourse" appeared in the *Westminster Review* at the time, written by the late John Stuart Mill, which may be found in the first volume of that philosopher's "Dissertations and Discussions."—Editor C. M.

SEDGWICK," has recorded in characteristic language the manner in which he became possessed of the two collections, the authors of which seem to have somewhat interested him. Of Sanderson, he says: "During the summer of 1824 I visited the great quarries of chalk near Rosley, Cumberland, and purchased the following poems of the author, a common lime-burner, whose brains had been heated by the fumes of his kiln." Of Nicholson, he writes: "I met the author on the top of a coach. He was a rough son of the Muses, who was carrying bundles of his poems from village to village, and especially to the ale-houses, where he was too well known. 'In this kind of goods, I have all this side of Yorkshire to myself,' he said.' A second relic which I show of Professor Sedgwick is Richard Owen's discourse on the Nature of Limbs, delivered, in 1849, before the Royal Institution of Great Britain. It has the Professor's autograph as before, and, besides, a multitude of his pencillings, evidently made in an eager and rapid perusal of the book.

A memento of Professor Farish, Jacksonian Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, comes next. His career, however, began earlier in the University than Whewell's or Sedgwick's, but he was still giving his lectures in 1836, and I had the satisfaction of being present at some of them. They were on the practical application of mechanism to manufactures, to mining, ship building, fortification, and other matters. You might have thought it was Polonius himself who was lecturing, as you listened to the professor's simple, but earnest and effective language, and saw him suit the action to the word at every step, by constructing the part of the apparatus required, or exhibiting in use the implement spoken of. He was then quite an aged person, and the tones of his voice were those of an old man; but he spoke with vigour and shewed an unflagging enjoyment of his subject. His happy oval countenance ever wore a smile. At the close of each demonstration, he would, in a playful way, suddenly break up the structure which he had contrived for his purpose, separating it rapidly into its constituent parts; or if it should happen to have been a mould for the casting of a cannon or a bell, or the wall of a fortified town, or an isolated fortress, that he had been expatiating on, he would run his wand ruthlessly through the moist sand which had been used, and reduce the whole in a moment to a state of chaos, like a child demolishing at a blow, the tower of cards a moment before laboriously built up. To enable him to effect promptly his numerous demonstrations, the professor had a wonderful collection of cog-wheels, cylinders, bars, pulleys, cranks, screws, and blocks, and an ingenious method of extemporizing, as it were, then and there, a contrivance for each experiment, by means of clamps which fastened together firmly and quickly, the several parts of the required apparatus, which parts, presently taken all to pieces again, would do duty equally well immediately afterwards in some other combination. When everything was ready, the Professor would give the word of command, to his attendant in these terms: "Roger make it go!" Water was then turned on, and the desired movement instantly followed. The apparatus had been long in use, and sometimes there was a slight breakdown. Once, I remember, some rusted spots in the sheet iron reservoir suddenly gave way while the professor was mounted on the steps in front of it; the consequence was that several fine jets of water were projected horizontally from the well-filled tank, passing between parts of the professor's robes, and descending upon us in a most mysterious way. One feat of the professor's, I find, has survived in my memory with some vividness. I saw him make a hat; saw him clip off before our eyes in the lecture-room, the fur of a rabbit-skin, which was supposed to be beaver; shape it into a sort of bag; forcibly press it, all moist, upon a block,

where at length the thing assumed in some degree, the appearance of a hat, with brim curled up at the sides. At several points in the earlier stages of the process, the lecturer interposed an "aside" to his audience, "Not much like a hat yet!" The manuscript relic which I possess of Professor Farish is slight, but somewhat curious. It relates to some electioneering business at Cambridge. A certain candidate is reported to have resigned; but then the letter purporting to convey that intelligence to the vice-chancellor may be a hoax. "My dear sir," the professor writes: "The Vice-Chancellor should have *official* notice of the resignation of Mr. Grant. I hear he has received a *letter;* but how does he know that it is Mr. Grant's writing? I wish you had not been out, and that you and I had been able to go. I have hardly authority, and the V.-C. might ask: How do you know? The same objection does not lie to you. I think it would be well if you would take the earliest opportunity of calling as Chairman of Mr. G's committee. Yours truly, W. FARISH. 12 o'clock, Monday. P. S.—Taylor, the school-keeper gave me the above hint." (Taylor, the school-keeper, was a well-known subordinate official, shrewdly skilled in wise-saws and ancient instances in relation to small points of ceremony and routine. School-keeper denotes care-taker of the schools, or rooms appointed for the public exercises in the several faculties. The Senate-house also is a part of his charge.) Looking into Carus's Memoir of the Rev. Charles Simeon, I lighted on a passage which exactly interprets the note just given. In a diary, under date of Nov. 19, 1822, Mr. Simeon writes: "Old Mr. Grant, with Professor Farish, called on me and dined with me. It was a great grief to me, that I could not vote for his son on Tuesday next: but I told him that I regard my vote for a member of Parliament, not as a right, but a trust, to be used conscientiously for the good of the 'whole kingdom,' and his son's being a friend to what is called Catholic Emancipation is in my eyes an insurmountable objection to his appointment. Viewing this matter as I do, I could not vote for Mr. Robert Grant, if he were my own son. I think I shall not vote at all." Then on Nov. 26, he makes an entry which curiously refers to the very withdrawal of which Professor Farish's note speaks. "Mr. Grant having withdrawn," he says, "I feel at liberty to vote for Mr. Bankes, who is a friend both to the existing Government and the Protestant ascendancy. A memorandum is added, that the numbers for Mr. Bankes were 419; those for the unsuccessful candidates were: Lord Hervey, 280; Mr. Scarlett, 219. It thus appears that our friend, Professor Farish, had been going about among the resident M.A.'s at Cambridge, on an active canvass in favour of Mr. Robert Grant, in company with "old Mr. Grant," Robert's father; and that Robert's prospect of success did not finally prove such as to induce him to persevere in the contest. This Robert Grant was afterwards the Right Hon. Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay. He was also a younger brother of Lord Glenelg, remembered in Canada as Secretary of State for the Colonies at the beginning of the present reign.

I now produce a trifling, but highly-prized note in the handwriting of Professor Smyth, who from 1807 to 1849 occupied the chair of Modern History in Cambridge. His lectures on Modern History and on the French Revolution have taken a high place in English Literature, and continue to be reprinted. He shews himself in them to have been a man much in advance of many of his contemporaries in respect of the philosophy of history. "When we read these lectures" a great Whig authority has said, "we are at no loss to understand why Cambridge has produced of late years so many illustrious thinkers. For two entire generations the political intellect of that University was under the training of a man who, perhaps, was

better fitted for an instructor on the great social questions of the modern world than any one who has filled the chair of professor in this country." (This, it is expedient to observe, was written in 1856.) When the Prince Consort came up to Cambridge in 1847, to be installed as Chancellor, he paid a visit expressly to Professor Smyth, in the rooms, the professor being at the time in failing health and unable to go out. All residents in Cambridge became perfectly familiar with the form of Professor Smyth. In costume and manner he followed the fashion of another century. Being a layman, he usually wore, under his academic gown, coloured clothes; a blue coat with brass buttons; buff small-clothes; white stockings and buckled shoes; a hat of extra width of brim, from beneath which fell a plentiful growth of long white hair that was tossed about on the shoulders by the lively movements of the head from side to side; the face wearing a cheery, youthful look. Professor Smyth was the author of the well known lines carved underneath Kirke White's medallion, formerly in All Saints, but now removed to the new chapel of St. John's College. These sculptured lines and Professor Smyth himself used particularly to interest me, as I happened to occupy in St. John's the very rooms in which Kirke White died; and frequently I used to see moving about in the college-courts outside, old Mr. Catton, Kirke White's former tutor. The autograph relic which I transcribe, is simply a casual note making an inquiry of a friend; but in it he chances to speak of a "Sheridan Memoir," which was a privately-printed notice by himself of Thomas, Richard Brinsley Sheridan's eldest son, to whom the professor had been private tutor. "My dear Sir," he says, "the day after I sent you Roscoe's Lines, I sent you the Sheridan Memoir. Be so good as to let me know whether you have received it; that if not, I may enquire about it. I put it into the Post Office myself. With kind remembrance to the ladies, believe me, dear Sir, very sincerely yours, WM. SMYTH." The note is written from Norwich.

The Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge in my day, was the Rev. James Scholefield. The reputation as a Greek scholar of this occupant of the chair of Porson, did not extend, perhaps, far beyond Cambridge. As a divine he was more widely known. He published an edition of the Greek Testament and a volume of Hints towards an improved translation of the same. I used to like to listen to Professor Scholefield's very solid and learned discourses in St. Michael's Church, uttered to all appearance extemporaneously; but all of them most carefully framed and deliberately worded. The professor's manner was unimpassioned and his speech slow. With fair complexion and sandy hair, his general aspect was Scottish. A volume of the notes from which his sermons were delivered was published after his decease and is very curious; to non-Cambridge men not very intelligible, on account of the free use of algebraical and geometrical symbols and other abbreviations commonly employed in the solution on paper of mathematical problems. My remembrance of Professor Scholefield is a fine copy of Hutchinson's edition of the "Cyropædia" of Xenophon, printed in bold old contracted Greek at the Theatre in Oxford, in 1727. On a fly-leaf is the autograph, J. SCHOLEFIELD.

A great notability at Cambridge, up to 1836, was the Rev. Charles Simeon, already once mentioned. Mr. Simeon had no official position in the University. He was simply a fellow of King's College, and the occupant of rooms there, holding, at the same time, the incumbency of a church in the town. It was in this way that his influence as a religious instructor was established. Considerable numbers of the young men in each successive year voluntarily attached themselves to his ministry. His rooms were open to those who had been introduced to

him, every Friday evening. I occasionally dropped in with friends. All sorts of questions were put to him for solution as he sat in a rather high chair on one side of the fireplace, and answers were given in serious or jocose strain, as the case might require. I once heard him illustrate the expression "outer darkness," and administer a caution to some unknown person, at one and the same time, thus: It would appear that a week or two previous, one of his visitors had lost his academic gown at Mr. Simeon's rooms. It had been thrown down in a corner in an outer apartment, as was customary at these visits, and on the breaking up of the party, it was nowhere to be found; and that was the last of it. Mr. Simeon mentioned the case, expressing his fear that the gown had been wilfully abstracted; and he said, if this should prove to be so, and he should discover the delinquent, he would most assuredly put him into "outer darkness!" (thundering out the expression all of a sudden) that is, he would exclude him from his rooms in the future, and leave him, as it were, out in the cold. I recollect one evening, after waiting some little time at the outset for a question, and none being offered, he started those present by informing them that he had that day been present at a fox-hunt. The explanation quickly added was that while out driving in his carriage he had been uncomfortably detained somewhere along the road by the crossing of a pack of hounds over the highway in full cry after a fox. The story was wound up with an abrupt—"Now then, gentlemen, start your fox!" meaning, lose no more time in proposing something for discussion. My relic of Simeon is a volume once his property, containing an account of the life and writings of one Gerhard Tersteegan, a German mystic, who lived 1697–1769. On the whole, this book would be greatly in harmony with Mr. Simeon's own views and temperament. But at one place Tersteegan has expressed himself in a way that has occasioned a slight outburst on the part of Mr. Simeon. Tersteegan chanced to speak with approbation of a *fourfold* division of "Justification," thus: "Justification, according to scripture and experience, is properly *fourfold*; which, being seldom sufficiently distinguished, is the cause of so much misunderstanding and so much controversy." Tersteegan here seemed to know too much on a point in regard to which Mr. Simeon held himself to be a master. He accordingly could not refrain from seizing his pen and making the following marginal note in a bold hand, to which also he appends his initials: "A very confused head had this good man, with his fourfold justification! C. S." Mr. Simeon's personal appearance is familiar from the many engravings of him which are to be seen. The profile was somewhat Jewish. Mr. Simeon always exhibited a special interest in questions relating to the modern Jews; and, I think, he believed he had Jewish blood in his veins. I was present at his funeral, and after the ceremony, descended into the vault in which the body was laid, under the nave of King's College Chapel. I shared also in a momentary panic which took place on the occasion, egress for a time being made impossible by the numbers who kept pressing in. Mr. Simeon's twenty-one octavo volumes of skeleton sermons have been, with astonishing industry, minutely indexed by Hartwell Horne. I subjoin some judicious observations once made by Professor Farish to Mr. Simeon, on the use of ridicule in controversy. Mr. Simeon had indulged in some irony in an intended reply to strictures by Dr. Pearson on himself. Farish advises him to strike the ironical expressions out. He remonstrates with his old friend thus: "Aristotle somewhere says that in Oratory, *geloia* [ironical words] are most advantageously rebutted by serious arguments, and *vice versa*. And the remark is very shrewd; but it is not to be followed throughout. I don't see that you get any advantage by it in the

present case, that is not counterbalanced many times over by disadvantages. Ridicule, as the test of truth, is a very powerful weapon in the hands of a disingenuous infidel; but the sentiment is false, and the weapon suits ill in the hands of a Christian. I don't see the propriety of using it in a serious subject, against an adversary that means seriously, and aims to speak candidly, which I really think is the case at present, though I never felt less conviction from an attack, in my life, with respect to the substance of it. I think, too, your opponent is too respectable a man to be so treated, and his office too respectable also. I think you will have the prejudices at least, not to say the ingenuous proper feelings, both of your friends and enemies against you on this point. I see no good you get by following Aristotle. But only think what an advantage his rule will give to your opponent, or rather to those who will infallibly take up the cudgels for him."

AFTER THE BALL.

(Selected.)

THEY sat and combed their beautiful hair,
 Their long bright tresses, one by one,
As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,
 After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille:
 Idly they laughed, like other girls,
Who over the fire, when all is still,
 Comb out their braids and curls.

Robes of satin and Brussels lace,
 Knots of flowers and ribbons too,
Scattered about in every place,
 For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
 The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
 For the revel is done,

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
 Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
 And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
 All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
While the fire is out and the house is still,
 Maud and Madge together,—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
 The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,
Curtained away from the chilly night,
 After the revel is done,

Float away in a splendid dream,
 To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lustres skimmering stream,
 In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,
 Tropical odours sweeter than musk,
Men and women with beautiful faces,
 And eyes of tropical dusk;

And one face shining out like a star,
 One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice sweeter than others are,
 Breaking into silvery speech;

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,
 An old, old story over again,
As down the royal bannered room,
 To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,
 While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And, all unheard in the lovers' talk,
 He claimeth one for a bride.

O Maud and Madge, dream on together,
 With never a pang of jealous fear!
For ere the bitterest St. Agnes weather
 Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal and robed for the tomb,
 Braided brown hair and golden tress,
There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
 Of the bearded lips to press,

Only one for the bridal pearls,
 The robe of satin and Brussels lace,
Only one to blush through her curls
 At the sight of a lover's face.

O beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,
 For you the revel has just begun;
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night
 The revel of life is done!

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
 Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,
O beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
 The kisses another hath won!

NORA PERRY.

New York.

LOST AND WON:

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of "For King and Country."

CHAPTER VII.

WILL IT LAST?

"The bond that links our souls together,—
Will it last through stormy weather?—
Will it stretch if Fate divide us,—
When dark and weary hours have tried us?"

THE following day—a Sunday—was the saddest Alan had ever spent, unless it might be that one—now rather indistinct in his memory—when the corpse of a little sister, the youngest of the family, had been carried away to the cemetery at Mapleford.

Mr. Campbell "felt poorly," he said, and remained in bed, as was often the case when any trouble came upon him. Ben had remained with his Indian friends, and Dan had gone off the evening before to spend a couple of days with his comrades, so it was a very small and silent group that gathered around the breakfast table. It was Jeanie's Sunday at home, for she and her mother could not well go, both of them, to church at a distance of seven miles; and she insisted that her mother should not depart from the usual arrangements, knowing that it always did her good to go and hear her friend and pastor, Mr. Abernethy, whose words of Christian consolation fell like balm on her wounded spirit.

So Alan and his mother and Hugh were all that set off in the light spring waggon for Mapleford, a good-sized village, in which stood the two or three churches to which the people of Radnor township resorted, for miles around. It seemed strange to Alan to see the quiet sameness of all things around, when so great a change was brooding over his own life. It made him feel as if it must have been a dream—as if he must wake and find that things would still go on as they had always done—when he turned into the straggling village street that ran along the river, past the familiar white houses, the country shops with their shut up windows, all whose wares were well-known to him, and came to the little stone church with its long driving shed on one side, and the modest, unpretending house of Mr. Abernethy, nestling among lilacs and apple trees, on the other. There were the people in their Sunday dresses, farmers in black frock coats, looking very unlike their week-day selves; and wives and daughters, in Carrington millinery, straggling along in little groups; there was the row of "teams" drawn up in the driving shed which protected from the weather the horses of those who had farther to go; and there were the five or six horses with side-saddles, used by the wives of farmers who lived on roads rather rough for wheeled vehicles; everything was just the same, but Alan seemed to see it as one in a dream. The familiar faces around him in the church seemed to him faint and dream-like, as did also the dignified presence and benignant voice of Mr. Abernethy, who, in a discourse, a little too scholarly perhaps for some of his audience, but still thoroughly earnest, tried to raise the thoughts of his hearers above the shifting clouds and changing scenes of "things seen and temporal," to the star that ever shines, clear and unchanging, above them—the star that once shone in the East to guide the wise men to Bethlehem, and which still shines, undimmed by the vapours of earth, for all who truly look for it now. But Alan had not learned yet to follow that star, though he knew his mother had. Poor

fellow! the light he was following just now was but an *ignis fatuus*, that must soon die down and go out!

Neither Lottie nor her mother were among the congregation. Their absence was not an uncommon thing, as Lottie disliked church-going, and Mrs. Ward, tired with her perpetual activity during the week, was fond of taking the "day of rest" in its literal physical signification, to "set her up again" for Monday's labours, which, of course, a seven or eight miles' drive on a warm day would have very considerably interfered with. The miller usually came, however, chiefly for the sake of a little variety and a talk with his neighbours, generally going home with some of them to dinner.

After service, while Alan and Hugh went to get out the waggon, their mother waited for a talk with Mrs. Abernethy, the minister's wife, whose gentle, refined, aged face seemed to bear the impress of much meekly borne sorrow. And such indeed was the case, for there were four little green graves in the neighbouring graveyard, which had early desolated the minister's house, and robbed it of the childish smiles and childish voices which had been its music and its sunshine. But these heavy sorrows had made Mrs. Abernethy's heart a never-failing source of sympathy for all who were in trouble of any kind—a friend to whose gentle ministration all sufferers instinctively turned. Ever since the time when Mrs. Campbell's little daughter had been suddenly taken from her, and she had received from Mrs. Abernethy much never-to-be-forgotten sympathy and comfort, and, what was better, guidance to a higher source of consolation, the two had been very closely drawn together. When Alan drove up to the church door to find his mother, he saw her walking with Mrs. Abernethy along the little shaded path that led from the church to the minister's house, and he knew, when he saw Mrs. Abernethy wiping away the tears that so readily rose to her eyes in response to the sorrows of others, that his mother had been communicating to her friend the family calamity. It gave him, with a pang, a new sense of the *reality* of the calamity, now that it was being communicated to one outside the family. Mrs. Abernethy came to assist his mother into the waggon, having in vain pressed her to remain and take some refreshments, and Alan knew, by the way in which her kind, delicate hand silently pressed his, that she was feeling intensely for their misfortune. It almost irritated him, for the moment, to have the sense of it thus borne in upon him, kind as he knew the sympathy to be.

As they drove back along the quiet village street, they overtook a female figure of somewhat peculiar aspect. It was a spare, angular form, attired in a black silk which, though well preserved, bore evident marks of age, a black satin shawl, stiffly folded over her shoulders, and a large bonnet of rather antique fashion, but all of excellent material and scrupulously neat in arrangement. The wearer of this apparel was walking with the brisk, elastic step which might have belonged to a much younger person than she appeared to be, when she turned at the sound of the wheels behind her, and revealed, under the heavy bonnet and the little stiff curls beneath it, a sharp, clearly cut physiognomy of unmistakably New England type, which had evidently seen at least fifty summers, but whose bright, shrewd, grey eyes sparkled with a still youthful light, and seemed full of kindness and humour.

"Good morning, Miss Honeydew," said Alan, drawing up. "I needn't offer you a lift, when you're so near your own door."

"Guess t'aint hardly worth while," said the lady, in a cheery voice and with a merry smile. "Good morning, Miss Campbell; good morning, Mr. Alan, my dear; and Hugh, what a big boy you *do* be gettin' to be! Now, Miss Campbell, do get down

and come in with me and have a bit of my dinner. 'Taint much to ask you to, for I don't cook none, Sunday, but you do look so tired, and you'd be the better of the rest."

"I'm very much obliged to you, Miss Honeydew," said Mrs. Campbell, "but I'm anxious to get home, for Mr. Campbell's a little poorly to-day, and Jeanie's at home alone."

A somewhat dubious expression came into Miss Honeydew's face at this speech. She looked acutely at the little group for a moment. "Well, if you won't come in,'taint any use keeping you standing in the sun! But do come and see me soon; seems as if I hain't set eyes on you for ever so long; and, Mr. Alan, I'll have some first-class gooseberries ripe next week, so mind you must come and get some of 'em." And then, saying good-bye, with a smile and a nod, Miss Hepzibah Honeydew turned to enter a little white gate, which opened on a garden full of a profusion of flowers, in front of a neat, small, white house, whose green verandah was festooned with what seemed an infinite variety of creepers.

"Sakes and patience!" Miss Honeydew inwardly ejaculated, as she felt in her pocket for her door key; "how that blessed woman does get 'most worried to death with that *doin'less* husband of hers! Well for them as hain't got none to make their lives a burden to 'em! Though 'taint to be denied it's nice having a boy like Mr. Alan!" she added, with a half sigh.

The lady who bore the above poetical cognomen was an important personage in Mapleford—not from the length of her purse, however, for though her father, an enterprising New Englander, who, during her early days, had somehow drifted out into these backwoods, and had made a pretty respectable sum between farming and shop-keeping, had left his only unmarried daughter pretty "comfortable;" still few, with no larger resources than hers, would have thought that they had much to spare. But Miss Hepzibah had a heart that extended very much beyond the capacities of her purse, and from her childhood had had the peculiarity, more common among women than among men, of not fully enjoying anything unless she shared it with more needy people than herself, and as these were not few, even in Mapleford, her opportunities for sharing were tolerably abundant, and her life was both a busy and a bountiful one. Her brothers and sisters had all gone forth from Mapleford to distant homes or wider spheres of business, chiefly in the United States, and she herself had had urgent invitations—not altogether disinterested (for Miss Hepzibah would have been an invaluable adjunct in any household)—from married brothers, to make her home with them. But she had a pretty independent spirit of her own, and liked to stay on among people whose faces and histories were all familiar to her, in the same house, somewhat renovated it is true, in which she had grown from youth to womanhood, and in which her one little love story had begun and ended. But though her life was a solitary one, except for her own rare visits to her distant relatives, and for a stray nephew or niece occasionally coming to sojourn for a short time with her, it was by no means so lonely an existence as that of an "old maid" is commonly supposed to be. In the first place, there was her own live stock; her friend and companion "*Cleo*"—short for *Cleopatra*—a little black dog of no particular breed, but of very particular ways; her grey Maltese cat Tabitha, that in summer was always airing her glossy, silken robes in Miss Hepzibah's flower garden; her little flock of poultry in the poultry yard behind it; and last, but not least, in importance at least, her canary, which, hanging in the verandah, always welcomed its mistress's return by chirping and tuning up for a song. Then she often had some little *protégé* in the shape of a neglected village child, whom

she would take in, and, with infinite pains, train up to be a tidy little handmaid, letting her go to some more lucrative service as soon as she was fit for it. And besides these various inmates, her house was a favourite resort with both old and young—with the young, because of her lively talk, as well as of the cakes and fruit that they knew were readily forthcoming; with the old, because they enjoyed a cheery chat with her, and because they brought to her their physical troubles, as naturally as they took their mental ones to Mrs. Abernethy, generally getting from her some alleviating, if not curing, prescription, for she had a natural aptitude for such things. The quantities of raspberry vinegar, jelly, and cordials that she gave away to sick people would have been considered by Mrs. Ward ridiculously extravagant; but then Miss Hepzibah did not care to save up her possessions, but to distribute them. Her flowers and fruit, though on a small scale, were the wonder and admiration of the village. She was a born florist, and it was indeed wonderful how she could raise so many beautiful, and even rare, flowers in so small a space and with such tasteful arrangement. Not only had she beautiful carnations, pansies, stocks, and other favourite garden flowers, but she took in and carefully cultivated some of the choicer wild ones, such as hepaticas, trilliums, and the gorgeous scarlet-spiked cardinal flower, which, she used to say, it was a shame to leave to blush unseen in the recesses of the woods. She had a rockery, composed of a collection of odd and pretty stones from the bank of the river, and draped with a variety of luxuriant ferns; and her little verandah was curtained with a wonderful variety of twining plants, from grape vines and Virginia creepers to climbing roses and canary flowers. Whenever she paid a visit to her relatives in the States, she was sure to bring back some rare or curious addition to her stock of plants, and she was always ingeniously originating some new variety, which a professional gardener might have envied. No pen, indeed, could describe the happiness which her passion for flowers brought to her. If she was ever uncharitable in speaking of any human being, alive or dead, it was in regard to the mother of the human race, and her dereliction in circumstances where "she could have as many flowers as ever she liked, and no weeds to choke, or frosts to nip 'em!" She was continually beset by applications for flowers, especially from small children, and it was a wonder how her patience and her flower-beds stood out against the continual drain upon them. But they *did;* and she had her own philosophy about it. "Pick your flowers," she would say; "pick 'em if you want to have 'em! If you stint 'em you soon won't have any to stint. There ain't nothin' so much as flowers that it's true about—'there is that scattereth and yet increaseth.'"

Then her fruit—the delicious strawberries and raspberries and gooseberries, each in their own season; and later on, the plums and pears and *Fameuse* apples, looking so rosy and tempting among their green leaves. The wild, orchard-robbing boys of the neighbourhood—to their honour be it said—let Miss Honeydew's apples alone; they had a certain superstitious feeling—however callous their consciences might be with regard to those of others—that it was a sin to steal hers. Some of them had tried it once; but Miss Hepzibah had pounced out upon them from an unexpected corner, and alertly capturing some of the culprits, had administered a somewhat unexpected treatment. For, after a brisk shaking from her vigorous arm, and a good sound lecture on the wickedness of their conduct, she had filled their pockets with ripe ruddy apples, and sent them away with the injunction to mind, for the future, that "honesty was the best policy." It might not seem to be the best way of enforcing the maxim; but it had proved effectual, so far at least as she was

concerned. Those boys stole no more of her apples.

And Miss Hepzibah was as busy as she was liberal; for, besides her own multifarious little concerns, she generally had those of half the neighbourhood to consider and attend to. There was nothing that she wasn't considered capable of doing. Little girls brought her their dolls' clothes to cut out, and little boys, ambitious of kite-flying, came to claim her help in making their kites. At quilting bees, and in sick rooms, where patient watching and clever, cheerful nursing were wanted, Miss Honeydew's services were always specially in request, and she never came in contact with a trouble, that was capable of being remedied, that she did not immediately set to work to devise, if possible, some means of remedying it. It was a literal burden of mind to her till she could do so, and nothing gave her so much satisfaction, after long and patient pondering, as "to see daylight through a hobble" into which any of her neighbours had got.

Mrs. Ward appreciated Miss Honeydew's cleverness at least, but she would sometimes speak a little contemptuously of her "small way." But Miss Hepzibah, with her "small way," had, in her genuine, ever flowing interest in every human being, and beast, and flower that crossed her path, and in the Christian kindness ever flowing out from a simple, earnest Christian heart, a perennial spring of happiness, pure and unalloyed, which Mrs. Ward, with her engrossment in cumbering cares, and constant fear lest moth and rust might destroy her well-preserved treasures, could not even imagine.

It was no wonder, then, that Miss Honeydew was a favourite among all her acqaintances, and that her little daintily kept house was so inviting to every one, from Mr. Abernethy down to Cindy Simmons, the village beggar. Alan Campbell, and Dan too, were among her chief friends and favourites, though it somewhat alloyed the pleasure of Dan's visits that Miss Hepzibah would always insist upon his carrying home to his mother a bottle of cordial or a pot of preserves, or some other fragile commodity, which did not always reach home in good preservation. For Mrs. Campbell—different as the two were in most respects—Miss Hepzibah had a strong admiration as well as regard; and having but few burdensome cares of her own, and not being much addicted to introspection, she generally had a mind at leisure for the kindly consideration of her neighbours' affairs. Mrs. Campbell's troubles often afforded her a fruitful subject for reflection, though as yet she did not know the new and grave one that menaced her.

As they drove homewards, Alan and his mother had a little quiet talk about the impending crisis, and she tried to instil into his mind some of the patient submission that was already soothing her own. In particular she was anxious to drive away any hard and bitter feelings that he might be cherishing—that she feared he *was* cherishing—against the immediate authors of their distress. But this task was much beyond her power. He said but little, but the little he did say showed how bitterly he felt, and he heard all she had to say in a moody silence which gave her no reason to hope that her well-intended efforts had been successful. And, of course, this hard feeling in his heart greatly increased the bitterness of the trial, as well as silently corroded his own peace of mind.

In the afternoon, after wandering aimlessly about for a time, vainly trying to fix his mind upon some feasible plan for the future, he went over to Blackwater Mill, anxious to communicate to Lottie the altered state of affairs, and to see what she would say. He left his father sitting up in his armchair, gazing wistfully at the open window and the green leaves waving without, and his mother in the little porch reading out of her well-worn Bible, some of those sublime

poetic words of comfort to the sorrowing, which, written by royal bard or wandering prophet when the world was young, do still, as Tennyson's Arthur Hallam expressed it, "fit into every fold of the human heart." As he passed her, she drew him towards her, and pointed to the verses she was reading—verses in which she had often found comfort and counsel before now: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way; because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass; cease from anger and forsake wrath; fret not thyself in any wise to do evil."

Alan read it to please her, though he almost knew it by heart already. And then he hurried off, somewhat impatiently. Such a law he felt quite too strict for him. He could not yet bear to think that his anger, which he was nourishing in his heart as a righteous feeling, was a thing to be "ceased from" and forsaken. He said to himself that it was impossible, and so it was for unassisted human nature.

At Blackwater Mill he found the miller reading, in a rather sleepy manner, a stray number of the *Canada Farmer*; Mrs. Ward counting her thirty-five young turkeys, to make sure no blood-thirsty weazel or wily fox had diminished the number since the last counting; and Lottie, lying on the settee by the wide kitchen window, engrossed in one of the morbid sensational romances she was so fond of reading. It jarred upon Alan, who had fresh in his mind the image of his mother as he had left her, with her very different occupation. Moreover, he had been trained by her to reverence the day of rest, and to feel that its quiet hours, intended to ennoble and purify the week-day life, were given for something better than being wasted on books which he knew, from the little he had seen of them, were not only vapid and unprofitable, but positively pernicious, from their highly coloured and false views of life; and it pained him to think how far his mother and Lottie would be out of harmony when they should be brought into a closer relation. He could not help saying something to Lottie, deprecating her constant reading of such books, the taste for which she had formed at boarding-school. But Lottie took his remarks rather sulkily, and said that "if he didn't like her as she was, he'd better look for some one else." However, the look of pain that crossed his already saddened face made her feel a little self-reproach, for she was really very glad to see Alan, now that Mr. Sharpley was gone, and she was feeling a little *ennuyée* after the excitement of his visit, and his polite speeches and attentions. And she thought, as Alan came up, how much better looking he was after all than Mr. Sharpley—if he would only look a little "brighter," and seem as delighted to see her as he should.

Alan soon carried her off to their little shady nook by the waterfall, and then broke to her as gently as possible the great change that had come over his prospects. Lottie was not slow to comprehend it, for she had not unfrequently heard her father allude to "old Campbell's money troubles," though he was far from knowing their extent; and she was not slow to see how it must affect her own prospects for years to come. But she was not quick at expressing either emotion or sympathy, so she heard Alan almost in silence, while she was inwardly considering possibilities and results. She was not in any hurry to be married, for its own sake, few young girls are who live in happy homes. She was not so deeply in love with Alan as to be at all impatient for their united life to begin, and she rather liked the importance of being "engaged." But it was different to be brought face to face with the fact that the engagement must be one of prolonged duration; that all the tempting glories of the *trousseau* and the wedding accessories

must be indefinitely postponed; and that the new life, when it did begin, would in all probability be on a very different scale from that to which she had looked forward.

"What do you suppose you will do, Alan?" she said at last, "if you have to leave Braeburn?"

"That's just what I've been trying to think, Lottie, all these two weary days," he replied, with a heavy sigh. "I don't see yet what the rest are to do. For myself, I shall just have to look out for some employment, anything I can find, and that's not easy for a fellow like me, brought up to nothing but farming."

Lottie inwardly wished he *had* been brought up to something else—to law, for instance, like Mr. Sharpley—but for a wonder she had the grace not to say so.

"I think I might find something to do about some of these saw-mills, or in the lumbering business," he continued, "either here or at Carrington. Very likely I shall have to go to a distance from here in any case. But, Oh Lottie," he said, drawing her closer to him, "I *do* want to know that, come what may, you will be true to me, and wait for me till I can make a home fit for you to come to. I'm sure I *can* do it in time, and I don't care for all the rest, or mind what happens to me in the meantime, if I only have that to look forward to."

Lottie was a little startled, as well as troubled, by the intense though suppressed emotion with which he spoke. He had not shown so much before, even when he first told her of his love, and she did not think "scenes" were quite so pleasant in reality as they were represented in books. She shrank a little from Alan's present mood, and replied, rather impatiently, that he needn't be uneasy; "it would be time enough when she had any idea of marrying any one else."

Alan felt chilled and disappointed. In his dreams there had been, half vaguely, the thought of a love which a common sorrow, a common burden to be borne, would only make closer and tenderer; one which would not be restrained, even by maidenly pride, from giving the frank, true-hearted expression of abiding affection which he craved with a sickening longing; one which would have tender words of sympathy and comfort in distress, instead of shrinking visibly from it. Lottie always did shrink from people in trouble. She could not respond with an active sympathy, and it made her feel uncomfortable, she hardly knew why.

But it was of no use to express any disappointment; he mustn't fail. It might only cause estrangement, and make Lottie think him exacting; as if estrangement had not already begun, when in so close a relation, either is afraid to express any feeling about the other. So he tried to hide his disappointment from himself, and to suppress any misgivings as disloyal and unjust to the girl he loved so truly, and who, he fain would believe, as truly loved *him*.

Mrs. Ward called them in to tea. Alan found it hard to take his part in the gossiping conversation that went on around the supper-table, spread in the kitchen this time, through the open windows of which the light evening breeze was blowing, and to hear and reply to Mrs. Ward's unsuspecting talk about Mr. Sharpley and his visit. It seemed such a long, long time since that evening when he and Mr. Sharpley took tea together in the best parlour. Mrs. Ward noticed his depression, as well as Lottie's unusually silent, abstracted air, and wondered if they had had a lover's quarrel. "We never thought of such things in my young days," she said to herself.

After tea Mr. Ward took his seat at the door, lighting his pipe "to keep off the musquitoes," which were beginning to get pretty troublesome. Alan stayed with him as long as he thought duty and civility required, and then, seeing no prospect of another quiet talk with Lottie, he bade them all good night, declining to wait until the moon

should rise. Lottie did not volunteer to accompany him to the gate this evening. Perhaps he might have asked her to do so if her father had not said he would walk a bit of the way with him himself. "A turn would do him good before he went to bed."

Just before he left, Alan recollected the ribbon he had bought for Lottie in Carrington, which he had in his pocket, but in his engrossment in other things, had forgotten till now to produce. Lottie accepted it graciously; it *was* very pretty, and just suited her taste and complexion; and she bade Alan good-bye with a brighter face and more warmth of manner than she had shown since he had told her about the family distress.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLANS.

"The shadows gather thickly round, and up the misty stair they climb,
The cloudy stair that upward leads to where the closed portals shine."

LIFE, next day, went on at Braeburn as life must always do, however heavy may be the present trouble or the impending calamity. There are always the little trivial daily details to be attended to even if the heart seems breaking; and sometimes the very distraction of feeling caused by these keeps the poor heart from breaking outright.

Mr. Campbell was the only one who seemed really incapacitated for ordinary duties. He tried to go about the business of the farm as usual, but it seemed impossible for him to collect his mental and physical energies, long undermined by his habits of life, and now altogether prostrated by the crisis that confronted him. Things must have gone all wrong but for Alan, who, with a clouded brow, grave thoughtful air, and firmly set lips, went silently and steadily on with the work that had to be done. Dan did not come home till the afternoon; he was always easily persuaded to stay with his companions even when he knew he was needed at home. Hugh, who had heard from his sister something of the family disaster, helped his brother a little, but rushed off at every available moment to study his Cæsar with renewed diligence, intent on getting on with his studies with the utmost celerity, so that he might do some indefinite something to help his father and mother that they might not want money any more.

Mrs. Campbell's heavy eyes and weary step told of watching and sorrow, but she tried to assume a cheerful air to lighten a little the general gloom of the household; busied herself in doing all she could think of for their comfort, and especially Alan's. Jeanie, on whose willing shoulders lay no small amount of work that day, was perhaps the most energetic and cheerful of them all, her physical vigour and buoyant spirits seeming to bear her up to meet the calamity. But it was not only these that kept her up. Jeanie had had what Miss Honeydew would have called "a good crying spell," all alone by herself, the previous afternoon in a little natural bower near the barn, where the luxuriant foliage of a wild vine spread its green drapery over two adjoining maples, and made a perfectly secluded retreat. Jeanie had often sought refuge there to weep out many a childish grief, or more serious one as she grew older, and Alan had noticed that she always came forth from her seclusion with an expression of peaceful submission which reminded him of the look his mother's face often wore, and with a bright determined energy of which his mother's now broken spirits were, alas, incapable. And this occasion was no exception. That Monday morning she had been up at four, in the first grey of dawn, that she might get through the family washing in good time. Then there was the bread which she had set early, to knead and set to rise again, and then the butter had to be churned, because in that hot

weather the cream would not keep, and that was a piece of work which—unlike the Wards—Mrs. Campbell and Jeanie always did between them, Ponto never having been trained to work for his living, otherwise than in his own natural pursuits. And when, by the afternoon, all this had been accomplished and the butter carefully packed away in the large crocks waiting in the cellar to receive it, Jeanie, who might have been supposed to need a rest, sat down, to all appearance untired, to do some mending for Dan, who had just returned. Moreover, knowing it would only worry her mother or Alan to have to tell him the bad news, which, as yet, he had not heard, Jeanie nerved herself to break it to him as he sat with her in the corner of the outer kitchen. Dan only gave one long low whistle, and sat for some time lost in thought as if the prospect of a compulsory change was not altogether disagreeable to him. Suddenly, however, a new aspect of the case presented itself and he exclaimed—

"*Everything* to be sold, did you say, Jeanie? They can't take Beauty and sell her, can they?"

Jeanie sadly shook her head. She could not tell, but she thought they could hardly expect to keep so valuable a horse; and Dan rushed off to the fields to find his brother and satisfy himself on this important point. And when he found from Alan that, so far as he could see, Beauty would have to be sacrificed, Dan flew to find her where she was contentedly cropping the juicy pasture grass, and throwing his arms round her neck, sobbed like a child.

In the evening Jeanie followed Alan as he went to water some of the animals. She put her arm through his, and the two walked slowly along through the dewy fields where the sheep were quietly grazing and the lambs running races around their woolly mothers.

"Alan," she asked, gently, "have you thought yet of what we are to do, if——"

She could not yet put the leaving of the old home into plain words.

"Yes, Jeanie, I've been thinking; for it's pretty certain we can't stay here. Of course I shall look out for something to do, and we shall just have to look out for some place where the rest of you can go and live as cheaply as possible. Dan will be able, I think, to get some employment soon, and I hope he and I will be able to keep the rest of you all straight. It doesn't cost much to live here you know. If everything else fails we could go up to the old shanty on Deer Lake."

This was a wild piece of land which Mr. Campbell, in days when money was not quite so scarce with him, had bought, tempted by its exceeding cheapness, but he had never been able to attempt to clear it, and the land seemed so rocky and unpromising, that it was looked upon in the family as a bad speculation, and had several times been on the point of being sold for taxes.

"Poor Dan," said Jeanie, "I suppose Beauty will have to go?"

"I suppose she must," Alan replied, with a heavy sigh. "Of course we shall be able to keep some things, but we could hardly expect to keep a valuable beast like that. I hope we may find a purchaser for her among some of our friends, so that Dan might keep track of her. And Hugh! It would be a great pity to disappoint the boy of going to college, but I'm afraid it'll have to be put off till he's made something himself to help him along. I wonder if he couldn't get a school to teach by and by."

"That's what *I* think of doing, Alan," said Jeanie, half diffidently.

"*You*, Jeanie; why, I never thought of your having to do anything! And, besides, could you? Have you learned enough of all those things you have to know before you can get a certificate?"

"I've always kept on studying a little, you know," Jeanie replied, with a quiet resolution in her voice. "I've managed to keep

up with Hugh, at any rate; and if I had a little quiet time to study, I'm sure I could soon pass as good an examination as Sue Reynolds, and you know she's got a very good school near Carrington. I know Mr. Abernethy will help me, and lend me books. And I like teaching, you know, as well as studying, and it wouldn't be as hard work as I have here all the time. And there would be more satisfaction in making scholars than in making butter!" she added, laughingly.

"Jeanie, you're a brick!" said Alan, with an attempt to hide his real feeling under an assumed playfulness. "I never knew any one like you for making the best of everything. I suppose next you'll say that all this trouble is the best thing that could have happened to us all; a great deal nicer than having everything go on smoothly, and having no want of anything?"

"Indeed, Alan, I think it would be very bad for us to feel as if we had no want of *anything;* I don't say it's nicer to have trouble, and there's no one will be more sorry than I shall to—leave—"

Jeanie had to stop by reason of a lump in her throat that prevented her going on just then. Presently, however, she swallowed down her emotion with an effort, seeing that it intensified the sorrowful expression of Alan's face, and added, confidently, "But I *do* say and think that if it were not the best thing for us it wouldn't have happened; and I am sure that if we could always see all that is to come out of everything, we should be contented to have everything happen just as God orders it."

"Well, perhaps so; I only wish I could feel it so," replied Alan, with a heavy sigh, thinking of Lottie, and thinking, too, how much more heavily this blow fell on him than on Jeanie or any of the rest. Presently the association led him to a new idea, and turning full on Jeanie he said, with an arch smile, that cleared away for a moment the expression of care from his face, "After all, Jeanie, I don't see that there's any occasion for this school-keeping idea of yours at all, when you may have a house of your own to go to, any day you like."

"What do you mean, Alan?" asked Jeanie; the tell-tale colour that rose in her face showing that she knew what he meant perfectly well.

"Why, I mean Robert Warwick, and you know it," he replied. "You must know quite well what brings him here so often, and what makes him so very obliging to father. Indeed he said as much to me once; and I do think, Jeanie, you might do a great deal worse. It's true he isn't as clever as you'd like, I suppose, but he's a first-rate, good-hearted, honest fellow, who would be as kind as any woman could desire, and could make you as comfortable as any farmer's wife in the township."

"Alan!" exclaimed Jeanie, with deepened colour, and some womanly indignation in her voice—for she had a little romantic dream-world of her own, and his speech jarred rudely upon it—"Alan, do you think I would marry any man because he could make me comfortable? And Robert Warwick is too good a fellow not to get a wife who would want him for himself, not his farm; and that will never be me! And you can tell him so, if you like!" she added, almost out of breath with her eagerness to put an end to the idea.

"No, thank you," said Alan; "it's not so pleasant to communicate bad tidings. But, never mind, Jeanie, I'm not in such a hurry to get rid of you; I only thought it was my duty to give you a little brotherly advice."

Jeanie was wondering a little whether Alan had yet told Lottie their bad news, and how she had received it, but she felt shy of approaching that subject with her brother. And the conversation was abruptly terminated by the realization of the old proverb, in the person of Mr. Robert Warwick, whom they saw crossing the field to join them. Jeanie coloured more deeply than ever,

and was indignant with herself because she felt her manner so constrained, and could not, with all her trying, force herself to be even ordinarily agreeable to the young man, who looked so eager and devoted that Jeanie shrank from him, and hated herself for it all the more.

Mrs. Ward's raspberries were picked at last that week, and barely in time. It was rather a dull berry-picking, however; very different from what it would have been a week earlier. Alan was far too busy to go with the girls, much as he would have liked to have been with Lottie every available moment, and Lottie felt rather aggrieved that he did not come, though it was not that she missed his presence so much as his attentions. Jeanie and Lottie talked a little over the painful circumstances that were casting a shadow over both their lives, but the former felt vaguely disappointed—as her brother had done—with Lottie. She seemed sorry, it is true, for her friends, but she did not truly sympathize, did not identify herself with them, as Jeanie felt *she* would, in Lottie's circumstances, have done. And when Alan and she were together, there was none of the manifestation of tender concern for her betrothed, of loving sympathy with him, which Jeanie would have thought so natural in the circumstances. But then, she thought, she might be misjudging her old playmate, who might be feeling more than she showed.

After tea, Alan drove Lottie home with her berries. As they went along through the quiet, fragrant woods, the fire-flies glancing in and out among the foliage, now growing dusky in the twilight, Alan tried once more to win from Lottie the pledge of constant affection which he so longed to secure. But she always coquettishly evaded it, and he could not tell whether it was from a perverse disinclination to speak frankly, or from real unwillingness to give the pledge. Perhaps Lottie could not have told herself. She did not often sound her own feelings farther than the needs of the passing moment. So Alan felt there was nothing for it but patience and trust; but there was an unsatisfied pain at his heart, nevertheless, which he did his best to stifle and ignore.

And indeed he had abundance of other things to occupy his mind. A letter in due time arrived from Mr. Dunbar, only confirming their worst fears. Mr. Dunbar had seen Mr. Sharpley and the mortgage, and had found everything legal and regular. The power of sale at the time specified was entirely in Mr. Leggatt's power, without reservation. Mr. Dunbar had represented that the property on which the mortgage was held, if advantageously sold, would very greatly exceed the amount of the debt. Mr. Leggatt had admitted that that might be, but again it might not, and he was evidently determined to insist on the sale of the whole property; and, moreover, to distrain for unpaid interest, on the movables in addition. The sole mitigation which Mr. Dunbar could procure from Mr. Sharpley, as legal agent, was the exemption of a portion of the household furniture within a certain value. All the rest, land, stock and movables, must be sold; but he would allow the sale to stand over till the harvesting operations were fully completed, and the Campbells could have the benefit of the sale of the crops.

Mr. Dunbar's letter was so clear, frank and kind, that they all felt it was decisive. It was the kindest thing he could have done, under the circumstances, for when the mind is once convinced that anything, however painful, is inevitable, it begins to adjust and reconcile itself to the necessity. Even Mr. Campbell ceased to express his hope that "something" would yet "turn up," and was all the better for giving up the vain attempt to "hope against hope." The calamity had had one good effect, that of making a break between him and Hollingsby. He had taxed the latter with his treachery, and Hollingsby had replied, with many fair words, that he would not for the world have

done anything to stand in the way of his good friend; that the mortgage had seemed to him all correct, or he would not have said so; and as to renting the land if it should be sold, why, if it would suit him to do so, should he not take it? It couldn't do Mr. Campbell any harm. Mr. Campbell did not trouble himself to reply to Hollingsby's logic; he felt that his unsuspecting confidence had been betrayed, and his Highland blood was up. He left Hollingsby's house with a few expressive words, signifying his intention never to enter it again. And he never did.

It was a lovely evening in early August, very like the one on which our story began, when Dan returned from the post-office at Dunn's Corners with two letters in his hand. One of them, a business letter evidently, he laid on the table to await his father's return. The other, which had two American stamps on the envelope, and was addressed in very bad writing and still worse spelling, he sat down to read himself.

"Who's your letter from?" asked Jeanie in surprise, looking up from her work. She was not perfect in her grammar yet, though she did aspire to be a teacher. And it was somewhat unusual for Dan to receive letters.

"Oh—it's from—Mike O'Rourke," replied Dan, so engrossed in reading the epistle that he could hardly recall his thoughts to reply. And then, when he had finished the perusal, which didn't take him long, he added, "You know he's enlisted in the Federal army."

"No, I didn't know," said Jeanie, to whom Mike O'Rourke, the wild son of an Irish neighbour, was not an object of much interest, except as she wished to keep him away from Dan. On this account, she felt rather glad to hear he had enlisted.

When Alan came in and saw the other letter lying on the table, he knew directly whence it came, and what it was; and he was not wrong. It was the expected formal notice from Mr. Sharpley, announcing the time of the intended sale, as well as his own intention to come out on an early day to superintend taking an inventory of the stock, &c.

And come he did. It is unnecessary to describe at length that visit, so full of pain to the Campbells, during which Mr. Sharpley was as politely unscrupulous as might have been expected, and Alan exerted all his self-restraint to hide the bitter feelings at war within him, under a surface courtesy. Mrs. Campbell, with true Highland hospitality, invited him to take tea with them; but he declined with many suavely expressed regrets, saying that he had promised Mrs. Ward to return to take tea at her house. At which Alan's brow darkened perceptibly, though he said nothing.

It did not escape Dan's notice that Mr. Sharpley, in making his rounds with the man who accompanied him, paid very special attention to Beauty; that he trotted her out and examined her with the scrutinising air of a possible purchaser. If it were possible to aggravate Dan's feelings still further against the unwelcome visitor, that was the last touch to do it. It was with an effort that he restrained his tongue, if not his hands, from most impolitic violence.

But after Mr. Sharpley had departed in the dusty hired buggy in which he had come, Dan rushed off to find his beloved steed, and putting on saddle and bridle, had a break-neck gallop across country on her back. Then, as he led her back to her field, her beautiful neck arching under his caressing hand, he muttered to her in confidence, "He thinks he's going to have you, my Beauty, does he, but we know better."

As Mr. Sharpley stayed all night at Blackwater Mill, and as he made no secret this time what his business was, it was pretty well known in Radnor before the end of that week that the Campbells were going to be "sold out." But what was to become of them after that, their neighbours knew no more than, unfortunately, did the Campbells themselves.

CHAPTER IX.

MISS HONEYDEW'S LETTER.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

ONE day in the course of the following week, Miss Hepzibah Honeydew was busy in her garden, taking advantage of a slightly cooler afternoon, to weed her strawberry beds and tie up and trim some of her flowers. She was bending over her work, her large yellow sun-bonnet completely hiding her face, which could be dimly seen at the end of it, as through a telescope, when one of her little village friends, the postmaster's little girl, came running up to her gate with a letter.

"Father thought you'd like to get it soon," said the child, "'cause he said it came from the States."

Miss Honeydew peered at it from the depths of her sun-bonnet. She knew the firm, business-like hand well. It was from her favourite brother, Eliphalet, in Boston—a good fat family letter, telling her all about his numerous family, such as she periodically received. She was very glad to get it, but before she opened it she conducted her little visitor to a gooseberry bush and treated her to a liberal supply of the ripe fruit, which, by the way, Alan had not yet come to partake of. It was no wonder that children liked to run on errands to Miss Hepzibah's.

After the little girl was gone, carrying with her a good handful of gooseberries, Miss Hepzibah seated herself in the little rocking-chair that stood on her verandah and carefully opened the precious epistle. She did not get letters so often but that the reception of one was an event. This one was more than usually interesting, and during her perusal of it Miss Hepzibah's eyebrows elevated themselves, and her forehead contracted with an expression of surprise combined with deep consideration. The letter, after giving due particulars of the growth, progress, and sanitary condition of each youthful member of Mr. Honeydew's family, informed her that the elder ones were soon to start on a voyage to Europe with their mother, and added the request that Miss Hepzibah would take into consideration the proposal that she should come to stay with her brother and the rest of the family during the interval, a year at least, of Mrs. Honeydew's absence. It would add so much to his happiness and comfort, her brother said, and would help to reconcile him to the departure of the others on so long a journey; while it would greatly relieve Mrs. Honeydew's mind in leaving a portion of her family behind.

Miss Hepzibah laid the letter on her lap, and pondered. She was not given to delaying the consideration of anything that had to be considered. "Just as well set to and get through it at once if you know all the pros and cons," was her principle. "It's just like taking medicine—the longer you sit and look at it, the harder it is to swallow." However, it was a difficult decision to make. Miss Hepzibah always found it hard to make up her mind to leave her snug little home, and all the pets, animate and inanimate, that twined their tendrils round her daily life, as the creepers did about her verandah. Moreover, she hated city life, and did not generally enjoy the society of city folk with their "artificial, stuck-up ways." And much as she loved children in general, and her own little nephews and nieces in particular, she was not sure how she, accustomed to the quiet and order of her own home, would stand their constant presence for so long a time, to say nothing of the responsibility which the charge of them would devolve upon her.

But, on the other hand, any opportunity of usefulness had a special charm for her; any call to be helpful to any human being she could not readily put away. It seemed to be a commission from God Himself. But

her house, her animals, all her little concerns, how could she leave them for so long a time? To whose care could she intrust them? Suddenly, as if by inspiration, came the thought of the Campbells, over whose misfortune, which she had heard of only the preceding day, she had been shedding those tears in which she indulged so rarely, hardly ever, except when they were called forth by griefs of others. That very morning she had gone to see Mr. Meadows, the most thriving merchant in the place, to ask him, in confidence, whether it would not be possible for some of Mr. Campbell's friends to subscribe a sum sufficient to relieve him from the threatened calamity, which could be repaid by him at leisure. Her own little means, she said, should be forthcoming to help as far as it would go, as soon as it could be procured from her brother in Boston.

But Mr. Meadows assured her that it was quite too late. Matters had gone too far already, and the property was completely in Mr. Leggatt's power. And even if anything could be done, he very much doubted the prudence of doing it, since he did not think Mr. Campbell could ever get free from his difficulties in any other way, and to try to help him would only be, as he emphatically expressed it, "pouring water into a hole in the ground." So Miss Honeydew had to return discouraged, with her kind intentions thwarted.

But now there flashed back upon her the thought of the distressed family, soon to be turned for ever out of their dear old home, while she was only kindly invited to leave hers for a time. And what a haven of refuge, she thought, would it be for them if they could come to her little house, even for a time? What a comfort it would be to Mrs. Campbell to know that she would have a home secure, in all probability, for a year to come. She could trust Mrs. Campbell and Jeanie, she knew, with all her treasured possessions. No one could be found who would take more tender care of them. And Mr. Campbell was not all that could be wished, and the boys might be a little heedless, and wear out her carefully kept rag-carpets with their heavy shoes, why, things in this world must often take their chance, and she didn't see that they were ever much the worse for it. Alan, she knew, would not remain at home idle; indeed she had heard he was going away somewhere, and so, in all likelihood, would Dan. So that the family would not be too large to find in her small house a quiet and comfortable home.

It was this thought that decided the matter; this consideration that weighed down the mental balance with a jerk, and terminated Miss Hepzibah's indecision. "It's the very thing; I'll do it," she said, her brow clearing, while she sprang to her feet and began moving about with increased alacrity, as if it would be a relief to begin making preparations for the important step.

While Miss Honeydew was busy setting her little tea-table near the window, she saw Mr. Abernethy's white horse passing, and behind him, seated beside the minister, Alan Campbell. Miss Hepzibah was not at all surprised. She had generally found that "folks turned up 'most always when she wanted them." She believed firmly in "special Providence," by which she simply meant the constant guidance of the Allwise Hand which is invisibly controlling and directing the actions of all living beings—the

> "Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will,"

as an older and deeper observer than Miss Hepzibah had said long before. But though Miss Hepzibah was not surprised, she was very much pleased at this unexpected apparition of Alan. It seemed like a direct sanctioning of her decision that he should come to the village just as it had been made. She ran quickly to the gate, when the white horse was opposite, and hailed Alan.

"Won't you come in and have a cup of tea with me, Mr. Alan?" she asked, after respectfully saluting the minister.

"Alan has promised already to come home with me to tea," Mr. Abernethy answered for him, adding kindly, "But he will come and see you afterwards, I'm sure," which assurance Alan very heartily endorsed.

"Well, do, there's a dear! and come soon, so you'll see to get some gooseberries. I'd have them picked for you only they're nicest to eat off the bush."

Alan promised, and they drove on. Alan had business in Mapleford that afternoon. His father wanted the money for some wool he had sold at the little woollen factory, and as the horses were all busy and could not well be spared, Alan had set out to walk thither and back, thinking little of a walk of fourteen miles. He had been overtaken about half way, however, by Mr. Abernethy, who was returning from visiting some of his parishioners, and who gladly offered him a seat in his buggy, which Alan as gladly accepted. Mr. Abernethy was not sorry to have a quiet, sympathizing talk with his young friend, trying, as his mother had done, to instil lessons of submission to what had come upon him, and to cheer him up to a hopeful feeling about the future.

"I could bear it better," Alan had said, "if it had come about in the ordinary course of events, without any one interfering. But to feel that these selfish, scheming, miserable plotters have done it, for I'm sure they have, though I don't know how or why. Well, we may have a chance to settle scores yet," he muttered, half to himself.

"Alan," said the minister, "leave the scheming plotters to Him to whom their consciences must answer. If they have acted as you think, they are injuring themselves far more than they can injure you, so far, at least, as the mere temporal injury goes. But if you let them rouse in you a spirit of hatred and revenge, you will be permitting them to injure you in a way that need not be, and compared with which the other kind of injury is a trifle."

Just then occurred the interruption of Miss Honeydew's invitation and the subject was not resumed, as a few minutes more took them to the little white gate that led to the minister's door, where gentle Mrs. Abernethy stood watching for her husband's return.

She welcomed Alan with that kind tranquil manner which, of itself, always had a soothing effect on people in trouble. Alan felt its influence, and the influence of the kind sympathizing voice and gentle, loving tones in which she asked after each member of the family, and in a very few well-chosen words delicately expressed her sorrow for the trial which had come upon them. The kind words fell so softly on the suffering heart, which more bluntly expressed condolences only irritated, that Alan's load of trouble seemed to feel lighter, for the time at least; and the quiet grace of the well-appointed little tea-table, set ready for the minister's return, with its vase of flowers arranged by Mrs. Abernethy's tasteful hands, aided the cheering influence of her excellent tea, so that he found himself talking more cheerfully than he had done for a long time.

After tea Mr. Abernethy went to his study and brought out a large old volume, pointing to a passage where it lay open.

"You are fond of Shakespeare, Alan," he said, in the unconsciously dignified tone in which he always spoke, "and I want you to read over again this passage, which I'm sure you must have read before, and consider its bearing on what I was saying to you as we drove into the village. And I need scarcely remind you of the many places in which a far higher authority than Shakespeare impresses the same lesson."

Alan read over to himself the passage pointed out. It was one better known and more admired than acted upon:

"Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,

Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made."

The lines made some impression on Alan then; but long afterwards, circumstances brought back the thought they expressed with redoubled force to his memory and his heart.

As he said good-bye, Mrs. Abernethy gently detained him for a moment, while she said in a low tone, "You seem to have a heavy burden to bear just now, Alan, and your way seems dark enough. But there is a 'bright light in the clouds,' if you only knew it. Don't let faith and trust go, but keep looking up to Him who can help and guide you! I am sure neither your mother nor any child of her's will be left without that best help!"

Alan thanked her heartily, and he did not need to go farther than Miss Honeydew's before he found part, at least, of her words come true.

Miss Hepzibah had been better than her word, for she had picked a dish of gooseberries, which was standing ready on the little table in the verandah, when Alan had finished paying his respects to the bushes. And then, when they were quietly seated, watching the crimson sunset-tints flashing up into the blue sky, Miss Hepzibah unfolded her plan.

"You see," she said, when she had explained it, "it will be a real favour to me if Miss Campbell will just move in here when I go. I shouldn't know what to do with these poor creeturs; they want 'most as much lookin' after as children; to say nothing of all the flowers and garden things. It'll give Miss Campbell a deal of trouble, I know, but it's trouble that'll suit her, and she'll be all the better of something to see to, after the farm. And it'll be far better to me than rent would, to know she'll be there taking care of everything."

Alan heard the proposition with a relief that could scarcely be put into words, and was better expressed by the tears of emotion that started to his eyes, called forth by the simple, hearty kindness that prompted it, not less than by the transition of feeling. Such a snug, pleasant home for his mother, even if it were only a temporary one! If anything could reconcile her to leaving the old farm-house, it would be Miss Honeydew's garden and flowers, and pleasant view of the winding Arqua; and a year seemed a long time. By the end of it, he hoped some satisfactory permanent arrangement might suggest itself.

"Indeed, Miss Honeydew," he said, when she had stopped for a minute or two, "I'm sure we'll only be too glad to accept your kind offer! Indeed, you are a friend in need; I have been trying and trying to think what we were to do, and could fall on no feasible plan. I really don't know how to thank you!"

"Don't then, my dear! I'll take the thanks for granted. I'm sure it's a real pleasure to me, if anything I can do will be of the least bit of comfort to you and your blessed mother, to say nothing of Jeanie and the rest. When I think of that scheming Leggatt, and the way he's got round your poor father, it's all I can do to keep myself from getting into the Carrington stage, and going to give him a good piece of my mind."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be of much use, Miss Honeydew," Alan replied.

"Well, I guess that's true, and more's the pity! Well, there is some folks past mendin', I believe, and 'taint well to meddle with 'em. Best leave 'em alone, and hope they'll be made to think better of it some time. Only I wish there was a menagerie to shut 'em up in, with the tigers and catamounts, so they'd let decent folk alone!"

Alan smiled, for it gratified him to hear that view so plainly expressed; more so than most people dared to speak, whatever they might think. He told Miss Honeydew of

his own intention to find employment, and of Jeanie's plan, both of which she heartily approved.

"There aint nothing like good steady work," she said, "to keep people contented, quite apart from what you make by it. Why, where would I have been, if I hadn't been kept as busy as I have, between other people's affairs and my own?"

Alan walked home that evening with a much lighter heart than he had carried to Mapleford. He lost no time in communicating Miss Honeydew's proposal to his father and mother, and it was gratefully decided that nothing could have turned up more opportunely—to be most gladly accepted—than Miss Honeydew's kind-hearted proposition.

Alan drove his mother up to Mapleford a day or two after that; and all preliminaries were settled, to Mrs. Campbell's and Miss Honeydew's mutual satisfaction.

To be continued.

THE RIVER.

Far over the river
The sun's last beams quiver,
And dark o'er the meadows the long shadows fall,
Till sadly and slowly,
The daylight fades wholly,
And night's sable mantle is spread over all.

But onward unheeding
The waters are spreading,
And stay not to murmur, nor stop to complain,
Till, once more awaking,
The day softly breaking,
Shall touch each bright ripple with beauty again.

And oft as I wander,
And mournfully ponder,
On hopes long departed and friends far away;
How like the dark shadows
That stretch o'er the meadows,
Seem memory's sorrows, that darken my way.

But still, like the river,
That flows on for ever,
In storm or in sunshine, in darkness or light,
I know that the dawning
Of some brighter morning
Shall chase from my heart all the shadows of night.

W. S. MARTIN.

Hellmuth College, London.

THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS.*

THE man who keeps a journal is a more dangerous individual than he in whom a taste for caricature has been successfully developed. The caricaturist's success depends very much upon the promptitude with which his sketches make their appearance. They must seize the moment when the persons or events with whom they deal are fresh, not in the memory—for they must not wait long enough for memory to come into play—but in the eye of the public. When the freshness of a caricature has once passed, it is relegated into the limbo of useless trash until it is exhumed, decades of years afterwards, by some curious archæologist. And this necessity for putting forth his handywork at once, when he can himself be promptly called to account for it, acts, no doubt, as a check upon the exuberant fancy and strong feelings of a caricaturist. A journalist, however, sits down quietly, and in cold blood records the foibles and analyzis the characters of those with whom he has just being mixing in society or in business. He can write exactly what he thinks, for is he not writing merely his private journal? although he knows all the while that its interest, so far from rapidly minishing like that of a caricature, is as rapidly increasing with age; while its tartness, which might offend the palate while fresh, will mellow with time, and indeed, is somewhat essential to the keeping qualities of his vintage.

Mr. Greville's Memoirs are, in most respects, admirable specimens of their class. The writer from his earliest years moved, as the phrase is, in the best society; his family connections secured him the *entrée* of the best *salons*, while his official position as Clerk of the Privy Council, made him cognizant of the secret political history of some of the most important crises through which England has passed. "A journal" he says himself, "to be good, true and interesting, should be written without the slightest reference to publication, but without any fear of it: it should be the transcript of a mind that can bear transcribing. I always contemplate the possibility that hereafter my journal will be read, and I regard with alarm and dislike the the notion of its containing matter about myself, which nobody will care to know." And he certainly adheres steadily to his opinion, for it would be impossible to find a journal which would be less egotistical than this of Mr. Greville. We learn, those of us who did not know it before, that Mr. Greville was passionately fond of the turf, and was a constant attendant at all the principal race meetings—indeed, he tells us that on one occasion a Privy Council was put off because the Clerk was at the Egham races—but this is nearly the only feature of his private life which stands out in these interesting pages. Commencing in 1818, two years before the death of George III., the Memoirs now published carry us through the reigns of George IV and William IV, and up to the accession of Her present Majesty. The remainder is, for the present, wisely suppressed by the executor, to whose charge Mr. Greville committed his papers, and it probably will not see light during the Queen's life-time; not so much for anything it may contain that would affect, still less that would reflect upon, her life or character as that it necessarily would lay bare some of the hitherto secret history of political events and political leaders in her reign.

Fortunately for England and for the world at large, we can all look forward to any

* A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV. and King William IV., by the late Charles C. F. Greville, Esq., Clerk of the Council to those Sovereigns. New York: Appleton & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

revelations that may be made of the inner life of Her Majesty with the most perfect confidence that nothing can ever be laid bare which can in the minutest degree diminish our reverence for her as a Queen, and our respect for her as a woman. It cannot, however, be said that royalty, as exemplified by the characters of George IV and William IV, appears in a very estimable light in these volumes. Mr. Greville had peculiar facilities for becoming acquainted with the private life of those monarchs. A good deal of what he saw, he noted, and what he noted is now given to the public. The journals were revised by the author in the later years of his life, and so we may suppose that all that now appears in print has been deliberately left in them to be printed; but we cannot but think that their value and interest would have been in no wise diminished, had not only one or two expressions and half a dozen adjectives, more forcible than polite, been omitted, but if several comments—such *e. g.* as those upon William IV—some insinuations, and a good many expressions of opinion had been suppressed before publication.

Of these volumes it is impossible to give a connected account. Their charm lies as much in their discursiveness as in their graphic sketches. They cannot be condensed, and it is only by taking extracts at length and in their entirety that we can hope to give our readers any idea of the interesting matter which is contained in them. Of the tastes and life of George IV, it is needless that we should do any thing to perpetuate the record. It is true that Mr. Greville says, "I hardly ever record the scandalous stories of the day unless they relate to character or events, but what relates to public men is different from the loves and friendships of the idiots of society;" but it is evident from the names which immediately precede that declaration that he might a tale unfold, had he the inclination to do so. The name of one family occurs, necessarily, very often in any history of the life of George IV and it is in immediate connection with them that Mr. Greville thus concludes a little sketch of the goings-on at Windsor in 1829. "A more despicable scene cannot be exhibited than that which the interior of our Court presents—every base, low and unmanly propensity, with selfishness, avarice, and a life of petty intrigue and mystery." From that scene there is no reason why we should assist in raising the veil.

With William IV Mr. Greville was evidently a good deal amused and, looking at him from a "good society" stand point, somewhat scandalized. The new king was a great contrast to his predecessor; he had no idea of dignity, and not much of manners. "King George had not been dead three days before every body discovered he was no loss, and King William a great gain. * * * The King's good nature, simplicity, and affability to all about him are certainly very striking, and in his elevation he does not forget any of his old friends and companions. He was in no hurry to take upon himself the dignity of King, nor to throw off the habits and manners of a country gentleman. When Lord Howe came over from Twickenham to see him, he said the Queen was going out driving, and should "drop him" at his own house. * * * * Altogether he seems a kind-hearted, well-meaning, not stupid, burlesque, bustling old fellow, and, if he doesn't go mad, may make a very decent King." "Yesterday, after the House of Lords, he drove all over the town in an open calêche with the Queen, Princess Augusta and the King of Wurtemburg, and coming home he set down the King (*dropped him*, as he calls it) at Grillon's Hotel. The King of England dropping another King at a tavern! It is impossible not to be struck with his extreme good nature and simplicity; but he ought to be made to understand that his simplicity degenerates into vulgarity, and that, without departing from his natural urbanity, he may conduct himself so as not to lower the character with which he is in-

vested, and which belongs not to him but to the country."

These, however, and several similar eccentricities ceased as soon as the King became a little more used to his position. Later in life, however, his peculiar temper manifested itself in awkward ways on several occasions; notably so in his relations with the Duchess of Kent, towards whom in the last years of his reign he entertained a most rancorous hatred. On one occasion, at a dinner, when a hundred people were present, he actually made a most violent speech against the Duchess to her face. On another, he did not hesitate to say openly concerning her, "That woman's a nuisance." Towards the Princess Victoria, her present Majesty, he always entertained the warmest feelings and manifested the tenderest consideration.

Of all the notable personages whose deeds and characters come before us in these pages, none occupies a more prominent position than the Duke of Wellington, with whom officially and privately Mr. Greville was on terms of close intimacy. Writing after the fall of his administration in 1830, he gives a sketch of the Duke's character, which is worth transcribing. "The Duke of Wellington's fall, if the causes of it are traced and dispassionately considered, affords a great political lesson. His is one of those mixed characters which it is difficult to praise or blame, without the risk of doing them more or less than justice. He has talents which the event has proved to be sufficient to make him the second (and, now that Napoleon is removed the first) general of the age, but which could not make him a tolerable Minister. Confident, presumptuous, and dictatorial, but frank, open and good-humoured, he contrives to rule in the Cabinet without mortifying his colleagues, and he has brought it to ruin without forfeiting their regard. Choosing, with a very slender stock of knowledge, to take upon himself the sole direction of every department of Government, he completely sank under the burden. Originally imbued with the principles of Lord Castlereagh and the Holy Alliance, he brought all those predilections with him into office. Incapable of foreseeing the mighty events with which the future was big, and of comprehending the prodigious alterations which the moral character of Europe had undergone, he pitted himself against Canning in the Cabinet, and stood up as the asserter of maxims, both of foreign and domestic policy, which that great statesman saw were no longer fitted for the times we live in. With a flexibility which was more remarkably exhibited at subsequent periods, when he found that the cause he advocated was lost, the Duke suddenly turned round and surrendered his opinions at discretion; but in his heart he never forgave Mr. Canning, and from that time jealousy of him had a material influence on his political conduct, and was the primary motive of many of his subsequent resolutions. This flexibility has been the cause of great benefits to the country, but ultimately of his own downfall, for it has always proceeded from the pressure of circumstances and considerations of convenience to himself, and not from a rational adaptation of his opinions and conduct to the necessities and variations of the times." At the end, however, of a long analysis of the Duke's character, and which contains many expressions even less complimentary than those which we have quoted, Mr. Greville appends a note to say, that this opinion was "unjust to the Duke. He coveted power, but he was perfectly disinterested, a great patriot if ever there was one, and he was always animated by a strong and abiding sense of duty. I have done him justice in other places, and there is after all a great deal of truth in what I have said." And that, undoubtedly, is the case. On another occasion he says, "The habits of his mind are not those of patient investigation, profound knowledge of human nature and cool discriminating sagacity. He is exceedingly quick of apprehension, but deceived by his own

quickness into thinking he knows more than he does. * * * * Above all he wants that sagacity of manner, that watchfulness of observation, that power of taking great and enlarged views of events and characters, and of weighing opposite interests and probabilities which are essentially necessary in circumstances so delicate, and in which one false step or even incautious expression may be attended with consequences of immense importance." And again, touching the Reform Bill, he says of the Duke, "He is a great man in little things, but a little man in great matters—I mean in civil affairs in those mighty questions which embrace enormous and various interests and considerations and to contemplate which great knowledge of human nature, great sagacity, coolness and impartiality are required, he is not fit to govern or direct. His mind has not been sufficiently disciplined, nor saturated with knowledge and matured by reflection and communication with other minds to enable him to be a safe and efficient leader in such times as these." Throughout these volumes no character stands out in more carefully drawn or, in our judgment, truer lineaments than that of "*the* Duke," for whom Mr. Greville, though he criticized him freely, had the deepest regard. "I never see and converse with him" he says, "without reproaching myself for the sort of hostility I feel and express towards his political conduct, for there are a simplicity, a gaiety, and natural urbanity and good-humour in him which are remarkably captivating in so great a man." One more extract shall conclude this notice of the Duke, and it is one that will recall a scene of which many of us have been witnesses. "I was marvellously struck (we rode together through St. James' Park) with the profound respect with which the Duke of Wellington was treated, everybody we met taking off their hats to him, everybody in the Park rising as he went by, and every appearance of his inspiring great reverence. I like this symptom, and it is the more remarkable because it is not *popularity*, but a much higher feeling towards him. He has forfeited his popularity more than once; he has taken a line in politics directly counter to the popular bias; but though in moments of excitement he is attacked and vilified, (and his broken windows, which I wish he would mend, still preserve a record of the violence of the mob) when the excitement subsides there is always a returning sentiment of admiration and respect for him, kept alive by the recollection of his splendid actions, such as no one else ever inspired."

The personage whose character stands out in the next degree of relief is a very, very different one from the Duke—Lord Brougham. Into this prominence in these pages, just as into his prominent position in public life, Brougham seems to have pushed himself by the force and effrontery of his character. At the time of the Queen's trial, he was but little known in "society." This is the first sketch of him, in 1828; "Brougham is certainly one of the most remarkable men I ever met; to say nothing of what he is in the world, his almost childish gaiety and animal spirits, his humour, mixed with sarcasm, but not ill-natured, his wonderful information, a memory which has suffered nothing to escape it, I never saw any man whose conversation impressed me with such an idea of his superiority over all others. As Rogers said the morning after his departure, 'this morning Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield and a great many more went away in one postchaise.'" These pleasant traits, however, in Lord Brougham's life are soon overcast by the coarser parts of his nature. He made himself a name, though not a very good one, in the House of Commons, and so vigorously did he push himself that on the formation of Lord Grey's Ministry in 1830, he was able to insist upon his claim to the Chancellorship. This step was unexpected on his part for, as Mr. Greville says, "I thought that he meant to domineer

in the House of Commons and to gather popularity throughout the country by enforcing popular measures of which he would have all the credit, and thus establish a sort of individual power and popularity which would have ensured his being dreaded, courted and consulted by all parties." Great, therefore, was the joy when his elevation to the House of Lords was announced, but no opinion was ever more mistaken than that which held that he was "emasculated and drops on the Woolsack as on his political death-bed: once in the House of Lords there is an end of him, and he may rant, storm, and thunder, without hurting anybody": for, on the contrary, the new Chancellor asserted his power, and made himself twice as disagreeable there as he had been in the Commons. "The House of Lords has become a bear-garden since Brougham has been in it; there is no night that is not distinguished by some violent squabble between him and the Tories. He lashed the Lords into a fury by calling them a mob." This extract will show that he did not stand very well with the Peers. There was a discussion in the House about some sharp practice of the Chancellor's in introducing a Bill unbeknown to those whom it most deeply affected. "Brougham was at his tricks again, lying and shuffling, false and then insolent, and all for no discernable end. The debate exhibits a detail of his misstatements and all his wriggling and plunging to get out of the scrape he got himself into. It is because scarcely any or no motive was apparent that it is with difficulty believed he meant to deceive anybody. But it is in the nature of the man; he cannot go straightforward. * * He reminds me of the man in "Jonathan Wild" who was a rogue by force of habit, who could not keep his hand out of his neighbour's pocket, though he knew there was nothing in it, nor help cheating at cards though he knew he should not be paid if he won." On another occasion he calls the Chancellor "false, tricky, arabitious and unprincipled. Setting political bias aside, it is curious considering his station, to hear the lawyers talk of him, the contempt they universally have for him professionally, how striking his contrast with the profound respect which is paid to Lord Eldon." Let us part with him, however, with a quotation that if it exhibits his complacent vanity, still deals with the better side of his extraordinary character. There was a large gathering of notables at Buxton's Brewery, at which "there were people ready to show and explain everything, but not a bit—Brougham took the explanation of everything into his own hands, the mode of brewing, the machinery, down to the feeding of the cart horses. Lady Sefton told me that when he went with her to the British Museum, he would not let anybody explain anything but did all the honours himself. At last they came to the collection of minerals, when she thought he must be brought to a standstill. Their conductor began to describe them, but Lord Brougham took the words out of his mouth, and dashed off off with as mnch ease and familiarity as if he had been a Buckland or a Cuvier. Such is the man, a grand mixture of moral, political and intellectual incongruities."

These memoirs do not profess to be a complete journal or a connected record of the times to which they refer. Many incidents that have a place in history are not to be found in these jottings, which probably owe much of their charm to their being jottings put down, not with the tiresome conscientiousness with which journal-keepers make it a point of honour to write something every day, but just when the temper moved, the occasion presented itself, or the importance of the subjcct demanded. Being to a very large extent political, they give us sketches or finished portraits of all the political characters of those days. We gain a clear insight into, or refresh our memory concerning, the actions, opinions, or behaviour on which contemporaries founded their opinions

of such men as Lord Palmerston, Mr. Stanley (the late Earl of Derby), O'Connell and Sir Robert Peel. The latter was not one of Mr. Greville's favourites. His cold, cautious character and unsympathizing nature was not calculated to exercise any attraction upon a man of the world. In noting some complex negotiations that were carried on between the moderate Tories and the Liberal Government at the time of the Reform Bill, he says, "Peel in the other house is doing what he can to inflame and divide, and repress any spirit of conciliation. Nothing is sure in his policy but that it revolves round himself as the centre, and is influenced by some view which he takes of his own future advantage, probably the rallying of the Conservative party and his being at the head of it." And, again, regarding the Duke of Wellington's ineffectual attempt to form a Ministry in 1832, we read of Peel, "All these deep-laid schemes and constant regard of self form a strong contrast to the simplicity and heartiness of the Duke's conduct, and make the two men appear in a very different light from that in which they did at first: Peel acted right from bad motives—the Duke wrongly from good ones." Probably it will be found that in later years Mr. Greville somewhat modified his views of Peel's character.

A very conspicuous part in the Parliamentary drama of the years embraced in these volumes was played by Mr. Stanley. Probably many of the present generation who remember the late Lord Derby as the leader of the Tory party and as a *dilettante* politician are unaware that in his younger days he did not fight on that side, but that, as a member of Lord Grey's Ministry, he took an active part in advocating the Reform Bill, though he subsequently left that Government. There is, however, a great deal of truth in Sir James Graham's opinion of Mr. Stanley—"With great talent, extraordinary readiness in debate, high principles, unblemished honour, he never had looked, he thought he never would look, upon politics or political life with the seriousness which belonged to the subject."

Not the least interesting feature in these memoirs is the glimpses which they give of the first appearance on the political arena of men, like Disraeli and Gladstone, who have since been so conspicuous thereon; and no doubt the later volumes will, when published, prove in this, as in other respects, intensely interesting. Here again is a short reference to a person whom events have lately brought into prominence—"Dined on Friday with Talleyrand. A great dinner to M. Thiers, the French Minister of Commerce. A little man, about as tall as Shiel, and as mean and vulgar-looking, wearing spectacles, and with a squeaking voice. He was editor of the *National*, an able writer, and one of the instigators of the Revolution of July. It is said that he is a man of great ability and a good speaker, more in the familiar English than the bombastical French style. Talleyrand has a high opinion of him." One hears in these pages a good deal about Talleyrand and, of course Madame de Lieven, that most brilliant specimen of a female political agent. Then there is a sketch of Lucien and Joseph Bonaparte at a dinner at Lady Cork's, of which we clip a few lines: "There was not the slightest affectation of royalty in either. Lucien, indeed, had no occasion for any, but a man who had ruled over two kingdoms might be excused for betraying something of his former condition, but, on the contrary, everything regal that he ever had about him seemed to be merged in his American citizenship, and he looked more like a Yankee cultivator than a King of Spain and the Indies."

It must not be supposed, because the extracts which we have made from these volumes are chiefly on political subjects that therefore no lighter topics are touched upon. They are, on the contrary, filled with anecdotes and much of the tittle-tattle of high society, not unrelieved by a good deal of

humour. The "good sayings" are, for the most part, somewhat out of date, but perhaps these two may deserve repeating.—"There is a joke of Luttrell's about Sharpe. He was a wholesale hatter formerly; having a dingy complexion, somebody said he had transferred the colour of his hats to his face, when Luttrell said that it was *darkness which might be felt.*" "A certain bishop in the House of Lords rose to speak, and announced that he should divide what he had to say into twelve parts, when the Duke of Wharton interrupted him, and begged he might be indulged for a few minutes, as he had a story to tell which he could only introduce at that moment. A drunken man was passing by St. Paul's at night, and heard the clock slowly chiming twelve. He counted the strokes, and when it was finished looked towards the clock, and said, 'Damn you! Why couldn't you give us all that at once?' There was an end of the bishop's story."

Mr. Greville has no claim to the title of being a deep or original thinker; indeed on several occasions, especially when he moralizes upon human affairs in the abstract or on the waste of his own life in particular, his lucubrations can only be described as commonplace twaddle. But yet his reflections on men, women, matters and manners are usually shrewd, and almost always interesting. He had peculiar opportunities of knowing at least one side, and very often both sides, of all the controversies, negotiations and political schemes that took place, and therefore, though his inferences may be faulty, his facts may usually be relied on. It may be politic for the Tory *Quarterly* to cry down these Memoirs, for they reflect very severely on the tactics of the Tory politicians of those days: and we are far from arguing that they are themselves irreproachable in taste, or that their publication in their entirety is just the thing for which we should like individually to be responsible. But those who are interested in the history of the times to which they refer will read them without either looking for tit-bits of scandal or even noticing such when they do appear; while, on the other hand, the passages which reflect upon, or make insinuations against the living, or even against the dead whose relatives are now living, are really comparatively few, and such as would in most cases escape observation unless the injudicious zeal of indignant friends insisted on dragging them into prominence and notoriety.

THORNS.

THE dragon-toothed thorn in the garden
A sting like a scorpion's shows;
He hath posted it there as a warden
To watch o'er the delicate rose.
The honey, delicious in flavour,
He teacheth the bee to secrete,
And joineth with infinite favour
The sting and the sweet.

—*From the Persian.*

CENTRAL AMERICAN SKETCHES.

By H. H.

I.

VOYAGE TO BELIZE—A motley crowd of passengers—A Crimean heroine—A spirit medium and ethnological specimens—Scenes at West Indian Ports—Oppressive hospitality at Belize—A coasting sail in the tropics—Novel propelling power for vessels—Guatemala houses—English enterprise—Need for temperance reform—Curious sanitary regulations—An extortionate Commissariat chief—A cabin of palm leaves on a river-boat—A famine threatened for lack of fire-arms—Bribing the crew—An extemporised conveyance over a bog—Seized by military, imprisonment and starvation—"Civis Romanus sum" at a discount—Bribing the Justice, release and the tables turned—A mixed dream.

A MORE motley group of passengers never met than that which embarked on board the Royal Mail Steamer *Shannon*, at Southampton, in October, 185—, for the West India and Spanish American Ports. We had every shade of colour with us that the human face is capable of exhibiting, from the fair golden-haired bride of an officer in a West India Regiment, who was going to try the free and easy life of a West India Camp, down, through Spanish American half-breeds, West India Creoles of every shade, till at last the blackest of blacks was reached in a high dignitary of the Haytian Republic who was returning from some important mission from his Government to the European Courts. We had many varieties of the religions of the world on board—an English Archdeacon; another clergyman of the Episcopal Church; Baptist and Methodist Missionaries; a Moravian, going into the wilds of the Mosquito Coast; Roman Catholic Priests; some Sisters of Charity; and not a few Jews. On the ninth day out, passing by the Azores, we began to feel the balmy air of the tropical fall, and in proportion as the thermometer rose, the passengers became more friendly, until, before our arrival at St. Thomas, on the fourteenth day out, everybody had found some new friend with whom he had promised to correspond. Mrs. Seacole, of Crimean fame, was one of our passengers, and the good old soul asked every body on board, about 200 people, to drop in at her little house in Jamaica. The clergyman of the Church of England hailed from Tobago. He had been nineteen years scraping together £80 to go home to see his old father, and was returning without money enough to pay his liquor bill, for the otherwise good man had a strange habit every morning before breakfast of "communing with the spirits," as he called it, and never refused brandy and water when offered. The poor fellow was in a sad plight on arrival; his bill for brandy was more than he had calculated for, and as he had no more than five shillings left of the eighty pounds, we paid his score and helped him on his way. A French Baron on board, for a fancied insult to La Belle France, came out one day in full general's uniform, and threatened the Captain with seizure of the ship if immediate apologies were not made.

The entrance to the harbour of St. Thomas is one of the most picturesque sights in a part of the world where everything is beautiful. The town has one street running alongside the Bay; the next street runs parallel to this on a higher terrace, and a third is about the same height above it: the hill continues rising until it reaches a peak, on which the Danish flag was flying. The *Shannon* was soon surrounded by boats full of negro women, dressed in

the loudest colours, with bright red, yellow, or green handkerchiefs round their heads, talking (if such gibberish can be called talking) as only negro women can—quarreling, shouting, fighting, pushing, and jostling, all of which would invariably end in a general laugh. It was altogether a new world, and so amusing were the antics of these people that I forgot how strange it was, too, to see offered for sale, oranges, mangoes, bananas, shaddocks, and other tropical fruits all fresh plucked that morning. The same scene was repeated at every port we touched till we reached Belize, the terminus of the steamer's voyage.

In this place, which is the smallest of our colonies, a couple of days were spent, and having a letter of introduction to several inhabitants, before being there twenty-four hours I seemed to have called on everybody in the place. The hospitality of the West Indies is absolutely oppressive. Visitors are expected to take a glass of sherry or a sangaree at every house. Everybody asks you to dinner, and it was a great relief to go on board a little schooner and find myself drifting gently down the coast of British Honduras, bound for Izabal, the first Central American port I came to. The passengers of the steamer had dwindled down at one port or another from 200 to 8; but alas, the cabin of the schooner had only two shelves where a mattress could be put, and the cabin itself had only floor enough for four people to lie down upon. My thoughtful Belize friends had provided for me; and I found one of the shelves occupied by a mattress, clean sheets and a pillow. The other shelf, minus these luxuries, was to be occupied by a Costa Rica ex-Minister, whom a revolution was enabling to return home after a forced absence of three years. Our boxes were arranged in the middle of the floor, where three more slept. Another passenger, an old French artisan in a blue blouse and black cap, asked my permission in a very appealing tone of voice, to sit all night at the end of my bed, which of course was granted, and had he been a trifle cleaner I might have thawed sufficiently to have offered him the use of the mattress in the daytime. I suppose the other two did sleep, but where I never discovered. I had not passed a particularly melancholy life at home, and had enjoyed a fair share of the pleasures of English life, marred only by the chest-affection which was compelling me to seek a brighter sky and dryer air. But I had never known the full enjoyment of life until that voyage from Belize to Izabal. We scarcely ever lost sight of the coast; there was just breeze enough to fill the sail and take us gliding noiselessly along. The sky was bright as ever eye beheld, the air warm and exhilarating, and after the thuds and groans and pitchings of the steamer, the quietude which pervaded everything was most refreshing. Even the tones of my fellow passengers' voices seemed to have got a softer and more musical ring than before. Every now and then we passed in between tiny islands covered with luxuriant vegetation to the water's edge. The shore of the mainland was low, but a mysterious range of mountains rose in the far distance, which were constantly changing their forms at every turn of our vessel, whose variations in colour between sunrise and sunset were as rapid as they were marvellously lovely. In two days we landed at the first village in Guatemala, called Livingston, at the mouth of the River Dulce, where we paid a visit to the priest, who after giving us fruit and *eau sucré* took us on a round of ceremonious calls to the principal houses. Here I had the first experience of the Central American way of living, to which afterwards I became so well accustomed, but which never ceased to amuse me. Every house is built on the same plan, a long barn-like building with the broad side to the street, very steep and very high roof made of palm leaves, a door in the middle of the wall—always open—no windows, except, perhaps, in the better ones an aperture with a wooden shutter. The in-

terior consists of one room the length of the house, a hammock stretched across which serves for chair, lounge, and sofa by day, and for bed at night; one table and two chairs complete the domestic furniture. No house is complete without an altar, which, whilst usually the only ornamental fitting in the house, is also used in their frequent private devotions. This altar is usually at the end of the room, and consists of a table with a little carving superior to the rest of the furniture, and in the middle a picture of the favourite saint—if the owner is poor—or an image more or less adorned and bedizened, according to the taste or means of the tenant, in front of which there is invariably placed a pitcher or vase full of flowers.

After remaining on shore about half a day we re-embarked and set sail, leaving the sea almost immediately and entering the River Dulce. Izabal, though the only port of entry on the Atlantic side of Guatemala, is not on the sea, but on the Lake of Izabal, which connects with the sea by the River Dulce (Sweet River). The distance from the sea to the entrance of the lake is about 100 miles, and when the wind is unfavourable and the river-current strong, it takes several days to reach Izabal. I was altogether unprepared for the exquisite beauty of the scenery all the way up the river. From its very mouth high lands rise on each side, ranging from five hundred to a thousand feet high, with just declivity enough to enable them to be covered with fine trees of the most luxuriant and fantastic foliage. In some places the banks seemed to be quite perpendicular, though trees grew even there. One of the most distinctive features of a tropical forest is the great variety of parasitical vegetation with which the trees are covered, and I do not know of any place where variety of form and beauty of foliage are so striking as on this little known river. We had barely entered it when the wind fell and our sails became useless. As there was no tow path and scarcely foothold on shore in any place, I was curious as to how we were going to get along, as Captain John said we should perhaps not have any wind till we got about two-thirds of the way to Izabal. It was soon evident that there must be a way of getting the vessel forward without either sails, towing, or oars, for everybody on board busied themselves with getting up long ropes. A boat was lowered and a long rope put in it, and the mate then rowed about a hundred yards in advance, and tied one end of the rope to a tree, and on returning paid out the rope until we reached the schooner. We had on board a noisy lot of Belize negroes, who were going up the river to cut mahogany, and on the end of the rope being shipped, they commenced hauling the vessel along, singing all the time the wildest songs, though the subjects were evidently to a great extent improvised and not invariably fitted for ears polite. This warping the vessel was our only means of locomotion for the next three days, but though we were entirely shut in there was no monotony, as the river winds about and has scarcely a single straight reach in it a mile long, and the reflection of the banks in the placid stream was most charming. What sky we could see above us was cloudless, the water appearing much deeper in colour than I have ever seen elsewhere; and the ever-changing forms of the wooded rocks made us watch for some new-developed beauty at every winding of the river. When on the third day the opening of a small lake, called Golfete, was reached all on board were sorry that so unique a voyage had been so short, though, probably, we had not made over two miles an hour. Early on the fourth morning we reached the Castle of San Felipe, a massive reminiscence of the power of Spanish energy in by-gone days. It is close to the opening of the lake, and is now used as a convict settlement for the worst class of Guatemala criminals. Just as we passed into the lake the wind sprang up, and we soon reached Izabal, where, after

some uninteresting formalities gone through by a not very clean Government official, we were allowed to land. As I did not know a word of the language, it was a great boon to find that the principal mercantile house in the place was owned by two Englishmen, sons of an old naval officer, who had settled down there by one of those curious chances which place Englishmen in the most unlikely places in the world. My friends in the country had sent letters to them announcing my coming, and I was welcomed on landing with the usual offer of a drink first. All trouble about passing my baggage through the Custom House was soon gone through, and my first question was, How am I to get forward to my destination? There were two ways—one, five days' severe riding on horse or mule-back—the other, to take a boat across to the other end of the lake, thence up the River Polichic to Panzos, from which place I should still have about three days in the saddle. While discussing the merits of the two routes, a rough-looking sinister-faced man entered, asking for me in broken English, and told me he was Don Pedro, and had been sent to take me to Panzos in his boat. I wished to start immediately, but was reminded by my friends that I was not in England, and, perhaps, should not find hotels on the road, and I had better look after my commissariat arrangements; so calling Don Pedro, I asked him if he could undertake to provide me with sufficient and proper food for the voyage.—"Yes, if you gife me plenty monish for two days."—I gave him $5, and he disappeared, and I didn't see him again that day. Early next morning I was awakened by a hand being placed on my shoulder, and saw one of my countrymen with a bottle of Hollands and a glass standing over me. "I've come to say good morning to you." "Oh, indeed, good morning." "But you must take something to keep the cold out." I had been sleeping in an immense well-aired room, with the window open, and had one light sheet over me; so I told him I couldn't say I felt any cold. How innocent I was and how amazed. Belize was trying with constant Sherries; but Hollands, best Schiedam, at half-past five, a. m.! I sat up in bed, rubbed my eyes, and asked if it were a necessary custom to begin quite so early—wouldn't it be the same in the afternoon, and by dint of various urgent pleas did get partly excused, though I was assured that I was the first person who had ventured "to disregard the good sanitary regulations of the place," and all kinds of evils were prophesied in consequence. After coffee, Don Pedro came in with a very pitiful tale: everything was dear, and for five dollars he hadn't enough for even one day, and it would take us at least two days to reach Panzos. I gave him $5 more, and about midday he returned asking for more. On consultation I was advised to give all he asked, for if I did not he would starve me, and then say I was myself to blame. This was a kind of logic quite new to me, but I saw the force of the argument, and not liking the possible consequences of a quarrel just before committing myself to the care of such a man for several days, I warned him that I should hold him responsible for any shortcoming there might be and gave him more. Towards evening we were again embarked on the lake. The vessel bore about the same comparison to the schooner that the schooner did to the steamer. It was a boat about 24 feet long, open at each end, but covered over in the middle by an arch of closed palm leaves about 10 feet long. Under this arch I was to pass the next four days, it being my sitting and dining-room by day, and my bed-room by night. The mattress, sheets and pillows which my Belize friend had lent me were supplemented by a mosquito bar or net suspended from the roof of the arch, an indispensable companion in all river travelling in the tropics. Our crew consisted of Don Pedro as captain, and five half-naked Indians, who seemed to under-

stand very little Spanish, and who struck me as having a great antipathy to soap and water.

On awaking the first morning I found we were anchored at the mouth of the River Polichic. Don Pedro had made a fire and was busy making coffee, after taking which we started up the river, four of the Indians rowing, one steering; then Don Pedro came and sat down by me, and, for the first time presenting himself to me as a rational being, when I discovered that he had been drunk all the time he was in Izabal. This river, unlike the Dulce, has low shores, but they, too, are thickly covered with immense trees and underbrush; and, though very tame after the marvels of the previous days' sail, there was not wanting a peculiar scenic interest even here. The river and the banks swarmed with alligators, some floating down the stream with their snouts out of the water, others lying lazy and motionless on the banks. The trees were covered with iguanas, an enormous kind of lizard. Don Pedro never ceased to bewail that I had not a gun with me, for he said the flesh of the iguana was as sweet and delicate as a chicken, and its eggs were also capital eating. I, too, had very bitter cause to regret not having a gun before I reached Panzos, though I was rather incredulous for a long time afterwards about the possibility of the flesh of such ugly looking things being fit to eat at all. I saw comparatively few birds, and in those nothing remarkable except a species of ibis, which we came across every now and then. At nightfall the boat was moored to the bank of the river, and after dinner I tried to get a light, but Don Pedro most inexorably refused, saying we should be eaten up by mosquitoes if we had a light, so I was in bed at 7 p.m. The following day, when I was promised to be landed in Panzos, Don Pedro was first certain, then dubious, and at last said we were ten miles off at sunset. We had still food on board, and being certain of awakening in Panzos, I lay down without much care, though next day I was somewhat perplexed to find we were not nearly at our destination. There had been a flood—the Indians were lazy—fifty excuses, but no Panzos, and to make matters worse provisions were getting scarce. I offered first $10, and then $20, and then $30 to the Indians if they would reach Panzos in the night, but they didn't move, and the more I offered the more they determined not to do it. About midnight on Tuesday, we being still on the river, a violent thunder storm came on, and I discovered to my chagrin that the roof of the boat was anything but water-proof. I dressed hastily, got my umbrella and sat up in the dark, doing my best to keep one dry spot in the boat. The storm cleared away at daybreak, and I asked for coffee—there was none—some bread then—that too was all done. Was there nothing then for my breakfast?

"Didn't I tell you," said Don Pedro, "that if you had given me enough money to buy a gun we would have had plenty of iguana; but you knew best, and now it isn't my fault that there isn't anything to eat."

"What! Is there nothing left at all?"

"Only a little honey."

"But honey isn't food."

"Well I told you," &c., and so went on the story of the gun again.

"Well, what time shall we reach Panzos."

He couldn't tell, may be at ten o'clock, may be later; and so passed the day. I had some cigars, and my Izabal friends had put a bottle of cognac in for me, by the judicious use of which I kept up till about 5 p.m., when Panzos was announced. I saw a clearing, beyond that a marsh, and in the distance, about a mile off, a house; that then was Panzos. We were soon on shore, and I asked Don Pedro the way to the town.

"Through there, Sir."

"What! is that a road? Through the marsh?"

"Yes, Sir, there is no other."

"How deep is it?"

"May be a foot, may be more," with

which he pulled his boots off and doubled his trousers up. I did the same, and, watching my opportunity for him to lead the way, the moment he plunged into the marsh—about 18 inches deep—I jumped on his back, and in this dignified manner was carried to the house of the Judge in Panzos. He was absent, but I begged his wife to give me some food, and whilst it was being prepared a negro came up with "Good evening, Sar, I Englishman, I call me George." I felt very friendly towards George, and soon got exchanging confidential notes touching Don Pedro, about whom we both agreed that he might be a good deal better and still not an angel, when dinner was announced. I had scarcely sat down to a savoury dish of rice and fowl when two soldiers came in, and though I wasn't inclined to talk much they soon made me understand through George that I and Don Pedro had done something very wicked and must go to the Guard House at once. As a boy I had often fancied the terrible feelings of Don Sancho Panza, as he sat at that celebrated meal in Barataria, hungry and anxious, as he saw one dish after another taken from him before he had tasted; but I never imagined it would become one of my own experiences. I remonstrated against such cruelty. Let them take Don Pedro, he was the culprit, if there was one. I, as an Englishman, was naturally indignant at the idea, after 30 hours' fasting, of being taken between two barefooted soldiers, perhaps to be locked up all night. Fortunately the French officer on board the steamer came forcibly to my recollection, and so I thought a little politeness might do. Perhaps there was a fault, and I should be very happy to go and explain it to the Commandante, but surely I might have my dinner first. It was all unavailing, the stolid indifference of the soldiers convinced me there was no moving them; so, taking my newly found friend George along with me, I went as prisoner to the Guard House together with Don Pedro of course, who didn't seem to like it even as well as myself. The Commandante was at first very polite, asked me how I was, &c., then told me that I had come on shore without sounding the customary shell; that I had smuggled 50 lbs of tobacco in the boat, and that for the first offence I was fined $10, and for the second $25, and the tobacco was to be confiscated. George translated this to me, giving every now and then a sly expressive look towards Don Pedro. I soon took the hint, assured the Commandante of my desire to obey the laws and customs of the country, and after expressing my personal regard for himself, explained that this being the first time I had travelled in the country I knew nothing of the need of giving warning of our arrival, and as to tobacco I didn't even know that there was any on board beyond my own box of cigars, which I should be glad if he would accept, and I closed by telling him of my hungry condition, and begging to be allowed at least to finish my dinner before being punished. I (through George) seemed to have hit the mark; he apologized for the necessity he had been under of calling me; said I was free, and hoped I would call on him in a friendly way; and then he turned to Don Pedro:

"What do you mean, you rascal, by bringing a gentleman here so hungry. I have you now. You will not get off so easily this time."

I heard no more, for, leaving the crestfallen Don to hear it out, I went to finish my dinner. In my absence, a courier had arrived from Teleman, telling me that my relative and the manager of the estate I was going to had come there to meet me, and I was to lose no time. I felt now that real friends were near, my troubles were over; and having eaten a much enjoyed meal was soon asleep, dreaming confusedly of alligators, soldiers, tobacco, guns, and iguanas, and of Don Pedro (who was snoring on the other side of the room) quarrelling with the Commandante.

(To be continued.)

DISCONTENT.

THE flowers of the field were sighing
For the chequered shade of the wood:
"'Twould be so sweet to be lying
Where the waving beeches stood!"

The flowers of the wood were pining
For the open fields and the breeze:
"We never can see the sun shining,
Here, stifled among the trees!"

The flowers of the hedge were bleeding
As they shrank from the cruel thorn:
"What a life is this we are leading,
We wonder why we were born!"

The eglantine asked, complaining,
"Ah, why must I always climb?
'Twould be pleasanter far remaining
On the hill-side like the thyme."

And the rock-plants murmured, weeping,
"We wish we'd been born in mould,
We are, oh! so tired of creeping,
And the stones are so hard and cold!"

But the mosses refused to grumble,
They were quite content with their state;
They said it was "well to be humble,
And not so well to be great."

And the ivy exclaimed "What weakness,
You silly dissatisfied folk!
Take refuge from grief in meekness,
And cling to some bare, old oak!"

But the sunflower called to them, smiling,
With a steady face to the sun,
"What wasted words and reviling!
Look upward, and all is done."

ALICE HORTON.

Ottawa.

THE ROMANCE OF A BACK STREET.*

A NOVELETTE: IN THREE PARTS.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "Little Kate Kirby;" "Second-Cousin Sarah," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN DAX.

THE fancy repository in Gibbon Street, Lambeth, was no ephemeral affair—none of your fly-away businesses, subject to strange accidents, defalcant tenants and missing keys, at those embarrassing quarters of the year when the landlord wants his rent. Meagre and poor to look at, "Morison's Repository" had evidently been a good one to go, if the board between the first-floor windows could be relied on for veracity, the business having been established in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight. No one doubted the fact in Gibbon Street; the oldest inhabitant had no recollection of any name save Morison over the little square windows of the shop, where business was far from brisk, despite the date of its first start, and the claims of old associations which it asserted over all new comers to the neighbourhood.

There were two Morisons left to manage the shop at the date our story opens—two pale-faced young women, who would have been pretty in another sphere, with a fancy repository off their minds, and a struggle to keep afloat in the world less perceptibly manifest. Morison's Repository could *not* be doing well down that shadowy back street, where grim facts were more patent to the locality than fancy goods; there was little in the window to attract the attention of passers-by making their short cuts to Waterloo Road and Kennington, and the regular customers were always few and far between. The stock did not change much from year's end to year's end; there were wooden and leather dolls, that seemed as old and time-stained as the bricks of the edifice; there was a superior wax doll, under a cracked glass shade, which had been once the glory of the firm, but which had let in the flies of late days, and spotted irretrievably the image of youthful beauty still simpering beneath it. In their proper seasons there were a few new halfpenny balls, shuttlecocks, marbles, and kites; but they went off slowly, and there was also a heavy percentage of them lying in odd corners of the window, long after the demand for them had subsided. The rent was not paid by the profits on these fancy goods we may assert at once. A written announcement, in Italian hand, framed and glazed, and hung up at the back of the window, told the old story of hard work and small pay: "Dressmaking done here," had been formally announced three months after old Morison had died, leaving a second wife and two daughters to the mercy of Gibbon Street, and then dressmaking killed the second wife off-hand, and made of the daughters two sunken-eyed, hollow-cheeked, sad-looking young women, whom the neighbours respected and pitied, and helped with orders when they were able. Time was when the Morison girls had been considered stuck up; that was when their father was alive, a clerk in the Customs, with a scanty salary that helped towards paying the rent, and kept him every evening in fours of whisky and water, hot, at the "George,"

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over the way. People said, till he died, that he had a pretty penny by the business; and then his wife and daughters half ruined themselves with the expenses of his funeral, and it began to be whispered abroad that they were "down on their luck," even for the denizens of Gibbon Street. Still they never gave way, never acknowledged that they were poor or hard pressed, even when the mother died, and three years afterwards they were still the Misses Morison, of the Repository, with a smile and a nod—the former forced at times—to those who gave each in her turn good day at the front door, or in the murky recesses of the shop.

They were young women seldom, if ever, seen together—work would not allow it, or the shop stopped the way to the society of each other; for if there were no pressure of business, there were many questions as to the price of goods, from penniless children of an enquiring turn of mind and with much time upon their hands. One week Mary Morison, the younger sister, worked at dress-making behind the counter, and Ellen, the elder by two years, and only one-and-twenty, was to be seen, over the wire-blind of the parlour door, stitching quickly and steadily, and thinking of old times, perhaps; and next week the position would be reversed, and Mary would be indoors, and Ellen waiting for all customers. They went to church twice every Sunday, and were good young women, who did not run after the chaps on Sabbath evenings, as was the fashion amongst the girls of Gibbon Street, take them in the aggregate. It was remarked by curious folk that they did not go to church together, but that each went her own way and to her own particular place of worship, as though their religion differed, or a week's hard work together had rendered them weary of each other's company. And Sundays, or week days, they always looked gravely at the world before them and took life as a serious undertaking, as it was to them. They kept no company, and they never called upon their neighbours, save in the way of "measuring," and "fitting," and taking home their work; want of time was their excuse, whenever excuse was necessary, to those who would have liked to call them friends.

Mary and Ellen Morison had no friends, unless we except John Dax, who was their "humble and obedient servant to command," and who came every morning at seven, and every evening at ten, to take down and put up the shutters before the windows of the establishment. This was an occupation that had begun when John Dax was a lanky youth of seventeen, and before old Morison had gone the way of all flesh, and for five years or more had been continued. John Dax had been at first discovered on the door-step of the fancy repository, quietly shivering himself to death, until he had been helped in by father and daughters, and supplied with something warm and filling for the nonce. Then they had learned John's history—that he was out of work and times were bad, and his father was a vocalist, that is, a gentleman whose especial mission it was to howl nautical ballads in the street, and to depend on the patronage of those who stopped to hear him. It had been hard work that winter with John's father, whose voice gave way about the same period as his legs, which were taken suddenly with paralysis, and spoiled business, and so John Dax from that time forth had done his best to work for his father and himself, not always with success, and not at any time to the satisfaction of his parent, who was an exacting man, a mercenary man and hard to please. When John Dax came home with less than one-and-sixpence, John Dax's father swore profanely; and when John brought no money home at all—which was occasionally the case—the father would fling his crutches at him, and bid him keep away until he was of service to him, and money could be had in some fashion.

"Gort's truth—ain't there any hanker-

chers hanging out of back pockets, now?" he screamed forth one day in his rage; but this might have been in a moment of excitement, and not intended as a hint to his son and heir, standing by the doorway, and keeping a watchful eye upon the crutch. At all events, John Dax never brought home pocket-handkerchiefs, though he loitered much about the streets when there was no work for casual hands to be found in the factories, and no spare cash to hire a barrow, and heap it up with damaged fruits, and go costering in the New Cut and Lower Marsh.

John Dax was not a strong youth, and hard work and indifferent living had told against him, till the night of his collapse on Mr. Morison's doorstep, as they were telling against him, even more forcibly, five years and some odd months afterwards. He was the shadow of a young man at that time, a patient and uncomplaining being, whom the wise folk down his court, where his father lived, considered "half a fool"—he was so awfully quiet, and took his troubles with such strange philosophy. The life of the boy was the life of the man, with very little difference, luck having been dead against John Dax from the unfortunate day of his birth—factory life, street-barrow life, shoeblack life, life from hand to mouth, which means the mouth wide open and nothing for the hand to put into it.

Patience and perseverance in this weak, old-fashioned young man ought to have accomplished something for John Dax, if there be any truth in aphorisms; but there were certain obstacles in his way, and he was only surmounting them by degrees. Five years ago he had been unable to read and write, and Mary Morison had told him she was ashamed of him for that, and he had begun in odd moments afterwards, and under terrible difficulties, his father's grave objection being one of them. He had succeeded partly in his efforts—that is, he could write his own name and spell a few facts out of the columns of a newspaper. Mary Morison, unwittingly, was another obstacle to his advancement, for we may say at once that John Dax was over head and ears in love with her, and would have declined any situation under the sun that would have prevented his opening and shutting the repository, and catching a glimpse of Mary's face, and of being warmed to the heart's core by Mary's sad, but pleasant smile. Mary was a princess to this ill-clad, ill-fed young man—a divinity in rusty black—and as far above his dreams, or his ambitions, as the other goddesses. She was a fair obstacle in the way of his advancement, nevertheless, but she never guessed it, and as for imagining that he loved her, she would as soon have dreamed of love from the fly-blown doll, under the glass case in the window. He was no hero to her—only a poor sickly mortal, who put the shutters up for ninepence a week, and went cowering home afterwards in the shadows of the narrow streets beyond, where crime was rife and penury was plentiful.

Still John Dax had his romance, and that is why the history of it, and all that came of it, may be worth telling in these pages.

CHAPTER II.

LEFT IN TRUST.

WHEN it was Ellen Morison's turn to keep watch and ward behind the counter of the little shop in Gibbon Street, John Dax saw but little of the younger sister. Ellen was equally kind in her quiet way, equally gentle and sympathetic in her patronage, but the kindness and the patronage were not Mary's.

One evening in Ellen's week, John Dax became suddenly more absent and confused than ordinary, and Ellen, an observant young woman, even when work was pressing, detected a change in his demeanour before he had put up the third shutter of

shop, and nearly succeeded in driving the corner of it through the upper glass window.

When he came in for shutter No. 4, she said, without looking from her work—

"Is anything the matter, John?"

"Yes—there is—a little the matter," he said, in a hesitating manner.

"Are you ill?" asked Ellen Morison.

"No, I ain't ill," answered John Dax, "but the old 'un is."

"Your father?"

"Yes; he's going off the hooks, at last."

John was not refined in his discourse—even in his grief the poor fellow was slangy; and there was real grief at the bottom of his heart for the man who had brought him up badly, and been never grateful for a son's attention.

Ellen Morison said a few words of comfort to him, quoted one or two texts applicable to his condition, and stitched on in her usual swift and silent manner. John listened, nodded gravely and went away, returning a moment afterwards, and leaning across the counter to say, in a husky voice—

"Tell her."

"Tell whom?" asked Ellen Morison, surprised.

"Miss Mary; she was asking after the guv'nor last week."

Ellen moved her head slightly, as if in acquiescence.

"*She* is well, I suppose?" asked John, glancing askance at the wire blind.

"She is quite well, thank you," answered the elder sister.

"She was looking very pale last week, I fancied," said John.

Miss Morison did not reply to this, and John, after waiting a minute, as if for his answer, took himself off the premises. The next morning, when he knocked at the door of the repository, he was agreeably surprised to find it was Mary Morison who opened the door to him. He had arrived a quarter of an hour earlier than usual, and Mary was the first down stairs.

"You are before your time, John," she said, as he began to unscrew the inner bolt of the shutters.

"Yes, I thought I'd come earlier—I couldn't rest."

"What is the matter, then?"

"The guv'nor died in the night. I said he would."

"Your father dead!" exclaimed Mary. "I'm very sorry for you."

"Thank you," answered John; "it's kind to say so. You've been expecting it, mayhap."

"No, I've not."

"Didn't Miss Ellen tell you last night, I thought it would be soon?"

"No."

"Oh! she forgot, I s'pose."

"Very likely," answered Mary, "she is busy just now."

John thought of this reply after he had taken the shutters down, and was disposed to believe that there was a lack of sympathy with his orphanage, until Mary said—

"Is there anything I can do for you in this distress, John?"

"God bless yer, Miss, nothing," he blurted forth.

"I'm afraid you cannot do much for yourself, my poor fellow."

"I must leave it to the parish," said John.

In the evening he came as usual, but this time with a deputy—an overgrown, bullet-headed youth of stolid aspect. John came in with his face very white and his hands shaking with excitement, and Ellen Morison, at her old post behind the counter, thought he had been drinking.

"I couldn't stop away and leave you in the lurch," he said at once; "but I ain't up to the shutter business—I ain't well—I've been flurried and flustered, and somethink has 'appened and took me off my feet, and off my head, I think. I can't tell you now."

There was an old cane-bottomed chair on his side of the counter, and he dropped into it, spread his thin hands before his face, and

began to cry, keeping all the noise to himself, and only gurgling internally now and then.

"I'm better now—don't mind me," he said at last.

"Is your father dead, then?" asked Ellen Morison.

"Yes; didn't Miss Mary tell you all about it?"

Ellen Morison hesitated for an instant, as if there were a difficulty in replying to this question.

"No, she did not," was the decisive answer at last.

"I told her this morning, when I came to open the shop, and she seemed cut up to hear it."

"We have lost a father, too, John," said Miss Morison, sadly.

"I'm glad of that—I mean I'm glad you know what my feelings is about it; not that that's floored me, all of a heap, like this, but somethink else, which I'll let you know of presently—not now, I'm too flustered—wait."

"I should go home and rest," Miss Morison suggested; still with the idea on her mind, that grief had driven John Dax to the gin-shop.

"I will—thankee—I will. You won't mind his doing the work for a day or two, 'till the funeral's over?" he said, dragging forward his deputy by the fragile lappet of his jacket. "He's to be trusted, or I wouldn't have brought him, 'pon my soul!"

He went away, to return again after his old fashion. It was a habit of John Dax to come back for a last word, or to hazard a final remark; and even in his excitement he seemed bound to re-appear. On this occasion it was with a purpose, at any rate.

"I nearly forgot it," he said, as he stooped and took up a bundle from the floor. "I put it down when I came in fust, and there I might have left it altogether—only at the corner of the street I thought of it. What a lark to leave it there!" And to the surprise of the listener, he began laughing so hysterically that it was a mercy when he came to a full stop.

He placed the bundle on the counter—it seemed very heavy, and very tightly tied together—and pushed it towards Ellen Morison.

"Will you ask Miss Mary to take care of this till I come back again?" he said; "will you—will you mind my giving it her myself?"

And then, for the first time in his life, he took the liberty of walking to the parlour door, turning the handle, and entering the room where Mary Morison was supposed to be at work. But Mary was sitting at the table with her work unheeded, on her lap, and her hands spread before her face. John thought she was asleep, till the hands dropped and showed she had been crying, and then John said, quickly—

"Oh, Miss Mary, what is it with you?—what is it?" and forgot his bundle till it fell with a crash on the floor.

"How dare you come into the room?" cried Mary, indignantly; "who told you to enter? What do you want?"

"I—I beg parding—I am very rude—but I'm going to be away a bit, and I want you to mind this till I come back."

"What is it, John," asked Mary, softening at his appeal, and at his wistful looks towards her.

"I want you to mind it, not the 'tother one," he said; "to keep it and what's in it, if you don't see me any more—that's all—good bye."

"What is it?" asked Mary, curiously.

But John did not answer her. He backed out of the shop and ran away from Gibbon Street, and it was six months before the dressmakers saw him again.

CHAPTER III.

A DOUBLE CONFESSION.

JOHN DAX came back to Gibbon Street in the winter time, when the snow was falling. He had been away six months, and the Morisons might have forgotten him altogether, had there not been a bundle in the bed-room cupboard to remind them of the goods he had left in trust. He came back to find nothing changed in the repository; the window stock was unaltered, the doll still simpered beneath its cracked glass-shade, the gas burned as dimly and fitfully as ever; one sister sat at work behind the counter, grave as Fate, and by the fireside in the parlour worked the other at the eternal dressmaking. He had hardly expected to find the place and those who had endeared it to him, in the same condition; there had been so great a change to him that he could not believe in life flowing on in as silent and monotonous a fashion as he had known it in his day. He had turned into Gibbon Street with an awful heart-sinking; he had wondered what he should do if the shop were closed, and an announcement that the premises were to let were affixed upon the shutters he had put up and taken down so often; he had prayed even that all might be as he had left it, as he stepped from the deep snow-drift into the well-known shop.

It was Ellen's week again, and he knew it. He had even calculated the weeks to make sure of it, for a reason of his own that will presently appear. He entered the premises so changed himself, for all the snow upon his shoulders, that Ellen Morison did not know him, to begin with.

"What can I serve you with, sir?" she asked, after waiting for orders in vain.

"Miss Morison, don't you know me?" he exclaimed, leaning over the counter, and looking hard into her face. She recoiled at his impulsive movement, and put her hands to the bosom of her black dress as if afraid to look at him; then she drew a long deep breath of relief, and came close to her side of the counter, regarding him more critically.

"I don't think I know you," she said, hesitatingly.

"My name is John Dax," he said.

"John Dax," repeated Miss Morison, "not—not the man who used to come here every day—to—"

"To help with the shutters—yes."

"You have altered very much," she said, extending her hand to him, as to an old friend, "and I am glad to see it."

"Thankee," said John.

He had altered very much for the better, Ellen Morison meant, and John took it as a compliment, and was grateful for her opinion. He had tried hard to better himself from the day of his father's funeral, and he was glad that he had succeeded—that he had not striven in vain. He was still thin and pale, but he had grown a big brown beard, which became him, and rendered him more manly of appearance; he held his head erect, and looked steadily, not furtively, at his opposite neighbour; he was well-dressed, and it was difficult to associate him with the rags and squalor of six months ago.

"Nothing has changed here much," said John, looking round.

"Nothing—much," was the echo.

"Miss Mary," he said, with a great gulp, "is there?"

"Yes!"

"And well?"

"Quite well."

"She sits by the fire just as she used—it's a picter—picture," he said, correcting himself, "I have often seen whilst I have been away."

Miss Morison looked critically at him again, and then resumed her stitching.

"I'll sit here with my back to the parlour, if you don't mind," John said, "because I should like to ask you a few questions be-

fore she knows I'm here, because I should like to tell you, her sister, straight out, what's upon my mind."

Miss Morison resumed her stitching after another critical glance in his direction.

"You was both—I should say, you were both very kind to me when I was fighting hard to live: for years I came back'ards and for'ards, always meetin' with kind words, often with kind help when you seemed—don't mind my saying of it now, miss—hardly able, the two of you, to help yourselves. This shop was a kind of heaven to me, and I was very wretched out of it. Then my father died."

"Yes," said Ellen Morison, softly, as he paused.

"Died rich."

The dressmaker left off work in her surprise.

"There was saved up in the mattress of his bed one hundred pounds, in five-pound Bank of England notes, and about as much in soverins—sovereigns, I should say. He had been scraping and slaving all his life for this, and no one a bit the worse save hisself, and it was only by chance I found all about it, after he was dead."

"I congratulate you on your good fortune, John."

"My first idea was, it had all been stolen," John continued, "for the guv'nor kept bad company, and rum people came to talk to him when I was out. On the day you last saw me what do you think I did?"

"I don't know," was the simple answer.

"I took the notes to the Bank of England—making up my mind to be took—taken up—with 'em, if they knew the numbers, as I thought they would."

"That was an honest act, John," said Ellen, warmly.

"No, it wasn't," answered John, quickly, "for if the numbers had been known, I could have said how I had found the notes, you see, and got clear off. *She*," he added in a whisper, "would have had the gold."

"What gold?"

"The hundred pounds in the bundle I left here—they could not have proved the money belonged to any one in particklar, and she would have been the better for it."

"This was wrong," exclaimed Ellen Morison.

"Yes, I suppose it was; but I didn't know wrong from right very clearly, and I only wanted to help her. Nobody could have proved the gold belonged to her, and I wanted to help her, you see," he said again.

"I see," repeated Ellen.

"The perlice—the police—would have bagged the lot; it would have gone to the Crown, or something, if it had been found along with the notes; and what good would the money have done anybody then?"

"This is shallow reasoning, John," said Ellen; "the newspaper would have betrayed you, too, and told us the whole story."

"You never read the paper."

"We should have heard it from our neighbours."

"I should not have given my own name."

"Well, well," said Ellen Morison, resuming her needlework, "the notes were not stolen, and you have come back for your money."

She arose as if with the intention of fetching it, when John Dax leaped across the counter and seized her by the arm.

"No, no! God forbid!" he cried; "sit down, please, whilst I tell you the rest of my mind. She's not looking up; she's brooding over the fire just as I have seen her a score of times before, and does not know that anybody's here."

"What is there more to say about her?" asked Ellen, sitting down again, thus adjured.

"Something much worse, you'll think, I dare say," he said; "but I can't help it. It's on my mind, I say again; and I want to tell you, to begin with."

"Well?" asked Ellen, as he paused.

"I've kept away six months in order to

learn to read and write in earnest, and be less like the wreck of a chap I was," he said frankly, "in order to be fit to be your friend and hers—especially hers. You've been a couple of angels to me, and I want to make a kind of a return with that money for both of you, for I shall never want it."

"Thank you, John, but we are never likely to take it," was the proud reply.

"I want you not to think of that at present," he said, "to let it wait there for me, then, till I come to fetch it. But I want to tell you, outright, now, how I love your sister—how I have been loving her for years and years—right on without a break!"

It was a strangely excited face now that glared across at Ellen Morison—it was full of pathos and passion, and a terrible anxiety.

"Why do you tell me this?" cried Ellen Morison, in a new harsh voice.

She was excited herself, and scarcely heeded his wild looks.

"Because you can help me—because you can tell me if she is liked by anyone else—if there will ever be a chance of her learning to like me—not now, of course not!—if I may come here as a friend at first, a humble friend, teaching himself to be worthy of her by degrees—if she would mind my coming, not knowing that I liked her yet—not guessing at it for an instant."

"Would you come if there was no chance for you?" asked Ellen.

"No," he said, after a pause, "I fancy not. Then I should be glad to hook it, for good."

"There is not a chance," affirmed Miss Morison, severely; "and you are a poor fool to think there is."

"I didn't think there was," muttered John Dax, hanging down his head; "I didn't dream of it hardly—but I thought I'd ask."

"Ask for yourself, and see what she will say," said Ellen.

"No, no; I can believe you," said John, shrinking at the suggestion. "God bless her, why should I trouble *her*? But if some day you will say to her——"

"Don't take my word for anything," cried Ellen, as excited as himself; "don't tell me what to say—don't ask me to speak to her. *She and I have not spoken to each other for three years!*"

(To be continued.)

IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

I lift my spirit to your cloudy thrones,
And feel it broaden to your vast expanse,
Oh, mountains, so immeasurably old,
Crowned with bald rocks, and everlasting cold,
That melts not underneath the sun's fierce glance—
Peak above peak—fixed—dazzling—ice and stones.

Down your steep sides quick torrents leap and roar,
And disappear in gloomy gorges sunk,
Fringed with black pines, on dizzy verges high
Poised, tumbling to the thunder and the cry
Of the lost waters, through each giant trunk,
And farthest twig and tassel, evermore.

Night broods along the valleys, while your peaks
Are pink and purple with the light of morn,
And filmy tints that swim the depths of space,
To reach and kiss you first upon the face,
Before the world awakes and day is born,
To flush with golden gleam your rugged cheeks.

And last and longest lingering the light
Is on your mighty foreheads, when the sun
Sets in the sea, and makes a palace fair,
For his repose, of crystal wave and air:
Ye seem to stoop, and smile to look upon
The fallen monarch from your silent height.

Behold, far down the mountain herdsman's ranche,
The rough road winding past his lonely door,
And in his ears by day and night the sound
Of mad waves plunging down the gulf profound;
The tempest's gathering cry—the dull deep roar,
And the long thunder of the avalanche.

Valleys are green about your rocky feet,
And sweet with clambering vines, and waving corn,
And breath of flowers, and gold of ripening fruit:
Cities send up their smoke, and man and brute
Beneath your wide embrasure have been born
And died for ages—yet, ye hold your seat.

I lift my spirit up to you, and seem
To feel your vastness penetrate my soul,
And faintly see far off and looming broad
And dread the grandeur of the world of God;
And thrill to be a part of the great whole,
Which towers above me, a stupendous dream.

KATE SEYMOUR MCLEAN.

Ingersoll, Ont.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

FEW of the names that have been prominent in the literature of the nineteenth century will be cherished with warmer affection and deeper reverence than that of Charles Kingsley, whose memory will be cherished in the hearts of a large class of readers for, at least, a long time to come. Like that of a kindred spirit—Dean Alford—his reputation is not solely that of a writer, though his genius, if not a commanding one, was always fresh and original. There are few, perhaps, of the younger generation of writers who do not owe to his writings much of high impulse and noble inspiration; and his influence is traceable in much of the imaginative literature of the day. But his image stands before the minds of most, not as a writer of noble English merely, but as a doer of noble deeds; one who could not only express high moral conceptions and philanthropic thoughts in strong, and fresh, and vivid language, but who could also, unlike some other writers of this class, translate thought into action; who could not only vigorously denounce social wrongs, but could and did give an earnest, active, practical sympathy to every honest attempt to right them.

"Alton Locke" is an old story now, but many will still remember the sensation which it produced upon both readers and reviewers. The mind of the higher classes was not then so familiar with the thoughts and circumstances which led to Chartism in the lower, as it has since been made, by social-political novels, leading articles, and radical reviews. It was a wonderful feat in those days to rouse the fashionable world to a deep and intense interest in the thoughts and fortunes of a Chartist tailor, even though he were a poet into the bargain. It is curious, by the way, that a very different kind of novelist—Anthony Trollope—in one of his latest productions, repeated Kingsley's earliest choice of a hero by selecting a radical member of a profession, proverbial for its radicalism, but not usually attractive to a poetical imagination. But Alton Locke is a much deeper, more earnest study than Trollope's hero, and Kingsley's novel is well worthy the perusal of all who may not have read it, if only to show them whence many other of our modern writers have caught impulse and inspiration.

Kingsley was thirty at least when "Alton Locke" was published, yet this, with its successors, "Yeast," and the vivid and powerful "Hypatia," might be considered as the fruit of what Goethe's biographer would, in Teutonic phrase, call the *Sturm-und-Drang* period, the crystallising stage through which most men of vivid imaginative impulses and strong individuality must pass; the time when the beautiful dreams of youth are as yet uncorrected by the chastening and maturing discipline of after years, and life seems full of boundless possibilities to the eager heart, which, impatient of all oppression, is apt to believe that wrongs have only to be shown in order to be redressed.

But "Westward Ho," taken all in all, must always seem to many the flower of Kingsley's imaginative genius. To those who may have chanced to read it with the fresh uncloyed appetite of youth it stands by itself as much as "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Arabian Nights," in a place of its own, unlike any other book they ever read. It should pass into the ranks of our English classics if it has not already done so, for not only is it written in pure, strong, and noble Saxon, but it leaves on the mind of the reader impressions as distinct and inef-

faceable, mental pictures as clear as those left by the "Vision of Mirza," the fatal bridge with its broken arches and the cattle grazing in "the long hollow valley of Bagdad." Who that has read the book in anything like favourable circumstances does not keep as some of his most cherished intellectual memories those of wandering in the author's delightful company among the seaside villages, the wooded dingles and hills of the soft pastoral scenery of Devonshire, or the palm and fern jungles, the mangrove swamps, the colossal cliffs and rich tropical vegetation of southern forests painted from imagination as vividly as the word-pictures in his "At Last" were painted from reality. Then there is the wonderful vividness with which he brings before us the eager, adventurous chivalric age of the maiden Queen, when the new western world had set men's imagination afire with the spirit of discovery, and such bold, restless spirits as Amyas Leigh must take to the sea as naturally as did their Norse ancestors of old. And then the wonderful variety of character, the vignettes of sweet womanly English ladies in the setting of stately baronial halls, rough, dauntless sea-captains—half-gentleman, half-sailor, like John Oxenham—rugged Puritan sailors with tender hearts, like the fine old Salvation Yeo, Jesuits, Spaniards, the shrewd money-making old merchant but devoted father of the "Rose of Torridge," the ill-fated Rose herself with her wilful impulses and passionate heart, the noble, tamed child of nature, Ayacanora, and last, but not least, the brave, simple-hearted hero Amyas himself. And the end of it all is as noble and touching an end as ever a poem or a novel had. Through it, as through all Kingsley's writings, there runs a golden thread of earnest purpose to show the nobility of truth, the dignity of labour, and the sympathy that should unite the rich and the poor. The promotion of this sympathy and mutual comprehension was, indeed, one of the main ends of his life and his labours.

Of his poetical writings not much may be said, as it is not upon these that his literary fame will chiefly rest. His "Saint's Tragedy" is a pure and beautiful rendering of the quaint old history of Elizabeth of Hungary, entering thoroughly into the spirit of her noble though over-wrought religious devotion; and this is, perhaps, the more remarkable because his own religious sympathies ran in a very different and much healthier channel. But it is a characteristic of the poetic mind to comprehend, and to a certain extent to sympathize, even where it cannot endorse. "Andromeda and Other Poems" contains some of his most familiar poems, the songs which, set to appropriate music, at once fill the ear with melody and the "inward eye" with vivid pictures, such as pre-eminently the "Three Fishers," which will hold its ground as one of our favourite and most exquisite ballads, and the "The Sands of Dee," with its still more mournful rhythm. A less-known song is "The Poacher's Widow," full of an intense throbbing indignation against the oppressive game laws that Kingsley hated so thoroughly, which might well thrill with its indignant pathos the heart of the most selfish game "preserver," and aristocratic game-seller. Another beautiful song, as picturesque and melodious as Tennyson's "Brook," is the one entitled "Cool and Clear," enshrined in his "Water Babies," a "fairy tale" which has charmed many a grown-up "land baby." The closing stanza of this song, which describes the course of a stream, at first pure, but growing "baser and baser the richer it grows," we may quote here as an instance of the moral purpose which runs through everything he wrote:

"Strong and free—strong and free!
The flood-gates are open, away to the sea!
Free and strong—free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along,
Till I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.

Undefiled, for the undefiled,
Bathe in me—lave in me—mother and child."

"The Roman and the Teuton" is the only fruit of his Cambridge Professorship of History. His bent was not towards history. His preference of the individual to the general we see in his sketches of the "Hermits," of Bondelet the Naturalist, and George Buchanan. "Hereward the Last of the English," a historical novel first published in *Good Words*, has been less read than any of his other fictions. "The Heroes" is the freshest modern rendering of the old Greek legends that has ever appeared, and the name suggests a most characteristic chapter in his recently published "Health and Education," a volume which shows us the deep and earnest interest he took in the most important social questions of the day. Some passages from the chapter on "Heroism" so distinctly bring out his fine and true appreciation of the heroic element in human character, that it may be profitable as well as pleasant to quote them here:

"These words bring us to another element in heroism—its simplicity. Whatsoever is not simple, whatsoever is affected, boastful, wilful, covetous, tarnishes, even destroys, the heroic character of a deed, because all these faults spring out of self. On the other hand, wherever you find a perfectly simple, frank, unconscious character, there you have the possibility, at least, of heroic action." "Is not the highest heroism that which is free even from the approbation of our fellow-men, even from the approbation of the best and wisest? The God-like deeds alone in the lonely chamber. The God-like lives lived in obscurity. A heroism rare among us men who live perforce in the glare and noise of the outer world: more common among women—women of whom the world never hears, who, if the world discovered them, would only draw the veil more closely over their faces and their hearts and entreat to be left alone with God. True, they cannot always hide. They must not always hide, or their fellow-creatures would lose the golden lesson. But nevertheless, it is of the essence of the perfect and womanly heroism, in which, as in all spiritual forces, woman transcends the man, that it would hide it if it could."

"I do not deny that it is more difficult to be heroic while circumstances are unheroic around us. We are all too apt to be the puppets of circumstance; all too apt to follow the fashion; all too apt, like so many minnows, to take our colour from the ground on which we lie, in hopes, like them, of comfortable concealment, lest the new tyrant deity, called public opinion, should spy us out, and like Nebuchadnezzar of old, cast us into a burning fiery furnace, which *public opinion can make very hot*, for daring to worship any God or man save the will of the temporary majority."

Kingsley's religious writings are less known and read than his secular ones, though nearly half of his published volumes, pamphlets, &c., are distinctly religious, and written in the clear muscular English that characterizes all his writings. His "Village Sermons" were his best; and the sympathy he showed with his poorer parishioners won for him the soubriquet of the "Chartist Parson," though his Chartism was of a very different kind from that of the bitter demagogue of whom the name is suggestive. He belonged to the Broad Church section of Church of England, and inclined rather to preaching the Christian life and practice than to what is now generally known as doctrinal preaching. He was an earnest friend and admirer of Frederic Denison Maurice, and one of his best minor publications was an estimate of the peculiar character and genius of this lamented friend; an interesting parallel to which may be traced in Carlyle's well-known tribute to his remarkable friend Edward Irving.

Kingsley's enthusiastic advocacy of physical training, and the observance of God's laws written in the physical as well as the spiritual being of man, has caused the somewhat abused term of "muscular Christianity" to be associated with his name; but in his efforts to lead men to a higher physical type of manhood, he could claim the endorsation

of St. Paul, who did not think it below the dignity of Christianity to teach men that they should "glorify God in their body" as well as in their spirit; since both are God's. It has been said that he has "at once sanctified literature and liberalized religion." It might be said, also, that he sought as much as possible to sanctify common life, by showing men and women how they can best improve, and use to the best purpose, the mental and physical faculties that God has given them.

One of his own purposes in writing fiction, which he never did for the mere amusement of his readers, is probably shadowed forth in the following passage, taken from the book already quoted:—

"How the heart and the emotions are wasted in these days, in reading what are called sensation-novels, all know but too well; how British literature—all that the best hearts and intellects among our forefathers have bequeathed to us—is neglected for light fiction, the reading of which is, as a lady well said, 'the worst form of intemperance—dram-drinking and opium-eating, intellectual and moral.' I know that the young will delight—they have delighted in all ages, and will to the end of time—in fictions which deal with that 'oldest tale which is forever new.' Novels will be read; but that is all the more reason why women should be trained, by the perusal of a higher, broader, deeper literature, to distinguish the good novel from the bad, the moral from the immoral, the noble from the base, the true work of art from the sham which hides its shallowness and vulgarity under a tangled plot and melodramatic situations."

His own novels, at all events, furnish healthy reading—an assisting influence in both intellectual and moral education.

The main outlines of Charles Kingsley's history are already before the public. His old English ancestry, his birth on the borders of Dartmoor, his education at King's College, London, and then at Magdalen College, Oxford, his first choice of the bar and its relinquishment for that of the clerical profession, are all well known; as is also his early residence at Chelsea, where Thomas Carlyle spoke of him, in 1847, as a young man of remarkable power and promise, full of liberal ideas and tendencies, and, indeed, a "flaming phenomenon." It may be added to this, that one of his father's first pastoral visits, as rector of Chelsea, was to that somewhat intractable parishioner, now known as the "sage of Chelsea," who survives the man whose early promise he was quick to discern.

Kingsley's first parish was his last. Not much of the private life of the Rector of Eversley—a moorland parish in Hampshire—has ever become known to the lovers of "literary gossip." In this age of biographies, his biography will probably be written; and that it will be an interesting one, who can doubt? He leaves a widow, who, at the time of his death, was prostrated by illness, and two sons and two daughters. One of his daughters contributed to the *Good Words* of 1873 an interesting and graphic sketch of her "Winter in the Rocky Mountains," whither she had gone to visit one of her brothers, who, with the paternal love of adventure, had found his way to the wilds of Colorado. Mr. Kingsley himself, drawn by the same magnet, visited these western regions last year, and combined his visit with a lecturing tour in the United States and Canada. Not a few well remember him as he appeared among us—the manly form and thoughtful, intellectual face, with its earnest eyes and firm, determined mouth and chin. No one could have dreamed that his course was so nearly run, for it has been cut short at the comparatively early age of fifty-six. It seems that his trans-Atlantic tour proved a fatal one to him, for during its course he caught a cold, from which he never recovered, and which resulted in the illness that terminated his life on the 23d of January, to the deep regret of many in both continents whom his writings had made his friends.

With the general expression of sorrow for

his loss which all England has been uttering, fitly symbolized by the mournful music of "The Dead March in Saul" that swelled through the arches of Westminster Abbey, on the afternoon succeeding his decease, we may blend our tribute of regret, from a land, whose features, material and moral, he studied with much interest on his late visit, and whose climate, he said, was well fitted to draw forth the qualities of manly strength and endurance that he so much prized.

In bidding him farewell, we can hardly conclude more fitly than in the words of an impromptu stanza of his own, which beautifully expresses the spirit and aim of all his teaching, as well as the noble beauty of his own character:—

"My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could sing to skies so dull and grey,
Yet ere we part, one lesson I would leave you,
For every day:
Be *good*, dear child, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things—not dream them all day long—
And so make life, death, and the vast forever,
One grand, sweet song."

IN MEMORIAM.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Obiit 23rd January*, 1875.

A SINGER that sang to a noble strain,
A worker that wrought for all noble aims,
Winning a name in the golden chain
Of England's sacred and deathless names—
He hath passed away to the blissful rest,
That the hardest toilers shall prize the best.

But his mellow richness of English speech,
The musical rhythm of his simple song,
The noble lessons he loved to teach,
His love of right, and his hate of wrong—
These are not gone, but shall live enwrought
With the fibres of England's soul and thought.

He brought to the dwellers in smoky towns,
The fragrance of country lanes and leas,
The salt sea-breath of the breezy downs,
Fair dreams of the southern forests and seas,
Of island lagoons where the groves of palm
Lie mirrored clear in the waveless calm.

But, better still—to the toiling crowd
By furnace-fires, amid dizzying wheels—
He brought the glad message of brotherhood,
That the blest Evangel of Christ reveals;
That not to be crushed by the rich man's pride
Were they whom *He* loved—and for whom *He* died.

Yet, not with the violence of lawless force,
Of reckless mob, or uplifted hand,
Would he make men free—'twas a higher source
Whence Christian love should redeem the land;
And, linking true men of whate'er estate,
In union of hearts, make his England great.

Be his dream fulfilled—in the noble age
That a nobler manhood shall grandly mould,
While his heroes win in the war they wage
With oppression of class and lust of gold—
So his truest monument shall rise
In his country's ennobled destinies!

Kingston. FIDELIS.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNALS.*

ON March 24th, 1866, a somewhat curious party, consisting of one European and thirty-eight attendants of various hues, languages and nationalities, was landed, together with a miscellaneous collection of animals of burden, near the mouth of the Rovuma river, on the east coast of Africa, about half-way between Mozambique and Zanzibar. From the latter place they had been brought, or towed in a native boat, by H. M. S. *Penguin*. We find in the journal now before us, that on the evening of that day, "the *Penguin* then left;" and with her left the last white man who, with the sole exception of Mr. Stanley, ever saw Dr. Livingstone alive. These Journals now give to the world his own notes of the life led and the facts ascertained by that indefatigable traveller between March 1866 and the 1st May, 1873, when his strength succumbed to the strain to which it had been too long subjected, and his wanderings ceased for ever. Can we possibly hope to convey to our readers, within the scanty limit of a few pages, and without the help of a map, any tolerable idea of the work which Dr. Livingstone accomplished, and the cost to himself at which it was done?

Most of us fancy now-a-days that we know something about Africa; but in the vast majority of cases our knowledge amounts to nothing more than an acquaintance with several names which the discoveries of recent travellers have made "household words;" while of the exact or relative position of the localities we are supremely ignorant. Given an old map of Africa in which the whole interior is monopolized by *Lunæ Montes*, a roaring lion, and a flying serpent, we very much doubt if one in a hundred, or shall we say a thousand, of the reading and intelligent public could fill in the blank space with the lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika, and the Victoria and the Albert Nyanzas, or could give, with any approximation to accuracy, the courses, as far as they are now known, of the Zambesi, the Lualaba, or the Congo. While we assume, then, the existence of an intelligent interest in Central African explorations, we shall take the liberty

* The last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa, &c., &c., by Horace Waller, F.R.G.S. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

of, at the same time, assuming the absence of accurate knowledge of the subject to be absolute and complete.

Dr. Livingstone's travels may be regarded from two points of view; first, as extending our geographical knowledge, and secondly, as conducing to the amelioration of the native races and the suppression of the slave trade. Let us look at them geographically first. To do this intelligently we must get a tolerably clear idea of the lie of the country into which we are to follow him. As the importance of his researches consists in the bearing which they have upon the solution of the ages-old mystery that attends the sources of the Nile, let us take the line of the well-known part of that river as the base from which the few figures we must necessarily introduce, can start. Alexandria lies in long. 31° E., and the prolongation southward of that meridian cuts through the centre of the district in which is laid the scene of these journals. The junction of the Blue and White Niles at Khartoum is in about 15° N.; Gondokoro, about which we wrote recently in our notice of Sir S. Baker's expedition, is at 5° N., and at 3° N. we strike the outlet of the great Albert Nyanza. On this vast inland sea no white man save Baker has yet sailed, and he only coasted along about 100 miles in a canoe. Its west shore, and the large rivers which may and do enter it there, are absolutely unknown, while its southern limit is supposed to be at about 2° S. At the distance of about 100 miles to the east of this lake, and extending from the equator to 3° S., while its width east and west is even greater, lies the enormous Victoria Nyanza, communicating with the former by a comparatively small outlet. The discoverers of these two lakes not unnaturally jumped to the conclusion that they had each solved the Nile problem; but while these huge sheets of water act as reservoirs from which that river is fed, its true sources lie far away to the south. About one degree below the Albert Nyanza lies the head of another enormous lake, Tanganyika, comparatively narrow—its average width is something less than 30 miles—but extending in a south-south-east direction nearly from 3° S., to 9° S., or about 400 miles. Further to the south-east of Tanganyika, and only about 300 miles from the coast, lies yet another large lake, Nyassa, but as this belongs to another "system" of drainage, we will dismiss it at once, as we have already quite as much as we can carry in our heads. If we mention that Zanzibar, the base from which all missionary, exploratory, or slave-hunting expeditions start for Central Africa, lies in about 6° S. latitude, about parallel with the centre of Tanganyika, from which it is distant in a straight line about 500 miles, and also with the mouth of the Congo, on the west coast, we have given all the figures which will, perhaps, be sufficient for our purpose. The task to which Livingstone set himself was to discover to which "system," north or south, Tanganyika belonged; to define the watershed, if any, between it and the Zambesi; to find out the extent and to trace the direction of the vast rivers which were known to exist to the W. of Tanganyika, and which presumably empty themselves either westwardly into the Congo, or northerly into the Nile.

It will be remembered by readers of Dr. Livingstone's previous travels that one of the great pests of the country, and drawbacks to travelling in it is the tsetse fly, the bite of which is fatal to cattle. On this occasion the caravan was supplied with camels and buffaloes from India, and donkeys, all of which it was hoped would not suffer from the tsetse. The experiment was altogether unsuccessful, the animals all dying, while their exemption from the effect of tsetse bite is still a moot point. Unfortunately for them and for his own comfort, Livingstone had brought with him a few sepoys from India; and while the laziness of these men hampered his march—he spent four months in reaching Lake Nyassa—their cruelty reduced

the animals to such a condition that one after another succumbed to the treatment they received. It is very evident that this miscellaneous horde of followers required over them a stronger hand than that of our traveller. His own instincts, and a wish to separate his own conduct by a broad line from the cruelties exercised by the Arabs towards their dependents, led him to look with far too much forbearance on the wilful delinquencies, towards himself, of his men. Any thieving in the villages or any injustice towards the natives, he invariably punished; but remonstrance was, with rare exceptions, the only penalty provoked by conduct that made his existence miserable and imperilled the success of his undertaking. However, he soon got rid of the mutinous sepoys, and at the foot of Lake Nyassa, the Johanna men also deserted in a body. It was by these men that the story of Livingstone's murder was circulated, and which was partially believed, till Mr. Young's expedition to Nyassa proved its falsity. Two months of laborious travel in a N. W. direction, and the watershed was passed, separating rivers running into Nyassa from those flowing direct into the Zambesi; and at the end of the year 1866, the high land was surmounted, which finally separates the water systems of Southern and Central Africa. The travelling all along the route was excessively difficult; the rains were very heavy, and the streams, consequently, swollen, while, in consequence of local wars and the raids of the slavers, the whole district was suffering from famine. "We all feel," says the Journal, "weak and easily tired, and an excessive hunger teases us; so it is no wonder if so large a space of this paper is occupied by stomach affairs." But the slopes of this mountainous district are described as being exceedingly beautiful, and admirably adapted for maintaining a large population, both by agriculture and in the smelting of iron ore. "I shall make this beautiful land better known, which is an essential part of the process by which it will become the 'pleasant haunt of men.' It is impossible to describe its rich luxuriance, but most of it is running to waste through the slave-trade and internal wars." It was at this time that, by the desertion of carriers who had been trusted with valuable loads, Livingstone suffered his greatest—we may call it a fatal—loss, that of his medicine chest. They took "all the dishes, a large box of powder, the flour we had purchased dearly to help us as far as the Chambezé, the tools, two guns, and a cartridge pouch; but the medicine-chest was the sorest loss of all. I felt as if I had now received the sentence of death, like poor Bishop Mackenzie. All the other goods I had divided in case of loss or desertion, but had never dreamed of losing the precious quinine and other remedies. * * Everything of this kind happens by the permission of One who watches over us with most tender care, and this may turn out for the best, by taking away a source of suspicion among more superstitious charm-dreading people farther north. I meant it as a source of benefit to my party and the heathen. * * True, yet this loss of the medicine-box gnaws at the heart terribly." The immediate effect of this loss we soon see in the Journal. "Feb. 17. Too ill with rheumatic fever to have service. This is the first attack I ever had of it—and no medicine! But I trust in the Lord, who healeth his people." And again, "March 10. I have been ill of fever ever since we left Moambés; every step I take jars in the chest and I am very weak; I can scarcely keep up the march, though formerly I was always first, and had to hold in my pace not to leave my people behind. I have a constant singing in my ears, and can scarcely hear the loud tick of the chronometers;" and again, "After I had been here a few days I had a fit of insensibility, which shows the power of fever without medicine." There can be no doubt that it is, ultimately, to this loss of his

medicine-chest that the fatal and premature termination of his wanderings is to be attributed.

Pursuing his course northwards through every conceivable discouragement and difficulty, Livingstone next surmounted the watershed dividing the Chambezé (not to be confounded with the Zambesi) from the rivers running into Lake Tanganyika, of the southern end of which, on April 1st, 1867, a little more than a year after leaving the coast, he obtained the first glimpse. "We had to descend at least 2,000 feet before we got to the level of the lake. It seems about eighteen or twenty miles broad, and we could see about thirty miles up to the north. Four considerable rivers flow into the space before us. The nearly perpendicular ridge of about 2,000 feet extends with breaks all around, and there, embosomed in tree-covered rocks, reposes the Lake peacefully, in a cup-shaped cavity. I never saw anything so still and peaceful as it lies all the morning. About noon a gentle breeze springs up, and the waves assume a bluish tinge. * * After being a fortnight at the Lake, it still appears one of surpassing loveliness. Its peacefulness is remarkable, though at times it is said to be lashed with storms. It lies in a deep basin, whose sides are nearly perpendicular, but covered well with trees; the rocks which appear are bright red argillaceous schist; the trees at present are all green; down some of these rocks come beautiful cascades, and elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes wander and graze on the more level spots, while lions roar at night. The village at which we first touched the Lake is surrounded by palm-oil trees, not the stunted ones of Lake Nyassa, but the real West Coast palm-oil tree, requiring two men to carry a branch of the ripe fruit. In the morning huge crocodiles may be observed quietly making their way to their feeding grounds; hippopotami snort at night and early in the morning." Livingstone's object now was to reach Lake Moëro, a hitherto unvisited sheet of water, lying about 150 miles due west of the south end of Tanganyika. Arriving, however, at the village of a chief called Chitimba, he found the whole country to the west utterly impassable from local wars, caused or provoked by the Arab slave traders. The only choice was either to go north—a course which involved giving up Lake Moëro—or to wait patiently. The latter was adopted, and the explorers spent three months and ten days idle in Chitimba's village. Even after this delay not more than sixty miles were accomplished before the west course was again found unsafe, and a long detour to the north had to be taken, and it was November (1868) before Livingstone reached the shores of Lake Moëro. Striking its north-east extremity, he then shaped his course due south, so as to reach the town of Casembe, the chief potentate of these parts. To this point two or three Europeans—Pereira first, and secondly Dr. Lacerda, the Portuguese governor of Tette on the Zambesi—penetrated about fifty years ago; but as the latter died in a few days after visiting the Casembe of that period—for "Casembe" is the generic name of the ruler of the district—very little information was gained by his visit. Livingstone had a grand reception from Casembe, whom he describes as having "a heavy uninteresting countenance, without beard or whiskers, and somewhat of the Chinese type, and his eyes have an outward squint. He sat on a square seat placed on lion and leopard skins, and was clothed in a coarse blue and white Manchester print, edged with red baize, and arranged in large folds, so as to look like a crinoline put on wrong side foremost. His arms, legs, and head were covered with sleeves, leggings, and cap made of various coloured beads in neat patterns; a crown of yellow feathers surmounted his cap. He smiled but once, and that was pleasant enough, though the cropped ears and lopped hands of many of his subjects, and the sixty

human skulls at the gate made me indisposed to look on anything with favour. Casembe's smile was excited by his dwarf making some uncouth antics before him. His executioner also came forward to look; he had a broad Lunda sword on his arm, and a curious scissor-like instrument at his neck for cropping ears. On saying to him his was nasty work, he smiled, and so did many who were not sure of their ears for a moment; many men of respectability show that at some former time they have been thus punished. * * Casembe's chief wife passes frequently to her plantation carried by six, or more frequently, by twelve men, in a sort of palanquin, and she has European features but light brown complexion. A number of men ran before her brandishing swords and battle-axes, and one beats a hollow instrument, giving warning to passengers to clear out of the way; she has two enormous pipes ready filled for smoking. The people seem more savage than any I have yet seen; they strike each other barbarously from mere wantonness, but they are civil enough to me."

We may here remark upon the unsatisfactory nature of these journals as now published. They were never intended, of course, for publication, but were the daily records and jottings from which no doubt a fuller account would have been compiled had their author survived to do so. But laid before us as they now are, they not only at times are indistinct and difficult to follow, but many things on which we long to know more are but scantily touched on, or are even merely hinted at. Thus, for instance, the name of "Lake Bemba or Bangweolo" is incidentally introduced in the journal; the first mention of a vast sheet of water, hitherto altogether unknown, and near the shores of which the life of the most enterprizing of all African travellers was in a few years time to ebb away. It is only by piecing several extracts together that we find that as long ago as 1863 Livingstone had heard of a Lake Bemba, but being convinced in his own mind that Bemba was identical with Liemba, the name of the S. end of Lake Tanganyika, he had made for that point instead of following down the Chambezé which flowed into the real Lake Bemba, only about 80 miles W. of his route. Finding out his mistake he wished to go due S. from Casembe's until he reached Bemba or Bangweolo, but was dissuaded from doing so by the accounts of its extreme unhealthiness at that season. Turning, therefore, his face once more to the N., Livingstone prepared to retrace his steps to Lake Moëro, and then to find his way E. to Tanganyika and to ascend that Lake to Ujiji, the trading depot, to which he had ordered supplies to be sent to him from Zanzibar. Putting this plan into execution he reached a large village called Kabwabwata in January, 1868, where he was detained three months and a half, and then finding his progress N. still barred he once more starts S., determined this time that he will reach the mysterious Lake Bangweolo; and with only five attendants and a very small stock of supplies he presented himself again at Casembe's five months after leaving it. One more month was passed wearily at Casembe's, and then in about six weeks, on 18th July, 1868, he at last reached the shores of Bangweolo, the last, as far as we know, of the great lakes of Central Africa. The simple record in the journal is: "On the 18th I walked a little way out of the village and saw the shores of the lake for the first time, thankful that I had come safely hither." He spent some days on the lake, making calculations, taking measurements, and visiting one large island near its centre. Bangweolo is egg-shaped, its greatest length being about 140 miles and its greatest width about 70. It lies about 3,688 feet above the sea or about 1,000 feet higher than Tanganyika, a fact which seems to have opened Dr. Livingstone's eyes to the probability of the two not being connected together. From

its N.W. corner flows the huge stream Lualaba, which takes a N. direction to Lake Moëro. To this stream, so extremely important in the present position of the Nile problem, we must return at another time.

Livingstone was unable to induce the natives to ferry him across Bangweolo. Neither could he obtain canoes for the descent of the Lualaba, and so having satisfied himself as to the extent of the lake, he again reluctantly turned N., and after passing through very great perils—the whole country being in arms on account of some Arab traders' raid—he reached his old post at Kabwabwata, after an absence of six months. He had now been travelling for two years and a half, and of course, his supplies of goods, the "sinews" of all locomotion in Africa, were well-nigh exhausted. His great desire was, therefore, to reach Ujiji as soon as possible. Another delay, however, of forty days was necessitated by the disturbed state of the country, and by the tardiness of the Arab traders with whom he was going to travel. At last, however, he is off in a N. E. direction for Tanganyika. On the way he is seized with illness, fever and congestion of the lungs, and was unable to walk. He now, too, lost count of the days and could make no entries in his journal. However, on February 14, 1869, he reached the shore of Tanganyika, and after a canoe voyage of 220 miles arrived at Ujiji, which is on the E. shore, in lat. 5° S., long. 30° E., on March 14. Here he had calculated on finding supplies, and above all, medicine. But the latter and the most valuable part of the stores had been left at Unyanyembe, thirteen days to the E.; while of the goods that had reached Ujiji more than four-fifths had been stolen! His strong constitution, however, soon rallied under the influence, he tells us, of tea, flour, and flannel; and in three months, tired of waiting for supplies from the coast, he again deliberately turns away to the westward.

The exploration on which Livingstone now entered was the most venturesome of all his undertakings. The Manyuema country lying to the W. of the N. end of Tanganyika in lat. 4° and 5° S. was absolutely unknown. Into this region some venturesome traders, *i. e.* slavers, were intending to penetrate, and Livingstone, badly equipped as he was, determined to accompany them, hoping to strike the Lualaba River, and by descending it to solve the question whether it was really the Congo or the Nile. Crossing Tanganyika, therefore, he struck out in a N. W. direction. Nothing of importance occurred before reaching Bambarre, the town of Moenekuss, the chief potentate of the district, who, however, had just died. Here he remained about five weeks, and then on again to the west through "a country surpassingly beautiful, mountainous, with villages perched on the talus of each great mass for the sake of quick drainage. The streets often run E. and W. that the bright blazing sun may lick up the moisture quickly from off them. The dwelling-houses are generally in line, with public meeting-houses at each end. Inside, the dwellings are clean and comfortable. Palms crown the heights of the mountains, and the forests, usually about five miles broad, between the villages are indescribable. Climbers of cable size in great numbers hang among the gigantic trees; many unknown wild fruits abound, some the size of a child's head, and strange birds and monkeys are everywhere. The soil is excessively rich, and the people, though isolated by old feuds that are never settled, cultivate largely." Into this comparatively happy land, where local feuds and a vague dread of the cannibal Manyuema were the only disturbing influences, the Arab dealers now flocked in crowds; and forthwith all was changed. Bloodshed, cruelty, slavery, burning villages, all followed from the invasion of men armed with guns, and unrestrained by a single principle or right feeling. We read in one case of "nine villages destroyed and one hun-

dred men killed, all about a string of beads fastened to a powder-horn, which a Manyuema man tried in vain to steal." From Bambarre he made more than one attempt to advance, but either the hostility of the natives or the impracticability of the route forced him back. This is a specimen of the sort of work which an African traveller has to undergo. "The Merabé palm had taken possession of a broad valley, and the leaf-stocks, as thick as a strong man's arm, and twenty feet long, had fallen off and blocked up all passage except by one path, made and mixed up by the feet of the buffaloes and elephants. In places like this the leg goes up to the thigh in elephant holes, and it is grievous; three hours of this slough tired the strongest; a brown stream ran through the centre, waist deep, and washed off a little of the mud. Our path now lay through a river covered with a living vegetable bridge, made by a species of glossy leafed grass, which folds itself into a mat capable of bearing a man's weight, but it bends in a foot or fifteen inches each step." On another occasion, he "Crossed a hundred yards of slush waist deep, and full of holes made by elephants' feet, the path hedged in by grass intertwined and very tripping." It is no wonder that he was now attacked with irritable ulcers on his feet. He struggled back to Bambarre, and, being without medicine, it was eighty days before he could leave his hut!

Many weeks more were passed in expectation of receiving letters forwarded from Ujiji, and a new set of carriers. Worthless the latter were when they did arrive, but Livingstone once more started for the west, and on March 31st, 1871, succeeded in reaching the banks of the great Lualaba River. "It is narrower than it is higher up, but still a mighty river—at least 3,000 yards broad and always deep." Across this noble and mysterious stream he longed to pass with intense longing, and to reach another large river, the Lomane, which flows through an extensive lake, of which he heard and which he named Lake Lincoln, into the Lualaba. By ascending the Lomane, he hoped to reach a group of four fountains, of which he heard vague accounts as springing up close together out of a conical hill. These fountains he supposed to have given occasion for the story told to Herodotus by the secretary of Minerva in the city of Sais about the two hills, Crophi and Mophi. But this longing was not to be gratified. The natives, urged by the traders to put obstacles in his way, would not sell him a canoe or allow him to advance. In other respects he was very pleased with the people of this district, who, excepting some little peculiarities in the way of occasional cannibalism, were a very good sort of folk, industrious, and keenly alive to a bargain. A most cold-blooded massacre, however, was perpetrated in his sight by Arab traders on unoffending women in the market-place, and the horror and disgust excited by this act at last decided him to retreat once more, and separate himself from his Arab surroundings. He constantly recurs to that bloody scene as one which he could not banish from his mind. And so in July, 1871, he once more starts east for Ujiji. His intention was, having been foiled in his attempt to cross the Lualaba, to return to Tanganyika, pass south again to Bangweolo, and by that route reach the Four Fountains and Lake Lincoln. It was almost as if a traveller, wishing to reach the Pacific coast, had been turned back from the Fraser River, and been compelled to retrace his steps to Manitoba, and then strike south for the route of the Pacific railway, and so reach the goal to which he had once been so near. The return journey to Ujiji was one of great danger, as the lawless raids of the traders had raised the whole country, and several times his party was attacked. However, Livingstone got through safely, and on October 23rd, 1871, again reached Ujiji, once more to find that his stores had been plundered, and that the supplies on which he counted were not forthcoming; but four

days afterwards, while very much depressed, his spirits were suddenly cheered by the arrival of Mr. Stanley, whose relief was most opportune.

In a fortnight the worn-out traveller was himself again, and once more off on an exploration of the north end of Tanganyika. And now, perhaps, we are in position to take a brief but comprehensive glance at the Nile problem, and to see how far Livingstone's work contributed to its solution. It is now admitted that the two great lakes, the Victoria and the Albert Nyanzas, are not the ultimate sources of that river, and we also know the amount of water which the eastern-most of the two, the Victoria, contributes to it, and also the utmost extent of country of which it can receive the drainage. But of the affluents of the Albert Nyanzas, we know absolutely nothing; neither do we know the extent of a large river, the Bahr Ghazal, which enters the Nile about 10° North. The question then is, does Tanganyika connect with the Albert Nyanza, and does the Lualaba, draining that vast extent of country as far South as 12°, deliver its water to the Nile or the Congo. Livingstone and Stanley now settled one point—Tanganyika does not flow directly north into the Albert Nyanza, but high hills intervene between the two. Both are apparently about the same altitude above the sea, viz.: 2,730 feet, but the height of the Nyanza requires verification, as no one but Baker has yet calculated it. Livingstone always maintained that there was a large outlet from Tanganyika somewhere in the North, from a perceptible set in the stream in that direction—indeed he is inclined to view the lake as merely an enormously broad river; and it is satisfactory to hear, by the last English mail, that on Lieut. Cameron's survey of the lake, the sheets of which have only just reached England, a large outlet is marked near the north-west angle, very close to the spot indicated as probable by Livingstone. It is likely that this connects with the Luarro, a river which he crossed, and which joins the Lualaba. It will be remembered that between Nyassa and Tanganyika, Livingstone crossed a river called Chambeze, flowing south-west. Misled by the name he thought it to be a branch of the Zambesi, a mistake which it cost him, he tells us, two years of travel to rectify, and, we may say, eventually cost him his life. If he had followed the flow of the Chambeze in 1867, he would have discovered Lake Bangweolo then, instead of 18 months later; he would have seen the great Lualaba flowing north out of it, and would, no doubt, have found means to descend that mighty stream, or would have followed the watershed until he reached its western branch. Having worked out at last, by many hundred miles of tramping, and many years of weary work, and still more weary waiting, the first part of the problem; having found what there was to do, and also the directions in which it was *not* possible to do it; Livingstone now determined to make one more effort to finish his work before he allowed himself to think of returning home, which he longed intensely to do. But for this expedition stores and men were needed, and he therefore accompanied Stanley on his return to the coast as far as Unyanyembe, and there waited till supplies were sent to him from Zanzibar. Once more we get an idea of the patience required by an African traveller. Stanley left Unyanyembe on the 14th March; the men whom he despatched from the coast did not reach Livingtone till the 15th August!

He had now been in Africa since March 1866, six years and five months; but he was not satisfied with his dicoveries; they were imperfect, "I know," he says, "too much to to be positive. It would be comfortable to be positive like Baker. How soothing to be positive! Instead of that I am not at all 'cock-sure' that I have not been following what after all may be the Congo." We see him now, for we must hurry onward, marching south, along the east shore of Tanganyika, then round its south end; then unaccount-

ably making a long detour to the west, and eventually by a south course, striking Lake Bangweolo near its east end. Anything more dismal than the marshes and "sponges" through which the route lay it is impossible to conceive. "Went one hour and a quarter to a large stream, through drizzling rain, at least 300 yards of deep water, among sedges and sponges for 100 yards. One part was neck deep for 50 yards and the water cold. We plunged in elephants' foot-prints one hour-and-a-half. Carrying me across one of the deep sedgy rivers is a very difficult task. One we crossed was at least 2000 feet broad: the first part came up to Susi's mouth. * * Wet, wet, wet; sloppy weather truly. * * It is all water everywhere. It is the Nile apparently enacting the inundations, even at its sources. The amount of water spread over the country certainly excites my wonder; it is prodigious." It is not to be wondered at that his old enemy, dysentery, returned with all this exposure and incessant wetting. It was about April 10th, that the attacks became severe, and thenceforward he gradually sank. Still pressing on, still "longing to be permitted by the Over Power to finish his work," he could no longer walk; then he became too weak to ride the one donkey that remained to him, and his men improvised a rude litter. On April 19th, we read, "no observations now, owing to great weakness. I can scarcely hold a pencil, and my stick is a burden." From the 22nd to the 26th, no entry but the date and the few hours marched. On the 27th April, (1873) we read, in the lithographic fac-simile of his diary, "Knocked up quite and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goat. We are on the banks of the Molilamo." And then the pencil dropped from his hands for ever. "Very early on the morning of May 1st, the lad who had been attending him hurriedly called the faithful Susi and Chuma, who ran to his hut. Passing inside they looked toward the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it; but appeared to be engaged in prayer. He was kneeling by the side of the bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands on the pillow. For a minute they watched him; he did not stir; there was no sign of breathing; then one advanced softly to him and placed his hands on his cheeks. It was sufficient; life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold: Livingstone was dead." "Is it presumptuous, then, to think," continues his loving biographer, "that the long-used fervent prayer of the wanderer sped forth once more, that the constant supplication became more perfect in weakness, and that from his 'loneliness' David Livingstone, with a dying effort, yet again besought Him for whom he had laboured, to break down the oppression and woe of the land."

Few are the words which we need, or indeed have space to add. The publication of the journals in their present form was a necessity, but except to those who take a keen interest in the subject and have some previous knowledge of it, this volume will possibly prove unsatisfactory. The route, even with the map, is difficult to follow, and the reader has to work out the results for himself. No one, of course, will be able to give us the impression which the varied scenes through which he passed, and of which we have the barest record, left on the great traveller's mind, and the life-giving touches which he alone could have added, are lost for ever; but, no doubt, a more readable volume will be prepared, dealing more with results, and omitting most of the dry details. Supplemented as this will be by the result of the explorations which Lieut. Cameron is now carrying on, every one will then be able to understand how vast were the contributions made by Dr. Livingstone to the solution of the great Nile problem.

And not only geographically is his work important. He has shewn the world what the slave-trade in Central Africa really is;

how indescribably terrible to the sufferers; how brutalising to the dealers; how subversive of all prosperity to the beautiful and fruitful lands overrun by these rascally marauders. An involuntary witness of atrocities he could not prevent, he invariably raised his voice for humanity and mercy; this much we see, though of course his journal records rather the facts which he witnessed than the actions, still less the feelings, to which they gave rise in his own person. Again and again he, involuntarily as it were, dwells on the atrocities and miseries of the slave traffic, especially that cold-blooded massacre on the banks of the Lualaba. We find that sometimes his protests were of avail, that his appeals to the better feelings of some of the traders were not altogether in vain. In personal danger we find him unflinching; in danger brought on by the behaviour of those with whom he happened to be travelling, he kept himself and his men out of the brawl as much as possible, and as far as his journals shew, he never drew a trigger on a human being, even in self-defence. Firmly repressing theft among his own followers; up to the very last having service on Sunday, and never travelling, if it could be avoided, on that day; dropping a word of counsel where it was possible; awowing to the Arabs that he was a "child of Jesus ben Miriam;" teaching the native chiefs somewhat from the Bible about the Great Father in Heaven —while detained in Manyuema he read the Bible through three times—we cannot doubt that the silent influence of this one solitary white man, who set his face against wrong and robbery, who protected the oppressed and did harm to none, will be lastingly felt in Central Africa. "Many," he says in one place, "have found out I am not one of the slave-traders, and they stand up and call loudly, Bolongo! Bolongo! (Friendship!) I overhear the Manyuema telling each other I am the 'good one.'" To the English and American public his constant wish was to appeal for aid in suppressing the slave trade, "the great open sore of the world." He knew there was a large class to whom he would appeal in vain, people who talked glibly about first assisting their heathen at home. With such, he says, argument is useless, and the only answer I care to give is the remark of the English sailor, who on seeing slave-dealers actually at their occupation, said to his companion, "Shiver my timbers, mate, if the devil don't catch these fellows, we might as well have no devil at all."

No notice of the book would be complete without an account of what befel Dr. Livingstone's body. Three of his young men had been in his service for eight years, and others had become deeply attached to him. They anxiously consulted together in that early May morning, and came to the conclusion that, at all hazards, the body must be taken back to Zanzibar. It was therefore prepared, rudely of course, with salt, brandy, and such other things as they had at hand, and a litter having been constructed, the cortege started. When we remember the superstitious horror with which such people regard a dead body, and can realize the enormous distance that lay between L. Bangweolo and the coast—a distance which it had taken them exactly eleven months to travel with Livingstone—we shall begin to comprehend the marvellous devotion to the dead which inspired those young men safely to convoy their precious charge to the British cruiser at Bagamoio. Three of them, Susi, Chuma, and Jacob Wainwright, accompanied the body to England, and saw it finally laid to rest among England's greatest and noblest dead in Westminster Abbey. On the stone covering that grave may be read these words, written by Dr. Livingstone exactly a year before he died—words which give utterance to the feeling nearest to his heart:—

"All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down upon every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

TO A CROW.

OLD Crow, if you did but know
How we fret and scrape below,
And die of toil before we accomplish rest,
You would guess, though you can but caw,
Why I sigh at your sticks and straw,
And so envy the easy building of your nest.

You have but to come and go,
You good-for-nothing old Crow!
The earth has worms, and plenty of twigs will fall;
But a man has to strive all day,
Weary labour and scanty pay,
And the world is wide, and there are not twigs for all.

And each new Spring you can find
A lady-mate to your mind;
And the present bliss is marred by no old pain;
No face of a banished Crow
Looks out of your "long ago,"
To say "Ah love!" and "so soon happy again!"

Ah bird, have you ever heard
Of sick hearts from hope deferred?
And how hard it is for a man to find his mate?
Can birds be disordered so,
As to love what they let go—
As to love and lose, and then to find and hate?

You only caw a reply
That may pass for "No" or "Ay,"
Yet that discordant tone is music to me;
A pleasant, prosperous sound,
That seems to say, "though not found,
Somewhere or other thy joy is waiting for thee!"

Ottawa. ALICE HORTON.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Dominion Parliament assembled, for the despatch of business, on the 4th ultimo. The Speech from the Throne was a very modest one, and the few measures announced were fitted into their places without redundant verbiage. They even seemed to shrink, as if alarmed at the greatness thrust upon them. Mr. Mackenzie has not yet learned the art of puffing his wares with the exuberant rhetoric of his predecessors. That accomplishment will, no doubt, come in time; meanwhile it is something novel to find few things dressed, as becomes them, in few words. The legislation in prospect consists of five bills only. One, for the creation of a Supreme Court, which, from its comparative prominence in the Speech, is, we suppose, to be the *pièce de résistance* of the session. The second will provide a new Insolvency Law, or patch up the old one; the third has for its object the reorganization of the North-West Government, including the consolidation of its laws; and the other two relate to Insurance and Copyright respectively. The debate on the Address was tame and insipid—the only speakers who took part in it being the mover and seconder, Sir John Macdonald and the Premier. The leader of the Opposition, although he attempted to present a cheerful front, evidently felt the hopelessness of the situation. As a matter of course he complained, in stereotyped phrase, that "the bill of fare was rather a meagre one." We have learned to expect this clause in an Opposition speech at the opening of every session, much as we expect Mr. Speaker to inform the House that "His Excellency was pleased to deliver a most gracious Speech, of which he had, for greater accuracy, obtained a copy." It was only a day or two after, that Earl Granville applied the same term to Mr. Disraeli's legislative programme. Meagreness, however, is not altogether synonymous with poverty; for the dishes, though few in number, may be succulent and substantial. In reply, the Premier promised to provide a few extra dainties, in order to cloy, if he could not satisfy, Sir John's voracious appetite. Some of these supplementary measures have been introduced, and we think their importance would have justified a reference to them in the Speech. Mr. Disraeli would certainly have tricked them out in his most attractive style; but then he is a master of the art expressed in poor Richard's injunction—"Always put the best on the outside."

In a time of political lethargy, like the present, legislation of a startling kind is not to be looked for. A party in power, with an overwhelming majority, seldom ventures upon radical measures, unless there is a groove cut, in which it is pledged or compelled to advance, or a leader with the nervous energy of Mr. Gladstone. Public men are not disposed to tread upon dangerous ground, when they can avoid it; and, therefore, the "rest and be thankful" policy is agreeable to them because it is safe. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that Ministers have other functions besides law-making and speech-making. They may not be so conspicuous; but they are quite as important. In this country, at any rate, it is essential that the head of a department should be an able administrator. In England, where the official machinery is more complex, and the division of labour carried to its fullest extent, this is not equally requisite, although, perhaps, it is rapidly becoming so. When the distinguished abilities of men like Gladstone or Salisbury seem wanting to adjust the finances, or to govern

India, the people are not slow in calling for them. Yet these are exceptional cases; taking the general run of departments, it will be found that, in the majority of instances, the Minister is looked upon as an intruder when he meddles with the affairs of an office over which he is supposed to preside. Mr. Mackenzie's talents are chiefly of the administrative order, and it will be readily admitted that if he had nothing but the Pacific Railway in charge, his hands would be full. Certainly it is better to promise less than one intends to perform, than to announce a large budget of measures and then leave two-thirds of them to perish in "the slaughter of the innocents," or, if we may use the expression, strangle them before they are born.

Sir John Macdonald, in his somewhat feeble criticism of the Speech, did not venture to suggest any pressing subject of legislation it omitted, but contented himself with a brief glance at what it contained. With respect to the Indian treaty, he took the singular position that Parliament might withhold its assent, although he admitted that it would be exceedingly dangerous to do so. In explanation he corrected himself by making a very subtle distinction—too subtle, certainly, for the minds of Crees or Salteaux. "With respect," he said, "to the treaty with the Indians, it was in the nature of a contract with persons who were Her Majesty's subjects, though they were in some degree held to be a separate body, with whom contracts are to be made which are by courtesy called treaties." In other words, an Indian tribe is a sort of joint-stock company, with only one power—that of alienating its lands. If Sir John had said that "they were a separate body, though they were in some degree held to be Her Majesty's subjects," he would have been nearer the fact. In what sense are they the Queen's subjects? Merely for the purpose of protection on the one hand, or of coercion on the other. They are not members of the community in any intelligible sense, social or political; they have a government of their own which we recognize, peculiar institutions which we acknowledge; and they have tribal territory of their own which we admit to be theirs, or we should not purchase it in treaty form. Sir John may call this a contract, if he chooses; the Indian regards it as a treaty and would view the repudiation of it, blunt though his moral perceptions may be, as a gross breach of faith with his nation. Add to this, that the treaty in question was concluded and ratified in the ordinary way and could not be vetoed by Parliament without the gravest risk, and the case in favour of the Government view is complete.

The leader of the Opposition referred also to the proposed establishment of a Supreme Court. Of the hon. gentleman's experience on this subject, there can be no doubt; for he was studying it fitfully, and promising legislation upon it during nearly six years. The normal period of gestation, however, was completed long since without resulting in a birth. The primary cause of delay was no doubt correctly stated by Sir John—the difficulty of obtaining "a Court that would be satisfactory to all parts of the Dominion, chiefly on account of the Province of Quebec." It remains to be seen how the Minister of Justice proposes to solve this delicate problem. If he has approached it from the narrow stand-point of sectionalism, we venture to predict that the measure will prove abortive. That the interests of Quebec should be cared for, every one will agree, but not that they should be exclusively cared for. We can sympathize with the attachment of French Canadians to their language and their laws; but if the Supreme Court is to be acceptable to the whole Dominion, each Province must be prepared to concede some portion of its judicial autonomy to all the rest. It has been stated that the Imperial Government intends to abolish the appellate

jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, at least in Colonial matters. To this no objection can be taken, for appeals to England, besides being cumbersome and expensive, are unnecessary. Canada is no longer in a state of tutelage. Self-government, defence, fiscal arrangements, and the treaty-making power, are practically in her own hands. It is therefore an anomaly that the appellate jurisdiction—the last relic of the old Colonial system—should any longer remain. If then we are to have an ultimate Court of Appeal on our own soil, it is all-important that the Act which constitutes it should be closely, and even jealously, scanned. There are those who desire to be rid of the Judicial Committee for other reasons than those we have advanced, and who hope, by the aid of M. Fournier, to frame the Supreme Court to their liking; but we much mistake the temper of the Dominion Parliament, if it should give its sanction to these designs, or consent to deliver the Province of Quebec, bound hand and foot, into the power of the hierarchy.

There is another question which may arise in the discussion of the proposed measure. The Speech from the Throne states that "it is essential to our system of jurisprudence, and to the settlement of constitutional questions." M. Fréchette, who moved the Address, spoke vaguely regarding "the constitutional questions;" but Mr. Colin McDougall, the seconder, was not so reticent. He evidently contemplated a Supreme Court like that of the neighbouring Republic, having authority to pronounce upon the validity of Acts of the Dominion and Local Parliaments. How far Mr. McDougall was inspired in this utterance, and how far, like other preachers, he was making a sermon by a fanciful expansion of his text, it is impossible to say. Sir John Macdonald, whose opinion is certainly entitled to great consideration from the prolonged and searching examination he must have made of the subject in all its bearings, said he "scarcely understood how this court could be essential for the settlement of constitutional questions So far as he was able to judge, the court could only decide upon simply legal questions." It would certainly seem so, if we turn to the British North America Act. The only provision of the Imperial Statute which authorizes the constitution of such a court as the one proposed, indirectly excludes any such matters of jurisdiction as those referred to by Mr. McDougall. The one hundred and first clause reads as follows:—"The Parliament of Canada may, notwithstanding anything in this Act, from time to time, provide for the constitution, maintenance, and organization of a General Court of Appeal for Canada, and for the establishment of any additional courts *for the better administration of the laws of Canada.*" Now it can hardly be contended that to administer laws and to override them mean the same thing. The framers of the Act never contemplated the establishment of an American Supreme Court in Canada. It would be an excrescence upon our constitutional system, which has for its two cardinal principles responsible government and the omnipotence of parliament. If we believe the American system to be superior to our own, let us adopt it as a whole; but if, on the other hand, we think our model superior to our neighbour's, let us preserve it in its integrity. To patch one system by fragments taken from another would be like adding toes of clay to a head of gold and shoulders of brass. Besides, the Imperial Act, by sections fifty-six and ninety, makes direct provision for the disallowance of unconstitutional bills, and therefore the proposed Court, as Mr. McDougall regards it, so far from being "essential," would directly conflict with our federal constitution. Of course it would be easy to suggest cases, more or less of a constitutional character, though strictly speaking legal questions, which would come within the letter and spirit of

the statute. All we contend for is, that no court can be established in Canada which has power to decide whether, for example, the New Brunswick School Law be valid or not. There are other matters connected with the proposed Court which are of considerable importance, such, for instance, as the moot point whether its jurisdiction shall be original as well as appellate, or appellate only. We have no doubt that serious attention will be given to the Government Bill by both Houses; we trust that ministers will not attempt to force it through in its entirety merely by the rude power of its majority, and that the result of the Parliamentary sifting may be a measure acceptable to every part of the Dominion.

We have reason to be thankful that the Amnesty question has been, to all appearance, finally set at rest. The history of the Red River troubles, from first to last, is a sad homily on the evil results of party virulence and fanatical zeal. When the future chronicler shall set himself to record the annals of our time, he will find here the materials for a chapter, discreditable indeed to us, but full of instruction and full of warning to posterity. At the outset it was party spirit, reinforced by the craft of creed, which transformed discontent into rebellion. It was a party press that poisoned the minds of the ignorant *Metis* by traducing the character of Mr. McDougall, and prevented, at the moment of its consummation, a quiet transfer of power from the Company to the Crown. Party was the only gainer by the tragedy of March 4, 1870; for, on one side or the other, each in turn and sometimes both together, the factions have never ceased to "play at loggats" with the bones of poor Thomas Scott. One party eager for a favouring breeze, thought fit to prick the bag of Æolus and let loose dangerous elements—religious rancour and antipathy of race. The other bowed to the storm, crouching as the camel does in a desert simoom with its nose in the sand, and sniffing for a healthful breath from any quarter. In short, the one raised a pestilent agitation which it has found it difficult to lay; whilst the other attempted to deceive everybody and succeeded in deluding none. The former did not in fact work so much mischief as it might have done; the latter has found itself numbered by Archbishop Taché with those "that palter with us in a double sense; that keep the word of promise to our ear and break it to our hope." We have endeavoured to point the moral without narrating the story; of the latter we have had enough and to spare. Still it seems necessary to a right understanding of the final issue, that we should gather up the threads of fact and weave them into a consistent whole. This we shall endeavour to do in as few words as possible, referring those who desire ampler details to the blue-books, and especially to the lucid and impartial summary given in Lord Dufferin's despatch of the 10th December last. If we weed out such matters as the payment of money to Riel to quit the country and the negotiations for a seat for Sir George Cartier after his defeat for Montreal—which though important in their way do not touch the main question—we shall find that the facts may be compressed within reasonable limits. They may be brought in this rough sketch under three heads,—the mission of Archbishop Taché and his subsequent dealings with the Government, the mission of the delegates, and the subsequent treatment of the insurgent leaders by Lieutenant-Governor Archibald. We shall take a rapid view of each in order, endeavouring, as far as possible, not to state anything which the evidence fails to establish.

The good offices of Archbishop Taché were sought by the Government after the arrest of the three gentlemen sent to Red River with his Excellency's proclamation. In compliance with the earnest entreaties addressed to him, he left Rome and in due course presented himself at Ottawa. The

Governor-General preferred giving him no instructions; Mr. Howe desired the Archbishop to put himself in communication with the three emissaries and follow the proclamation; and Sir John Macdonald promised a general amnesty, and further, that, so far as the Hudson Bay Company's stores were concerned, he would stand between the insurgents and harm. Clothed with these powers, the prelate arrived upon the scene on the 9th of March, five days after the murder of Scott. Subsequently, in the exercise of the plenary powers he possessed, or imagined he possessed, the Archbishop issued a promise of general amnesty, condoning in distinct terms also the crime of Riel and Lepine. The latter clause was doubtless added to reassure the insurgent leaders, and although he appears to have thought that the general amnesty he was empowered to proclaim would cover the murder, it was admitted in his letter that he had taken upon himself a responsibility of which he was sensible. In his reply, Mr. Howe repudiated the Archbishop's action, and informed him that "the prerogative of mercy rested solely with Her Majesty the Queen." Up to this point everything appears open and above board. It is plain that neither the Governor's proclamation nor Sir John's assurance of an amnesty could have been framed with any view to the pardon of a crime which had not been committed. At the same time, it is equally clear that the course of the Government in despatching the Archbishop to Red River with untrammelled authority was utterly indefensible. It might easily have been foreseen that there was every probability, considering that there were two hostile parties armed in the Settlement, that some felony or other would be committed, apart from the act of treason itself. The careless and perfunctory manner in which Ministers discharged their duty to Crown and country was the proximate cause of the angry altercations which ensued. Archbishop Taché had power to proclaim a general amnesty, granted, it is true, before the great crime had been committed; still it *was* a general amnesty, given heedlessly and unhedged by limitations, and the Archbishop took the full benefit of it. If he erred, the Government could not, by subsequently rectifying their mistake, get rid of the responsibility of raising, through the Archbishop, hopes they had no power to satisfy. This will be the more evident when it is remembered that Sir George's reassuring letter was written the day after Mr. Howe's disavowing despatch.

Let us now consider the relations between the Government and the delegates, Father Richot, Judge Black, and Alfred Scott. These gentlemen were appointed at a Convention, which, immediately after their appointment, constituted the Provisional Government under Riel, and framed the Bill of Rights. The question has been raised, whether the delegates were received at Ottawa as from the Convention or from Riel and his colleagues; but it is not material. They were armed with authority from both, and, in the reported interviews with Ministers, it is evident that the Convention was merely used as a mask to cover the real parties to the negotiation. We are not disposed to place implicit confidence in these reports, but this seems to be a fact beyond dispute. Now, what was the exact position of the Government in regard to the amnesty? When it is said that "an amnesty was promised," what meaning are we to attach to the phrase? It is clear that there is an *equivoque* lurking in the words. If we are to understand by them that Ministers promised that they would grant an amnesty, the statement is untrue, for no such promise was ever made. From the "private and strictly confidential" letter of Sir George Cartier, dated 5th July, 1870, to the letters written in London during his last illness (8th and 22nd February, 1873), the Minister's declarations are clear and consistent, that the de-

sired amnesty could only be effected by a direct exercise of the Royal Prerogative by the Queen herself. On the other hand, if by "the promise of an amnesty" be meant the promise that Ministers would use their influence with the Imperial Government to obtain one, it is unquestionably true. Nay more, we fear it must also be admitted that Sir George, at any rate, spoke as if he had assurances that it would be, or had been, granted, and that its proclamation was only a question of time.

We have already expressed our distrust of conversations reported by interested parties who, however veracious, naturally and often unconsciously colour the language of those with whom they converse. Still we have here the concurrent testimony of six witnesses. Father Richot stated that he was assured that "an amnesty would be granted immediately after the passing of the Manitoba Bill." Alfred Scott (since dead) wrote that he was informed Her Majesty intended to exercise the Royal Prerogative of mercy, "by the grant of a general amnesty." M. Royal said that Sir George asked him to tell Riel that "the amnesty is a settled affair; that the thing is done." Mr. Girard was assured also by Sir George that "he might be certain the amnesty would come before long." The other witnesses are entirely unexceptional. Major Futvoye, Deputy Minister of Militia, testified that he heard Sir George say to Father Richot, "I guarantee that you shall have all you demand," and finally, M. Sulte, Sir George's private Secretary, stated that he had heard the Minister "repeatedly assure Father Richot that the people would not be troubled in reference to what had taken place." If further evidence were wanting, Sir George himself supplied it in his letter of the 5th July, 1870, to the Archbishop, and in his memorandum of the 8th of June in the same year.

When the indefatigable prelate found that all these promises and assurances were fallacious, he threatened to "publish," but was earnestly entreated not to do so. From that time the tone of Ministers grew less confident. Sir John telegraphed that Sir George would do all he could—an assurance which he thought should be satisfactory; and a promise was made that the Premier, during his contemplated visit to England, would press the question of amnesty upon the Imperial Government. The probability is that, after sounding the Cabinet at home, they were convinced that they had gone too far, and were most anxious to cover their retreat. It is evident that, from the first, there was no reasonable expectation of a general amnesty being granted, which would pardon the murderers of Scott. No despatch has been produced of an early date to warrant the hopes raised in the minds of the *Metis* by Sir George Cartier. The only two published, so far as we are aware, suffice to dispel any such delusion. The late Government made an appeal to the Earl of Kimberley, in a minute of Council dated 4th June, 1873, couched in language of refreshing coolness, and, in reply, they were informed that Her Majesty's Government "are of opinion that the best course would be that, by such proclamation, an amnesty should be granted for all offences committed during the disturbance at Red River in 1869–70, *except the murder of Scott.*" On the 7th January, 1875, Earl Carnarvon, after referring to Gov. Archibald's connection with Riel and Lepine, goes on to say: "Admitting, indeed, that it is as impossible to permit the extreme sentence of death to be inflicted upon persons who have been recognized and dealt with as they have, as it is to allow them to go unpunished, I feel that the question which I have to consider is, not whether they should be amnestied (*for that is not to be heard of*) but what kind of punishment will be just and reasonable," &c. With regard to Gov. Archibald's request for the services of Riel and Lepine, and his reception of them, we have only this to say,

that whatever view may be taken of the matter from an Imperial stand-point, it bound the Canadian Government in new sureties to fulfil the promises it had made, and confirmed the half-breeds, especially those most gravely inculpated, in the conviction that those promises would be religiously observed.

In tracing the main points in this degrading controversy, our purpose has been, not to serve the interests of party, but to expose the evils which are inherent in the party system. It matters little what party is in power at any particular juncture, the ethics of party remain the same. There is a traditional method of dealing with public questions from which no set of public men dream of departing. Individuals may be scrupulous and honest; parties seldom or never are. As corporations are legally said to be without souls, so it may be asserted, with at least equal truth, that political parties have no conscience. Let the attainment or retention of power be in question, and the means to reach the end, fair or foul, may be employed without compunction. Strategy of this sort is regarded rather as an exercise of political ingenuity, than a violation of the laws of morality and honour. Indeed, it seems to be a settled maxim with parties that no Government can be carried on without manœuvring and corruption. Whenever the outs succeed in ejecting the ins, and step into their place, the new broom is brought into acquisition, the rubbish is cleared out of corners, spiders and their habitations are brought low, and every one's eyes are blinded by the dust. The mansion being thoroughly swept and garnished, we are invited to admire the love of purity displayed by the new occupants. But that will be the last house-cleaning until another *bouleversement* takes place, and the next tenant repeats the process as before. We are not prepared to admit that Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues were sinners above all others; to say that they did sin is merely to say that they maintained their party in office for many years, and permitted much dust and rubbish to accumulate during that period. As no man should be esteemed happy until he has departed this life, so no administration should be called pure until it has been turned out. The present Government has probably some years of life before it; it has been but a short time in power, and yet already, if report speaks true, it has managed to gather in its chambers more than the average quantity of dirt.

As we are extremely thankful that the troublesome question of amnesty has been taken out of the way, we are not disposed to examine with microscopic care the means by which this desirable end has been attained. The debate was lively and well sustained, and now that it is over, an atmosphere of dullness and depression seems to fill the legislative halls. Mr. Mackenzie's opening was studiedly temperate; Mr. Blake certainly delivered the finest speech of the debate, but we do not think he was at his best. There was a certain forensic twang about it, not to be met with in his most effective efforts. M. Masson and Mr. Bowell were the ogres—the Gog and Magog of amnesty. Of the former, who seems to be the representative of Provencher as well as of Terrebonne, we have little to remark; the vehement and evidently honest rage with which he spoke of those who stigmatized the "execution" of Scott as a murder was diverting. But it was the member for North Hastings, "the minister of vengeance," as Mr. Blake aptly called him, who rose to the full dignity of the occasion. Not King William himself, as he is limned on Orange banners, mounted on a rampant steed that looks as it could span Boyne water with a stride, seems half so warlike as *was* Mr. Bowell when he spoke. As for the matter of his speech, we think we have heard something like it before; and so far as its denunciations of amnesty are concerned, we fancy it will be heard again a few weeks

after midsummer, with a fife and drum accompaniment. Sir John Macdonald had a difficult task to perform, but he managed it with great tact, and in a quiet and subdued manner. A close examination of the late Premier's argument would be obviously unfair under the circumstances. There are two points, however, that seem to require a few words. The hon. gentleman urged that if his Government had promised an amnesty, as was alleged, the offer to press the matter on the Home Government, during his contemplated visit to England, would have been useless or absurd. Now that would be true if any one asserted that the promise of amnesty meant the grant of it by the Canadian Government; but that is alleged by no one. The promise was to obtain it from the Imperial Government, and Sir John's mission to England was, of course, to be the fulfilment of it. Great stress is laid also on the authority of Todd and a remark of Macaulay regarding legislative interference with the pardoning power. If the Privy Council of Canada, like the Imperial Cabinet, had the exercise of the Royal Prerogative in its own power, Sir John's application of these *dicta* would be pertinent; but it has nothing of the kind. The Canadian Government cannot do what Mr. Todd states Ministers in England may do under the Constitution. He says, "This, like many other prerogatives of the British Crown, is held in trust for the welfare of the people, and is exercised only upon the advice of responsible Ministers." What ministers, unless it be Imperial Ministers? In the end the amnesty and pardon will be effected as Sir John desires, by a constitutional exercise of the Royal Prerogative of mercy "upon the advice of responsible Ministers," but they will not be Canadian Ministers. In fact Sir John is estopped from saying that our Ministers can do anything, through an Order in Council, except address the Crown, by his own minute of the 4th June, 1873, which sets out that "the power to grant the amnesty rests only with Her Majesty," and desires the Governor-General "to bring the matter before Her Majesty's Government"—the only Ministry that can give constitutional advice on the subject. Most certainly if the Privy Council may address the Crown, *à fortiori* Parliament may do so, for this is one of its most ancient and cherished rights. At any rate, our own precedents are against the ex-Premier.

Sir John Macdonald's appeal to the consideration of the House was touching and effective. The difficulties of his position were undoubtedly great, and it is but right that his conduct and that of his colleagues should be judged "calmly, generously, and justly." Their bitterest assailants have very little to boast of in this painful history. If the late Government were tempted into tortuous paths from party necessity, to their opponents must attach the odium of starting earlier in devious ways from the desire of party gain. If Sir John hesitated to avow his promises to secure an amnesty because he feared to lose Ontario, his successor is only impelled to action because he wishes to retain Quebec. If the one shirked responsibility from party considerations, the other dared not deal with Lepine, because of the "embarrassments" "which are so seriously complicated by the vehement international antagonism which they" (the aspects of the controversy) "have excited in this country."

With regard to the resolutions themselves, it appears to us that those of them which form the long preamble ought never to have been framed. The statements contained in them are for the most part true, but the facts are coloured, and, in one instance at least, there is the *suggestio falsi*. The recital was unnecessary, for, as a justification of the resolutions proper, it is fallacious. If the late Government had possessed the power of granting the amnesty and had plighted the faith of the Dominion in the premises,

their successors would have been bound to carry out the pledge. But they had no such power and made no such binding promise. To urge that because one ministry promised to use its influence with the Home Government to induce it to pledge the faith of the Crown, therefore another is in honour bound also to use its influence is, on the face of it, an absurdity. The whole preamble is irrelevant and might well have been spared. *Au reste*, we must acknowledge that we should have preferred a complete amnesty, perhaps with the condition of political disqualification for the chief culprits. The five years' banishment is little better than a mockery of justice. It is no punishment for murder; it is too much for mere rebellion, if all the other insurgents are to be pardoned. Moreover, we doubt whether, considering the facility with which Riel moves about between Fort Garry and Ottawa, it can be carried out at all. Nevertheless we shall be well satisfied if the last has been heard of this embarrassing question.

We always approach the statistical items of Budget speeches with some degree of Talleyrandian scepticism, especially when the Minister charged with their exposition so far forgets the business before him as to make his official address an elaborate charge against his predecessor. Mr. Cartwright is young as a State financier, his professional antecedents are not those best calculated to produce a model Finance Minister; we therefore recognise with cordiality the promise which his speech gives of there being in him the stuff of which successful financiers are made. It is a more difficult and a more ungracious task to hold the reins of public expenditure tight than loose, and the country cannot possibly suffer by an overstrain of prudence to any degree approaching the mischief which an opposite policy might easily inflict. The warning given by Mr. Cartwright against over-importing is, however, merely an official endorsement of what the best informed authorities have been uttering for some years past. In this Magazine, two years ago, occurred these words: "Thoughtful men are of opinion we have been of late importing too much, and that if a more prudent policy is not adopted, there must ultimately ensue a period of commercial disaster." We are glad to see that the subject of consolidating the national securities is engaging attention; the subject is not fraught with much difficulty, but it needs carefulness, and we trust that Mr. Cartwright—whose industry and financial tastes are palpable—will shortly prepare a scheme for effecting this most desirable simplification of the nation's accounts as a borrower. Into a dispute as to the relative proportions of income strictly falling within the area of the past year, and the exact limits of the expenditure incurred in the same period, we have no space to enter. Our expenses increased by new interest, charges on public debt, expenses in connection with Provincial claims, cost of working national railways, election expenses, mounted police, &c., $4,250,000. This was met by an additional income from the ordinary sources of $3,400,000, some undefined and disputable portion of which arose from the new taxes imposed last year. The total imports for 1873-4 were $128,213,582, and exports $89,351,928, making a total volume of trade between the summers of these years of $217,565,510. The prostrate condition of the lumber trade for so long a period tells its own story in the forest exports, which, from 1872 to '73, rose from 23 to 28 millions, but fell in 1874 to $26,800,000, the contraction being chiefly from the depressed trade of the United States. Our fishery exports make a satisfactory exhibit. They have steadily grown year by year for a long time, the increase since 1872 being about 25 per cent., the total amount for 1874 being $5,300,000. Farm produce exports —grain, roots, animals—look very healthy, the increase from 1872 to '74 being 33 per cent; total for last year $34,300,000.

In connection with this subject we must express a hope that another year the statistics of our trade and finances will be under the charge of a Bureau, from which reports will be issued at least monthly, as to the operations of the principal industries and interests of the Dominion. We may take another opportunity to present a more complete statement and analysis of the national balance-sheet and report, meanwhile we congratulate the country on having a Finance Minister, who, though a little too occupied with his political opponents' past actions, has set his foot boldly down on the policy of prudence and "making both ends meet" year by year.

The Copyright Bill introduced in the Senate by M. Letellier de St. Just has come to hand and we take the earliest opportunity of protesting most earnestly against it. We do so the more readily because we are sure the Government are not aware of the mischief they propose to do. If the enemies of Canadian culture and the Canadian publishing trade had conspired with Ministers to dwarf the one and destroy the other, they could hardly have concocted a more effective measure. We shall say nothing of the drafting of the bill which is slovenly in the extreme, but there are one or two points which strike us as peculiarly objectionable. In the first place, there appears to be no reason why the right of obtaining a copyright should be conferred upon everyone, Briton or alien, who chooses to seek it. Here, as elsewhere, the vagueness of the Bill would open the door to all sorts of abuses. It directly permits an American author to obtain a copyright here, although the wholesale piracy of English or Canadian works would be continued as heretofore on the other side of the border. It will be time enough to concede privileges to our neighbours when they are prepared to yield similar privileges to us. But the main point to which we object is contained in the 10th clause. It is actually proposed that anyone anywhere, having the copyright for a work, may, by giving notice, secure an "interim copyright" in Canada for three months, and that too without giving any substantial security that he will "publish or produce" during that period. Now in Canada the great *desideratum* is that books of real merit and general interest shall be furnished at a reasonable rate. We have no large class of readers who can afford to pay the high prices charged by English publishers. Even in England, the great bulk of the people depend upon the libraries; but we have no Mudie here, and if we had, he could not supply the literary needs of Canada, even if the system were likely to take root in a new country like ours. Now let our readers notice the effect of this Bill. An English publisher, in ignorance of the requirements of the Dominion, could secure an interim copyright of a work selling at from eight to twelve dollars. He could send a supply to Canada, would dispose of say a hundred copies, and there, so far as he is concerned, the matter would rest. Having no *bonâ fide* intention of publishing a suitable edition here, the three months would pass away before a native publisher could begin to print. By this time his market would be gone, and finding that publication would be a losing game, the idea would be abandoned. Hence, during three months, when the interest of the work was fresh, no Canadian student of ordinary means could afford to purchase it, and in the end if he still desired to peruse it he would have to resort to an American reprint. This is protecting native industry with a vengeance. We protest against it, because it is a direct blow to an important branch of our native trade; we protest against it, because it will really serve no interest except that of American piracy; and we protest against it, because it throws a serious obstacle directly in the way of Canadian culture and Canadian learning, which, above all things, require the fostering care of Government.

Mr. Brown made his promised explanations as to the Reciprocity Treaty in the Senate, on the 22nd ult. They do not call for any special notice, for they add little or nothing to our stock of knowledge regarding the negotiations. It may be that when the papers are brought down some fresh light may be thrown upon the subject; meanwhile we are about as wise as we were before. Mr. Brown had, no doubt, a difficult task before him. It was necessary certainly, in order to put his case forward in self-defence, that he should run over the details of a Treaty in which he firmly believed; but it could hardly be expected that his hearers would feel a lively interest in this obituary notice. The attempt to galvanize the defunct Treaty into temporary vitality of a spasmodic character, was a palpable failure. The reason why the Canadian Government entered upon this negotiation at all was not satisfactorily explained. Mr. Lincoln, without inquiring into, or caring for, the probable effects of his action, gave notice of the termination of the Treaty of 1844, in a moment of pique and passion. No one has contended more strongly than Mr. Brown that we have got on nearly as well without the Treaty as with it, and that no advances should be made upon the subject from our side. He has given no reason that will bear a moment's examination for his change of opinion.

The bulk of Mr. Brown's speech was merely a running commentary on the various stipulations of the Treaty, expressive of his satisfaction with them. As far as regards manufactures, his defence was exceedingly brief and inconclusive. He seemed to think that because our manufacturers are only a small section of the population, their interests may be sacrificed with justice and propriety. Apart from the question of right, we may ask how Mr. Brown proposes to establish the necessity of the sacrifice? As for the comparative feebleness of our manufactures, that should be a reason for fostering them, instead of permitting foreigners to trample them under foot. If they were stronger they would not need protection; but whilst they are in a nascent state, a fair measure of protection is regarded as permissible, even by Free Traders. Mr. Brown would find it difficult to obtain a disciple for his doctrine, even among the most rigid of the economists. We have already expressed our sympathy with Mr. Brown in the delicate and arduous duty he undertook. We believe with him that these negotiations have raised the subject to a higher plane, and we again deprecate the savage declamation in which some of his party opponents have thought fit to indulge.

The return of Mr. Fraser, as M. P. for London, *vice* Major Walker, cashiered, will probably gratify both parties. Mr. Mackenzie's Amnesty Resolutions were carried by a vote of 126 to 50, and, although that was not, strictly speaking, a party division, it was very nearly so. It would appear, therefore, that both sides should be anxious to have the minority strengthened, of course, "in the interests of the country." The Opposition are no doubt pleased with the acquisition of another file for their depleted company, and the Government is so strong that it can afford to lose a round dozen without putting its existence in jeopardy. The dominant party is fond of expressing its anxiety that there should be a strong Opposition; and we are bound to suppose that that anxiety is sincere and unfeigned. From the earnest language sometimes used on this subject, we have been almost persuaded, at times, that serious calamities would overtake us if Mr. Mackenzie and his friends had it all their own way, and that no one is more apprehensive of the danger than themselves. Theory and practice, however, do not hang together, and so the matter must rest in doubt. For our own part we rejoice at the result of the London election, partly, because we sympathize with the

feebleness of the minority, but chiefly, because we think that the faction which defended the acts of Major Walker, re-nominated him, and gloried in their shame, ought to receive, as they have received, condign punishment at the hands of the constituency they debauched. The evidence adduced at the trial of the petition was of the clearest kind; Chief Justice Hagarty stated that he had never heard of more disgraceful corruption; and yet what did "the party of purity" do? Instead of repudiating the standard-bearer who had disgraced them, they hastened to nominate him again, and when the judges, in the faithful administration of the law according to their oaths and their consciences, declared him disqualified, even the ermine was no protection against their slanderous revilings. They are well punished, and it is only to be regretted that some other constituencies we could name were not equally sensitive when their honour and reputation were dragged through the mire.

Mr. Dymond has given notice of a clause for the Criminal Procedure Amendment Bill, which deserves a brief reference. He proposes that, in future, any person charged with felony or misdemeanour shall have the right, if he choose to exert it, of entering the witness box, and giving testimony under oath on his own behalf, as if he were an ordinary witness for the defence. The idea is not a new one. It has often been discussed in England, and has been adopted in some of the United States. It was only the other day that the voluntary evidence of a man charged with murder, appeared in the New York *Herald*. There is much to be said on both sides of the question. As the law stands now, a prisoner may make a voluntary statement, but it loses all its weight with a jury, first, because it is not made under oath, and, secondly, because it cannot be sifted by cross-examination. It certainly seems a great hardship that the only man whose mouth is practically closed at a trial, is the very man whose life or liberty is in peril. There are many cases recorded in our criminal annals of innocent men convicted and executed, who, if they could have told their plain, unvarnished tale in the witness-box, would have been honourably acquitted. It is objected, that guilty men who could tell a plausible tale, would "swear themselves off;" but a similar objection, *mutatis mutandis*, may be made against the evidence of many prosecutors. At all events, it is better that the jury should have before it all the material accessible to it from any quarter. It is also urged that an innocent man may find himself so enmeshed in a net-work of adverse circumstances, that he may decline to be sworn lest he should do himself more harm than good. In such a case the jury might regard his silence as *primâ facie* evidence of guilt. This objection is not without force; still any danger of that sort might be guarded against by a caution from the Court, and besides it can hardly be put in the balance against the substantial injustice wrought in a far more numerous class of cases.

The Tanneries Scandal has raised a rather lively side issue between the Courts and the Quebec Assembly. M. Duvernay, of *La Minerve*, and M. Cotté, of the Jacques Cartier Bank, are witnesses whose evidence it was of the utmost importance to obtain. They proved recalcitrant, and refused to testify before the Committee, whereupon the House delivered them over to the tender mercies of the Sergeant-at-Arms, which from the evidence, appear to be very tender indeed. Judge Ramsay released them on a writ of *habeas corpus*, but when the question was heard on appeal, this judgment was reversed by Chief Justice Dorion and the full Court. We are bound to believe that this final decision is legally correct, and we are sure it is consonant with the dictates of common sense. It would be absurd in the highest degree if the Legislature of a Province

which has been outrageously swindled, were denied the power of extorting the truth from the parties concerned. M. Dansereau was arrested in consequence of the latter judgment, but he continued obstinate, and as it was not likely that the Legislature would continue in session more than two or three days, he could afford to snap his fingers at them. Messrs. Cotté and Duvernay were re-arrested, but the Court of Appeals decided that, no new subpœnas having been issued, they could not be re-arrested for the old offence; so they were again set at liberty. Finally, as if they were tired of the fun, these gentlemen have resolved to go to Quebec "without more ado."

The New Brunswick Legislature met at Fredericton on the 18th ultimo. If there be any large infusion of the lawyer element, we may expect to hear a complaint that Parliament had been summoned at an inconvenient period. In Ontario, some members of the legal profession having seats in the Local Legislature care less about the Parliamentary session in Toronto than about that at Ottawa. It may be that there are gentlemen in New Brunswick who think it hard that they should be detained at Fredericton, when they could employ their time and talents more profitably elsewhere. The Speech from the Throne, like the other two of which we have spoken, is "meagre." There can be no doubt that the leader of the Opposition said so, although we have not yet had the pleasure of perusing his remarks. The measures promised are sufficiently vague—bills for assessing and levying local rates with a view to rendering them more equitable, for "providing for process of attachment in civil suits," and for the encouragement of agriculture.

The present Congress will expire by limitation of time on the 4th inst, at noon, and, had the law so provided, its successor could have commenced the work of legislation at that hour. The new House of Representatives, however, does not assemble until the 4th of December, and until that date we shall be unable to see the full import of the November reaction. The Senate, of which only a portion has been renewed, may be summoned to meet at the pleasure of the President, and he has in fact summoned them to assemble on the 5th of this month, because, as he says, "objects of interest" require that it should be convened. Presumably Andrew Johnson, ex-President and one of the new Senators, is not an "object of interest" to General Grant, and speculation has been agog as to the meaning of this executive session. The still-born Reciprocity Treaty is no longer of much interest to any one, or we might reasonably suppose that the President had its ratification in view. The opinion is entertained generally by the Opposition of both parties that Grant will endeavour to use the Republican majority in the Senate as a support for his Southern policy during the recess. No repressive or reorganizing laws can be again passed during the present term, for when Congress reassembles, the House will be Democratic. But there are many executive stratagems which the Senate may aid the President in working, and it may be as well to put them in operation while there is yet time. In addition it is possible that an extra Session of Congress may be required, to complete the financial business, and for this the consent of the Senate is necessary.

The last weeks of Congress are being spent in transacting business which cannot be thrown over. The Senate has found it necessary to postpone the reception of Pinchback, Kellogg's Louisiana Senator, in order to ensure the passage of the Tariff and Appropriation Bills. The days are few, as well as evil, and they must be redeemed. The President has several lions in his path, which have taken their place there by his own invitation. In the Louisiana affair, the second sub-committee sent to New Orleans

is prepared with evidence, but it is for the most part confirmatory of that taken by the first. In Arkansas, after spending several years in propping up Baxter as against Brooks, whom he declared to be a scoundrel, Grant has changed his front, and now rehabilitates the latter. Before we go to press, it is probable that Senator Poland's resolution and that of the House Committee—"that the condition of Arkansas calls for no action, either by Congress or any other department of Government"—will receive the support of all the reputable Republicans. It is evident that, if General Grant desired peace in that State, he could easily secure it by supporting Garland, who has evolved something like order out of chaos. The extent to which Grant is disposed to go was made apparent by his mad proposal that Congress should suspend the Habeas Corpus Act; in other words, place absolute power in his hands. There is no pretence that rebellion exists in any State, and yet the President asked Congress to commit a gross violation of that clause in the Constitution which provides "that the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it." Happily, the Republican party refused to follow the President, and the scheme fell to the ground.

The election of a successor to Mr. Gladstone ultimately resolved itself into Hobson's choice—the Marquis of Hartington or none. Mr. Forster, who probably enjoys the confidence of a large majority of the party, withdrew his name, because he felt that "he would not receive that general support without which he ought not to attempt to fill the duties" of the leadership. The member for Bradford had two powerful combinations against him—the opponents of the 25th clause and denominational education on the one hand, and the opponents of an extension of the borough franchise to the counties on the other. The Marquis of Hartington is of the Whigs Whiggish, after the salt of Whiggism has lost its savour. His aristocratic connections are, perhaps, his only recommendation, unless we add what Mr. Bright considers of some importance, or he would not have mentioned them, "his health and hard-headedness." At the Liberal caucus, the election of the Marquis was a foregone conclusion; yet it was gone through in a reluctant and half-hearted way. For the most part, those who acquiesced did so with a reservation which was not exclusively mental. If Mr. Gladstone had been the proposed leader, Mr. Bright would not have talked of reserving "individual liberty." Even Mr. Villiers, who proposed the Marquis, spoke of retaining "their own private freedom and particular judgment." Mr. S. Morley, his seconder, performed his part with evident dislike, and expressed his decided preference for Mr. Forster. Nevertheless, it is, perhaps, as well that a mediocre leader has been selected. It seems, at first sight, an anomaly to appoint a head to a party of independents who may be amenable to party discipline or may not, as the fit takes them. But the Liberal party, at the present time, is not in want of "a guide, philosopher, and friend." Such a man would inevitably deepen the dissensions which now rend it. The Marquis will certainly do nothing desperate or sensational; his time will be divided as heretofore, between duty and pleasure, with a confirmed preference for the latter. Mr. Bright, with the keen prescience which is characteristic of him, admonished his hearers at Birmingham that they must abandon, for a time, the hope of radical reforms. Even the question of disestablishment, which Mr. Bright has nearest his heart, must be laid on the shelf to await the hour and the man. "A political party," he observed, "somehow or other gathers itself up when it is wanted, and by the time that it is wanted." And again, looking forward to the nomination of the Marquis, he said, "I do not in the slightest

degree recommend or approve that any body of men should complain of a parliamentary or party leader so chosen, who has not formed the same opinion as I have on this question. This is a question which has not come near that point yet; it is one of the gravest questions which a people has ever had to consider." The Marquis of Hartington's answer was given in his speech at Lewes:—"He (Mr. Bright) intended to agitate for the disestablishment of the church, as he and Mr. Cobden agitated for the principle of free trade—by persuading the people of the truth of the principles he advocates. He was right then, and succeeded. If he is right now he would again succeed; but if he was wrong now, as he (Lord Hartington) believed he was, he would not succeed." The new leader must, therefore, be content to let his troops carry on the war as seems best to themselves. He must not call back the advance guard or drive in the stragglers. Generalship of this character does not admit of brilliant *coups* or startling manœuvres, but for the present it is at once the most prudent and the most promising. When the battle-cry is heard in earnest, the battalions will close together and rush to the fight in solid phalanx, but it will not be under the Marquis of Hartington. Meanwhile there is room for much honest labour at the post assigned him, and he may console himself with the reflection that it is better to have the nominal command of a band of guerrillas, each of whom fights "on his individual hook," than to be generalissimo of a regular army with incurable mutiny in the ranks.

The Imperial Parliament met on the 5th ultimo. The Speech is not remarkable for anything in particular; there are traces of Semitic gorgeousness in its composition, but that is all. Mr. Bright, when asked how he thought the Conservative leader would succeed, replied, "Very well, so long as he leaves politics alone." Mr. Disraeli appears to have eschewed politics and applied himself almost exclusively to social questions. The exception, if it be one, is the proposed relaxation of the penal laws for the preservation of the peace in Ireland. The workingman, in whom, when he gives signs of Conservatism, Mr. Disraeli feels a tender interest, has no less than three measures to his own share. At the same time, he is warned, with an evident reference to the eminently Conservative borough of Liverpool, that, if he persists in kicking his wife or anybody else, resort may possibly be had to that model reformer, the cat-o'-nine tails. Trade conspiracies and farm tenancies are also to be overhauled. Finally, after years of controversy on the subject, there is to be a public prosecutor, who will take the investigation of crime and the "making-up" of criminal cases out of the bungling hands of the police. Taking the long and serious illness of the Premier into consideration, the programme is by no means a "meagre" one. It is eminently social as distinguished from political; and, what is a greater relief still, there is no sign that the "drum ecclesiastic" will be heard during the session.

Two *mauvais sujets* have been returned to the House of Commons—Dr. Kenealy and John Mitchell. The former has been inflicted upon Parliament by Stoke-upon-Trent, although he would be more properly described as the member for Wapping. He has entered the House, according to his own story, to do something or other for the Magna Charta, much as the two prelates, of whom Matthew Arnold speaks, desired to do something for a certain religious dogma. In pursuance of this laudable object, he insisted on introducing himself to the House. Perhaps he preferred to imagine that he had the real Arthur Orton on one side, and the one he tried to create at the Tichborne trial on the other. Mr. Disraeli good-naturedly humoured the delusion, and the hon. gentleman took his seat—which he will find rather hot if he should try to make himself dis-

agreeable. John Mitchell received short shrift and no mercy as M.P. for Tipperary. What object the runaway felon, who broke his parole, could have in getting himself elected it is difficult to say. Notwithstanding the great "brilliancy" attributed by the *Globe* to the Young Ireland party, it is satisfactory to learn from the same high authority that Mitchell is "of inferior mould." The reason for this severe judgment is that he desired "a plantation well-stocked with niggers," which was no greater proof of inferiority than the whole party afforded when they drove the ignorant peasantry into mischief like a flock of sheep.

Continental affairs do not call for any special comment, if we except the affairs of France. The Assembly has continued to labour at the Constitutional Bills with unabated hopefulness and invariable failure. Early last month, M. Laboulaye's motion to declare the Republic definitively was lost by a majority of 24. So far so good; for that was another bantling out of the way. But no sooner had this been done than a sudden change came over the spirit of all the sections except the Legitimists and the Bonapartists and the Conservative portion of the Right Centre. The change was not sudden; it crept over the Assembly gradually, as certain rumours began to take defined shape and assume the guise of assured facts. Considerable uneasiness has been felt for some time at the activity of the Bonapartist agents under M. Rouher; and now, just at this critical juncture, it was discovered that Napoleon IV. had a complete Government organized in France—Cabinet, Prefects, Marshal, and all, and that they were only waiting for the right moment to strike for power, order a *plébiscite*, and bring in the bees and violets once more. The story seems to have been partially true; but whether it was or not, the Assembly certainly believed it. From the Duc de Broglie to Gambetta, through the entire ranks, from Right Centre to Extreme Left, the panic ran. The Orleanists began to make a *rapprochement* towards the Left, the first evidence of which was the vote taken on a motion by M. Wallon, which indirectly declared the Republic. This motion was carried by a majority of one. On M. Wallon's next motion, giving the President of the Republic, with the consent of the Senate, the power of dissolution, the Right Centre went over almost in a body, and the motion passed by a majority of 200. Everything appeared to be going on with unwonted smoothness, and M. Wallon's constitution had a fair chance of securing for its author an immortal name. The Bill was read a third time and passed, and then the tide began to turn. Our latest English papers describe the precise nature of the Wallon constitution and its probable effects. But they had not fully guaged the versatile genius of French constitution-mongers. First came the Senate Bill, and a motion being made that the Senate should be chosen by the same electorate as that which returned the Assembly, the Legitimists quietly dropped out, and the motion was carried by a majority of only 12. Then followed the rejection of the Bill altogether, and an unsuccessful motion by M. Brisson in favour of immediate dissolution. The latest intelligence is that the Centres and the Left under the capricious guidance of M. Gambetta are again in accord, and have agreed upon a compromise, to which they will adhere through thick and thin. Meanwhile, the Septennate exists with a Provisional Cabinet, for which no successor can be found, and nothing is certain except uncertainty.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

CANON Lightfoot continues his critical examination of "Supernatural Religion" in the *Contemporary Review*. On the present occasion he confines himself to the first portion of Part II., Chapter II., of the anonymous work, relating to "The Ignatian Epistles." In the first place, a brief statement is made of the present condition of the Ignatian literature. The long recension, as it is called, may be left out of the question as admittedly spurious, or, at any rate, interpolated. There remain two others, the Greek and Latin versions of the seven Epistles, quoted by Eusebius, and called by Dr. Lightfoot the Vossian, from the discoverer of the Greek copy, and the Syriac version of three Epistles, which is much shorter, called the Curetonian, from their discoverer and translator. The anonymous author regards the entire Ignatian literature as "a tissue of fraud and imposture," but considers the Curetonian version as the more ancient of the two. Dr. Lightfoot speaks of "a cloud of witnesses" in favour of its authenticity, in one form or other, but we cannot see the witnesses for the cloud he raises about little points of minor criticism. We are unable, of course, to examine how far the author has been exact in his references, but Dr. Lightfoot is not disposed to deal over-fairly in the matter. When a critic quotes a sentence and copies the references under it, then divides the sentence in half, and complains bitterly that the bulk of the citations do not bear on the latter part, when he himself admits that they support the former, we may have confidence in his scholarship, but we can hardly rely upon his ingenuousness. And again when he rails at the author for quoting twenty authors and objects, in a carping fashion, to his reference to six who, on the Canon's own showing, make as much for one side as the other, while he leaves the other fourteen to the enemy, what is the value of his criticism? When all is done, Dr. Lightfoot, after arguing with all his might to prove the priority and authenticity of the Vossian MSS., admits that the question remains *in dubio*, and that until lately he himself "ascribed them to an interpolator writing about A.D. 140." What reliance can be placed on a series of Epistles which come down to us bound up with other documents confessedly apocryphal? The long recension was interpolated, the shorter recensions may also have been interpolated; a scholar like Canon Lightfoot may argue, but who shall pronounce with confidence? Finally, there remains the vital question: Supposing one or other of these recensions to be true and unalloyed Epistles of Ignatius, do they contain any confirmatory proof of the existence of our Synoptic Gospels at the beginning of the second century? Here the Canon is silent, and leaves the author of "Supernatural Religion" master of the field. We cannot help thinking that this display of learning in the way of minute historical and philological criticism is labour lost, when the main object to be served by it is tacitly surrendered.

Professor Clifford contributes the second of his lectures on "The Philosophy of the Pure Sciences." His subject on this occasion is, "The Postulates of the Science of Space," and it is treated, we need hardly say, in a lucid and masterly way. After an eloquent tribute to Euclid, whom, however, he does not closely follow, he assigns to Lobatchewsky a similar relationship to Euclid to that filled by Copernicus to Ptolemy, and Vesalius to Galen. Then, commencing with the "point," the lecturer proceeds to examine the validity of our ideas of space and the relations of its parts, and the real foundation which underlies them. Principal Tulloch, in an appreciative paper, sketches the life and examines the opinions of Mr. Wm. Smith, the author of "Thorndale, or the Conflict of opinion." Mr. Smith was the friend and associate, more or less intimate, of Sterling, Maurice, Grote, Mill, Lewes, and many of the advanced thinkers of his time. It is some twelve or fifteen years since we read "Thorndale," and we wondered then, as we have often wondered since, that so few appear to have been attracted by "the real life of thought," the earnestness, the charm of style, and "the imaginative insight" manifest in the work.

Dr. Carpenter joins issue with Prof. Huxley on the question of Human Automatism from a physiological point of view. He refers to the fact that Huxley, following Descartes, had long since pointed out the distinction between "the *secondary* automatism of man acquired by habit, and the *original* or *primary* automatism of the lower animals." The key-note to the theme is struck early in this interesting article. After expressing his wonder at the supposition that anything fresh has been discovered to warrant the new theory, Dr. Carpenter states that nothing in recent researches has shaken his "early-formed conviction of the existence of a fundamental distinction, not only between the rational actions of sentient beings guided by experience, and the automatic movements of creatures whose whole life is obviously but the working of mechanism, but also between those actions

(common to man and intelligent brutes) which are determined by a preponderating attraction towards an object present to the consciousness, and those (peculiar, as I believe, to man), in which there is, at one stage or other, distinct intervention of the self-conscious ego, whereby the direction of the activity is modified." Father Bridgett breaks a lance with Dr. Playfair on "The Sanctity of Dirt." The late Postmaster-General, when speaking on sanitary matters at Glasgow, fell foul of the Roman Catholic Church as the patron of dirt. He asserted that filthiness of person was regarded as a mark of saintship; referred to the hermits, to the blessed St. Anthony, and also to the celebrated hair-shirt of Thomas a Becket. The Rev. Father sets out with two questions:—"First, were our ancestors dirty? Secondly, did the Church teach them to be dirty?" He then dives, at some length, into balneic history, so as to answer both questions in the negative; yet he winds up with the admission that the Church regarded cleanliness as a luxury rather than a duty, and sometimes ordered abstinence from washing by way of penance. Some of our readers may have heard of youngsters who would regard that sentence as capital punishment. Mr. W. R. Greg, in a brief paper, propounds the question, "Can truths be apprehended which could not be discovered?" Or, as he elsewhere puts it, "Can any truth be received —that is accepted and assimilated—by the human intellect, which that intellect might not in the course of time have reached or wrought out for itself? Can anything which could not have been discovered by us be so revealed to us as to make it our own?" The writer thinks the matter one rather for reflection than argument—one in which "it is possible to reach a sort of *persuasion* in one's own mind," rather than offer reasons for it to others. So far as scientific, ethical, and philosophical truths are concerned, he answers his question in the negative, although he admits that some gifted men may grasp truths by anticipation, as the man of science does by what is called "scientific imagination." He regards Revelation either as anticipation, suggestion, or confirmation; the existence of Deity and the immortality of the soul are accepted because man's spiritual nature discovers them to be fitted, when suggested, to his wants. Distinctive Christian dogmas cannot be so apprehended or assimilated in Mr. Greg's opinion, nor can any revelation, external or internal, so communicate them as to make them truths of our own.

"The Laws of England as to the expression of Religious Opinion," by Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, is a paper we should gladly give *in extenso* for the benefit of our readers, if its length did not render its republication in these pages out of the question. It is an admirably written and exhaustive account of the repressive laws against freedom of opinion as they have been and as they are. Mr. Stephens prefaces his historical sketch by a glance at the laws against heresy from the Council of Nice. Then turning to the immediate subject of the paper he traces the progress of the persecuting spirit from the days of the Lollards down to 1857, when an ignorant labourer was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for chalking some naughty words on a gate-post. The laws affecting the matter are reduced under three heads:—"1. The King's Ecclesiastical Law as to Heresy; 2. The Common Law as to Blasphemy and Blasphemous Libel; 3. Certain Statutes bearing on the same subject, the most important of which is 9 and 10 Will. III., c. 35." The historical portion of the paper is full of painful interest, but most readers will be surprised to find that there are laws now in force, confirmed by statute during the present century, which might have sent Mr. John S. Mills to gaol for six months, on account of his three "Essays on Religion," had they been published during his lifetime, and put the liberty of several contributers to the *Fortnightly Review* in jeopardy every month. Mr. Stephen thinks it is about time that this state of the law was amended, not from abstract notions about liberty of conscience, but because the law is practically set at naught; because the age refuses to be any longer bound in swaddling clothes; because Christianity has to meet insidious attacks like the writings published by Mr. Mill in his lifetime, instead of encountering her enemies face to face; and because the attempt to execute the laws, whether successful or the reverse, has always proved disastrous to those who have made it. There is terrible force in the answer which Mr. Stephen puts in the mouth of Mr. Mill to one who demands why he does not plainly avow his opinions:—"First, I will not put it in the power of any bigot, who thinks he would do God service by so doing, to deprive me of my place in the India office and send me to gaol; and in the next place, you will find in the long run that the zig-zag mode of approach is good in controversy as well as in sieges. The sap and the mine must in time take us to the heart of the place. If we try to storm the town now, we shall simply be knocked on the head." Mr. Stephen asks, "Is Christianity a gainer by this? Is it not obvious that the real alternative is between complete freedom and that thorough-going and effective persecution, which no one in these days would think of." He therefore advocates the sweeping away of the persecuting code entirely, and submits a draft Bill, having that purpose in view.

The closing paper in the *Contemporary* is by Dean Stanley, on "Ecclesiastical Vestments," and it is an admirable one. By a simple enquiry into the origin of the various sacerdotal garments now in controversy, the Dean upsets the ecclesiastical significance of them

all. After referring to the grave opinions held regarding the altar, the chasuble, the cope, and the other vestments essential to what he calls "the Etruscan theory of religion," the writer sets himself to prove that "if they symbolize anything, they symbolize ideas the contrary of those ascribed to them," and that they are really modifications of the general costume, used by lay and cleric alike in the early Christian centuries. He thinks that if people could be once convinced that these vestments have no sacerdotal significance, an end would be put to the ridiculous and unseemly controversy about them. The entire paper, especially the practical portion of it, is extremely valuable.

The *Fortnightly Review* came to hand so late in the month, that we cannot pretend to do justice to its varied contents. Yet, there are one or two papers to which we ought to refer, and our space admonishes us that the reference must be brief. Mr. Morley commences an essay on the life and genius of Diderot and the work accomplished by the Encylopædists. The present instalment is written in its author's most earnest and vigorous style, but it only extends to the marriage of its subject. When complete, the biography will no doubt form a companion volume to the lives of Rousseau and Voltaire, by the same author. Mr. Paton, whose analysis of the Falk Laws appeared in the May number of last year, enters into a long and elaborate defence of Bismarck's ecclesiastical policy. The author is evidently well acquainted with his subject, and although he supplies few fresh facts, he makes altogether the best defence of a shaky cause that we have seen. Prof. Cairnes concludes his friendly criticism of Herbert Spencer's little book on "The Study of Sociology;" Mr. Swinburne introduces to the public, "An Unknown Poet," Mr. Wells, whose works he eulogizes in glowing language; and Mr. George Darwin contributes a paper on "The Theory of Exchange Values." Finally, the editor again appears on "The Liberal Eclipse," written in rather a desponding vein. There is no leader, no policy, no prospect. Mr. Gladstone's retirement "completes the eclipse, and when we know that the lead of the party lies between Lord Hartington and Mr. Forster, all is said."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

IT is announced that the Philharmonic Society have added Signor Randegger's cantata *Fridolin* to their *répertoire*, and will give a performance on the 31st inst. The cantata was composed expressly for the Birmingham Triennial Musical Festival of 1873, and was produced on the Thursday evening of the Festival week with marked success, the audience exceeding by two hundred that in attendance at the performance of the *Messiah*.

The words of *Fridolin* are arranged from Schiller's ballad *Der Gang nach dem eisenhammer*, the adaptation being by Madame Erminia Rudersdorff. The *dramatis personæ* are Waldemar, Count of Saverne (baritone); Eglantine, Countess of Saverne (soprano); Fridolin, page to the Countess (tenor); and Hubert, squire to the Count (bass). These are supplemented by choruses of smiths, peasants, huntsmen, and handmaidens to the Countess. The argument is as follows:—"Fridolin and Hubert are in the service of the Count of Saverne. Hubert, aspiring to win the affections of the beautiful Countess, conceives a violent hatred of Fridolin, whom he regards as an obstacle in his path. Taking advantage of Fridolin's loyal devotion to the Countess, Hubert excites the jealousy of the Count, and prompts a stern revenge. The Count forthwith writes to some mechanic serfs, ordering that whoever comes asking a certain question shall be at once thrown into their furnace. Fridolin, innocent of wrong and unconscious of danger, receives the message to the forge; but, ere setting out, he waits upon his mistress for such commands as she might have to give. The Countess desires him to enter the chapel he would pass on his way, and offer up a prayer for her. Fridolin obeys, and thus saves his life; but vengeance overtakes the traitor, Hubert, who, going to the forge to learn whether the plot has succeeded, himself asks the fatal question: "Is obeyed your lord's command?" and himself becomes the victim. Fridolin subsequently appears, and is about to perish likewise, when the Count and Countess, between whom explanations have taken place, arrive on the scene, to preserve the innocent, and to learn the fate of the guilty."

The musical setting of this subject is of uncommon merit; the effects are thoroughly dramatic, and in elaborating them the composer has availed himself of all the stirring resources of modern orchestration. There appears, how-

ever, to be an occasional want of melody, and although the dramatic situations may be sufficiently illustrated, the effort which this has cost the composer is too apparent. The music is on the whole exceedingly interesting, its varied tone-colouring and exciting episodes enchaining one's attention. A brief but impressive orchestral prelude serves to introduce a choral prologue, which tells us that Fridolin has faithfully served the Lord, and that an angel host keeps guard over him to preserve him from harm. The real business of the *cantata* then commences with the recitative and *aria*, "Have but holy, lofty thoughts," in which Fridolin extols the numerous virtues of the Countess. The number is pleasing, and affords some opportunity for display on the part of the tenor. Hubert's first *scena* succeeds, ushered in *allegro agitato*, and some ingenious and stirring orchestration is introduced. Hubert here indulges in the most bitter reflections against his presumed rival, but his turbulent emotions are somewhat calmed in the subdued melody of the *andantino*, "For one kind glance," which is beautifully ornamented by an *obligato* for the first violins. The fierceness of his hate, however, again breaks out in the recitative, "Dispelled by jealous rage is hope's fond dream," and *allegro* in B flat, "A thousand hideous deaths I'd make him die," a most fatiguing and exacting piece of declamation. We now arrive at a spirited hunting chorus, with a conventional horn accompaniment. In the duet for Hubert and the Count, the former insinuates that Fridolin has dared to lift his eyes to the Countess, and excites the jealousy of his master. Hubert suggests the revenge, and in the *andante* (D minor, 6-8) powerfully describes the forge amid the gloomy mountains, where would be found men ready to execute any project of vengeance. The horrors of the place—the roaring of the furnaces, the lurid glare of fiery brands, the clanging anvils, and the wild, reckless smiths, toiling like demons, amid encompassing fires, are most dramatically portrayed, the composer lavishing all his wealth of invention on the instrumental effects—wild chromatic progressions, the blare of brass, and the mysterious tremolo of the strings all being employed in turn. The next scene occurs in the Countess's apartment, and a chorus of handmaidens, light and pretty, is heard. Passing over the next number, a recitative and air for the Countess, we have a duet between her and Fridolin. The *andante* of this duet is a canon in D flat, written in true scholastic style. On the conclusion of the duet, Fridolin kisses the hand of the Countess, and thereby serves to confirm the suspicions of the Count, who enters with Hubert. This leads to an explanation, and in a duet between the Count and the Countess, the duplicity of Hubert is revealed. The preceding chorus of villagers will, doubtless, prove a favourite in Toronto.

In the final forge scene, we have the supreme effort of the composer. The orchestral introduction *allegro con fuoco* is vividly descriptive, as is also the chorus "Gift of Demon, raging fire," in which nearly every instrument in the orchestra is employed to give colour to the accompaniments. Hubert appears upon the scene, and, too eager to hear of the death of his rival, himself asks the question—"Have ye obeyed your lord's decree?" The infuriated smiths, with one accord, seize the traitor and hurl him headlong into the flaming furnace. Fridolin is saved from the same fate by the appearance of the Count and Countess, and the *cantata* closes with a choral expression of thanks to Heaven for his wonderful escape.

BOOK REVIEWS.

CHRISTIAN PRAYER AND GENERAL LAWS, Being the Burney Prize Essay for the year 1873, with an Appendix, The Physical Efficacy of Prayer. By George J. Romanes, M.A., Late Scholar in Natural Science of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co., 1874. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

The author of this essay, to which so honourable a distinction is assigned, is a Canadian by birth, the son of one who is still remembered by early graduates of Queen's University as a most able and efficient Professor of Classical Literature in the infancy of that institution. But, besides the special interest the volume thus has for Canadians in the circumstance that a son of our Dominion has honourably carried off the Burney Prize from many formidable English competitors, the book itself is deservedly considered one of the ablest contributions to the literature which the lately vexed question in regard to the relation of Prayer to

the Laws of Nature has as yet called forth. It is a careful, calm, and philosophical, as well as an exhaustive analysis of the objections to the efficacy of prayer for physical results, which are founded upon the conception of natural law; and of these objections Mr. Romanes disposes in a way that will be more satisfactory to the thoughtful reader than the inconsistencies of Mr. Knight's "*via media*," or the superficial and violent problems of some orthodox but indiscreet defenders of the faith.

The principal portion of the Essay is devoted to an elaborate and cumulative "exposition of the *argument of ignorance*," an argument which, as he observes, "men of science are often prone to neglect or despise, but an argument which a true philosopher cannot but deem of all arguments relating to subjects beyond the sphere of possible knowledge, the most weighty and the most profound." In the commencement of his argument, he gives to Science all the credit that belongs to her as, in one respect, the "purifier" of Natural Religion in supplanting the Fetichism of savage life by the conception of "Uniformity of action within a Unity of Being." But he shows, also, how the tendency has grown, and is now stronger than it ever yet has been, to feel that "the theory of Personal Agency which superstition has embodied in one form and religion in another, was a theory which, as it had ever been entertained without reason, so could now only be entertained against it; that the human intellect in its progress, had now at last caught sight of the great and fundamental truth that the Deity, whom all nations, races, and religions, from all time had delighted to invoke as 'Father,' was really only such to them in the sense that a cause is father to its effect; that the God of the Universe was the self-adjusting sufficiency of Nature; or that the Reign in Nature was the Reign of Law."

The author then enumerates the objections against the efficacy of prayer raised by metaphysicians and physicists, and after briefly answering the first, proceeds to the main argument: that concerning the supposed antagonism between Prayer and Physical Law. In entering upon this discussion, he well observes, in his preliminary remarks, that Science is and must be purely objective, that it can only "systematize our experience, leaving us still within the Proximate;" and that "Religion transcends Science, the former reposing upon the Ultimate, and the latter upon the Proximate. Any modification, therefore, which Science may impose upon religious ideas of the Proximate—ideas which are, in reality, extra-religious—cannot influence religious ideas of the Ultimate—ideas which are, in reality, the only truly religious." He then proceeds to consider the proposition whether it is true that *if* God answers prayer he *must* interfere with the normal course of nature, and whether the corollary is true, that *in no case whatever* can Prayer be answered without such interference. The term "Physical Law" is defined by Mr. Romanes as "*the formula of a physical sequence, which, so far as human observation extends, is invariable*," and he very distinctly explains the ambiguity which the term must bear, on the disputed ground of *necessity* of "sequence," so that to some minds "the term Physical Law habitually bears the signification of a mere instrument of the Divine Will, perfectly obedient in its ministry, and indefinitely plastic in its operation; while to others, it no less constantly represents a practically independent directive influence of unalterable rigidity upon which eternal order universally depends." This last supposition is combated throughout, by the author, in so far as it dogmatically represents "Law" as a sort of self-existing entity which could in *any* way interpose an obstacle to the immediately directive influence of the Divine Will.

Mr. Romanes proceeds to show that, in order to maintain its position antagonistic to the efficacy of Prayer, Science is obliged to resort to *analogy*, owing to its ignorance; the probable amount of which ignorance he endeavours to estimate from known *data*. That this probable amount of ignorance is overwhelmingly great, he shows from a variety of considerations—from the comparative insignificance of the experimental knowledge of even the greatest physicists; from our necessary *objective* ignorance of second causes, owing to the nature of the *things* which "we know that we know only phenomenally," and our *subjective* ignorance, owing to the nature of our own faculties; from the possibility that many "entities which are phenomenally simple may be noumenally complex," from the possibility of the intermingling of causes beyond the cognizance of our present senses, (which as he remarks, whether "evolved" or not, are *only* what are *needed* for the maintenance of our present being, so that a force as cosmical as magnetism would escape them entirely but for *one* of its effects); from the certainty that "things *must* be true of which the understanding is wholly unable to construe to itself the possibility;" and from the failure of the argument from analogy when we are ignorant of the difference between the ratio known and the ratio unknown, and cannot *know* "that the particular interactions among those second causes with which we are thus partially acquainted, cannot be modified by any changes or interactions taking place in the unknown domain of second causes."

He then discusses the question whether "our conception of Natural Law affords an infallible index of the method of Divine Government, taken as a whole." In this connexion he shows how small is our knowledge of the relations existing between the Almighty and His Universe, between first and second causes, and the fallacy of arguing from the action of General Laws to the action of that which transcends

them; and draws the deduction that, as our ignorance of the relations between General Laws and the Supreme directive power is total, "it becomes impossible for us to assign limits to the causative ability of the Supreme Intelligence, acting through the agency of Law."

The author, then, finally discusses the question whether we have any valid ground for asserting that "the Almighty in every case operates mediately through the entire course of Natural Law," and in regard to this question also, he demonstrates the extent of human ignorance so forcibly that its consideration might well induce physicists to pause before dogmatizing on the subject, as they are so ready to do. The following alternative is well put:—"So long as we regard Law as a sort of independent deity, there remains a certain *vis inertiæ* to be overcome, in order to conceive of the Almighty as antagonizing its influence; but we thus perceive that this *vis inertiæ* only arises from the material nature of our symbols. Either let us altogether discard the notion of the Almighty, and believe in the self-existence of the Universe; or let us accept with that notion the only logical conclusion to which it leads." And the paragraph with which he closes his "argument from ignorance," is well worthy of the consideration of the many scientists who would give to Philosophy a place that does not in the least belong to her. "Philosophy, even when extended to its widest meaning, and understood as the unification of all our knowledge—Philosophy must now, as in her early home, rear her altar to the Unknown God; but when she does so, let her at least be consistent, and if an apostle of another system has come to declare that God whom she ignorantly worships, let her listen to his preaching with an impartial and unbiassed ear, let her decide upon the merits of that system, not by preconceived opinion, but in accordance with its own credentials. And, in any case, let her, above all things, abstain from the folly of asserting what the Unknown God can or cannot do—what He does or does not desire—so shall she cease to stultify herself and to mislead the less thoughtful of her children."

The two closing chapters of the Essay are occupied by suggestions as to modes in which the consistency of the efficacy of prayer with the action of General Laws and with the belief in Fore-ordination might be illustrated, and with the theological argument concerning Prayer, taken from Christian Revelation. As however, the number of believers in the latter who disbelieve in the efficacy of prayer is comparatively small, it is evident that the chief argumentative value of the book is contained in the *philosophical* argument. Mr. Romanes has carefully abstained from mingling with his argument the element of feeling, being persuaded that the *intellectual* argument should be kept distinct from the influence of feeling altogether. Yet though the Essay may on this account seem to some readers cold in its purely abstract reasoning, there are passages that show that the author is quite capable of appreciating the aspect of the matter from the point of Christian feeling; and the real value of this element, which, after all, in the sense of the needs of the human heart, and in the instinctive conviction that these needs will be met by the Father of our spirits, will be with most men by far the strongest argument for believing in the efficacy of prayer. As will be seen from the above sketch of its contents, the present Essay is much too abstruse for popular reading, as only those who have a certain amount of mental training and of acquaintance with physical and metaphysical problems can appreciate its reasoning. But to those who may wish to disentangle the confusion that so largely prevails with regard to the physical objections to belief in prayer, and their real value, the book will be at once a mental discipline and a real aid The author is not only an earnest student of Mill and Spencer, but an evolutionist, and to many the present Essay will have more force and value on this account. It is an additional evidence that, whether the theory of Evolution be true or not, there is, in the purely physical theory, nothing necessarily antagonistic to Christianity, when we find a thorough evolutionist writing that, "only if I disbelieved in the Christian system as a whole, should I feel that time was well spent in refuting erroneous arguments against one of its leading doctrines."

An Appendix to the main Essay deals with "the Physical Efficacy of Prayer," in reply to the arguments advanced during the last year or two, by Mr. Knight, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Brooke, Mr. Galton, and others; and to this, as being more popularly interesting than the Prize Essay, we hope on a future occasion to refer. We may notice one defect in the book, the want of an index or table of contents, and of descriptive titles to the chapters, which would be of service to the reader—a defect that it would be well to remedy in the next edition.

THREE ESSAYS ON RELIGION. By John Stuart Mill. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1874. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, November, 1874, and January, 1875.

Mr. Mill's posthumous contribution to the religious controversy reached us so late in the day that any attempt to offer an original view of the work would be obviously out of the question. So much has been said and written regarding these remarkable essays, that little room has been left for the free play of independent criticism. At the same time there appears to us a clear field, as yet untrodden by the invader's hoof, of which we may take quiet possession. We have coupled with the work itself.

the admirably clear and honest review of Mr. Morley, for two reasons. In the first place, orthodoxy has hitherto monopolized the subject and succeeded in persuading ordinary skimmers over periodical literature, that Mr. Mill was simply a sceptic and nothing more. All colours are alike in the dark; and the names of sceptic, infidel, and rationalist are always at the tongue's tip of men who have no ballast of brain behind to keep the unruly member in subjection. To us, these Essays are a deeply interesting study in psychology; for even their contradictions, where they puzzle us most, do not blur the limning of that perversely faithful, and yet nearly colour-blind, realist. Mr. Morley's view of the melancholy legacy, errs, we think, by defect, in several particulars. It is the view of a critic whose appreciation of his subject is warm and sympathetic, but who has learned to distrust a leader who, having partially recovered his sight, will persist in using the language of blindness, and in speaking of men as like trees walking. The blind may be bad leaders of the blind, but in the purblind they can place no trust. Mr. Morley, with that peculiarly chivalric form of attachment which serves almost for a religion with him, can admit, and "be sensible of a certain freak of pensive sincerity, a deep-eyed solicitude for tender consciences, an anxious allowance for diversity of mental operation and temperament." Yet, with manly frankness, he can afford to express his regret that the idol has fallen from its shrine, and is prepared to treat it as hero-worship always treats its fetish in the end. "It must always," he says, "be a poor way of showing respect to one's best teacher, to veil or muffle our strong dissent." That is ingenuously said; but Mr. Morley, we think, has made the mistake of considering the three essays as component, and, therefore, in intention consistent parts of one work. We regard this as a misconception of the case. The essays distinctly represent different stages in the writer's spiritual development. As Miss Taylor tell us, in her modest preface, the first two portions of the volume were written in the interval between 1850 and 1858. The essay on Theism was Mr. Mill's last word on the subject, and it seems to us a mistaken view of the facts which induces Mr. Morley to dwell upon the evident inconsistencies of the last, as compared with the first, of these essays, and to treat the whole as if they formed parts of a systematic whole. In order to form a fair and adequate estimate of these papers, we must study them in the light of his autobiography and of his works. His later life was a process of emancipation from the iron tyranny imposed upon him in youth. Entering upon his intellectual career under the repressive discipline of a parent who not only strove to stifle his spiritual yearnings, but urged him to keep his heterodox opinions to himself, he had to be prompted by the efforts of nature to struggle towards the light. Benthamism failed him early in his search for truth, and yet he kept on in the unavailing effort to reconcile the theory of sensational ethics with the demands of his spiritual nature. Mr. Lecky seeks to show that he ultimately landed on the shore as an Intuitional Utilitarian. The essay on Nature shows him in the cave as a blind Polyphemus crying vainly upon his gods for deliverance from the craft of Outis. In the second, and notably in the third, of these Essays, he has emerged from the darkness. He can hardly be taxed with inconsistency because his restored eye-sight was slow in adjusting itself at the call of Him who sheds light upon the spiritually blind. Mr. Morley is unable to see the coherency between the old gropings and the new illumination; it was not to be expected that he should do so. If man be a clod, and if all "scientific knowledge" is restricted within Positivist limits, the editor of the *Fortnightly Review* is right in reproaching Mr. Mill with abandoning the road indicated by those five sign-posts, the senses; but if, on the other hand, as we believe, Mr. Mill had begun to explore another side of humanity, the only regret to be expressed, is the regret every non-materialist must feel in perusing his latest efforts—that he was not spared to round off his maturer conceptions into a firm and logical confession of faith.

THE LAW AND THE LADY. By Wilkie Collins. Canadian Copyright Edition. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto.

It is related in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments that Sultan Schah-rier had a trick of marrying a fresh wife daily and killing each one the next morning, until his attention was distracted from this matutinal habit by the fascination of the stories told him by his bride Schehera-zade, who, at day-break, took up the broken narrative of the previous day, and so held her lord spell-bound over the hour so fatal to her predecessors.

The mantle of this crafty Sultana has fallen on Mr. Wilkie Collins; let him once get a reader fairly by the gills and there is no escape until he is landed at the last line of the story by which he has been caught. "The Law and the Lady" is like all other novels by this author—a mere story; so far as high literary power is concerned it bears the same relation to any one of George Eliot's works, as an old chronicle does to Shakespeare. Yet, in spite of the utter poverty of language, the entire absence of humour, the lack of any one character in whom any interest is felt beyond curiosity, and the painful suspense into which the reader is plunged in the very first page, and kept to the close, "The Law and the Lady" *must be read through* by those who venture upon the opening chapter. It is not fair to state in a notice of such a work what the plot is, so as to give any key to it, but

we may indicate generally the materials used in its construction.

With an audacity almost amounting to wickedness, the novel opens with the marriage of the hero and heroine, a gentleman and lady of good fortune and family. The match is all but forbidden by the relatives of both; why offensive to the husband's mother is the grand secret which torments the reader until the book is finished. The wife, Valeria, discovers in the first week of wedlock that she has been married under an assumed name; she resents the indignity, yet passionately loving her deceitful mate suffers it not to cool her love, though it excites her curiosity until it masters her devotion to him, and one step she takes to discover why this was done leads to a separation, as it reveals to her a terrible episode in the life of her husband, which has necessitated his assumption of a false name —he has been tried for a crime, and the verdict was "NOT PROVEN." Confident that this verdict should have been "NOT GUILTY," she devotes herself to searching enquiry into the facts, and is rewarded for all her anguish, her toils, her unshaken faith in her husband's innocence, by the discovery of evidence which fully clears him from all taint of guilt. The unravelment of the plot is accomplished in Mr. Collins's unrivalled style; the reader is led off on false scents to right and left by the most ingeniously puzzling suggestions, until all is ripe for a startling revelation of facts, which justify the husband in his great deceit, explain the mother's severe condemnation of his marriage, clear up the mystery of both to his wife, and rewarding her for her fidelity by restoring a husband who owes the proof of his absolute innocence to the wife he has loved and wronged. That is a dish to satisfy to repletion the lovers of—a good story.

ENGLISH PORTRAITS. By C. A. Sainte Beuve, of the French Academy. London: Daldy, Isbister & Co., 1875.

At the last moment we have received an advance copy of this interesting collection of papers on English subjects, taken chiefly from the *Causeries de Lundi*. We have neither time nor space at our disposal to review the work in form; but we cannot allow the present number of the *Monthly* to pass through the press without recommending it most cordially to our readers. Mr. W. F. Rae, whose name is not unfamiliar to our Canadian students, is the translator, and he posesses peculiar qualifications for the task. He has succeeded in preserving the delicate aroma which pervades the critical essays of the author, and rendered them into excellent English, without sacrificing the characteristic style of his original. Most of our readers have heard something of Ste. Beuve, but this is almost the first opportunity afforded them of hearing the father of French criticism speak in his own person. The essays treat of Mary Stuart, Chesterfield, Franklin, Gibbon, Cowper, Pope, and the "English literature" of Taine. Prefixed to them is a most valuable Introductory Chapter on Ste. Beuve's Life and Writings, by the Translator.



INTRODUCTION TO SECOND PART.

THE *ancien regime* having passed away, the first duty of the King's Lieutenants in Canada was to provide for the new order of things, and nobly did they bend themselves to the task before them.

The Treaty of Paris had hardly been signed before General Murray, at the instance of the clergy of Quebec, had referred to the British Cabinet for instructions as to the position of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada. The See of Quebec was vacant, and peace having been established, it became necessary to fill the vacancy; but it was by no means clear how this could be done. Hence arose the necessity for dealing at once with the Church question. The British Ministry lost no time in submitting to the law officers of the Crown the whole case as presented to them by General Murray, and, with a liberality which did them credit, the law officers expressed the opinion that the Roman Catholic subjects of the King in Canada were not liable to the disabilities imposed by statutory enactment on their co-religionists in Great Britain.

From this time until the passing of the Act of 1774, the question of the future Government of Canada was constantly engaging the attention of the leading lawyers of Britain.

Norton, Yorke, deGrey, Marriott, Wedderburn, Thurlow, men who successively filled the highest legal positions in Great Britain, devoted their best energies to the solution of the difficulties which were encountered in framing a scheme of government for the new Colony, and so well did they succeed, that when, in 1775, emissaries sent by the Congress of the American States came to Canada to induce the Canadians to throw off their allegiance, they found the new Colony without a single cause of complaint, and returned utterly discomfited to report the failure of their attempt.

In after years as population increased, and conflicting interests developed, further attempts were made to adapt the Government to the altered circumstances of the people, and in 1791 the country was divided into two Provinces, and two separate Governments were established.

INTRODUCTION TO SECOND PART.

The constitution given to Canada in 1791 was well received, and the current of events ran smoothly for a time. Parliamentary discord, however, arose before long, until, under the administration of Sir J. H. Craig, party warfare reached a height which boded ill for the future of the Colony.

The advent of Sir George Prevost, and the change in policy which he introduced, tended greatly to allay the political fever of the previous administration, so that when the war broke out in 1812, Canada was able for the second time to present an unbroken front to the enemy, and to declare to the world, by the noble conduct of her sons at Queenston Heights and Chateauguay, her unshaken loyalty and devotion to her Sovereign. The events of the war tended in fact to draw closer than ever the bonds which connected Great Britain and the Canadas.

The conclusion of the war of 1814 left the Canadians once more at liberty to turn their attention to political matters, and party strife soon regained its former strength. In 1827 matters reached a crisis, and the state of Canada again engaged the earnest attention of the British Government. The report upon Canadian affairs by a committee of the House of Commons, seems, however, to have left things pretty much as they were, and in reality to have decided nothing.

Agitation and dissatisfaction became rife again, and so continued until the passing of the *Ninety-two Resolutions* in 1834. The passage of these resolutions led to further discussion in the Imperial Parliament, but no satisfactory solution of the difficulty could be arrived at, and matters progressed from bad to worse until the outbreak in 1837 led to those changes in the Government which resulted in the union of Upper and Lower Canada, and thus paved the way for the Confederation of the Dominion in 1867.

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 7.] APRIL, 1875. [No. 4.

CANADIAN HISTORIC NAMES.

BY JOHN GEORGE BOURINOT.

THE reader of the historical annals of Canada, cannot fail to derive much profit from a careful study of the origin and meaning of the old names which still cling to so many parts of the Dominion. An investigation of this character will necessarily take us back to the ancient times of these Colonies, and recall the pioneers and adventurers who made the first settlements on the shores of the Atlantic, or by the side of the St. Lawrence and its tributary waters. But only those who have a deep interest in the records of our history, can fully appreciate the feelings which animate the student as he peers into the vista of the past. We may compare him to one who, after an absence of very many years, revisits his birthplace, and finds that it has been touched in the interval by the wand of that magician, Progress, whose power never ceases on this American continent. As he passes up and down the busy streets, he will recall the old times when the now prosperous city was but a quiet village. Every street will have for him its associations; and the old fashioned buildings, though mouldy and covered with moss, will have in his eyes a greater charm than the spacious warehouses and mansions that cover what were pastures in the days of his boyhood. So the historical student when he takes up the list of Canadian names, is far from seeing in it a mere catalogue of unmeaning words; for he goes back in memory to the time they were first given. He can see clumsy craft, no larger than the smallest coasters of our Atlantic shores, buffeting with the waves of unknown seas; Indians and Frenchmen fraternizing on the banks of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa; *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois* paddling on the rivers, or struggling through the forests of an illimitable wilderness; French priests preaching the lessons of their faith to ignorant savages, and suffering many tortures and privations for religion's sake; noblemen and gentlemen with historic names, battling against a dauntless Indian foe, carrying the flag of France into the distant regions of the West, and braving

countless perils on the waters of the Ohio and the Mississippi. All these memorable figures of the past will troop before the student, as he commences to gather the materials for a history of Canadian names.

If we commence this investigation in the Provinces washed by the ocean, we meet on every side the memorials of the French, and the still older Indian, occupants. The island of Newfoundland, placed by nature like a huge sentinel to guard the approaches to the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, abounds in relics of those Basque and Breton sailors, who have ventured into our waters from the very earliest times of which we have a record. Several names have been given to the island in the course of the centuries since it has been visited by European ships. It is not improbable that it formed a part of that undefined coast to which the earliest voyagers gave the name of Norimbegua. But of all the names which it has borne, that of Baccalaos is the most curious. We find it stated in Hakluyt, that "Sebastian Cabot himself named those lands Baccalaos, because that in the seas thereabout, he found so great multitudes of certain bigge fishes which the inhabitants call Baccalos." L'Escarbot and other French writers claim that the word is Basque for codfish, and was first given by the Basque fishermen, who made their way to the banks of Newfoundland, prior to the voyages of the Cabots. On this point Parkman very truly observes: "If, in the original Basque, Baccalaos is the word for codfish, and if Cabot found it in use among the inhabitants of Newfoundland, it is hard to escape the conclusion, that the Basques had been there before him." Be that as it may, the name still clings to an islet about forty miles to the north of the capital, in which multitudes of seabirds now build their nests.

There is another curious name which was given centuries ago, to a part, if not to the whole of the island, but which is now almost forgotten, though it still distinguishes a small district on the large maps. Among old English towns, none possesses more interest for the antiquary or religious enthusiast than Glastonbury or Glassenbury, as it has been sometimes called in days long past. Famous for its shrines and relics, it became, ages ago, the resort of pilgrims from all parts of the British isles. There the devout were awe-struck by a sight of the holy shrines of St. Dunstan, the tomb of King Arthur, and the miraculous thorn of St. Joseph. In early times this holy place was not unfrequently called Avalon, or the Sacred Island, a name which had been always given to a mythical country of the Celts, where fairies revelled. In the course of time the old romancers placed this mysterious island, somewhere in the unknown ocean, "not far on this side of the terrestrial paradise," and peopled it with King Arthur, and the fairies. But eventually a name which had originated in the domain of mythology or religious enthusiasm, became a reality in the New World. In 1628, Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, obtained the right to found a colony for persecuted Catholics on a district of Newfoundland, to which he gave the name of Avalon, no doubt in remembrance of that ancient Glassenbury, so famous for the shrines of his church. He sent out a number of colonists, and a plantation was commenced on what is now Ferryland, on the eastern coast, about forty miles to the north of Cape Race. Lord Baltimore also removed his family to his American principality, and he resided for some years in a strong fort which he built to resist the aggressions of the French, who were constantly harrassing the British settlers. But he did not long remain in a country where the climate is so rigorous, and the soil so sterile compared with other parts of the continent. He made his way to the South, and laid the foundations of the State which is now known as Maryland. The title of Lord of Avalon was, however, continued by his successor Cecil, for we find this inscription around his portrait:

"Effigies absoluti Domini Provinciarum Terræ Mariæ et Avaloniæ."

About every headland, and in every bay of Newfoundland, we find associations of the famous adventurers, who first made the island known to the world. The Cabots, Verazzani, Cortereal, Cartier, Frobisher, Drake, and others who have written their names in deep, indelible letters, over the face of the northern continent, visited it in turn, and gave to it many of the names which it still bears. Cape Bona Vista tells of the welcome glimpse of land after many weeks of struggling with the waves. The French have left their traces in Bonne Bay, Point Enragée, Bay Facheuse, Isles aux Morts, Cinq Cerfs Bay, and in numerous other places. Still, as in old times, the sails of the Breton and Norman hover around its coasts, and drag from the deep those riches which have made the waters that wash Prima Vista far more valuable to the world than the gold-bearing rocks of the Australian or the Pacific shores.

A narrow strait alone divides Newfoundland from a mountainous and barren territory, indented by small bays and watered by several rivers, which are broken by many cataracts, and are remarkable for picturesque gorges and cañons. The waters which wash its rugged shores have been for centuries the resort of fishermen of all nations, and many a fortune has there been won. Traditions ascribe the name of this region to La Bradore, a Basque whaler from the kingdom of Navarre, who penetrated as far as the Bay, now bearing his name. But this is not the generally received origin of the name. On an old map, published at Rome, in 1508, it is called Terra Cortereälis, from the fact that it was first discovered by Gaspar Cortereal, a Portugueuse navigator, some eight years previously. Labrador—Laboratoris Terra—is undoubtedly so called from the fact that Cortereal stole from the country some fifty-seven natives, whom he described in a letter to the Venetian Ambassador at Lisbon, as well fitted for slaves: "They are extremely fitted to endure labour, and will probably turn out the best slaves which have been discovered up to this time."

The name of Acadie was applied in old times to a wide and ill defined territory, comprising the present Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the State of Maine. We first find it mentioned in the charter given to De Monts, the first Seigneur of Acadie, by Henry of Navarre, in the year 1603. "We being of a long time, informed of the situation and condition of the lands and territories of *La Cadia*, moved above all things, with a singular zeal, and devout and constant resolution which we have taken, with the help and assistance of God, author, distributor, and protector of all kingdoms and estates, to cause the people, which do inhabit the country, men (at this present time) barbarous atheists, without faith or religion, to be converted to Christianity, and to the belief and profession of our faith and religion;" and a long narration of a similar style follows. Of the origin and meaning of the term, there can be no doubt: it comes from àkăde, which is an affix used by the Souriquois or Mic Macs, a branch of the Algonquin family,* to signify a place where

* The Algonquins traced their origin to the high and mountainous tract of lakes and cliffs which stretches from the source of the Uttawas River, quite to the entrance of the Saguenay, at Tadousac. They are referred to by the early French writers as Montagnes (the Montagnais in Labrador). They early came to be known as Algomeequin, and its contraction, Algonquin. Schoolcraft says, that this term has never been explained. Agomag and Agomeeg are terms denoting along, on, at the shore, and in this case meant the north shore. The plural inflections ag and eeg giving the term a personal form, impart a meaning which may be rendered, people of the opposite shore—in contradistinction to the Iroquois who dwelt on the other side of the St. Lawrence and Lakes. The Iroquois also called them Adirondacks. This word means, he eats trees—evidently from the straits to which war parties of the nation were reduced in eating the bark of certain trees, while in ambush for the Iroquois in Western New York.

there is an abundance of some particular thing. Parkman seems to think it is derived from the Indian word, Aquoddiauke or Aquoddie, the fish called the pollock. But we find the affix in many Indian words still in use among the Mic Macs. For example, the Shubenacadie River, comes from the word, Saaga-bun-akade, "a place where the Saagabun or MicMac potato grows;" Kitpoo-akade, near the same place, refers to a resort of eagles. The French, no doubt, finding the word in general use, thought it applied to the whole country. Though the name is not now given on the map of the Lower Provinces, yet, it is constantly used by writers on account of its euphony, and the time may not be far distant when Nova Scotia and New Brunswick will be again united under the old designation of Acadia.

The Acadian Provinces abound in memorials of the French régime. Cape Breton was formerly called Ile Royale, but it came eventually to be best known from the name of a prominent Atlantic Cape, first seen by some French sailors, who either named it after Bretagne, or from Cape Bréton, a town in the election of Landes, in Gascony. The Bras d'Or Lake which almost divides the island, is a very appropriate title for a magnificent sheet of water, which is rapidly becoming a favourite resort for tourists in search of "fresh woods and pastures new." The picturesque little harbours known in popular parlance as Big and Little Loran, are memorials of a Frenchman's love for Lorraine. The strait of Canso was long called after the Sieur de Fronsac, one of the early gentlemen adventurers who held large estates in Acadia. Louisbourg, the famous fortress of the last century, was first called English harbour and was subsequently named in honour of Louis XV. The old town of Annapolis was Port Royal, in the days of the ancient régime. The Bay of Fundy was named by De Monts, and those who followed him, La Baie Françoise, but the lower part of the bay obtained the designation of Fond de la Baie (or bottom of the Bay), which was eventually corrupted into Fundy. The little harbour of Port Mouton was so named from the trivial circumstance, that a sheep jumped overboard whilst De Monts was anchored in the harbour. Port La Tour is a memento of the gallant Frenchman, Charles Etienne de la Tour, who built a small fort in the vicinity of Cape Sable, in 1637, and whose contest for the supremacy in Nova Scotia, against his rival, D'Aulnay Charnisay, forms so memorable an episode in the early annals of the Maritime Provinces. The harbour of Liverpool was first called Rossignol, after a French adventurer who traded there in the early part of the seventeenth century, and the name still clings to a picturesque lake in the same district.

Indian names are very common in the Acadian country. The Souriquois of Acadia were always deeply attached to the French, and proved their warm allies in all their contests with the English. They were an intelligent race, though not as warlike and energetic as the Iroquois. Their language is exceedingly soft, and, like all the dialects of the Algonquin tongue, well adapted to oratory and story telling, in which the chiefs of the tribe, as the old French writers tell us, excelled above all other savages. The Indian name of Halifax harbour is Chebuctou, or Chebooktook, chief harbour. Nitan or Nictahk, the Forks; Menudie, or Menoody, a bay; Canso or Cansoke, facing the frowning cliff; Caskumpec, flowing through sand; Economy, corrupted from Kenomee; and Sand Point, are among the Indian names that still cling to many places in the Lower Provinces. In this connection it will not be out of place to quote a short poem which I cut out of a newspaper some years ago, and which weaves into very musical rhyme, some of the softest Indian names of Acadia:

"The memory of the Red Man,
How can it pass away,
While their names of music linger,
On each mount, and stream, and bay?

While Musquodoboit's waters
Roll sparkling to the main ;
While falls the laughing sunbeam
On Chegogin's fields of grain.

" While floats our country's banner
O'er Chebuctou's glorious wave ;
And the frowning cliffs of Scatarie
The trembling surges brave ;
While breezy Aspotogon
Lifts high its summit blue,
And sparkles on its winding way
The gentle Sissibou.

" While Escasoni's fountains
Pour down their crystal tide ;
While Inganish's mountains
Lift high their forms of pride.
Or while on Mabou's river
The boatman plies his oar,
Or the billows burst in thunder
On Chickaben's rock-girt shore.

" The memory of the Red Man,
It lingers like a spell
On many a storm-swept headland,
On many a leafy dell ;
Where Tusket's thousand islets
Like emeralds stud the deep ;
Where Blomidon, a sentry grim,
His endless watch doth keep.

" It dwells round Catalone's blue lake,
And leafy forests hid,
Round fair Discousse, and the rushing tides
Of the turbid Pisiquid.
And it lends, Chebogne, a touching grace,
To thy softly flowing river,
As we sadly think of the gentle race
That has passed away for ever."

Now leaving the Acadian Provinces, and following the stream of traffic over the Gulf of St. Lawrence, we find much to interest us as we trace the origin of the names which still cling to its most prominent points and bays. The gulf itself, we all remember, obtains its name from the fact that Jacques Cartier entered a small bay opposite Anticosti on the day dedicated to St. Lawrence, and in the course of time the designation was applied to the gulf and river. In Champlain's works, the gulf is called la Baie de Canada. Cartier calls the St. Lawrence the "River of Hochelaga," or "the great river of Canada." The spacious Bay of Chaleurs is generally known to have derived its name from the fact that the French voyagers suffered from the great heat, but it was also known to the French as the Spaniard's Bay, while the Mic Macs have very appropriately called it Eck-e-tuan Ne-ma-a-chi, or the Sea of Fish. Gaspé is spelt Gachepé in Champlain's works, and is undoubtedly of Indian origin, though its meaning its obscure. According to some authorities, it is a contraction of the Abenaqui word, Katsepisi, or what is separated from the rest of the land ; and we are told as a fact that Le Forillon, now ruined by the violence of the waves, was a remarkable rock separated from Gaspé Cape.

The Island of Anticosti is very little known to the world, except as a bleak waste, to be avoided by the sailor in stormy weather. A considerable degree of mystery, for many years, naturally hung about an island of which so few persons had a definite knowledge. Even Lever, in one of his novels, chose it as the appropriate scene of an exciting episode in the life of one of his heroes, Con Cregan, who was cast upon its sterile shores. But now-a-days it is the resort of fishermen, and it has even been proposed to make it the arena of industrial enterprize on an extended scale. The derivation of the name is not difficult to seek. Cartier first discovered it in 1534, and called it L'Ile de l'Ascension. Thevet, in his Universal Cosmography, names it Ile de l'Assomption. The same authority, however, says in his Grand Insulaire, "that the savages of the country call it Naticousti," which the French changed into Anticosti, the meaning of which I cannot find in any authority.

It will not be remembered, except by the ardent student of Canadian geography, that the islands of Belle-Isle and Quirpon—at least these are generally believed to be the places in question—once bore the startling title of the Isles of Demons. The sailors,

in old times, passed those isles with feelings of awe, and more than one credulous voyager could hear at night the shouts of the demons as the wind swept through the rigging and the waves dashed over the bulwarks. André Thevet, in his famous old book, "Le Grand Insulaire," tells some wondrous stories of these demons. "True it is," says the superstitious old writer, "I myself have heard it, not from one, but from a great number of the sailors and pilots with whom I have made many voyages, that, when they passed this way, they heard in the air, on the tops and about the masts, a great clamour of men's voices, confused and inarticulate, such as you may hear from the crowd at a fair or market-place; whereupon they well knew that the Isle of Demons was not far off." The same cosmographer records a wondrous story connected with the same or adjoining islands. Among the passengers on Roberval's ship, in the spring of 1542, was his niece, Marguerite, who was passionately enamoured of a young gentleman who left home and friends for her sake, and embarked secretly in the same vessel. The proud viceroy, finding all his threats useless to bring his niece to reason, landed Marguerite and her old Norman nurse on the haunted island. Hardly had the ship set sail once more than Marguerite's lover jumped overboard and succeeded in reaching the island. Now it appears from the story of the old writer that the sense of propriety of the demons must have been deeply outraged, for they made immediately a series of fierce onslaughts on the lovers, and would have torn them to pieces had not the Saints come to their aid and protected Marguerite and the child to which she gave birth soon after her cruel desertion. Marguerite, however, never lost heart amid all the terrors of the lonely isle. Her lover, nurse, and child died, and still she set the devils at defiance. She shot at them whenever they ventured too near, but all she ever killed were three bears, "all as white as an egg." For nearly three years Marguerite braved all the terrors of this haunted isle, until at last she was rescued by a passing ship and was taken back to France, where Thevet heard the wondrous story from herself. It is quite probable, as Parkman hints, that the story divested of its superstitious features is true enough. Les Isles de la Demoiselle are mentioned in the Routier of Jean Alphonse, Roberval's pilot. But the old name, like the legend, has passed away from men's memories, and now even the exact position of the haunted isle is forgotten.

Among other forgotten names in the same region is that of Brest, on Bradore Bay, which is said, on apparently good authority, to have been a place of considerable importance some two centuries ago. Lewis Roberts, in his "Dictionary of Commerce," published in London in 1600, tell us, among other things, "that it was the residence of a governor, almoner, and other public officers." Mr. Samuel Robertson, in his "Notes on the Coast of Labrador," says that there can be no doubt as to the truth of Lewis Roberts's remarks, "as may be seen from the ruins and terraces of the buildings, which were chiefly constructed of wood." He estimates that one time it contained "200 houses, besides stores, and perhaps one thousand inhabitants in the winter, which would be trebled during the summer." The old town appears to have been situated within the limits of a concession made by the French King to Le Sieur Amador Godefroy de St. Paul of five leagues of coast on each side of the North-west or Esquimaux River. About the year 1600 Brest was at the height of its prosperity, but some thirty years later the fishermen began to leave, and the town slowly declined, until it literally fell to ruins, and now its very name has passed into oblivion. The old fortress of Louisbourg has also disappeared like the town of Brest, but its name and fame at least are still fresh in the memories of all, and the nucleus of a city is already forming by the side of that famous harbour where the ships of France

once anchored, and defied the power of England on this continent.

Manitou River, in Labrador, derives its name from an Indian legend, which is related by Mr. Henry Youle Hind in his work on the Labrador country. Some two hundred years ago the Montagnais, who form a part of the Cree nation of the Algonquin family, and inhabit the Labrador coast, were attacked by the Mic Macs of Acadia. The latter descended the Moisie, and passed thence to the Manitou River, which was much frequented by fishing parties of the Montagnais. The Souriquois surprised some parties of the Montagnais, and succeeded in killing several and taking a number of prisoners. The next day, however, the Montagnais had a successful encounter with the Mic Macs in the same neighbourhood, and killed all with the exception of a chief, who, it appears, was a noted conjuror. Finding escape hopeless, he sprang to the edge of the cataract, and, crouching behind a rock, began to sing a defiant war-song, occasionally sending an arrow with fatal effect at those who were bold enough to show themselves. The Montagnais, sure of their prey, contented themselves with singing their songs of triumph. The Mic Mac chief and conjuror suddenly jumped upon the rock behind which he was hidden, and approached the Montagnais, telling them to shoot. But the Montagnais wanted their prisoner alive, so they let their arrows rest. The conjuror next threw away his bow and arrows, and invited them to come and attack him with their knives. The Montagnais chief, anxious to display his courage, rose from his concealment, knife in hand, and, throwing away his bow and arrows, sprang towards the Mic Mac, who, to the amazement of all beholders, retreated towards the edge of the rock overhanging the falls, thus drawing his enemy on, when, with a sudden spring, he locked him in a fatal embrace, and, struggling towards the edge of the precipice, leaped with a shout of triumph into the foaming waters, and was instantly swept away over the tremendous cataract, which has since borne the name of the Conjuror's or the Manitousin Falls. This story illustrates the origin of many Indian names throughout America. Every locality has received its designation from some incident in the history of an Indian tribe, or from striking natural characteristics.

Now we must refer to the origin of two names—Canada and Quebec—which have, above all others, perplexed antiquarians and philologists. One theory, which does not receive much credence now-a-days, derives Canada from a contemptuous expression of some early Spanish voyagers, which is related by Charlevoix: "The Bay of Chaleurs is the same which is found marked in somecharts under the name of Baie des Espagnols, and an old tradition relates that the Castilians had made their way to that part before Cartier, and when they did not find any minerals whatever, they exclaimed more than once, 'Aca-nada' (nothing here), which expression was remembered by the Indians and repeated to the French, who thereupon concluded that it was the name of the country." That the Spanish navigators visited the Gulf of St. Lawrence at a very early date no one doubts. Sydney Harbor and River, for instance, are called Spanish River and Bay in old maps. But it is not to the Spaniards that we must look for the origin of the term Canada. Charlevoix himself tells us that others derived the name from the Iroquois word Kannata, meaning a collection of huts. In the vocabulary of the language of Hochelaga, which we find in the Journal of Cartier's Second Voyage, we are distinctly told, "They style a town Canada." It appears unquestionable that at the time of Cartier's voyage up the St. Lawrence, the Indians of Stadaconé (Quebec) and of Hochelaga (Montreal) were of the Huron-Iroquois race, who, some fifty or sixty years later, gave way to the Algonquins. We find the roots of

the word Canada in other names of Iroquois settlements; for instance, Kana-waga, or Kaugh-na-waugha, means the Village of the Rapids. In the Genesee country we find Canadaigua, which is a corruption of the Mohawk term, Kâ-na-dâ-gua. It is also strong, in fact positive evidence in favour of this theory, that in Brant's translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew also, the word is used for a village.

Quebec has formed a still more fruitful topic of speculation among those learned in Indian lore. Some will have it that it is derived from an exclamation of a Norman sailor on Cartier's ship, Quebec! What a Cape, in allusion to Cape Diamond; but this derivation is purely imaginative. We find the word used in Champlain's description of the foundation of the old capital: "Finding a very narrow place in the river, *which the natives call Quebec*, I ordered buildings to be erected, and the ground tilled for a garden, etc." Some again have derived the name from Caudebec, on the river Seine. Hawkins, in his interesting work on the ancient town, is inclined to believe that the word is of Norman origin, and alludes to what he considers a very curious fact, that it is found on an old seal of Walter de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, a nobleman of historic fame during the reigns of Henry V. and Henry VI. The inscription is partly effaced, but the antiquarian has supplied the hiatus, and reads it thus: "Sigillum Willielmi de la Pole, Comitis, Suffolchiæ, Domini de Hambury et de Quebec." Quebec was, in the opinion of Hawkins, a domain or barony, which Suffolk held, either in his own right or as Governor of the King in Normandy; but the Abbé Ferland has effectually disposed of this theory by showing that the seignory of the De la Poles was really Brequebec in Normandy. In Jeffrey's work on American Geography, published in London in 1759, we find this statement:—"The Abenaquis,* a savage nation whose language is a dialect of the Algonquin, call it Quelebec—that is to say, concealed or hidden, because as you come from the little river Chaudiere, the common passage of the savages from Nova Scotia, on their way to this city, the Point of Levi which juts out beyond the Isle of Orleans entirely hides the South channel of the St. Lawrence, as the Isle of Orleans does that of the North, and you can only see the port, which, viewed from the Point, appears like a large basin." But the generally received, and clearly the correct, origin of the word must be found in the Algonquin tongue. Quebeio or Quelebec means, in that language, a strait, or contraction of the river. Champlain himself tells us—"We came to anchor at Quebec, which is a strait of the said river of Canada." The MicMacs have always called a strait, Kebbeck.

From the days that the adventurous sailor of St. Malo first stood on the mountain that overlooks so splendid a panorama of land and water, the commercial capital of the Dominion has retained the name which he then gave it in the enthusiasm of his loyalty. The foundation of the present city, on the site of the ancient Huron-Iroquois village of Hochelaga, must be considered to have originated, like many other settlements in America, from a spirit of religious fervour. The island had been originally granted to M. de Lauzon, who was a President of the Company of 100 Associates, which had been formed under the auspices of Cardinal Richelieu, for the purpose of colonizing Canada. But in the middle of the seventeenth century a devout young priest, Olier by name, whilst praying in the old church of St. Germain des Près in Paris, received, as he believed, a heavenly command to undertake a mission to the

* The Abenaquis were descendants of the Canibas, who dwelt on the River Kennebeck. Abenaki (Abanki) means Terre du Levant, Land of the East—a term applied to this people by the Algonquins. There are only three Abenaqui words on the Canadian map:—Coaticook, river of the pine land; Memphremagog, great stretch of water; Megantik, place for fish.

island of Montreal. He associated himself with Jerome le Royer, de la Dauversiére, a collector of taxes at La Flêche in Anjou, and succeeded in forming what was called La Société de Notre Dame de Montreal. Paul de Chomedy, Sieur de Maisonneuve, a devout Christian and a valiant knight, was selected to lead the expedition. In the February of 1641 the Associates assembled in the Church of Notre Dame at Paris, where they received a blessing on their enterprise, and solemnly christened the scene of their future labours by the name of Ville Marie. But this name, the inspiration of religious zeal, gradually disappeared as the town grew in importance, and it has always been known by that which Cartier gave to the island more than two centuries ago.

The Niagara River and Falls appear to have given their name to a tribe of Indians who formerly dwelt in that picturesque district. We find many references to that people in the early French writers. Father Lalemant says in a narrative of a voyage made by Father Jean de Brebeuf on the upper lakes:—"Our French who first discovered this people named them the Neuter nation, and not without reason, for their country being the ordinary passage by land between some of the Iroquois nations and the Hurons, who are sworn enemies, they remained at peace with them; so that in times past the Hurons and Iroquois, meeting in the same wigwam or village of the nation, were both in safety while they remained. There are some things in which they differ from the Hurons. They are larger, stronger, and better formed. They also entertain greater respect for the dead. The Sonontonheronons (Senecas) one of the Iroquois nations, the nearest to, and the most dreaded by the Hurons, are not more than a day's journey distant from the easternmost village of the Neuter nation, named Onguiaatira (Niagara) of the same name as the river. The name has, in fact, been spelled in some forty different ways. In Samson's map of Canada, published at Paris in 1657, the name of the Nicariagas is shortened into Ongiara, and in Coronellis' map of the same region it is given as Niagari. The word itself appears to be Iroquois. An educated Mohawk Indian (Orontyatekha), tells us in an interesting paper published in the proceedings of the Toronto Canadian Institute: "The name Oh-nya-ka-ra 'on or at the neck' is applied to the whole stream of water between Lakes Erie and Ontario, and is derived from O-nyara, the neck, or contraction between head and trunk. The Mohawks applied this name to the neck-like contraction between the two lakes, and hence we have Niagara." The Niagara Indians, who were originally a branch of the Iroquois, no doubt in the course of time became known to other nations from the designation of the cataract and river. These Indians appear to have been destroyed some time in the middle of the seventeenth century. The ancient name has always clung to this famous district. Even the attempt of Governor Simcoe to fasten the name of Newark to the old capital of the Western Province proved an utter failure.

The country around Kingston (King's Town) abounds in memorials of the historic past. The county of Frontenac perpetuates the memory of the brave soldier, who stands out one of the most striking figures in "the heroic days of Canada." Most of my readers will recall the memorable history of this district in the days when Fort Frontenac asserted the claims of France to the dominion of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. The old French Fort appears to have been called, at different periods, Fort St. Louis (the name then given to Lake Ontario), Fort Cataraqui, and Fort Frontenac. The meaning and proper orthography of "Cataraqui" is a matter of controversy like so many other old names. In nine cases out of ten the word is given in the old writers according as it struck their ears when they heard it spoken by the Indians. Cahiaque, Cadaroque, Cat-

aracoui, Cæderoqui are among the ways of spelling a name, which is undoubtedly Mohawk, and probably signifies "the strongest fort in the country." The Bay of Quinté has also puzzled the philologists. Some have raised the theory that it was so called from a Colonel Quinté who held a command at Niagara, but no such name can be found in any record of old times. The nearest approach to the name is that of Chevalier Tonty, who played so memorable a part in La Salle's Expeditions to the Great West. Canniff tells us that one of the islands near Cataraqui (Amherst) was called Ile Tanta after this illustrious gentleman adventurer. But there is every reason to believe that the bay derives its name from the Indians that lived in the vicinity. Wentworth Greenhalgh, writing in the London Documents, of a journey in May, 1617, from Albany to the Indians of the West, says :—"The Seneques (Senecas) have four towns, viz., Canagora, Canoenada (here we see the roots of Canada), Tiotohalla, and Keint-hé, which contained about twenty-four houses, and was well provided with corn." In old French maps bearing a date subsequent to 1647 we find Indian villages indifferently spelt Kenté, Kente, Kanto. It is most probable that a village of the Senecas has given their name to the Bay near which they once dwelt. The translation from Kente to Quinte would be quite natural to the French ; we see this in the alteration of the Algonquin word Kebec, which has now become Quebec.

All over the face of the Dominion we find the names of many of the French Governors, and other distinguished men of the old times of Canadian history. In the county of Chicoutimi there is a parish named in honour of the first Governor of Canada, whose titles are given by Charlevoix: "Jean François de la Roque, Sieur de Roberval, Lord of Norimbega, Viceroy and Lieutenant-Governor in Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Carpunt (the strait and island between Labrador and Newfoundland), the Great Bay (the St. Lawrence), and Baccalaos. Montcalm, Vaudreuil, Iberville, Joliette, and Charlevoix, are memorials of men illustrious for their achievements in arms, exploration, letters, and statesmanship. The city of Halifax, old Chebectou, receives its name from that Lord Halifax who was the President of the Board of Trade and Plantations in the middle of the last century, when the capital of Nova Scotia was founded by Lord Cornwallis. The county of Carleton, and the village of Carleton Place in Ontario will recall Sir Guy Carleton. Lake Simcoe was so named by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, out of respect to his father, Captain Simcoe of the Royal Navy, who died on the St. Lawrence in the expedition against Quebec in 1795; but the lake was in old times known as Sheniong, Ouentironk, Toronto, and Lac aux claies (Hurdle Lake). The counties Lambton, Victoria, Wellington, York, Elgin, Monck, Dufferin, are illustrative of our respect for the British connection. But it is not my object in this paper to trace the origin of the more modern names, for I have proposed to confine myself simply to the older historic nomenclature of Canada. An amusing paper, however, might be written on the fantastic titles that gubernatorial or popular caprice has affixed to places that might have been more appropriately named. Many of my readers will remember how Belleville is really named after Bell, the familiar name of Governor Gore's lady ; how Flos, Tay, and Tiny are reminiscences of three of Lady Sarah Maitland's lap-dogs. It would, however, puzzle any one to explain the canons of taste that has led to the selection of such names as Asphodel, Artemesia, Ameliasburg, Canaan, Euphrasia, Sophiasburg, and other burgs and villes that seem so sadly out of place alongside the historic French or Indian names of the past. But while these evidences of bad taste will always occur in a new country, it is satisfactory to know that there is a desire among the better informed and intelligent to preserve the

old Indian names. Indeed these names appear in most cases to cling more naturally than the new fangled titles which a less correct fancy would give. Bytown has become Ottawa, and Newark has never superseded Niagara. Little York has long been forgotten in Toronto, which Dr. Scadding, that indefatigable local historian, tells us is an Indian term referring to a place of meeting, and was originally applied to the peninsula between Nottawasaga Bay, Matchedash or Sturgeon Bay, the River Severn, Lake Couchiching, and Lake Simcoe—a locality much frequented by the native tribes, especially by the Wyandots or Hurons.

Most of the names of the principal rivers and lakes of Canada are of Indian origin. The St. Lawrence River is a memorable exception, for it has derived its name from the Gulf into which it carries the tribute of the great lakes and its numerous tributaries. The Saguenay is derived from a Montagnais word, saki-nip or rushing water. In a previous article on the Ottawa valley I have stated that the River derived its name, according to some writers, from an Algonquin word signifying a human ear, but I have been very recently informed by Mr. Thorburn, the learned Principal of the Ottawa Collegiate Institute, that he had it on the authority of an Indian missionary of Rama, Rev. T. H. Beatty, that Ottawa or Attawa signifies the "River Guards," in allusion to the fact that the tribe held the control of the river. The same authority gives Lake Couchiching as meaning an outlet. Ontario is in doubt. The Mohawk writer from whom I have before quoted, derives the word from Ken-ta-ri-yoh, a placid sheet of water. Erie, no doubt, has been named from Erige or Erike, and means the lake of the Cat Indians, who once dwelt on its banks, and were destroyed by the Iroquois. Huron refers to the Indians who once formed a powerful nation, and held a large district of country in the Western Province—in what is now Huron and Bruce, and the history of whose tragic fate will be well remembered by the students of the past.

The influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood can be seen in numerous names throughout Canada. All the Saints in the Calendar have had their names appended to villages, parishes, rivers, lakes, and bays, especially in the Province of Quebec. The priest and adventurer were ever found side by side in the early days of discovery and exploration on this continent, and every Frenchman, whether black robe or layman, was animated by the same impulse to spread the lessons of his faith in the forests of the New World. St. Margaret's Bay, St. John River, Lakes St. Louis and St. Peter, Ste. Anne de la Pocatière, St. Ignace, L'Assomption, Ange Gardien, are among the countless illustrations the map gives us of priestly zeal. Wherever we go we find the bells calling the Roman Catholic congregation to their devotions:—

Is it the clang of wild geese?
 Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the North wind,
 The tone of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
 To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper's ringing
 Of the bells of St. Boniface,

The bells of the Roman mission,
 That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatmen on the river,
 To the hunter on the plain.

Only a few days ago the writer travelled through the valley of the Gatineau to a little village on the very confines of the settled district that extends to the northward of the Ottawa. Here on a lofty hill rose a massive stone church, whose tower was crowned by a large image of Notre Dame du Désert—Our Lady of the Desert, who has given her name, and as the Indians believe, her protection to the settlement in that pine-clad rocky region. The interior of the church was unfinished, and the only attempts at decoration were to be seen in the gilded altar and a few cheap pic-

tures on the rough, unplastered walls. Here we witnessed a procession of Indian children, dressed in costume—some as Angels, some as the Magi, others as Shepherds—for it was the anniversary of the Epiphany, when Christ was made manifest to the Gentiles. The little Indian boys looked exceedingly comical, in their gaudy turbans and bright dresses, *à la Turque*, illustrative of Eastern potentates, and appeared just as much amused as their audience, whilst they followed the Angels—girls dressed in pink and white, with crosses and stars—who carried a basket in which was laid a chubby wax doll to represent the Infant Saviour. The choir was composed of Indian chiefs and squaws, who kept up a low melancholy strain to the music of two fiddles. It was a homely representation which recalled similar scenes that were often witnessed beneath the forest shade, or on the shore of some lonely bay, in those early times when America was an illimitable wilderness, and the black robe had no place to minister save under the canopy of heaven.

In that North-west land, where Silence still broods over the mountain, prairie, and river, and the posts of a Company of Fur Traders have long been the sole representatives of civilization;

"Where Athabaska's silent lakes, through whispering pine trees gleam,"

We find many names that recall a long record of patient endeavour and perilous adventure. It was in the beginning of this century that a courageous Scotchman, Alexander Mackenzie, travelled in a canoe on the Peace River, and on the still greater river that now bears his name; but more than a century before he made this adventurous trip, the British Union Jack could be seen floating by the side of many a lonely stream, and amid the illimitable waste of the prairie. The names of the factories of the Hudson Bay Company, are in themselves a history of the times and circumstances of their construction. Rupert's Fort, York Factory, Forts Albany and Churchill, recall historic names in the mother country, at the time those posts arose in the wilderness of the North and West. Other names of these posts, it is observed by the eloquent author of the "Wild North Land," tell the story of the toil of the men who have left the great world behind them, and spent the remainder of their lives in that lonely country. "Resolution, Providence, Good Hope, Enterprize, Reliance, Confidence, such were the titles given to these little forts on the distant Mackenzie, or the desolate shores of the great Slave Lake. Who can tell what memories of early days in the far away Scotch isles, or Highland glen, must have come to these men, as the tempest swept the stunted pine forest, and wrack and drift hurled across the frozen lake—when the dawn and dusk, separated by only a few hours' daylight, closed into the long, dark night? Perchance the savage scene was lost in a dreamy vision of some lonely Scottish loch, some Druid mound in far away Lewis, some vista of a fireside, when storms howled and waves ran high upon the beach of Stornoway."

CANADA WOOED BY THE SEASONS.

BY FLEURANGE.

SHE stands amidst the forests old and hoary
Looking with steadfast eyes across the sea,
A fair and haughty maiden, with the glory
Of buoyant hope and stainless majesty;
Pure as the bridal robes around her thrown,
Since Winter proudly claim'd her as his own.

In vain the bright young Spring in accents tender
Whisper'd low words of sweet and dawning love,
Shower'd around her gleams of fitful splendor,
And bade a clearer azure shine above,
Hung sparkling dewdrops on her tresses bright,
And fring'd her robe with globes of liquid light;

In vain he wove sweet wreaths of beauty peerless,
Of rare pale blossoms ting'd with faintest flush;
Her radiant eyes still shone undimm'd and fearless
Not all his gifts could wake one fleeting blush.
A tender smile she gave his sad farewell,—
He whom she loves must weave a stronger spell!

Then Summer came with wealth of glowing treasure,
And flung his crimson flowers at her feet,
In thrilling music breath'd of joy and pleasure,
And steeped the dreamy air in languor sweet,—
Came with soft sunset shades and purple bloom,
With radiance, roses, rapture, and perfume.

But as she listened to her lover's pleading,
In murmurs like the sighing of the wind,
The calm pure eyes gazed on serene, unheeding,
Like stars above the tumult of the mind,—
Far above passion's storms that darken o'er,
He whom she loves must dwell for evermore!

The warrior Autumn came in buckler shining,
 Bearing rich spoil of many a conquer'd field,
Ripe luscious grapes with crimson ivy twining,
 And ruddy fruit piled on his glist'ning shield;
Bright scarlet berries in profusion mass'd,
And trailing sumach garlands round it cast.

He shed a golden mist of tender meaning
 Around the loveliness it could not hide,
And through the softened haze majestic leaning,
 Crowns her with maple leaves a royal bride.
The gift is dear, yet she his prayer denies,—
He whom she loves must bring a nobler prize!

But ere the Autumn, rous'd from golden dreaming,
 Had breath'd his last sad sigh of wild despair,
There came a knight in silver armour gleaming,
 With azure eyes like depths of cloudless air.
Around her form a spotless robe he threw,
Glist'ning with gems, and pearl'd with frozen dew.

A thousand fairy fetters softly twining
 He wreath'd in airy traceries of light,
Then gently o'er her cast the garland shining
 Of sparkling diamonds set in purest white,—
Shrined in her bridal veil of starry sheen,
Fair Canada is crown'd the Winter's Queen!

MONTREAL.

LOST AND WON:

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of "For King and Country."

CHAPTER X.

HERON BAY.

"I gave the jewel from my breast—
She played with it a little while,
As I sailed down into the west,
Fed by her smile."

THE warm August days wore on, giving the fields a yellower tinge, as each one passed, till at last the reaping-machine went to its swift work, levelling the golden wheat, the graceful oats, and the rich barley in its relentless course. Then the yellow sheaves were bound, and set up, and finally carted away to repose in barns and stacks till the threshing machine should set out on its rounds in the clear, crisp October days. And all the busy work of the season went on at Braeburn Farm, just as it had done in all the bygone years, when no change brooded heavily on the hearts of its inmates.

One evening when the harvesting was nearly over, Alan walked across to Blackwater Mill, where during this busy season his visits were necessarily less frequent. Nor did Mrs. Ward, at least, regret this very much, for she had decidedly cooled towards Alan since the family's misfortunes had become known. It was not that she did not feel a good deal of regret for the misfortunes, and some pity for the family, for she liked her old neighbours, and more particularly Alan, whose good qualities she had long seen and appreciated, and whom she had been well content to welcome as a prospective son-in-law so long as he had even a tolerable prospect of "getting on." But that was quite a different thing from welcoming so near a connection as the son of a ruined man, and one on whom his family must, as she thought, hang like a dead weight in the struggle he had to begin at such a disadvantage. She felt glad that she had never formally given her sanction to the engagement, but had only tolerated it, to "humour Lottie," as she now said to herself and to her neighbours. But this "humouring Lottie" must not, she observed to her husband, be carried to the length of permitting their daughter to be in any way considered bound in Alan's altered circumstances. "The child must be left perfectly free," she said, "and then if, by and by, she still likes Alan, when he is able to do for her, why it will be time enough to bind herself then,"—a determination strengthened by her recollection of Mr. Sharpley's attentions to Lottie, which had been more pointed on his second visit. However, she thought it best to say nothing of this to Alan at present, though the miller would have come out with it at once, had not his wife represented that it was of no use to make any unpleasantness so long as they were still such near neighbours. So Mrs. Ward did her neighbourly duty in paying a visit of condolence to Mrs. Campbell, from which the latter perhaps suffered more than she benefited, and expressed her willingness to do anything she could to help them.

"If any of you will stay overnight at our place when you are moving," she said, "I'm sure we'd be very glad."

Mrs. Campbell thanked her, but felt relieved when she took her departure. The two women had never drawn much together, in spite of comparative contiguity and of

the near connexion which seemed probable between the families. Perhaps on that very account Mrs. Campbell had, in regard to the Wards, the slightly painful feeling which a mother often has in thinking of the marriage of a son—especially an eldest son—and of the new and close ties he is forming with those who may not be very congenial to herself.

With Alan, Mrs. Ward, for the present, avoided any explanations, and he came and went much as he had done before, except that, as time passed on, Lottie's manner became a little more indifferent and unresponsive.

However, it was not so on this particular evening. She had had a visit from some young friends, who had been alternately flattering and teasing her about her "beau," and she was looking particularly bright and animated, and, on that account, especially charming. Her manner to Allan, too, was so unusually cordial and winning that it cheered him greatly; but he soon found she had a point to gain.

"They're going to have a pic-nic up at Heron Bay, as soon as the harvesting is over," she said to Alan, "and I want you to come, if I go, and get Jeanie to come too. The Harrisons, and Lindsays, and Simpkinses, and Warwicks, are going, and they're going to have a fiddler and a dance on the grass, and come home by moonlight. It 'll be splendid, I'm sure. Won't you go, Alan?"

Alan looked very doubtful. He was certainly far from being in a mood for pic-nics and festivities, though a few months before he would have gone heartily into any such expedition. But the very thought of it jarred upon him now, although, on the other hand, he disliked to refuse Lottie's request, and an afternoon with her was certainly a great inducement,

"Well, Lottie," he said, rather hesitatingly, at last, "I think I'd rather not. If it was only going with you alone, dear, you know I'd be delighted; but to go with all those people, I really don't feel in spirits for it. And they all know about our circumstances, too, you know, and that gives one an awkward feeling."

"The very reason you should go," returned Lottie. "Who wants to have people think you're breaking your heart over it, and making remarks and pitying you, as they will if you don't come, and they know why. You know I can get plenty of people to attend to me; there's Harry Lindsay 'll be glad enough of the chance. But then I shan't enjoy it half so much if you aren't there," she added, looking up insinuatingly.

Which was certainly true enough; for besides her secret fear that her mother might not let her go unless Alan went to take care of her (for the rest of the party lived at a considerable distance), Lottie felt that her importance as an "engaged" maiden would be seriously diminished without her *fiancé* in her train.

Of course, Alan was overcome in the end. He never could resist Lottie's insinuating ways, which she could exercise to good account when she had an end in view. And moreover he promised to try to persuade Jeanie and Dan to go. Dan, indeed, he knew would not need much persuasion, but Jeanie he was sure would offer some opposition.

"Dan must be sure to go," said Lottie, "he's twice as good as you are, Alan, for anything of that sort. He's such a splendid fellow for keeping us all laughing. And you know we'll have to go on horseback, for though they've been making a sort of road, Harry Lindsay says it would be enough to break any wheeled vehicle down to try it. So Dan will have an opportunity to show off his riding."

When Alan spoke of the pic-nic at home, Dan eagerly acquiesced. "I'll take my gun and have some shooting," he said; "there's lots of wild duck in the bay, and I might

find some partridge there too. You know September will be in by that time."

Mrs. Campbell sighed. With the end of September their life at Braeburn must end. It was coming very near now.

As Alan had expected, Jeanie was very unwilling to join in the excursion, and for some time resisted his rather half-hearted persuasions.

"I don't think I could bear to go, Alan," she said. "There will be so much fun and nonsense going on, and I don't feel as if I could stand it just now. I know I couldn't help being as dull as possible. And then you know we've a great deal to do this month; I don't feel as if I could spare the time."

"I think it would do you good," said Alan. "It's a long while since you had an excursion of any kind, and you'd enjoy the ride on old Hector and going along with Lottie, I'm sure. And then your friend Robert Warwick's going, and he'll be dreadfully disappointed if you aren't there."

"Better he should be disappointed, then," said Jeanie. "My going wouldn't do him any real good."

"Jeanie," said Alan, more gravely, "don't you think you ought to take that into serious consideration. Robert spoke to me the other day again. He's more anxious than ever about it, poor fellow, since he's heard about our trouble; and he wanted me to speak to you. He doesn't want you to go and work for yourself, when, as he says, he has a good comfortable home all ready for you, if you'd only come to it."

Jeanie's colour had risen while he spoke. Alan and she were in the little porch together, and she turned away and played with the tendrils of the wild vine that he might not see her face.

"Alan," she replied, very firmly, "I like and honour Robert Warwick far too much to think of doing him such a wrong as it would be to marry him for any reason of that kind, even if I could do such a thing for my own sake. He deserves a wife that would love him for himself, and I do not, nor ever shall. And I would rather live on bread and water all my life—no, I would rather die than marry any one for any other reason."

It was seldom, indeed, that Jeanie spoke out her private feelings so freely and decidedly, and Alan, seeing that Warwick's suit was a hopeless one, privately made up his mind to tell him so, kindly, on the first opportunity.

Jeanie's disinclination for the pic-nic did not hold out, however, against Lottie's solicitations. Jeanie, with all her independence of character, would yield abjectly to Lottie when that damsel, knowing her power, undertook to persuade her into anything, by means of the insinuating ways and coaxing entreaties which she could use so effectually when she liked, and by means of which she could generally do what she pleased with Jeanie, whose own shy and undemonstrative nature made her the more defenceless against Lottie's blandishments.

The excursion came off accordingly on an exquisite September day. The intense heat of the weather was over, broken up by two or three cool and stormy days; and though the sun seemed to shine out as brightly as ever, there was, nevertheless, in the soft balmy sunshine, in the stillness of the misty golden air, a something that seemed to speak of summer departed, and of the coming season of falling leaves. The sky, of a deep soft blue at the zenith, was flecked with a faint misty drapery of delicate

"Transfigured clouds of white,"

which, extending downwards in light, fleecy, waving lines, like angels' wings, rested lightly on a wide band of soft gray and purple clouds below. The maples were already touched here and there with gold, and now and then a gorgeously painted leaf, all crimson and russet and gold, detached itself from its branch and fell noiselessly at the

feet of the little cavalcade from Braeburn and Blackwater Mill, as they slowly rode along the horse-path that made a short cut through the woods to Mapleford. Dan rode in front with Jeanie, now and then showing off Beauty's capabilities by making her leap over a fallen log or an objectionable corduroy bridge across a mud-hole, over which the others had to jog in more sober fashion. Alan, of course, whenever it was practicable for two to go abreast, kept by the side of Lottie, who was looking as charming as excitement, pleasure, and the Spanish-looking hat with a heavy drooping feather—which was particularly becoming to her dark, vividly tinted beauty—could make her. Her country riding costume would hardly have passed muster even in Carrington, for the riding habits of Radnor were generally merely long skirts of no particular colour, which were thrown over the ordinary dress, and could easily be removed for readier locomotion, when the destination was reached, since people rode there more for the sake of reaching places not otherwise accessible, than for the sake of the exercise. Lottie, however, had been accustomed to the saddle from her childhood, and liked it for its own sake, and the brisk motion of the canter with Alan to Braeburn, to join the others, had flushed her cheek with its most glowing carnation, and made her dark eyes sparkle with added lustre. She was in her most animated mood, too, and she and Dan kept up a brisk fire of playful attacks, in which Jeanie and Alan were often tempted to join, despite the "black care" which, unseen, rode behind each. Alan even succeeded in shaking off, for a little while, his burden, and in the golden dreamy charm of the weather and the moment, he felt almost as he used to do when, as a boy, he had wandered with little Lottie through those very woods, in the aimless wanderings that children delight in.

They soon began to receive additions to their number, however, and by the time they had reached the last rendezvous, where they picked up the Warwicks, the party formed a cavalcade which looked tolerably picturesque, winding along the turnings of the wild woodland road, shut in by green depths of forest and closely flanked with fallen logs, brushwood, and fern. Meantime, a boat under the charge of Ben, Hugh, and one of the other lads, conveyed the provisions up the river to the proposed scene of the pic-nic, Heron Bay. This was the place where the Arqua flowed out of a little inland lake, forming, where the banks caved in around the outlet of the river, a beautiful bay, its pebbly shore fringed with every variety of foliage from the already yellowing basswood and soft maple to the deep green of the oak and pine. The little river celebrated its egress from the lake by dashing headlong over a ridge of brown rocks, part of which showed above the water, as they formed a chain of little waterfalls and rapids all the way across the narrow stream. Above the foam, and noise, and eddies of the rapid little river, the lake—calm and still—stretched back for three or four miles, its further shore softened down in the hazy dimness of the air, while in the near foreground lay two or three little islands whose rocky banks were luxuriantly clothed with pines and cedars mingled with the changing foliage of deciduous trees all vividly reflected in the still clear water.

When the riding-party arrived at the rendezvous they found the boats already moored at a safe distance below the foaming falls and rapids, while the baskets were being carried farther up to a shady glade on the shore of the bay, for the river bank was too rocky and too thickly wooded to afford sufficient room for the "spread" which is so indispensable an element of a pic-nic. Ben had brought in tow his light birch-bark canoe, which he carried with ease across the little *portage* and deposited it in the quiet waters of the bay.

It is unnecessary to chronicle all the de-

tails of the pic-nic, which resembled most others in its main features; or to tell how everybody had forgotten matches, till a smoker produced a supply from his pocket; or how, when the fire had, with infinite pains, been kindled in the little cairn of stones—piled up for the purpose—the tea-kettle was upset over it to its almost total extinction; or the fun and merriment there was over the boiling of the green corn (for Radnor folks liked substantial repasts on such occasions), and the making of the tea. Nor is it necessary to record the various jokes, good, bad, and indifferent, which arose from the little disasters that occurred, such as plates and cups losing their equilibrium on the uneven ground, the intrusions of insects into inconvenient places, and the savage attacks of a few belated mosquitoes —the "thorn" of Canadian rural delights.

While the repast was being prepared, Dan went off with Ben in the canoe to look for wild-ducks among the reeds that fringed the shore of the bay, and one of the islands, about half a mile distant, and Alan carried off Lottie for a stroll who was not reluctant to get away from the trouble of helping the other girls in their preparations, and glad of the good excuse to do so without censure.

About a quarter of a mile farther up the shore, a little peninsula of rising ground jutted out into the lake, making the bay semi-circular. It was partially clothed with trees, fine basswood, beech, oak, elm, maple, and hickory; but on the side nearest the pic-nic ground a green open glade with only one or two groups of trees stretched down to the shore. Towards this Alan and Lottie strolled, and ascended the gentle slope for a better view from the higher ground. They found that the peninsula was really almost an island, being separated from the woods behind it by a dark, still creek, full of clusters of floating water-lilies, which came winding along from the back country. All around, among the rocks and scattered underbrush, grew great plumes of brackens and other ferns, the bright spikes of the golden-rod and clusters of the wild aster, with the scarlet berries of the wild hawthorn, dog-wood, and other shrubs. Alan adorned Lottie's brown hair with some of the scarlet clusters set in their green leaves, and then they sat down under a young oak on a spot from which they could see, on the one side the creek gleaming out from the shady woods, and on the other the placid lake, with its islands almost opposite them. A little way below they could see the pic-nic ground with its busy group picturesquely scattered about under the trees.

"What a lovely spot this would be to live in," said Alan, contentedly stretching himself on the ground beside Lottie, and letting his eye range over the picturesque sylvan scene. "What a charming place this would be for a house and grounds. Heigh-ho! If I were only rich enough to buy it, and build, and begin house-keeping, Lottie! Who knows? Perhaps I may be, some day!"

"I'm sure, Alan, I should'nt care much to live here," said Lottie. "I'd far rather live in a town. I'm tired of seeing nothing but rocks, and trees, and fields all the time. I'd far rather see people, and houses, and shop-windows!"

"Oh Lottie! I'm sure that beautiful glassy lake and those beautiful woods are far nicer to look at than *any* shop-windows, even if they were in Paris or London. Whenever I've been in Carrington, I'm always glad to get out again to the fresh green country."

"But the lake isn't always glassy, and the trees aren't always green;" insisted Lottie, "And in winter it's *so* stupid in the country; it's bad enough in summer, I think," she added, discontentedly.

Alan sighed. He knew Lottie's taste did not agree with his on all points. He wished it had been otherwise, but he was quite prepared to sacrifice his inclination to hers.

Presently Lottie went on: "I hope mother will let me go in to stay in Carrington with Kate Lindsay, next winter. You know

she's going to marry Marshall, who has a dry goods store there.

"If I'm there, as I may be, I'd be glad enough you should be there," said Alan "but I'd rather it was with any one else than Kate Lindsay. She's too fast and too loud for me, and I hate to see you with her, Lottie. I don't think she's a nice friend for you; she's so giddy herself, and leads you on to do things you would'nt do by yourself."

"Indeed," said Lottie, tossing her head a little; "I think I'm quite capable of choosing my own friends and taking care of myself, too, Mr. Alan! And I don't see a bit of harm in having a little fun, as Kate and I always do."

"Not in having 'a little fun,' certainly," said Alan, "but I hate her sort of fun, its coarse and low."

Lottie pouted, and might have retorted, rather crossly, but, just then, Harry Lindsay, Kate's brother, came to call them to tea, and they walked down the slope together."

There's where the Arnold's new saw-mill is to be," said Harry Lindsay, as they neared the pic-nic party, pointing to a spot close to the largest of the little waterfalls. "They say there's a splendid water power there, and the mill is going to be a great affair. They expect to get a grant of ever so much lumber up above the head of the lake, and they can float it down in rafts, easy, you know. It'll be a fine thing for this part of the country."

"Indeed, I'm not at all sure that it will," replied Alan. "They'll clear away all that fine timber without any discretion, and I was reading the other day, that there is nothing so bad for the country as clearing these large tracts of land; that it's altering the climate, and brings on droughts."

"Stuff and nonsense!" replied Harry, contemptuously. "As if clearing the timber off could alter the climate. That's what these people who pretend to know so much are always doing, trying to frighten people with making mountains out of molehills! Any way, the railway they talk of making out here from Carrington will be a good thing. I suppose *that* won't alter the climate, though old Mrs. O'Rourke did say it would scare her cows and make them keep back their milk."

"Why it would'nt go near their farm!" said Alan. "That would be quite out of the way."

"Yes they think it will, though it is a good way round. It's to avoid the ups and downs; and all the cuttings they'd have to make if it came direct. You know there's a sort of level strip back there.

Alan thought for a moment about the direction suggested. That level strip extended along the back of his father's land, the "marsh" which had always been useless. What if, after it had passed from their hands, that piece of marsh-land should prove not only useful but valuable? But it was no use to think of it now, as the land had passed out of their power, and the contingency, seeming at all events a remote one, soon passed from his mind.

By this time they had reached the rest of the party. It is scarcely necessary to say that the "spread" received ample justice, for the ride and the waiting had considerably sharpened the usually good appetites. Lottie contrived, as a punishment to Alan for his criticism of her friend, to find a place at some distance from him, and next to Harry Lindsay, with whom she kept up an animated flirtation during the repast, occasionally stealing a sly glance at Alan, to see how he stood it. He stood it very well, however, taking it pretty much at its real value,—contented to admire Lottie's dimples and arch glances from a distance, and employing himself in seeing that all the other damsels were properly attended to. He could stand anything so long as Kate Lindsay, with her loud, coarse voice and low jokes, was safely separated from Lottie; and *she* was quite sufficiently occupied with two youthful cavaliers of her own.

Dan with his companions, did not appear till the meal was nearly over, when they at last arrived, ravenously hungry, and carrying several brace of wild ducks. It might have been that he was tired, but Dan was certainly much quieter than usual, and his usual practical jokes and amusing nonsense were by no means abundant. After tea, Alan found him sitting apart under a tree, with Ned Lindsay, both apparently in a brown study, over a letter.

"Why Dan! What are you studying here?" said Alan smiling.

"Oh, nothing!" said Dan, crumpling up the letter into his pocket rather hurriedly.

"I say, Alan, Ned and I are going spearing for fish, in a punt he's found here. Suppose you take Ben's canoe and come along, and give Lottie a boat ride?"

Alan liked the idea very much, and Lottie found the proposed "boat-ride" so enticing, that she forgot to keep up her little *pique* against Alan, as she had intended to do. So they were soon off, Lottie reclining against a pile of shawls in the bottom of the canoe, and Alan vigorously propelling the little bark with the long paddle.

They soon drifted behind the party in the punt, which disappeared by and by, round a projecting point. The lake and sky were both so lovely in the sunset glow, that it seemed pleasure enough just to float along in the charmed, glassy water, dyed with the bright rose and purple hues of the sky, and blending them into a wavering net-work of lovely confused colour. Dan called out that it was "for all the world just like a glass alley!" Alan thought of the "sea of glass mingled with fire," of which he had read in the Bible.

But the bright crimson tints rapidly faded out, and even the pale amber lights vanished from the horizon, leaving only cold grey banks of cloud, behind which the moon presently showed a faint light. Alan and Lottie on their return, paused a moment in a little recess of the shore, where a tall pine bent over the water its shadowy boughs, and where no sound reached them but the dull, hoarse, croaking of the bull-frog, far away among the distant reeds. Suddenly, Lottie started, as a brilliant red light unexpectedly appeared round the projecting point close beside them. The cause was concealed by the intervening branches, but the sudden glare, and the deep crimson glow it threw on the cold grey water, were both startling and beautiful.

"Oh, I know," said Lottie, laughing, the next moment, "its Dan and his torches."

And so it turned out to be, for presently the dark punt floated into view, the black, weird-looking figures who stood and held the blazing torches, coming out into strong relief against the rich ruby light, whose reflection stretched—a long quivering blaze of crimson,—beneath the boat.

"Did we frighten you!" asked Dan laughing, as they came up. "We meant to a little, so we lighted all our torches to come in magnificently."

"Well I think you've done it," said Alan. "How many fish have you got?"

"Oh a pretty good lot. One fine maskalonge; just think of that! Won't mother be glad to see it?"

As they landed and came up to the spot where the fire, well supplied with fuel, was still blazing away, they could see by its light that a dance was going on; and Alan could see also, not far off, Robert Warwick seated in close conversation with his sister Jeanie.

"Ah! he's having it out with her!" he said to himself, and he was right. Robert came up to him a little after, and giving his hand a vehement grip, bade him good night, adding, "It's all up with me Alan! It seems it can't be."

"No, I'm afraid not," said Alan, gravely. "I meant to have told you so, and saved your speaking. I'm *very* sorry Bob!"

"Oh, it was just as well to speak and have it out. I shouldn't have been satisfied else. Well, it's no use talking about it, so good

bye!" and poor honest Robert rushed away, glad to get off in the darkness.

Meantime a proposal had been made by Kate Lindsay, that the party should adjourn to the Lindsays' house, not more than a mile distant, to finish their dance, as the night was too cloudy to hope for any bright moonlight. The proposal was received with general favour by all except Jeanie Campbell, who positively declined it. Even if it had not been so repugnant to her mood just then, she would have disliked it, well knowing how late and how uproariously such festivities were always kept up by the Lindsays. And she shrank from Kate Lindsay quite as much as Alan did.

When Alan returned to the group, Lottie went to him to tell him of the new arrangement. As she expected, he at once declined to have anything to do with it, and begged that she would not. But Lottie had quite determined to have her dance, and declared that *she* intended to stay; Alan could do as he pleased.

"I shall certainly not stay;" said Alan, looking very grave. "And how will you get home?"

"Oh, Kate Lindsay wants me to stay all night, and Harry will see me home in the morning. And perhaps," she added, "as you're going home at any rate, you would'nt mind going on to our place to let mother know."

Alan gravely and somewhat coldly assented. It was useless to pursue the discussion then, with the others within hearing, and Lottie was quite satisfied. If Alan was vexed, it didn't matter much. She could set matters all right easily next time she saw him. As for giving him the trouble of the extra three or four miles ride, Lottie never thought of that. If she had gone home, he would have had to go on with her, all the same. But it was a rather different matter to have to go alone, leaving Lottie in society which he so much disliked. Lottie had never before displayed, so openly, her inconsiderate selfishness; and Alan, in spite of himself, could not help dimly feeling it.

So, after exchanging good-nights, and hearing numerous regrets that they would not stay, Alan and Jeanie rode off together through the cloudy, misty moonlight, leaving Dan behind also. He would just stay a little while, he said, and find his way home by himself. Which, they knew very well, meant that he might be home about dawn next morning. Ben had already started some time before in his canoe, carrying the fish.

Jeanie had a good many thoughts of her own to keep her silent and thoughtful, but she roused herself with an effort to talk to Alan, and try to keep him from fretting over Lottie's desertion, which had made even *her* indignant with her friend. But she knew better than to censure Lottie to Alan, and the two talked of everything else but the subjects that were uppermost in their minds.

When they arrived at home they found Mr. Ward waiting there with his light waggon. He was afraid Lottie would be tired with her long ride, and had come to meet her and convey her home. So Alan, tired enough already, was saved the extra pilgrimage of going on to Blackwater Mill, to fulfil Lottie's parting commission.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COUNTY FAIR.

"Some gentle spirit—Love I thought—
Built many a shrine of pain,
Though each false idol fell to dust,
The worship was not vain,
But a faint radiant shadow cast
Back from our love upon the past."

IF Alan had had any thoughts of lecturing Lottie, she put them to flight next meeting, by her especial amiability of manners, and by her gracious proposal, in which

her mother joined, that Alan should go with them in their waggon to Carrington, to visit the County Fair, which the miller always made a point of attending. Alan, they knew, wanted to go in, to ascertain whether the enquiries which his cousin and Mr. Dunbar had promised to make about suitable employment for him had as yet met with success, as well as to make some other necessary arrangements. "And," Mrs. Ward had said, "we'll be all the better of having him with us in the town, for your father, when he gets with his old cronies, isn't much good to us; and then it will be kind o' neighbourlike to offer him the lift, for their horses are busy enough just now, taking barley to Maplefield."

Alan willingly accepted the invitation. It was very convenient for him, to say nothing of the pleasure of the long drive with Lottie; and he began to reproach himself for having cherished any hard thoughts of her.

"And you'll go and have your photograph taken in Carrington, as you promised, Lottie, dear," he said, "so that I can have it to look at when I shan't see you so often!"

"Well, if you're good till then, perhaps I will," Lottie replied coquettishly.

It was a chilly September morning when Alan walked over before sunrise to Blackwater Mill, to join the Wards on their expedition to Carrington. The air had just a touch of frost in it, making the morning glories on the porch hang their drooping heads; and the cold yellow light in the eastern sky made it seem still colder. Lottie shivered discontentedly, as she sat, wrapped in a shawl, in the waggon; while her mother was still vigorously occupied in seeing the boxes of honey, firkins of butter, cabbages and tomatoes, bags of carrots, pumpkins and squashes, and other commodities that were going into market, securely stowed away. At last, all was ready; the miller cracked his whip, and the impatient horses started off, snuffing up the keen morning air. As the sun rose brightly the air grew rapidly warmer, so that before they rea rrington, Lottie was glad to exchange her shawl for an umbrella. She was not in very good humour; getting up so early did not suit her, and the soft downy breeze that blew around them, was, she knew, sadly disarranging the somewhat elaborate coiffure which, early as it was, she had found time to arrange with a view to the photograph.

As they approached Carrington, the miller's stout horses passed numerous other waggons, some pretty heavily laden with vegetables, grain, and other farm produce, as well as with farmers' wives and daughters, attired somewhat more gaily than their wont, with a view to the visit to the fair. Now and then the miller and his wife, who knew most of the neighbourhood, would nod and smile to a passing acquaintance, exchanging a few words about the weather and the crops.

When they drove into Carrington, they went straight to the market-place, where the miller added his team to the long file already standing there. Mrs. Ward intended to keep her station in the waggon until, at least, all the commodities in which she was specially interested were disposed of, an operation that did not generally take very long; for her butter and honey were well-known and appreciated in Carrington. The little market-place presented a busy and varied scene. The waggons and the stalls of the fruit-sellers were overflowing with the rich trophies of the harvest—the blue-green cabbages throwing into strong relief the piles of golden carrots, rosy apples, green and yellow melons, orange pumpkins, crimson tomatoes—which met the eye everywhere in confused luxuriance of colour, and generous abundance. Bewildered marketers were wandering about in the crowd, scarcely knowing what to choose where there was so much to tempt. Market women chaffered with the farmers, and farmers' wives kept a sharp look-out lest they should be cheated by shrewd and experienced buyers, or squabbled with stupid customers about

change; while the tired horses, resting their heads on the necks of obliging comrades, went off into short uneasy naps.

Lottie, however, had no ambition to share in the traffic; indeed, she felt rather above that sort of thing, though her mother did not. Alan took her into a neighbouring restaurant to have a cup of coffee after the long drive, and then they strolled on to the photographer's, Alan being determined that that part of the business should not be neglected. The photographer, however, was busy just then, so it was arranged that they should return at the end of an hour, and as Alan had to see his cousin and Mr. Dunbar, and Lottie had, of course, some shopping to do, they parted to meet again at the photographic rooms.

"I've heard of something that will be the very thing for you, Alan," said Sandy McAlpine, cordially, after having gone fully through all the preliminary greetings and enquiries.

"What is it?" Alan asked eagerly.

"Oh, it's just the thing to suit you. Mr. Arnold's in want of a sort of overseer, or agent, for his business here, for the one he had is going up to superintend the new mill he's going to build up your way. They're going to begin it at once, so as to try to have it in working order by the spring; and Mr. Taylor's going up there directly, so they want some one as soon as possible."

"But what will there be to do?" asked Alan. "Not keeping books, I hope, for I know very little about that."

"Oh, there wouldn't be much of that for you to do. There's a regular book-keeper to see to the books. But this is more just to be always about, and see that everything goes on right—that the men attend to their work properly, and that lumber isn't lost or stolen, and so on; and sometimes, perhaps, to go and examine lumber before it's bought; when Mr. Arnold or Mr. George can't go. You see Mr. Arnold's failing a good deal, and Mr. George is a gay, lightsome young man, and not just so fond of sticking close to his business as his father was. And they want some one they can trust, and that's some judge of timber, and I take it you know something about that."

"Well, I know a little about it," said Alan, "but I should hardly undertake to call myself a good judge of timber. However, I've always paid a good deal of attention to that sort of thing; no doubt it's more in my line than most things I could get to do."

"Oh, there's no fear but you'd do very well, and what you didn't know you'd soon learn—soon learn," said Mr. McAlpine, encouragingly. "I told Mr. George about you, and said I was sure you were the very man he wanted, and, says he, 'Well, Mr. McAlpine, if he's a cousin of yours, that's a great deal in his favour.' You see he's fond of a joke—is Mr. George. And so I told him I'd send you to see him as soon as I could get a hold of you."

"Well," said Alan, "I'll go and see him, of course, but first, I think, I'll go and see Mr. Dunbar."

"Aye, and I shouln't wonder if Mr. Dunbar would go with you to see him. I'd go, but, you see, it's a busy day, and Sam and I have both of us about our hands full."

"Oh! there's no occasion for that," said Alan. "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you for speaking for me already."

"No obligation! No obligation at all!" exclaimed Sandy, who, nevertheless, did think that Alan had reason to be very much obliged to him, and congratulated himself on having been able to do him a kindness which had cost him nothing.

Alan was cordially received by Mr. Dunbar, who, at their first meeting, had taken a strong liking to the young man's frank, honest look and bearing—things that interested him not less than did the painful circumstances in which he was placed. Mr. Dunbar thought that the proposed situation would be, as Mr. McAlpine had said, "the

very thing" for Alan, and willingly agreed to walk over to the mill with him, though it was a pretty busy day for him too. He had heard of two or three other situations, but they were none of them so suitable, as they would all have involved a much more sedentary life than Alan had been accustomed to, and required, moreover, a considerable knowledge of book-keeping.

"That, however, you will always find useful to you," said Mr. Dunbar, as they walked along, "and I should advise you to get it up in your spare time."

Poor Alan's education had, indeed, been somewhat prematurely curtailed, the necessities of the family and of the farm having taken him from school far too soon. He had often felt this himself, but the busy life he led had not left him much time or strength for mental improvement. When he came in in the evenings, worn out with a hard day's work out of doors, the Carrington *Chronicle* was about as heavy literature as he could master, and even that sometimes sent him to sleep. But he had a natural love of knowledge, of which he had gained a good stock of what could be acquired from personal observation of things around him. In the long winter evenings, when he had more leisure, he had been accustomed to read a good deal, and got through all the interesting books he could procure from Mr. Abernethey's library, besides joining Jeanie and Hugh in some of their studies, though often tempted to a sigh of regret that circumstances had been so unfavourable to his mental development and intellectual progress.

"I think you'll find the Arnolds pleasant people to deal with," said Mr. Dunbar, as they approached the irregular collection of buildings beside the river, which, from the piles of lumber around them might easily be known for what they were. "Mr. Arnold, senior, does not take a very active part in the business at present. His health has been failing for some time, so he has to leave it a good deal to his eldest son—the only one who takes kindly to the business. George is a nice fellow, very lively but not very persevering, and very much needs some one to depend on, who will make up his shortcomings. He's got plenty of energy, but he wants steady patience, the sort of tenacity of which you, unless your face belies you," he said with a smile, "I should say, had a good deal."

Alan smiled. He had not been in the habit of analysing himself or his qualities, so he hardly knew whether the lawyer was right or not. But Mr. Dunbar was a pretty keen-sighted judge of character, and was not often mistaken."

"I hope I shall be able to do what is wanted," said Alan, rather diffidently, "for it is just the sort of thing I should like. I've always been interested in the different kinds of wood, and know a sound stick from an unsound one. But I should have a good deal to learn."

"And I'm sure you'll learn it," the other replied.

"I think I must have seen Mr. George Arnold," said Alan, recollecting what his father had said about the stranger he had met in the rain; "though I don't suppose he'll recollect me. There! isn't he standing over there?" he said, pointing to a young man who, cigar in hand, was leaning in a negligent attitude against a pile of lumber, watching the slow progress of grappling a rebellious log, just under the bank where they were standing.

"Yes, that's he," replied Mr. Dunbar, and as they came up, Alan's acquaintance of the storm, with the bronze auburn hair, merry blue eyes, and gay *insouciant* smile, turned and came forward to shake hands with Mr. Dunbar. Alan was duly presented, with a few words of explanation.

"Oh! Mr. McAlpine's cousin. He was speaking to me about you," he said somewhat carelessly. Presently he took a closer look at Alan.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

he asked, looking puzzled, "seems to me I have, and your voice sounds familiar."

Alan smiled. "We met in a storm," he said, "and you kindly gave me a lift."

"Oh, that's it!" he exclaimed, "I was sure I had met you, though I couldn't think where. I might have remembered that storm, too, for I don't know when I got such a wetting, and my sister hasn't got over the cold she took yet."

She had taken cold then. Alan felt as sorry for the inhospitality of the Radnor weather as if he had had personally something to do with producing it.

They talked together for a few moments, and then walked on to the office, where they found Mr. Arnold, senior, a florid-looking Englishman, showing marks of care and hard work, deeply engaged in looking over a collection of estimates. He talked to Alan in a blunt, off-hand manner, asking him a few questions as to his qualifications, and mentioning what kind of work he expected from his agent. It was finally arranged that Alan should at least make a trial of the situation, and that he should enter upon his new duties as soon after the first of October as possible. The salary offered was a good one—so much better than anything Alan had expected to get at first that his spirits rose considerably.

"And you'll be here soon," Mr. Arnold said to Alan as he was leaving, "for now Taylor's going, my son and I will be overworked to keep things from getting into confusion. Really, Mr. Dunbar," he continued, "between this new mill out at Heron Bay, and everything here, I sometimes hardly know where to turn." And he looked as if it *was* too much for him.

"Mr. Arnold's not the man he was," said Philip Dunbar, as they walked away; "and his son'll never be the man he has been. These young fellows who step into the fortunes their fathers have made don't know how to work. The worst of Mr. Arnold is that he doesn't know where to stop and be contented. His speculations have always been so successful that it tempts him to go on, and I sometimes think he's losing some of his prudence, and launching out a little too far. The success of this new mill, now, depends almost entirely on the proposed railway, and if it shouldn't go on, I suspect they would be rather in a fix."

They had a little further talk over the mortgage business, and Mr. Dunbar told Alan to keep him posted up about everything, and he would undertake to watch over their interests, and keep Leggatt and Sharpley to the terms they had promised.

"Do you know when they intend holding the sale?" he asked.

"On the first of October," Alan replied. "At least Sharpley gave us notice to that effect."

"It's curious I haven't seen it advertised, for I've been looking in the papers for it. It may have been though within the last day or two."

By this time they had got back to Mr. Dunbar's office, and Alan hurried off to meet Lottie at the photographer's, for it was past the hour at which he had promised to return. As he approached the photographer's door, he saw a pony carriage containing two ladies drive away from it. Although it was at some distance, he was almost sure he recognised the white-faced black pony he had already encountered twice before.

Lottie had made good use of the time she had had to wait, in getting herself up with extra care for the important occasion. Alan would have preferred her looking more as she usually did, with less elaboration of hair-dressing and ornament, but Lottie would not have been satisfied to have been taken in a plainer costume. She took up a photograph that lay on the show case, and handed it to Alan.

"There's a picture of a girl who was in here just now," she said. "How do you like the way she has her hair done? I've

half a mind to take mine down yet, and do it up like hers."

Alan took it up rather carelessly, but his attention was rivetted in a moment. The photograph was a rather large one—a half length portrait. It was a picture to which the eye, even of an uninterested stranger, might well recur again and again, so great was the charm, not only of the delicately formed features, but of the expression that lay in the dreamy dark eyes, that looked earnestly out from under the arched, pencilled eyebrows, and calm, thoughtful brow, and of the sweetness of the mobile, tenderly-curved mouth, which had a wistful, almost sad expression. It seemed the face of one who dwelt much in an inner world of her own, and yet looked out with a tender sympathy on the outer. The masses of silky dark hair rippled gracefully back from the fair brow, and behind the little shell-like ear; and a coil of it lay simply, like a coronet, across the well-formed head. Alan hardly needed the association of the pony carriage to tell him that it was the photograph of the young lady he had already met twice without knowing her name, which he thought, however, he now knew. To make sure, he asked the photographer, who had come to say he was ready, who the original of the picture might be.

"That?" said the busy photographer, carelessly, "Oh! that's Miss Lenore Arnold. Walk this way, please, we're all ready."

Lottie was rather surprised at Alan's interest in the picture, and waited—a little provoked—for his answer to her question about the hair.

"Well, Alan, do you think I'd better have my hair like that? What are you looking at the picture so long for? Do you think it is so very pretty? I'm sure I don't."

But the photographer cut short both Lottie's questions and Alan's reply, by telling the former she must come at once if she wished to have her picture taken that day.

It was a good while before Lottie could be arranged to suit both herself and the photographer. She had certain ideas of her own with regard to "pretty attitudes," and they did not altogether agree with his. Then, when the critical moment came, and Lottie had been told to "look as natural as possible," an injunction not unnecessary, but rather difficult to comply with—it was not until after repeated attempts that a satisfactory picture was produced; for the first time, Lottie moved, and an indistinct impression was the result; the second time she did not like the position, and the third Alan did not. At last, after a fourth trial, the much-tired photographer declared the picture "a perfect success," and without allowing Lottie much time to determine whether her charms had been duly done justice to, carried it off in triumph, promising to have some copies sent out by the next stage to Radnor.

While Lottie was re-arranging her dress before departing, Alan took up a copy of the Carrington *Intelligencer*, which he found in the reception room. It was a new paper, with as yet a very small circulation. In one corner, rather out of sight, Alan read an advertisement, which, well as he knew the facts beforehand, made his heart sink with a sickening sensation. It announced the "Sale" of "the desirable property known as Braeburn Farm, in the Township of Radnor, within seven miles of Mapleford, with all the farm-stock, implements, &c., pertaining thereto," to take place on the first day of October.

Alan quietly folded up the paper and put it in his pocket. As Lottie rejoined him, even her eye, not particularly observant, was struck with his paleness, and she asked if anything was the matter with him.

"Nothing," Alan replied, with an effort, shaking off the depression that had come over him; and they walked back together to the Market Place to find Mr. and Mrs. Ward.

The place was comparatively deserted

now, and the miller and his wife were at liberty to go on to the fair ground. It was a large vacant "lot," temporarily surrounded by a rough board fence, inside of which were ranged the prize cattle, horses, and the woolly Leicesters and Southdowns bearing the load of their heavy fleeces with placid equanimity. The miller set out on a tour of inspection of the live stock, while the others went on to the place most interesting to Mrs. Ward and Lottie—the shed where the dairy produce, vegetables, fruit, and "ladies' work" were on exhibition.

On their way thither, Alan discovered some of his Indian acquaintances in a little group of grave dark-visaged women, who sat in their gay bordered blankets, wearing the little black hats which complete the costume of a squaw, with a little pile of baskets and beadwork, pincushions, moccasins, &c., around them, for selling to the passers by. The little encampment at the "Fork" had been broken up some time before, but not until poor old Grannie had quietly breathed her last, having been kindly ministered to by Mrs. Campbell, who, in the midst of her own troubles, did not forget the poor old woman's needs; and thereby riveted Ben's grateful affection to herself and her family for ever. The old woman's gift to Alan had been shown to Lottie, who tried in vain to pull on the moccasins, and declared the card-case a very clumsy affair, and not fit to hold a good-sized card. So Alan had put them away, saying, laughingly, that he would have the moccasins altered for Lottie when she became his "white Squaw" in reality. He exchanged a few kind words with the women, who replied chiefly by half-smiles which sat rather sadly on their grave brown faces, and then went on with Mrs. Ward and Lottie to the shed, where lay, in vivid fresh gleams of gold and crimson and purple, set off by the bright green leaves around them, the tempting piles of vegetables and fruit, from huge pumpkins, which would have needed very little enlarging from the fairy coach-maker to have carried Cinderella, to the luscious clusters of white and purple grapes, some of the finest of which, a bystander informed them, came from Ivystone, Mr. Arnold's residence. Then there were rolls of butter and plates of honey, and beautiful white loaves, among which Mrs. Ward, to her great satisfaction, discovered her own, marked with prize tickets. Her butter and honey usually took prizes, and her bread, too, when she brought it for competition. Having satisfied herself that justice had been done to these excellent home-productions, Mrs. Ward proceeded to the other end, where fluttered a gay array of bright patchwork quilts, a collection of embroidery of various sorts, and a number of articles of still lighter and more airy fabric—the work of the fair and industrious hands of Carrington and its vicinity. Mrs. Ward had a quilt there to which had been assigned a prize, but Lottie's wonderful piece of embroidery was not so distiguished—greatly to the dissatisfaction of both herself and her mother, in whose eyes it was far more meritorious than the more tasteful but less showy pieces of work which had carried off the prizes.

While they were making a somewhat protracted examination of the various articles that attracted their attention, Alan observed Mr. Sharpley sauntering along in their direction. He had evidently recognized them, and was making his way towards them. He saluted Alan, who was standing nearest him, with his usual studied politeness, exchanging a few commonplace greetings, and then joined Mrs. Ward and Lottie, both of whom seemed by no means displeased at the rencontre. Alan drew off a little, leaving the field to Mr. Sharpley, who made good use of it. He admired Lottie's embroidery, which was duly pointed out to him, expressed his surprise and indignation that no prize had been awarded to it, and gratified Mrs. Ward by his discriminating praises of her butter, her honey, her

quilt, and her substantial thick-ribbed hose, which bore upon them the inscription, "highly commended." Then, as they exchanged a little passing badinage about things in general, he contrived to introduce some personal compliments to Lottie, which by degrees put to flight her vexation about her unappreciated embroidery, and made her eyes and her smile brighter than ever. Once Alan noticed a group of ladies at some distance, among whom he thought he distinguished the face of the photograph, evidently watching with admiration the radiant glowing face and bright laughing eyes of the fresh-cheeked country girl. And Alan sighed to himself as he wondered why Lottie never looked so now when with him.

At last they bade farewell to the fair, and turned toward the "British Lion," to dine and get ready for their start homewards. Mr. Sharpley devotedly accompanied them as far as his office, where he took leave with many regrets—regrets, it is hardly necessary to say, not shared by Alan. As they walked on through the busy streets, thronged with country buyers, and past the shop windows where were already displayed the bright-hued autumn goods, looking tempting in the September sunshine, Lottie fixed her desires on various articles which she would have liked to possess. But Mrs. Ward held her purse-strings pretty tight, and only now and then gratified what she considered Lottie's "extravagant ideas." How Alan wished that he could have afforded to procure for her the things she wished for, and win in return the radiant smile which he knew nothing else would be so successful in calling forth!

Before they left town, Alan went again to Mr. Dunbar's office to show him the paper containing the advertisement, but did not succeed in finding him, and was obliged to leave town without seeing him again, as the miller was ready and impatient to set off. The waggon was considerably lighter, notwithstanding the various purchases, than it had been in coming into town, and the horses, refreshed by their rest and their oats, dashed gallantly on, over the hard, well-beaten road, made dusty by the numbers of well-packed vehicles which they passed going in the same direction.

"I suppose that's where that Miss Arnold lives, whose picture we saw," observed Lottie, as they passed Ivystone, and could see among the slightly yellowing trees, its shrubberies and flower gardens, and the grey walls partially draped with the Virginia creeper, already beginning to don its autumnal crimson.

"It must be nice to live in such a handsome house," observed Lottie. "And such nice grounds, too! Shouldn't you like it, Alan?"

"I'd rather have Heron Bay," said Alan smiling; and Lottie gave him up as hopelessly unambitious. Just then, when he had before him the prospect of exchanging the free, fresh country for the comparatively artificial life of the town, nothing in Carrington could have seemed particularly inviting to him.

The afternoon grew rapidly colder, as the sun sank low in a sky having the peculiar cold, clear brightness that a September sky often wears. As they neared home, and the sun set in a glow of bright amber radiance, leaving a few slight streaks of salmon-coloured clouds, pencilled across the faint blue into which the amber faded, the young moon, pretty far on its first quarter, made her light sensibly felt. Alan seemed to feel the evening chill more keenly as the thought came over him, that by the time that moon was at its full, Braeburn Farm would have been left, and he himself transferred to a new and strange scene of action.

(To be continued.)

THE BALL PROGRAMME.

YOU ask, my friend, what I regard
With such a very pensive air?
'Tis nothing—nothing but a card
I found among the letters there;
A faded ball-room card; and all
The ghostly names of girls and dances
Did that sweet foolish time recall
'Ere I was proof 'gainst maiden glances.

At one of Brown's recherché hops
I led the dance with beauty mated,
Amid a crowd of flirts and fops,
Dear friends that once I loved or hated.
Yes! memory held me in a spell,
And once again I laughed and chattered
With simpering beau and dashing belle—
Your voice the gay assembly scattered.

I saw them all, familiar, clear:
The hostess, kind, and hot, and merry;
The host, who whispered in my ear
The contract prices of the sherry;
The guests—Cecile, who studied Greek,
And Bob who made the comic faces,
And Clara, of whose pallid cheek
My guilty coat-sleeve bore the traces.

And old Maria dancing yet
In high disdain of age and scandal;
And Percy, striving to forget
His lately broken vows—the vandal!
And others too, a glittering throng,
For many a sober season banished:
They came, they stayed not with me long,
They smiled a greeting, passed, and vanished.

Well, well! I wasn't always stout,
And middle-aged, and bald, and stupid;
Not such that night I tripped about
In the sad livery of Cupid;
But young and favoured, blithe and gay,
Thro' many a mystic maze I floated,
With girls now past the dancing day—
Their names upon the card are noted.

"Waltz: Julia Smith"—familiar name!
A name that calls to mind instanter
A maiden of unenvied fame
Who always called a waltz a "canter."
But who shall dare forecast a life?
Poor Julia, once so fast and larky,
Now, as a Missionary's wife,
Exhorts the unenlightened darkey.

"Gallop: Miss Primrose"—of the Blues,
She galloped from a sense of duty;
For she had "character" and "views,"
But not the fatal gift of beauty.
She said—I recollect it still—
That dancing might be deemed a pleasure,
When one could waltz with Stuart Mill,
Or with great Darwin tread a measure.

"Quadrille: Miss Thrush"—the heartless maid
Who scorned plain Charlie's true affection,
For Ensign Prig's, when he displayed
His scarlet tunic and complexion.
I saw her friendless, poor, half-dead
With care—six years ago it may be—
The scarlet coat that she had wed
Was then a garment for the baby.

But must I own? for none of these
Sweet artless maids I sought, with passion,
The balls, hops, concerts, heavy teas,
Where Folly leads her sister Fashion.
Ah, no! it was a sweeter yet,
Whose name is here, and here, indited,
To bid me faintly not forget
The vows we made, the troth we plighted.

Dear faded card, my own lost love
Has held you in her dainty fingers;
And still the perfume of her glove,
I fondly think, about you lingers;
And like a wandering breeze which flings
Thro' desert waste the breath of flowers,
To my embittered heart it brings
The fragrance of life's vernal hours.

The breeze the desert-farers taste,
Is gone e'en while they ask, "whence is it?"
The waste is but a drearier waste,
A harsher prospect, for its visit.
Even so this zephyr, scarce revealed,
Of love, youth, hope, resolve heroic,
To me what comfort can it yield?
Alas, what comfort?—tell me, Stoic.

Hallo! asleep, my brother sage!
'Tis well; I'm glad he never listens;
Half corporate with his musty page
What soul has he for reminiscence?
Wake up, old boy! What's that you said?
You "lost my sermon?"—more's the pity:
Come, be advised and go to bed,
You're muddled with that dismal "Chitty."

G. A. M.

TORONTO.

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM D. LE SUEUR.

TO man alone of all sentient beings, is it given to regulate his own inward life, and so govern his thoughts that, instead of being dependent on momentary sense-impressions, they shall follow a path, and proceed in an order, of his own determining. The lower animals have thoughts, but their thoughts are chained, as it were, to the objects that suggest them, and their lives may thus be conceived as broken into an indefinite number of separate movements, each dominated by its own special impression. When a horse stops at a gate at which he has been accustomed to stop, I cannot believe that he retains what we would call a remembrance of any of the previous occasions on which he has done so, or that he distinguishes in any way between his last act of the kind and former ones. He stops, as we say, mechanically, by virtue of an association established between the visual impression of the gate, and the order to stop so often given at the same point. How this may be we know from our own experience, for we continually find ourselves doing things in the same way, sometimes much to our own inconvenience. Very many acts of forgetfulness are the result simply of the force of established habits: we have some special thing to do at a certain time, something out of the usual course, but, trusting ourselves to our daily routine of duty, we are insensibly carried past the point at which the special action was to be performed, and are only reminded of it when, perhaps, it is too late. The very attempt, however, to keep a thing in mind is a mark of the higher intellectual development at which human beings have arrived; we cannot imagine such an attempt being made by any of the lower animals. It is our prerogative to contemplate our own thoughts as phenomena: in other words, man has risen to self-consciousness, and with self-consciousness comes the impulse, and not the impulse only, but the power to control the successive manifestations of his life. In the self-consciousness of man, Spirit, to use the language of the Hegelian philosophy, realises its own essential freedom. The forms in which it clothes itself perish, but it remains, and it thus recognizes itself as superior to change, the true type of the incorruptible and eternal.

The freedom of the spirit, however, is realised in different degrees in different races, and individuals. Throughout a large portion of the human family, the life of sense predominates altogether over the life of thought, and man is seen as the slave of passion, and of custom, rather than as master of his own faculties and destinies. There is, no doubt, a radical distinction between the thought even of savages, and that of the lower animals; but if the glory of mankind is to be found in the power of self-control and self-education, and in the possession of interests wholly unconnected with the physical appetites, there are numerous races of men to whose humanity little glory can be said to attach. Among savage tribes there seems an absolute lack of capacity for the exercise of abstract thought, or any disengagement of the mind from material objects and interests; but I am not sure that in civilised communities, we do not sometimes witness what, strictly judged, is a more painful subject of contemplation, namely, a kind of voluntary ignorance of all the nobler

springs of human action, a voluntary clinging to a mode of life, such as, in all its moral elements, might be lived by beings very far down in the scale of civilisation.

In cases of this kind how much should be attributed to sheer inferiority of organization in the individual, and how much to the lack of favourable formative influences? The balance is often difficult to strike, but probably no case comes under our notice in which we are not disposed to believe that, *had circumstances only been different*, a better result might have been brought about. Strange characters no doubt are born into the world, but what these might become under a thoroughly natural and healthy system of education no one, perhaps, is in a position to say. Certain it is that, by unwise and vicious methods of education, many a naturally good disposition has been spoilt, and gifts of intellect that might have proved of the highest value to society have either been condemned to uselessness, or directed into positively mischievous courses. The great dramatist has told us of a "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." This may perchance hold true of human destinies; but in the development of human character it would seem as if nature did the rough-hewing and left education and circumstances to do the shaping. And the shaping is a great deal. The turn that it gives to our thoughts, our interests, our tastes, our manners, may make all the difference between happiness and unhappiness, between success and the want of it; may make our lives noble or make them mean, make them a blessing to the world or a burden even to ourselves. Very few human beings have even moderate justice done to them in the way of education. Carlyle has said: "A wise, well-calculating "breeding of a young genial soul in this "world, or alas of any young soul in it, lies "fatally over the horizon in these days." The statement is an extreme one, but to those who know how to read Carlyle, it contains a truth. "Wise and well-calculating "breeding" does not lie completely "over "the horizon" even in these days; but, like all excellent things, it is rare. To make it more common is the one great problem in education; a problem, however, the full importance of which few appreciate. By education is too commonly understood the mere acquisition of "useful knowledge," in other words, of an equipment for the great life-struggle for wealth. The moulding of the character, the awakening and strengthening of the intellectual powers, the cultivation of the tastes and the emotions, scarcely enter into the popular idea of education at all. Yet surely an education that makes no provision for these things is unworthy of being offered to a being like man, susceptible of reverence, of love, of disinterestedness, of admiration, of enthusiasm for the true and the beautiful; a being formed for rational enquiry and discourse, and capable of governing his life by devotion to high ideals. That there is in average humanity a capacity for something better than we ordinarily see is proved by the success that attends the efforts of all really eminent teachers. One man like Dr. Arnold gives a tone to the thoughts and sentiments of hundreds of youths, so that those whom he has trained are distinguishable by their intellectual and moral qualities for the rest of their lives. A recent writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* held that Dr. Arnold made his boys too conscientious; but if there was an error on that side, which I am slow to believe, it was an error that very few teachers could commit if they tried, and one of which very few have ever been accused.

Whether as the result of fortunate, or in spite of unfortunate, influences and agencies, some souls in every generation are seen to rise above the commonplace of human existence, so as to derive from the habitual exercise of their higher and nobler faculties an interest at once keen and satisfying. The life that such live is pre-eminently a life of

thought, animated and kindled by strong moral feeling. If we call it "the intellectual life," we shall not, perhaps, use the words very inappropriately, or assign to them more meaning than they are adapted to bear. For is there not in the word "intellect" itself, something noble and imposing, and should we care to dignify with the name *intellectual activity* thought devoted to idle or selfish purposes? In such a life as I refer to, there is a pervading unity of tone and purpose. The man who thinks a noble thought does not distinguish between the mental act and its moral colouring; to him it is simply one moment of his existence. If, therefore, one word is to be chosen to express a life in which high thoughts and high aims are thus harmoniously and indissolubly blended, I know of none more suitable than the word "intellectual."

The first step in this life is to have faith in reason; to believe sincerely, thoroughly, and once for all, that man has faculties adapted for the discovery of truth, and that a faithful use of these must be attended by good results. Such a faith is so natural to the human mind that it can hardly fail to be developed in any one who in youth sees examples, or perhaps even a single example, of its active exercise. In default of living companionship of the right kind, a book casually met with will sometimes awaken the mind to a sense of its powers and privileges; but, in whatever way the effect is wrought, it is always one of the very greatest moment. A too common idea of human reason is that it is a narrow kind of calculating faculty, useful in business operations and in the ordinary affairs of life; but, in wider or deeper questions, more likely to lead to error than to truth. The true view of reason is that it is the *only* faculty man has for arriving at truth on any subject great or small, so that any truth which reason cannot grasp is entirely out of human reach. If we are to guard against being led astray by reason, what faculty are we to employ for the purpose? Shall we better ourselves by giving the reins to imagination, or jumping at conclusions with our eyes shut? This is what in certain quarters we are counselled to do, on the understanding, of course, that the conclusions we jump at shall be those of our counsellors; otherwise our faith is vain. Madame de Stael understood pretty well a certain class of philosophers when she wrote: "The defenders of prejudices, "that is to say, of unjust claims, of super- "stitious doctrines, of oppressive privileges, "try to call into existence an apparent op- "position between reason and philosophy, "in order to be able to maintain that reason "may lay an interdict upon reason, that "there are truths which we should believe "without understanding them, principles "which we must admit, but forbear from "analysing; in a word, a sort of exercise of "thought which serves the single purpose of "persuading us how useless all thought is."* There must have been "Grammars of Assent," and treatises on "The Limits of Religious Thought" in those days as well as in these, for here they are described as regards their spirit and purpose to the very letter.

He who once fully realizes that truth is made for man and man for truth, enjoys a sense of freedom that nothing else can give. He breathes a larger and more invigorating air, and feels himself a citizen, not of the world only, but of the universe. He is delivered from bondage to his own opinions, for he knows now that, though he were proved wrong on every point, there is a *right* elsewhere—that in fact, only in the the light of higher truth could he be rationally convinced of his own errors. The poet Clough, whose life was almost a type-example of what we would here describe, has nobly said—

> "It fortifies my soul to know
> That, though I perish, Truth is so;
> That, howsoe'er I stray and range,

* De la Littérature, p. 514.

> Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
> I steadier step when I recall
> That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall."

Most men, on the contrary, speak and act as though the fortunes of the universe were bound up with their own infallibility, and as if, therefore, any demonstration of radical error in their opinions would imperil all the happiness and hopes of humanity. Hence follows, by a natural process of development, a kind of fetish-worship of opinions that leaves out of sight almost entirely the question of their truth or falsehood, and looks only at their supposed utility. The more assured a man is of possessing the truth, the more confident should be his out-look upon the world, the more prepared he should be to examine the opinions of those who are so unfortunate as to disagree with him, and ascertain the grounds on which they are held. We find, however, that just the contrary is the case; that people whose opinions rest, as they say, on an immovable basis, are, as a general thing, particularly reluctant to acquaint themselves directly with other forms of belief. They will, perhaps, look into some travesty of hostile opinions prepared for them by hands they can trust, but as for a personal survey of the hostile territory, they would rather be excused. In such cases the thing dreaded is not the loss of truth, but the loss of a persuasion; that truth *may be* on the other side they cannot help at times suspecting, but they are determined never to be brought face to face with the proofs. If they thought that a thorough and candid examination of their opponents' position would confirm them in their present opinions and set their minds for ever at rest, they would gladly and eagerly resort to it; but they think nothing of the kind. Instead of setting truth above opinion, they set opinion above truth. Truth is a far-off Mikado, a dignified kind of entity always to be spoken of with respect, but opinion is the *praesens divus*, the Tycoon, or, to come back to Europe, the mayor of the palace—the actual ruler of men's lives. Is there no word to express this disposition of mind? Certainly there is: the word is *scepticism*. The sceptic, in any sense of the word, that can live in this century is not he who, after candid examination, decides that he cannot accept this or that system of belief, but he whose mind is full of dark places that he does not care to have illumined, who fears that his structure of belief is tottering, yet dreads to examine its foundations, or even so much as to put out his hand to steady it, who piteously begs everybody near to keep quiet, lest a breath or a vibration should lay the whole fabric in ruins.

Directly opposed to the spirit of scepticism is the spirit of intellectual liberty. He whose thought has been emancipated may find himself compelled to deny, or at least to question, many things commonly accepted, but the general tone of his mind is not negative, but positive. In a certain sense he feels as though he could believe all things, for he is prepared to welcome truth from any quarter, and the universe seems to him full of truth, while error dwindles away to the most insignificant dimensions. Even errors, when understood in their genesis and development, yield up their quota of truth, and may thus serve, like any other objects of study, to help forward the education of the mind.

It by no means follows that he who has arrived at a conviction of the supremacy of reason must make an idol of his own individual reason, or set up any form whatever of self-worship. Of course he will be accused of this, and probably of numerous other absurdities, but he must learn, as a reasonable man, to bear the charge with patience, knowing how plausible it must appear to those who urge it. Reason itself teaches that, in certain matters, the reason of others is to be preferred to our own; and, in such cases we shall use our reason simply to guide us to those whom it may be prudent

for us to trust or follow. If these, instead of doing us good, inflict injury on us, or lead us astray, we pay the penalty of our ignorance, as men have been doing, more or less, from the beginning of the world. Our duty was discharged if we made the best selection that the state of our knowledge, or the information within our each, enabled us to make. No one knows better than he who believes in reason how to submit to authority; for no one is more impressed than he with the advantage that knowledge has over ignorance, or with the inexorable character of all natural laws. "A pious soul," says Carlyle, writing of his friend Sterling, "we may justly call him; devoutly submissive to the will of the Supreme in all things; the highest and sole essential form which Religion can assume in man, and without which all forms of religion are a mockery and a delusion in man." In the intellectual life there is no spirit of revolt, but rather a desire to be brought into harmony with whatever may be recognized as the decrees of Providence or the laws of Nature, in a word, with whatever is permanent and essential in the general constitution of things.

The great truths of the universe are not of any private interpretation—their application is to all mankind, their benefits are for all. He, therefore, who has seen reason in its beauty and its infinitude will feel that *his* life, at least, must afford some feeble reflection of that which has dawned upon his spirit. He has become a debtor to humanity, and woe to him if he preaches not some kind of gospel. Was the revelation made to him that he might thereafter shut his lips and live a life of selfishness among his fellow-men? Or can he avail himself of the wider and deeper views of things to which he has been admitted simply to increase his own personal prestige and power? That men cannot be thus unfaithful to the highest gifts it would be rash to assert, but surely it must be hard for them to be; for does not all illumination, like the first rays of sunlight on the lips of the fabled statue, seem to smite into music the very "chords of self," attuning them to a vaster harmony than they had ever before known? There is nothing in the world so catholic as reason. Interests and traditions divide men and arm them against one another, but reason would unite them, if they would but listen to its voice. Edgar Quinet has well pointed out that what the mightiest church the world ever saw failed to accomplish—the unification of humanity—science, which is nothing but embodied reason, is every day hastening to a consummation. Let me try and translate here a few of his eloquent sentences:—

"This reign of unity, which the church "is still pursuing, science, in its ceaseless "progress, has all but grasped, if indeed, "she has not fully grasped it. You heap "upon her your lofty scorn, but all the while "she is accomplishing that which you con-"tent yourself with promising. What is she "doing? Why, she is the same for all peo-"ples, she speaks, and makes her authority "respected in all languages; she brings to-"gether different climates and does away "with space. Always in agreement with "the vast book of Nature, wide open from "East to West, she knows nothing of sects "or heresies. She works; she imitates the "Creator, and brings nature to its perfection. "While you are discoursing, she is advanc-"ing; and the modern world, which you "refuse to follow, is resting itself more and "more upon her laws, as upon eternal reason, "the one truly catholic reason brought to "light by the very men you have con-"demned."*

The intellectual life, therefore, is a life of sympathy with humanity and of harmony with nature. It finds its natural aliment in general truths, and the satisfaction of its active impulses in the enunciation of these truths, and, so far as may be, in their practical application to human affairs. All sus-

* L'Ultramontanisme. Leçon V.

tained intellectual life must have its root in human interests of one kind or another, and we find, as a matter of fact, that the keenest students, those who grasp at the most encyclopædic knowledge, are those whose labours bear most directly on the progress of society. And here it may be remarked that faith in reason and faith in progress are sentiments so closely allied that they are seldom seen apart. For in what does progress consist, if not in the gradual assimilation, so to speak, by the social organism, of successive discoveries of truth? If, therefore, there are no assignable limits to the conquests of the human mind, there can be none to the progress of society. It has been truly remarked that the idea of progress is a wholly modern one. The thoughts of the ancients seem scarcely to have wandered beyond their own time; and after the introduction of Christianity, the whole stress of human hopes (and fears) was transferred to a future life, this mundane state of existence being regarded as a provisional dispensation which might at any moment be abruptly terminated. Of course men continued to follow their instincts; they married and gave in marriage (though the thought of the approaching end of the world was often an incitement to celibacy), they fought and traded and built; but the idea that here on this earth the human race had a glorious destiny to fulfil was one for which the system in which they believed allowed no room. It was with the much-abused French philosophers of the 18th century, that the idea of progress may be said to have originated. In the face of a hierarchy still powerful and dangerous, they ventured to dispute the doctrine of the total corruption of human nature, and to contend that the free exercise of thought, instead of leading inevitably to error, was the only means by which men could hope to escape from their errors, and to advance in the knowledge of the truth. They held, too, that the free play of human instincts and feelings, instead of involving the ruin of society, would lead to the evolution of a far better social order than the one then existing. That they were over-sanguine in some of their anticipations, that they expected too much from the mere removal of restrictions on human action, may readily be admitted; but it is their glory to have believed in liberty in a larger sense than it had ever been believed in before; and to have seen in prophetic vision that golden age of the future to which all the noblest minds of the present generation instinctively look forward, and the hope of which grows stronger in the breast of humanity with each succeeding year. The ideas which these men cast abroad worked like leaven in French society, and no doubt hastened the downfall of the corrupt and fast-decaying French monarchy; but to-day, no longer revolutionary in their tendency, they are a faith to thousands and furnish the inspiration of much noble and unobtrusive effort for the general good.

To lead a truly intellectual life, prizing the perception of truth above the rewards of the world, requires an elevation of character that not every man of superior intellect possesses. The world is ever at the elbow of the man of talent, urging, tempting him to devote to its service—but not in the highest sense—the gifts at his command. A thousand voices cry: "Amuse us, enliven us, startle us, flatter us, or, if you like, satirize us; but in some way or other excite and please us, and you shall not have to wait for your recompense. We will pay you cash down, and leave no debt for posterity to settle. Your name and fame shall be in all the newspapers, and if criticism ventures to attack you we will laugh it out of countenance; for are we not the great public, and can we not protect our favourites?" Yielding to such solicitations, many a man has abandoned art and truth, and devoted himself to the ignoble task of gratifying tastes which he recognized as frivolous or vicious. He has given the world what it ordered, allowed it to dictate what he should write or

speak or create, and he has had his reward in popularity and pay. Perhaps if he has been very successful he has been proclaimed a true classic, and promised an immortality of renown. True classics, however, are not often those who take their own generation by storm,* and are never those who write simply with a view to immediate popularity. The fame of Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton is vastly greater in this age than it was in their own, not only because this age is able to understand them in a wider and deeper sense than the one in which they wrote, but because these great names have received the cumulative admiration of every generation through which they have passed. It is not too much to say that a man who has the stuff in him of a true classic will not be thoroughly comprehended or enjoyed by the mass of his contemporaries, for the simple reason that, in point of thought, he is in advance of them. It rests with posterity to do him full justice, and if he be a writer of the first eminence, a Dante, a Shakspeare, a Goethe, a dozen generations are not too much for the purpose.

There are many enemies to intellectual life, but they may be all classed under the one head as *the world*. One man is tempted to write rubbish for popular consumption, another to compose trashy music, another to fall in with vulgar tastes in architecture or in the decorative arts. Others again are summoned to bear a part in the political struggles of their day; and nothing will satisfy the multitude but that they should visibly ally themselves with some existing party organization, and aim at the ordinary rewards of political partisanship or leadership. According to the popular view, ability is, like wealth, a personal possession to be used for the benefit of the possessor; and why a man who has ability should not employ it to procure his worldly advancement is a mystery that passes all vulgar understanding. Not only so, but many men become irritated and vexed whenever they hear of any one whose apparent aim in life is simply to investigate the truth of things, and bring that truth to bear as much as possible on the minds of others.

> Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes
> Infra se positas.

They have an uncomfortable feeling that the business of the world, and perhaps their own particularly, could not go on if truth were generally sought after, or if it were a matter of general obligation to pursue only right ends, and to pursue those only by right means. The man of ideas thus appears to many in the light of a dangerous innovator, simply because, having forsaken the rule of thumb for the rule of logic, and the morality of expediency for that of principle, there is no knowing what doctrines he may some day bring forward for the confusion of society. He may not have announced anything revolutionary as yet, but his method seems to contain in it "the promise and potency" of every form of revolution.

Let a man but renounce his devotion to truth and principle, and the more brain-power he can bring to the aid of a party or cause the more welcome his alliance will be. He will become a champion athlete in parliamentary or journalistic struggles; weaker men will rally round him; and in due time he may scale the highest seat of power. There will be plenty of work for him to do; plenty of glory to gain. Instead of hiding in obscurity, he will be ever in the eye of the world. Instead of inspiring aversion and distrust by his very talents, he will secure admiration and, in a certain measure, sympathy. Instead of straining, more or less painfully, after a high ideal, he will have SUCCESS, the great ideal of nearly all the world, brought within easy grasp. The one condition is that he shall do as others do,

* "Il n'est pas bon de paraître trop vite et d'emblée classique à ses contemporains; on a grande chance alors de ne pas rester tel pour la postérité." Ste. Beuve, Causeries du Lundi. Vol. 3, p. 40.

fight the world with its own weapons, and forget as much as possible that he was ever summoned to any nobler task.

"Do you mean then," some one here may ask, "that men of high character and ability "should stand aloof from public affairs and "leave them to be managed by men of in- "ferior qualifications, intellectual and moral?" I should be sorry to mean anything of the kind; but this I do mean: that if, to any man in particular, participation in public life involves a sensible lowering of his standards of duty, or the sacrifice of more important principles than any he can hope to vindicate or establish, then *for that man* participation in public life is an error, if not a crime. And to how many men such as I refer to has a public career of any length involved less than this? Where is the name among men who have been long in politics in this, or I might almost say, in any country that is capable of exciting the enthusiasm of rational men? There are party leaders of ability who receive daily flattery from those whose interest it is to flatter them; but where is the man who has shown in the struggle of parties a spirit superior to stratagem, to evasion, to unworthy compromise, the man who has neither alienated his judgment nor sacrificed his conscience, the man upon whom good men may fix their hopes and whose public virtues the youth of our country may be urged to imitate? We have seen men go into politics who might have been all this, some perhaps who we trusted would be, but—some change has passed over them: to those whose hopes were brightest they are "lost leaders."

If the only choice to a man of intellect were between absolute passivity and nullity, in respect to the political interests of the country, and an active political career with all its moral risks, there would be much to say in favour of the latter course; but such fortunately is far from being the case. A man does not need to be a practical politician in order to influence public opinion. As a private citizen he may uphold true principles and help to guide those around him to right conclusions. The important question, if we would estimate any man's work aright, is not, How widely his name has been repeated? but, what have those who repeat his name learnt or received from him? What kind of moral impulse has he communicated to those who have come into contact with him? Surely to have done good to a few is infinitely better than merely to have provided talk for many. When Alcibiades wanted to set the Athenians chattering he cut off his dog's tail, and no doubt the experiment was perfectly successful. The press in these days furnishes a means of influence second to none in importance, and fortunately it cannot be entirely usurped for purposes of party warfare. There are channels here and there through which disinterested thought can find expression; and the influence which one able and thoroughly impartial writer can exert on public sentiment outweighs that of a score of special pleaders in Parliament or out of it. The practical politicians of the day in England look to the press for direction far more than the press looks to them; the thinkers lay down the law for the doers; themselves unseen, and for the most part unknown, they guide in no small degree the destinies of a great empire.

If the atmosphere of politics is unfavourable to high intellectuality, not less so is the atmosphere of what in a special sense is called "society." The intellectual man, as conceived in these pages, is serious, earnest, sincere; he must put on a mask if he is to appear otherwise; society will have nothing to do with seriousness or earnestness, and though it does not as openly banish sincerity, (nobody likes to profess himself, in so many words, "a fraud") it succeeds in reducing that virtue within such narrow limits that those who fail altogether to see it may well be excused. The intellectual man's converse is

with ideas and truths: society interests itself only in the most frivolous and insipid of facts. The intellectual man pursues culture: society pursues common-place. The intellectual man is above all things a *man*, and, in all his most intimate thoughts, he takes his stand on common ground with the mass of his fellow-creatures; he is raised above them in point of advantages, but he feels the strength of the bond that unites human heart with human heart. His "society" is the world, not that handful of people who usurp the name and who, with a fatuity almost inconceivable, seem to think that for them the whole economy of nature was planned, and that, if other classes exist, it is that they may minister to *their* wants, and supply an effective contrast to their brilliance and gaiety.

But, alas! as a poet I have already quoted, has said,

> "The heart is prone to fall away,
> Her high and cherished visions to forget."

There is a weak side to even the best characters, a side to which the fascinations of society can appeal with dangerous force; and much of high purpose has e'er this been lost in the whirl of dissipation, or extinguished in the unworthy and ungenerous rivalries that make up so large a portion of fashionable life. But as

> "E'en in a palace life may be lived well."

so it is possible to be in "society" and yet not of it, to observe its forms while rejecting its spirit; what is *not* possible is to accept its spirit, to adopt its tone, and yet to cultivate the life of the intellect and of the soul. As well try to unite political philosophy with slavish partisanship, or devotion to art with constant consultation of popular tastes.

To very few is it given to devote themselves wholly to intellectual pursuits; but it is by no means necessary to do so to live in the truest sense an intellectual life. As has often been remarked, much of the best thinking and of the highest order of literary work has been done by men actively engaged in the business of the world. The names of Bacon, Milton, Clarendon, and Burke would be as seriously missed from the political, as from the literary, history of their country. It is indeed an inestimable advantage for the thinker who would deal with political or social questions to have had his own share of action in society, provided always the relations into which he has entered with men or with parties have not been such as to cripple or pervert his judgment. In the same way, and with the same proviso, the best narrator of events will be he who can say "*quorum magna pars fui.*" The importance of the proviso has been illustrated in many cases, and quite lately in a very signal instance: Lord Russell has had a very large place in the history of England for forty years past; but his lately published "Recollections" are pronounced by competent judges to be a very faulty and partial record of the period over which they extend.

Be a man's occupations what they may, he must furnish himself with facts before he can theorise with advantage. If any one imagines that the intellectual region is one in which facts become of little importance, he is very greatly mistaken. The only difference between the thinker and other men is that he, having gathered his facts, sifts, arranges, questions them, and thus forces them to yield up whatever of truth they contain. For facts, be it remembered, are not in themselves truths; they are only the material out of which truth can be distilled. By dint of practice, the man of thought acquires a wonderful facility in referring special facts to the class or order to which they belong, and thus obtaining a ready insight into their significance. For persons unacquainted with his method and resources, he might appear to be dealing with matters in a most arbitrary way; whereas, in reality, he is but availing himself of previously-acquired knowledge, or previously-established conclusions.

It need not be denied that even great philosophers do sometimes base their theories on insufficient foundations; such mistakes (which men of the world, little as they think it, are making every day of their lives) are incidental to the imperfection of human faculties, and do not arise from any failure to recognize that the whole value and virtue of every theory must depend upon its exact agreement with all the facts it purports to explain. Not the philosopher only, but the poet as well, must have facts in his possession before he can produce any work that shall deserve to live. We think of the poet as dealing in fancies, but who has so wonderful a gift as he in opening our eyes to the facts of the world in which we live? He has seen with his own eyes, and noted a thousand things that have passed before our eyes too, but to which we never gave heed. His verse is more expressive to us than the face of nature itself. Why? Because his eye is keener than ours, and because he speaks to us in human accents that nature cannot command. We have lived in the world; we have had intercourse with men; we think we understand pretty well the springs of human action; but here is a man who will tell us all we ever knew and a great deal more. Whence hath he this knowledge? That sometimes is a mystery, but he has it; and we, who thought ourselves knowing, stand abashed.

The intellectual life should be a life of patience—patience in gathering knowledge, patience in drawing conclusions, and patience in waiting for results. It may be hard sometimes to reconcile enthusiasm with patience but they may be reconciled, and they must be, if the best results are to be achieved. The patience of the believers in a cause is no less a presage of victory than their enthusiasm; indeed, of the two it is the fuller of promise. Let cynics or fatalists say what they will, the hope of a rational ordering of human society, the hope of some future harmony of human beliefs, does spring eternal in the human breast. And the life is one that maketh not ashamed; those who possess it must avow it, and must work towards its realization. Not only in the prophet-minds of every age has it asserted itself, but in the minds of the people at large there has ever been a dim foreboding of some great good in store for humanity. We see not as yet the outlines even of the future edifice of civilization; but we see errors and falsehoods which it is a manifest and immediate duty to combat, and the destruction of which we cannot but believe will hasten the advent of the better time. What the world lacks is faith; it has long been taught that it is very evil, and the lesson has been learnt so thoroughly that it is hard now to make people believe that in themselves there are infinite capacities for good, and that nearly all the good they do is done independently of laws or enactments of any kind. The persuasion of an evil often has as serious effects as the evil itself; a "malade imaginaire" may be the most hopeless of invalids. The world is at this moment, to some extent, a "malade imaginaire;" but unfortunately the great multitude of its physicians are exerting themselves only to prolong its delusion.

A great mark of the true intellectual life is simplicity. How can a man who is devoting himself with singleness of purpose to the discovery and diffusion of truth, or whose mind has in any way received the stamp of intellectual elevation, burden himself with refinements of luxury, affectations of pedantry, or any of the multiplied forms of vain glorious pretence? The more closely a man's attention is concentrated on abstract or general questions, the more his own personality sinks out of sight. It cannot, indeed, be maintained that literary men and *savans* are always exempt from vanity; but it is undoubtedly true that this failing has very seldom been exhibited by the greatest among them. It is also true that just in proportion to a man's intellectual eminence, to his capacity for high thinking,

are we struck by the incongruity of any exhibition on his part of vanity or affectation. It is satisfactory to note in this matter a marked advance in public sentiment. The literary men of to-day would be ashamed to indulge in personal quarrels such as their predecessors of a century or more ago paraded before the world. They studiously avoid (of course I speak generally) all personal issues, rightly conceiving that their proper business is to throw light on the questions they undertake to treat; not to demand attention for themselves.

No one needs companionship and sympathy more than he who is leading, or trying to lead, an intellectual life: unfortunately none are more often deprived of these advantages. It is easy to have a "chum," or any number of them, if a pipe of tobacco and talk on the local news of the day make up your ideal of social enjoyment, but not if your thoughts run very much on higher themes. In the centres of population the earnest student can probably find a few like-minded; but elsewhere he must, generally speaking, pursue his career solitary and unaided except by books and journals. A useful thought for such is that others here and there are treading the same path under the same difficulties; for it is cheering to know that we have fellow-labourers, even though we may never see them nor even learn their names. Here are a couple of sentences from Edgar Quinet's "Histoire de mes Idées," which many perhaps may read with encouragement:

"I had a presentiment that what was wanted was an almost complete revolution in intellectual matters; and, as I saw no one working towards the accomplishment of the change, I fancied myself alone. This feeling of solitude was weighing me down at the very moment when so many immortal works, yet unknown to the world, were being prepared in silence, germinating, as it were, under ground.

"Every one imagined himself alone as I did, and thought and meditated as though upon a desert isle. And yet all were being wrought upon at the same time by the newborn spirit of the century, and all were feeling in their very bones the pangs of moral growth. How many complaints were there exhaled! How many sincere tears were shed! Nature herself groans when she is about to bring to the birth."

The intellectual life is a serious life, but it knows nothing of ennui; and its pleasures, to those who have tasted them in their purity, must ever seem the noblest that the constitution of man has placed within his reach. Let me close with a word from one who could speak with authority: "Pure ideas, visible only to the inward eye, are of all things that men can know the most beautiful. To live in them is true enjoyment—happiness with no admixture of cloud."*

* William Von Humboldt: quoted in an article in the *London Quarterly Review* for April, 1868.

TRUE SOLITUDE.

TO rest far up the mountain's height,
On some cliff rearing high
It's rugged head, where the night winds
Among the pine trees sigh ;
To mark the shades of evening fall
Athwart yon churchyard rude—
Far down the vale ; to watch the deep'ning
Shadows in the wood,
I count not solitude.

To wander on the rocky coast
When stars look on the sea ;
To listen to the restless waves,
Beat ever plaintively,
Like memories which upon the shores
Of time unceasing break ;
To hear the wind unto the night
In strange complainings speak,
I count not solitude.

To sit amid old ruins which o'erlook
Some sluggish stream,
As thro' their crumbling arches
Steals the pale moon's shadowy beam ;
To hear the mournful owl lament
O'er some decaying tomb,
While the tireless bat its restless flight
Wings circling through the gloom,
I count not solitude.

To dwell with strangers, and to feel
Thyself e'en doubly strange ;
To leave thy home, thy country—all,
Nor find in the exchange
One friend where fate has cast thy lot ;
To feel thou dost intrude
'Mong those who for thy welfare show
No slight solicitude,
Ah ! this is Solitude.

R. R. MANNERS.

THE ROMANCE OF A BACK STREET.*

A NOVELETTE: IN THREE PARTS.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "Little Kate Kirby;" "Second-Cousin Sarah," &c. &c.

CHAPTER IV.

CAST DOWN.

JOHN DAX was completely prostrated by Ellen Morison's avowal. His strength for awhile suddenly deserted him, and he relapsed into the old cane-bottomed chair, wrung his hands together piteously, and glared at her who had bewildered him by a strange and awful statement.

What could it mean? What terrible secret did it portend?—Beneath the every-day exterior of this monotonous business, the placid surface of what had ever seemed to him, two gentle, patient, uneventful lives, what deadly grievance, or cruel ill-feeling had prevailed?

He was in a dream, and stupefied by all its wonderments. What mystery of the past, what irreparable wrong, could have held those two young women in silence for three years, living and working together, and sleeping under the same roof, and yet never exchanging a word with one another?

"For three years," he faltered forth at last, "and you two not speaking all the time!"

"We have grown used to the position—it is not painful to either of us now."

"But——will you tell me——"

"John, I cannot tell you anything more," said Ellen, firmly; "I have betrayed too much already. You are never likely to know what has estranged my sister from me, or me from her, and why we hate each other very bitterly."

"No, no—don't say that—it is not possible—you two!" he exclaimed.

"Ask her presently, if you will. Hear what she says—repeat to her what I have told you," said Ellen Morison excitedly again, "and then tell her your own story if you dare."

John felt already that he dared not, that in the past life of Mary Morison lay the barrier to any confession of the wild dream that he had had, and to any hope which he had formed. It would have been wiser if he had not told the elder sister—if his avowal had not, as it were, wrung forth the secret which these two silent women had jealousy guarded from the world: he thought he would have been happier to have lived on in ignorance of so terrible a truth.

He rose and walked towards the door in a dream-like fashion, as though the vision lasted still that had oppressed him. This was not real life yet—the stern reality of all his after-time. At the threshold he turned, for the sweet pale face of Mary was looking towards him from the half-open door leading into the little parlour—he felt that she had left her work and was nearer him, before he had glanced round. She remembered him, too, and that was marvellous, considering how Ellen had been perplexed at the first sight of him. She came towards him at once with hands extended, and a faint smile of welcome flickering at her lips.

"Surely it is our old friend John Dax," she cried, "and he has not deserted us for good!"

"Not for good, Miss Mary" stammered

*Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.

the man. "I thought I would come and have a look at the old shop, just for once!" he added.

"For once!" she repeated, wonderingly.

"Yes—I am going away presently—not yet," he said with a great effort.

"Well, it was kind of you to think of us, John."

"As if I was likely to forget you, and your sister," he said, "as if I havn't been telling her already how I remember the goodness of you both when I was without a friend in the world."

"We could not help you much," said Mary, "but I hope we did our best."

"You saved me," said John Dax.

"Oh! no—you saved yourself—with heaven's help," answered Mary, warmly.

This was unlike a girl who could bear malice in her heart, and live for years in enmity with her sister—surely it was Ellen's fault that the great difference had arisen, and existed. Mary was a woman all gentleness and sympathy. Why had he acted so rashly in the first moments of his return and told Mary's enemy the great secret, the great ambition of his life?

Looking at Mary Morison, he felt that he could not lightly surrender his one hope, or believe in all that Ellen had told him. He would wait and watch for awhile—no one understood his real character yet—the shadow of the streets was still upon him.

Mary Morison talked to him as to an old friend, rather than an old servant; she heard the little story he had already related to his sister, with the exception of the money in trust upstairs, and that he was silent concerning, and Ellen stole away and left them together. The elder sister offered him his chance to speak, his opportunity to learn the truth for himself, but he would not avail himself of it. He was afraid to ask any questions bearing on the past, or appertaining to the future—he had not the courage to risk so much again. To tell all that was in his heart, was to shut away this dear face for ever from him; he could come no more after his mad avowal of attachment. He would be more discreet; he would be content with seeing her for awhile, and letting time plead for or against him; under any circumstances it was beyond his strength to say good-bye.

He thanked her for past kindness, as he had thanked her sister Ellen, but he hinted not at the romance which had brought him to Gibbon Street. He expressed a wish to look in at the Gibbon Street shop now and then, and talk of old times, to ask her advice, and her sister's, as to his future course in life, and she said that she should be glad to see him when he was disposed to visit them. He went away almost happy with that assurance, until all that Ellen Morison had told him rose up like a wall between him and his dream-land. In his own room in the Waterloo Road—he had never been far away from them—he was not sanguine of results, and his spirits sank to zero at the misty prospect lying beyond that day.

CHAPTER V.

A TIME OF TRIAL.

PATIENCE was one of the rare virtues of our common-place hero. He had borne much in the old days without a murmur; in the time of his prosperity, and with a new ordeal to face, he was still the same uncomplaining individual. He was a man content to wait after all; for six months he had had the courage to keep away from Gibbon Street, for six months more he played the part of humble friend, and bided his time, although in the first impulse of his despair he had told Ellen Morison that he could not come there.

True, he had another mission in life at first, and this kept him strong. If he were unrewarded by a sign of affection, still he was Mary's friend, in a way, and there came

no one else to Gibbon Street; and the new task that he had set himself was to help towards a better understanding between the two sisters, and to endeavour by degrees, and by some common object of interest, to draw those two together who had drifted so strangely and awfully apart. It was a giant's task, and beyond his strength, but he did not learn that readily. He had faith in his powers in this direction, and the more he saw of the sisters Morison, the less he could believe in their unforgiving natures, or deep-seated wrongs. Either sister apart was gentle and affable, with the rare art of saying kind words in a kind fashion; little acts of neighbourly attention, of friendly service to folk poorer than themselves, told of earnest, thoughtful, charitable women, as forcibly as in the time when John Dax was poor. How was it possible that to each other these two should remain obdurate as fate? Poor John was not a philosopher, or a man of any degree of depth; his little efforts to make them friends were exceedingly transparent, his futile appeals on trivial matters from one to another, when by some chance they were together, were very plain, and at times awkward, and finally they brought the schemer into trouble.

It was Mary Morison who faced him with reproof on this occasion. The days were drawing out towards the summer then, and John Dax called once or twice a week.

"I have seen for some time, John, that you are acquainted with a secret which my sister and I had hoped to hide from most people," she said to him one evening; "will you tell me why you interfere?"

"You do not speak; I cannot understand how so long a quarrel as this can last," he answered readily. "You will not blame me, Miss Mary, for trying in my humble way to end it?"

"Why should you?" she inquired.

"It ain't natural; you and Miss Ellen should be the best of friends."

"It is unnatural, John, but it is not to be prevented. Do not interfere between us, please, or ——"

She paused and looked steadily at the young man, who said—

"Or what, Miss Mary? Don't be hard with me."

"Or it will be my place and hers to ask you not to come near us again—to keep away for good. For the good," she added a moment afterwards, "of the three of us."

John was crestfallen. He could do no more after this. His own position, wherein he fairly hoped at times he had advanced a little, was in jeopardy, and he could not afford to be dismissed unceremoniously, and for ever, from her presence. If he could only save her from the misery of this isolation by taking her to himself—if she would step some day from the eternal silence and gloom of that dreadful house—it had become dreadful to him now, knowing the ill-feeling that was in it—and let him devote his life to making hers more happy than it possibly could be in her home. If she would only pity him—and herself! Loving Mary Morison very truly, if very madly, it became natural on his part to distrust by degrees the elder sister, and to fancy that he read in Ellen's thoughtful gaze at him, a growing dislike towards himself. He had sided indirectly with Mary; he had disregarded the advice of Ellen; he was there as often as excuses could take him to the house; he could not believe in any faults of the younger sister bringing about the cause of offence or distrust; in his place, and despite his effort, there was no stand to be taken on the neutral ground. Love held the scales, and turned the balance in Mary's favour.

"How long is this to last?" Ellen asked of him one day.

"Is what to last?" rejoined John, for the want of a better reply at the moment.

"This wasting of your life," was the sharp explanation proffered.

"Until I know the truth concerning her."

"And yourself, you mean?"

"Yes."

"It is very plain to see, but you come here with closed eyes," she said; "it is as I told you in the winter time, and when you took no warning."

"I will hear all from your sister—let her give me my answer in good time."

"I am not likely to interfere between you; but you are not sane, John Dax, to dream on in this wilful fashion."

"It is not to be helped now," John said, moodily.

And it was not. He had erected his idol—it had been his task from the days of his vagabondage, when Mary Morison was first kind to him, and when it collapsed it would crush him.

John Dax was not idle during his term of faithful service; in acquiring money he had learned the value of it, and the necessity of storing it. He was not living wholly on his means; he had found employment, if not any great degree of pay, at a bookbinder's, where he was slowly and laboriously, being somewhat dull of application, learning the craft. It would come in handy some day, when Mary had learned to like him, he thought at times, in the few sanguine moments which he had, and to which a kinder word or a brighter smile than ordinary, would give birth. She blushed crimson, and turned her head from him at times too—he was sure of that. Six months passed completely, and it was summer time beyond the murky precincts of Gibbon Street, when Mary was missing from her customary post. The place behind the counter was occupied by Ellen Morison, but the gas was turned low in the parlour when the long daylight had gone, and there was no one now at work within. John noticed this on the first visit, and it was so uncommon an occurrence—so out of the common track of the dullness of life at the repository, that he said quietly, even nervously—

"Where's Miss Mary?"

The face of the elder sister took a deeper shade of gloom as she answered, reluctantly—

"She is unwell to-day."

"Not very unwell?" he asked.

"No; not very, I hope."

John was not content with these laconic replies, but was compelled to accept them. He went away in a moody and dissatisfied condition, and the next morning he passed round by Gibbon Street on his way to business. The house was open, but there was no one in the shop or parlour, and he sat down and waited with shaking hands and quivering lips for some one to appear. His passion had taken a strong hold upon him now, and he was a very child in his excitement. He did not know how weak he was; he hardly knew how deep had become his reverence for Mary Morison, until there seemed some hidden danger threatening her.

Presently Ellen came down stairs very pale and stern, and stared with surprise at John's early visit.

"I could not go to work until I knew how your sister was," he said humbly and apologetically.

"She is no better," was the answer.

"Has a doctor been sent for?"

"Yes."

"What does he say? what does he think?" asked John.

"He says she is very weak and low."

"Pray have further advice—let me—"

"She is in good hands—she will have the best attention," Ellen replied gravely.

John Dax reappeared in the evening once more—and once more had to wait in the deserted shop wherein the absence of its owner made but little difference to the business. He had something on his mind now which he wished to unburthen to Ellen Morison, and had been brooding upon it all day. It had stood between him and any honest application to work, and, at all hazards, he must say it.

When Ellen came down stairs at last, she

said quietly, as if she had expected to find him waiting there—

"She is no better, John."

It was the same information as he had received from her in the morning, but it foreboded sadder news to him.

"No better," he cried, "and you so calm as this!"

"Hush! hush!" she said, as an expression of pain flitted across her face; "it is my duty to be calm."

"Is she in any danger?"

"God knows!" she replied. "The doctor tells me there is nothing to fear at present."

"*At present!* Then—"

She laid her hand upon his arm by way of caution.

"You are too loud-voiced, John, and the sick-room is only a few stairs above us. She is sleeping now—don't wake her for the world."

"I beg pardon—I am very sorry," he said, in his new confused way, "but you know—oh! you can guess how her illness troubles me."

"Yes," she said, "looking at him sorrowfully, "it is not hard to guess. But do you think I have no trouble, too?"

"Oh! yes, you must have now, for all these long years of injustice towards her."

"You are foolish and cruel," Ellen returned, half-angrily; "how do you know I have been unjust?"

"You told me."

"It is she, poor woman, who—but there, I cannot explain to you. You must not talk of it at a time like this."

"You are kinder in your heart towards her—she is lying ill, dangerously ill—you speak to her now?"

"She does not speak to me," was the reply; "to hear my voice is to aggravate her fever."

"She shall not lie like this neglected. Who is the doctor?—let me seek him out—let me tell him—"

"Nothing of our lives, or of our enmity, if enmity it be now," she said, interrupting him. "John Dax, you must not interfere. Leave her to me and to God."

She put her hands to her face and murmured some low words, as of prayer, before she took them down again; and John Dax had it not in his heart to distrust any more then. It was only in the streets, which he paced that night till a late hour, that the old doubts came back with tenfold force, that he thought down all the manifestations of the elder sister's grief, and read from the blurred pages of his heated brain a wild history of neglect and apathy—possibly revenge. He must interfere; he must warn some one of Ellen Morison and of the old feud between her and her sister; he must not remain passive, with the woman whom he loved in danger, and that other woman, who surely hated her, her only nurse. His distrust was weakened again by the calm force of Ellen Morison's demeanour, when, more white and haggard than herself, he faced her the next morning.

Before he could ask the question she had answered him, and for the third time with the old heart-crushing words—

"She is no better!"

"She is dying," John Dax raved, "and you are keeping it from me."

"No, no—there is hope—great hope; I pray," said Ellen, "don't think that, my poor, weak fellow."

"Why do you leave her to herself—that is to yourself—when kind words, kind looks, are wanted to keep her brave and strong?" he cried. "Great heaven! to think I can do nothing—that she is lying there without a friend."

"I am the best friend she has in the world, perhaps," she murmured.

"It is not true—it can't be true," cried John; "you have quarrelled with her, she never hears your voice."

"It would not benefit her now," said Ellen, wildly.

"You are wrong."

"No, I am right, she does not know who I am, or where she is; she is delirious."

John wrung his hands in his despair. He would have raved forth again in his grief had not Ellen's hand, as on the first day of tribulation, rested on his arm and checked him.

"I asked you yesterday to leave her to me and to God," she said very sternly. "I demand it to-day as my right. You must not come again to unnerve me; if you are thus childish, you had better keep away, for her sake."

John was awed by her manner—once again the belief that he had misjudged her stole to his mind—once again when he was away from her all the doubts returned. By these doubts beset he sought out the doctor who attended at the sick house and harrassed him with many questions, troubling him with injunctions as to secrecy as regarded his visit, and puzzling that worthy, but small practitioner, very much.

"She is in a critical state," he said, when closely pressed by John Dax's inquiries, "but in no immediate danger. She may rally suddenly from the fever, even, for she is young."

"Is she well nursed—well cared for?"

"She has her own sister, who watches night and day. Ellen Morison is killing herself with over nursing."

"Tell her so, please——"

"I have told her so already, but it is no use."

John Dax groaned.

"Are you in any way related to my patient?" the doctor asked, curiously.

"No, sir."

"Ah! a sweetheart perhaps," he said, with an effort to put a cheerful tone upon the subject of discourse, "if so, I hope I may give you permission to see her in a day or two."

"No, sir, not a sweetheart," he answered mournfully, "but if I might only see her—only be sure——"

And then he came to a full stop, lest he should do Ellen Morison an irreparable injury by his doubts of her. There was innate heroism in this weak fellow's character—he was distrustful, but he would not injure her by a word whilst there were only his own doubts to fight against.

The next day there was the same soul-depressing news, but on the day that followed there came hope.

"She is a little better."

On the day following that she was conscious, but very weak. It was the weakness now which Mary had to fight against, the doctor had said only a few minutes ago, and from that she might sink if great care were not exercised. John waited for the doctor, who told him the same facts, regarding him very curiously and critically meanwhile.

On the third day of better news Ellen Morison came down and faced him with the old grave aspect.

"Not worse?" he cried, in new alarm.

"No, not worse."

"Better then?"

"I hope so."

"The doctor has been?"

"Yes. He tells me that Mary is very anxious to see you."

"To see me!" exclaimed John; "she has thought of me then—spoken of me?"

"Yes. Will you go up stairs and see her? Can I trust you to be calm, whatever she says?"

"You can."

"Her life may be in your hands, remember, but she will see you now."

"I am so glad of that!"

"Ah! do not be mistaken in this hour, for the truth is very near to you."

"Do you know what she is going to say then?" he asked.

"Yes, I think I do."

John looked inquiringly at her, but she pointed to the narrow stairs on the right of

the parlour, and he went up them with a faltering step and a heart that beat wildly with surprise, fear, and even joy.

CHAPTER VI.

CONFESSION.

JOHN DAX went softly into the room where the one romance of his life was sinking fast away. Surely sinking from life, as well as from romance, was the wan and wasted figure lying there, with two great anxious eyes regarding him very wistfully as he entered.

"Oh! poor Mary," murmured the man as he advanced with noiseless step to the bedside, where she seemed to vanish for awhile in the thick mist which rose before him.

There was a silence of some moments, for John was mastering his emotion and growing brave by slow degrees. He had promised Ellen Morison that he would not break down, and was fighting hard to keep his word. It would disturb Mary, too, and that was of more importance than any promise he had made. Presently Mary spoke, and in so faint a whisper that he had to lower his head to catch her words.

"You must not mind me asking you to my room, John," she said, "but it is hard to guess when I may be downstairs again. I have been anxious about you for some time—very, very anxious to tell you something."

"I am listening," said John, "don't hurry. There is plenty of time."

He sat down by the bedside and laid his hand for an instant on her arm, which was too weak to stir beneath his gentle pressure. The mist rose up before his eyes again, and his heart beat very fast. Was she going to tell him that she had read his secret—he who had made no sign of his affection, and had been always grave, and silent, and subservient, like the poor waif whom her charity had warmed to love long years ago? Was she going to pity him, and say good-bye? Was she going to tell him that with health and strength returning she might even learn to love him in good time, and that he must take heart and grieve for her no longer? Had the feud ended between the sisters, as at such time as this it should have done, and had Ellen told her of his passion? Was he as near the truth, as she was nigh unto death, in that hour?

"You seem to have been my friend so long, John," she continued, "to be the only one left to me."

"You are very kind to say so, Mary. May I call you Mary now?"

"If you will," she answered; "if you wish it."

"Yes, I wish it," he murmured; "and if it is no offence to you," he added anxiously, "for after all—I—."

"You are the one friend I have," she repeated; "when I came back from all those dreadful dreams, I thought of you first as one on whom I could rely."

"God bless you for that."

"I knew you would aid me, and not be too severe with me."

"I am glad to help, of course," replied John, somewhat bewildered.

"I cannot ask Ellen—you know I dare not speak to her," she said in a more excited whisper.

"Not now! will she not speak even in this hour?" asked John; "well—."

"Hush; not her fault, but mine," said she, interrupting him. "I am weighed down by an awful oath which I dare not, will not break. There is no help for it, unless you help me."

"Is it in *my* power?"

"I pray it is—I think it is," she answered.

"Ah! there is no happier task you can set me Mary," he cried.

"You were always warm-hearted, John—kind, unselfish, faithful," murmured Mary;

"The little good I ever brought to your life will be repaid a hundred-fold to-day."

"What can I do?"

"You must put your hand on mine again, and promise to forgive the poor, weak girl lying here before you. That is the beginning, John, of—of all that is to come!"

She was very feverish and nervous again. In the excitement she struggled hard to raise her voice, and he hastened to assure her and to calm her.

"I promise to do everything, Mary, but you know, you must know I have nothing to forgive," he cried; "great Heaven what have you ever been to me, but the one blessing of my life."

"A man different from yourself might learn to curse me, John."

"No—no."

"For I have been very weak and guilty, and it is my crime that has helped to lay me low," she replied. "I—I discovered, long ago, that there was money in that parcel which you left in trust to me—and I have spent it all!—given it all away to bring back hope to me. Pity me, forgive me. I could not live on in my misery any longer."

(To be continued.)

HORACE, BOOK III., ODE 9,

Donec gratus eram.

TRANSLATED INTO THE MODERN.

He (regretfully retrospective.)

AH, Maggie, when round your white neck
(Because you loved me best by far)
There was no other arm, dear, but mine,
I was happier, aye, than the Shah.

She (meeting him half-way.)

I'm sure when your sweetheart was I,
And Maggie not loved less than Kate,
There was not a happier girl
In the world, and renowned was my fate.

He (finessing.)

Pretty Katie you know has my heart;
She plays the piano and sings.
I swear, 'pon my word, I should die
To save her from death's cruel stings.

She (quite equal to the occasion.)

Indeed, Sir. Well, *I'm* not alone.
Fitz-James of the Guards I adore,
And rather than let *him* be harmed,
I would die, ah, twice over and more.

He (fairly conquered.)

Come, what if the old love return,
And bind us once more with its spell,
Would Maggie come back to my side
If I shake off this golden-haired belle?

She (triumphant and delighted.)

If Fitz-James were as handsome as Mars,
You, fickle and lighter than cork,
And passionate, too, as the sea,
Why you are my love.—How I talk!

(And she got her own way, and re-hooked her fish of course.)

OTTAWA. F. A. D.

CENTRAL AMERICAN SKETCHES.

BY H. H.

II.

Start for the interior—A free and easy Magistrate—Arrest explained—Singular mode of baggage transport—Tropical forest travelling—Tragical emigration experiences—Ingenious Aboriginal umbrella—Indian dietary and cooking—Splendid birds and butterflies—Extraordinary Suspension bridge—A question for Ethnologists.

WE left the reader after a narrow escape from punishment to sleep off the discomfort of arrest. Next day we visited the Commandante, who, with the nonchalant ease of officials in this country, suspended a trial he was presiding over, to chat with us, in which he explained that tobacco had been smuggled in the boat, and suspicion pointed to myself, as it was found under my mattress—a trick of Don Pedro's.

I had five or six trunks and boxes with me, each weighing more than 100 lbs.: it was puzzling to know how Indians were going to carry them over thirty leagues of bad road, and how many it would take to do it. He assured me that six Indians would be at my lodgings in an hour, and I could depend upon each one carrying a trunk.

The Indians now came to see the loads and after considerable talk amongst themselves, left to fetch "bastimento" or food. I had to wait for them until nearly two o'clock, when after more talk, each of them selected his load, at the same time unfolding a long flat strap of raw hide but well worn. These straps had a broader band about the middle of them to the extent of about a foot. They fastened a strap to each box, tying it firmly round at the bottom, but leaving the broad part free at the top. When arranged to their satisfaction they stooped down, holding the straps over their heads, and letting the broad band fall on to the middle, just above the crown; all being adjusted they rose, each one having a load thus held on his back; the whole weight being divided about equally between the head and back, leaving the arms perfectly free. Seeing what a struggle it seemed to cost them to rise from the ground with their loads, I wished to lighten their burdens, but only got laughed at, and telling George to ask one of them if he could carry his load, he answered, rather savagely, "Coruo no, y ruas eucima" (Why not? and more on the

top of it). Most of the carrying trade of the country is done thus on Indian's backs; many thousand sacks of coffee, weighing from 110 to 130 lbs., are taken from the plantations in the interior to the port, the usual day's journey being from 15 to 20 miles, according to the state of the road.

A short ride along a narrow road cut through the low bush led into the virgin forest, which burst on us quite unexpectedly. The grandeur and rich luxuriance that distinguish the original forests of the coasts in the tropics are beyond description. Even Kingsley despairingly laments his inability to picture this scenery. That afternoon's ride brought me a perfect realization of all the poetical wildness of scenery, accompanied by the gorgeous gloom and phantasy which give such a charm to Fouqué's beautiful story of Undine.

I was particularly struck by the apparent absence of sound. If there were any beasts, birds, or insects in the forest, all were absolutely silent. The sense of solitude in a place which I knew must be teaming with animal life was most impressive; but all my subsequent experience was that a forest ride about mid-day is the true time to seek for absolute stillness in nature.

On the opposite bank of the river, which we here crossed to the left, a large tract of land had been evidently cleared at some time, though the large trees were again growing up. My companion told me a very sad and sorrowful tale about the place.

About 25 years previously a company had been formed in England called the Central America Emigration Company. Some thirty families, principally English and German, were induced to emigrate to a place of which absolutely nothing was known, and after many hardships on the passage, were planted down here to form a colony and cultivate the land, which they had been assured would grow anything with the smallest amount of labour. Though they arrived in the dry season their troubles soon began. There was no town where they could buy provisions within 50 miles. The natives looked upon them as lunatics for settling in a place where they themselves would not live. Soon many of them were sick with fever or dysentery. Such as could do so left to get to Belize, others, to go into the interior, and soon the place was deserted, but not until nearly forty had died. My companion was one of the deluded, and he buried there his three children. Dickens has been accused of exaggeration in the sad episodes of colonization, in "Martin Chuzzlewit;" but if they were at all overdrawn as regards the United States in its early days, the colony of "Boca Nueva" would have supplied him with materials for pictures which even his eloquent pen could not overdraw.

Close upon sunset we reached a clearing with a few houses, where I met my friends. The Mozos, or Indian carriers, arrived soon after with my boxes, and I feared that the contents might have received considerable damage from the rain, but every Indian when on a carrying expedition has with him a "zuya-cal," which may be termed the native umbrella, and though it may be very primitive it is very ingenious, and answers its purpose even better than a modern umbrella would do. It consists of strips of a kind of palm leaf dried, and cut in an irregular shape. Each strip is about four inches wide at the bottom and narrows towards the top to about two inches; these are sewn together with pita—a coarse thread made out of the maguay leaf. The zuya-cal is about a yard and a half long, and is composed of about ten of these strips, which are all tied together at the top. When rain comes on it is opened out and placed with the top over the Indian's head, and falls over his back, or, if he is carrying, over his load. During all the time I was in the country I never knew a zuya-cal fail to keep what it was protecting perfectly dry, and I have frequently, when travelling in a thunder

shower, had the rain penetrating my supposed water-proof of European or American manufacture, whilst the Indians I passed had kept themselves and their loads quite dry. The ingenuity shewn by these Indians in utilizing the natural productions of their country is very admirable; and as in carrying their loads the great object is to have the arms free, the zuya-cal is certainly well adapted to their need, and I have more than once had a proffered loan of an umbrella rejected as something entirely beneath their notice. When it is not raining the zuya-cal is rolled up, and carried tied to the load. As it frequently happens that the loads the Indians have to carry are of such a nature as to make it either undesirable or impossible to pack them in a box, they have invariably what is called a cacaste. This is a square frame, rudely put together, open at the front and sides, with a kind of shelf near the bottom and one half way up. At the back there is nailed a thin board, to make it easier for the carrier's back. It is astonishing what multifarious loads can be carried in these cacastes. When buying such an article as sugar they would have nothing to put it in but a cacaste and a net, and as the semi-refined sugar of the country is made in loaves weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds each, the usual load is five loaves. For this the middle shelf is removed, and the loaves are piled one on another and a net is passed round the whole affair to keep the load together. I have known Indians travel for several days under continual rain, with no other protection for their loads than their zuya-cales, and they have delivered their burdens in perfectly good condition.

When going on a journey they always have their food for the whole time prepared before leaving. It consists either exclusively of "pixtones," or of pixtones and frijoles. The pixton is a cake made of roughly ground maize, which is made into a paste at the same time that it is ground. When the paste is of a proper consistency, the grinder, (usually the wife of the "Mozo") takes it and pats it in her hands, turning it with a quick motion of the wrist, and rounding it off at the same time. In about two minutes it is made into shape and is then put on a flat round dish of baked clay called a "comal," over a wood fire, and is turned frequently until baked. This is a pixton, and six of these cakes are sometimes all the food an Indian takes in a day, during a journey, and when carrying 120 lbs. weight on his back. He takes also a "teco-mate," a curiously shaped bottle made out of an oblong gourd hollowed and dried; the mouth of this is stopped with a piece of corn cob for a cork. He has also a small, roughly made clay vessel called a "batidor," for boiling water, and with these he is equipped for the journey. When travelling, the Indians seldom drink cold water with their food, but when meal time arrives, and this is generally fixed by certain locations on the road, rather than by any hour. They make a fire of dry wood, put the batidor with water to boil, and place the pixtones among the embers to warm, so that, though it may not be abundant or very tempting, they always have a hot meal wherever they are.

The North-East Coast of Guatemala is very thinly populated as yet. All the way up the river there was not a sign of a human habitation until reaching Panzos. On the road thence to Teleman there are clearings but no permanent inhabitants, and we were now going to travel on the low lands for twelve leagues, where we could meet with nothing to eat. Our party numbered five mounted, including our servants, and besides our Indian carriers. All the original forests had been cleared away, except here and there a clump of high trees, but the vegetation was very rich and luxuriant, the bushes on the sides of the road being covered over with several kinds of convolvulus, the varied colours of which gave the road a very gay appearance. It was altogether different to the ride of the previous day, nor was there any want of noise,

for the bushes swarmed with green parrots, who seemed to go in droves, and after chattering and quarrelling a minute in the bush went off in rapid flight, but never ceased their noise for a moment. We saw several groups of macaws, a splendid large bird, (about the size of an English pheasant) of a bright scarlet and yellow colour. These also were noisy, but not so noisy as the parrots. They are very gorgeous birds, but though somewhat quaint in their appearance and habits, they have no particular faculty of articulation like the parrot. The humming birds of the coast districts form a large and exceedingly interesting family, but their small size prevents the beauty of their plumage from being noticed, except occasionally when poised upon some flower, the sun's ray falls on them and lights up their rich lustre. But I was most pleased with the butterflies. The paucity of the English Lepidoptera quite unprepared me for such abundance of charming shapes and colours as we came across at almost every step. One especially, "Morpho Montezuma," nearly as large as the open palm of a man's hand, at the first sight of which I have known the most stolid naturalists go into ecstacies, kept flying past with a majestic movement—a very Emperor of insects.

We rode eight leagues, amidst such exciting novelties that we seemed to forget all about breakfasting, until we arrived, about 2 p.m., at the Polichic.

This place is called El Hamaca—the Hammock—which name it derives from a very curious bridge which crosses the river at that point. The Polichic ceases to be navigable just above Teleman, and up from there it has more of the characteristics of a large mountain stream; owing to its strong current, and the immense stones which form its bed, it is not safe to cross it, either mounted or on foot.

In the Hamaca there is another instance of the native's ingenuity in adapting the natural resources of the country to their needs, without extraneous aid. It is in reality a rude kind of suspension bridge, the floor of which consists of one long tree, squared down rudely with an axe until just wide enough to walk along. This is held in its place by what appear at a distance to be ropes, but which are a parasitical vegetable growth, to be met with on the coasts, making, both in strength and durability, an excellent substitute for ropes. Two of these are tied firmly round rocks situated most conveniently opposite each other; these ropes, or "bejucos," are attached to the bridge by shorter ones, but which are not so thick as the main ones. These supporting ropes being more than a yard apart, the bridge barely a foot wide, the numerous side ropes give it something of the form of an open hammock, from which it derives its name.

The two sides being so far apart, and the bridge itself so very narrow, it needs considerable care in crossing to avoid a fall into the roaring river, but otherwise it is quite safe. Of course, it is only possible to cross it on foot, and we had to drive our horses and mules into the river, and make them cross by force of shouting and throwing stones at them.

Except the little squaring done to the bridge with an axe, there is nothing in its construction which would need the use of iron, and as far as I could learn, this is the kind of bridge which was in use before the conquest by the Spaniards, the primitive model of those times not having been modified or improved upon in any respect.

A recent article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, on a journey made into the remote and little-known fastnesses of the Himalaya mountains, gives a description of a very similarly constructed bridge common in that part of the world; and this curious fact might serve to give colour to the speculations of some Ethnologists, as to whether the Indians of the West may not be a degenerate branch of the Asiatic family.

(To be continued.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE debate on the Senate disclosed one fact of considerable importance, and that is—the exceeding crudity and haziness of our political system. To the member for Bothwell we may give credit for a speech, displaying ability and research, coupled with unquestionable earnestness and sincerity. It is to be regretted, however, that he went out of his way to indulge in reflections on the *personnel* of the existing Senate. His course, in this respect, was not only unnecessary to the establishment of his case, but, as the event has proved, a palpable error in tactics. Fortunately, his opponents, notably those of his own party, pointed their artillery too high and overshot the mark. The freedom of political inquiry and discussion is likely to fare ill with us, if matters have really come to such a pass that any one who calmly and intelligently suggests a constitutional amendment is to be subjected to personal insult and ridicule, or pelted with vituperative epithets. One would almost imagine that Mr. Mills had committed some offence against the laws of morality, or was connected in some occult way with the Commune or the International, to be abused as he has been. His designs are "revolutionary," his statesmanship is "Lilliputian," "Constitution-tinkering is his hobby," and, although no one would mistake him for a Bentham or a Stuart Mill, he might, "had the time been propitious," have been a "Canadian Siéyes, with constitutional dissolving views and general phantasmagoria quite on a par with those of the versatile Abbé." Our "philosopher," we are told, has not been gifted with "the tongue of the eloquent," and therefore he persuades himself that he is "profound;" but profundity, as we gather from the same learned Theban, is "a twin excellence with dulness." All this is bad enough: but worse remains behind. "Weakness" and "deficiency of intellect" are offences not to be condoned; and Mr. Mills has added to his guilt by being "meagrely educated," has advanced in his career of sin through the degrading vice of school-teaching, and filled up the measure of it by acting in the despicable capacity of an Inspector of Schools. Now all this virulent language is hurled at the hon. member's head because he heedlessly let fall two words in reference to some of the Senators—"defeated politicians." They were probably aimed at no one in particular, but like the man who drew his bow at a venture, Mr. Mills has pierced between the joints of somebody's armour and must be made to suffer for it. That is all: *hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*

Repudiating utterly, as both insolent and illogical, a mode of political controversy now unhappily reduced to a system, let us endeavour to consider the subject on its merits. It may be assumed at once that it is the right of Mr. Mills or of any one else, whether our Constitution be seven years old or seventy, to indicate its anomalies and defects, if such there be, and to suggest a remedy. It is quite true that constitutional questions are in their nature delicate questions, because for their satisfactory solution, many qualifications of mind and temper are essential. Moreover, a change in any prominent feature of an existing system can only be justified on two grounds—first, that it has glaring and obvious defects incompatible with the general scheme of government, or at least with its efficient working; secondly, that the proposed modification is theoretically sound and congruous, and likely—so

far as human foresight can pronounce upon a probability—to add strength and harmony to the entire structure. Both these reasons for action are necessary before we can decide in what direction we should move, or whether it would be prudent to move at all. Mr. Mills takes, we think, an erroneous view of the nature of government when he pronounces the opinion that it "partakes of the elements of an exact science." "I believe," he continues, "it is possible to anticipate mischief, and to study the geography of politics in such a manner as to determine *with a very considerable degree of accuracy*, to what particular point any particular measure is *likely* to lead." The words we have italicised are fatal to the speaker's position; for with degrees of accuracy, if such exist, whether considerable or otherwise, or with probabilities, an "exact" science has no concern. But we agree with Mr. Mills that it is at any time open to him or to others to point out the weak spots in our scheme of government and to propound a plan for adjusting and invigorating it. If the existing constitution of the Senate places that body out of concord with the other branches of the Legislature, and renders it weak or incompetent, there is a *primâ facie* case made out for its alteration. Yet, when that is done, we have advanced but a short distance in the path of progress. The Senate may be an anomaly; but there are anomalies in every governmental system which has existed anywhere else than on paper. It may be weak; but so are all human contrivances. We are not arguing from these premises that we are bound to perpetuate the anomaly or to remain passive under the infirmity, but the contrary. The consciousness of a defect and the resolution to devise a remedy are among the strongest stimulants to human activity. All that is contended for here is that any proposed amendment should be weighed carefully, appraised at its probable value, and adopted only when we have a reasonable assurance that it will not merely cure the defects, but also that it will not entail upon us greater evils than those it is intended to remove.

Something was said during the debate on the propriety of leaving the subject to be discussed and matured by public opinion. To popular institutions we are attached ardently and from conviction, but not blindly; and we reject a notion of representative government which if adopted, would be an act of parliamentary suicide. To the people unquestionably belongs the right of ratifying or rejecting any plan deliberately thought out by those who are chosen by them for that and kindred purposes; but what is to be the issue of a proposal which would virtually defeat the primary object of every representative system? Mr. Stuart Mill has said in speaking of this very question:—"The deficiencies of a democratic assembly, which represents the public, are the deficiencies of the public itself, want of special training and knowledge." (Repres. Gov. p. 99, Ed. 1865). To which we may add that, even with an electorate passably educated, these deficiencies are much more serious and troublesome in the latter case than in the former. If a change in the constitution of the Senate be, as we believe it is, inevitable, if not imminent, we require to enlist in the framing of that change all the ability at our command, irrespective of party distinction. When the scheme is elaborated, it may be presented to the people, as the best that can be devised, and they should then be called upon, in the constitutional way, to judge between the old and the new. But if the subject is to be made the battledore of parties at the polls instead of being the serious occupation of calm and matured thought, it had perhaps be better left alone. Already there are within the ranks of the *soi-disant* Reform party, two factions fighting with the rancour characteristic of an embittered and alienated friendship. On a question of the highest importance, where Canada ought above all things to be "first," the interests of the coun-

try form but a background to the tinsel glories of party triumph. The one faction charges the other with stopping the gradual but certain attainment of a Senatorial majority, and is met by the retort that by the time that is accomplished, the sins of Reformers will have found them out, and the achievement would therefore be barren of party advantage.

The exceeding crudity and haziness of our political system, or else the inadequacy or incorrectness of the ideas entertained about it, is evident. Both parties, during the present controversy, have talked glibly about our "federal system of government," and Mr. Mills's declaratory resolution was predicated upon it. What constitutes a federal system? Let us hear the hon. member himself:—"It is the union of several independent and distinct sovereignties for certain definite purposes, which have divested themselves of the original power of which they were possessed, just in so far as these powers have been conferred upon a single or national Legislature." Now if this be a correct definition of Federalism, then our government is not federal, and the entire superstructure Mr. Mills has based upon it, falls to the ground. Sir John Macdonald and M. Fournier have both shown that this theory is untenable, and their opinions have recently received judicial confirmation, in the case of *Reg. v. Taylor*, from the Ontario Court of Common Pleas. We may quote a few lines from this judgment, omitting reference to the particular subject-matter in litigation:—"The Dominion Government, unlike the Government of the United States, possesses the general sovereignty of the country, subordinate, of course, to the Imperial Parliament, while the Provinces, unlike the respective States of the Union, can exercise their merely delegated powers." Mr. Mills's theory of sovereignties has as much to rest upon as the fiction of an original compact at the formation of society. So far as the United States is concerned, Mr. Mills is theoretically correct; but practically theirs is no more a purely federal government than ours. He distinctly objects to the Supreme Court here, because it is inconsistent with Federalism, and yet there it exists across the border as a very important portion of what on his own contention is truly a federal system. It is further urged that under a federal system, the Senate need not be organized on a federal basis; if so, why then is our system "inconsistent" with such a general theory? The hon. member would reply that, by confining the Crown to the selection of a fixed number from three great geographical areas, we admit the federal basis. He seems to forget that it is by mere accident that particular interests are circumscribed within certain geographical limits, and that it was the interests that were being looked after in the constitution of the Senate, not the geographical position. These interests may not always coincide with arbitrarily fixed localities, nor do they now do so completely. Ontario and the Maritime Provinces had interests peculiarly their own; Quebec had a language and institutions to preserve, and it was to protect these interests that an equal representation to each of these sections was granted. In short, the three sections are merely aggregations of diverse and possibly conflicting interests, not "sovereignties." If the word "federal" have any particular charm in it, Mr. Mills is free to adopt it, but only on condition that he be willing to apply it, in a non-American sense, to any governmental arrangement by which particular interests, religious, national, agricultural, manufacturing, commercial, mining, or fishing are hedged about with adequate safe-guards. In the wider signification the United Kingdom is a confederation, not so much of the separate kingdoms, as of the distinct and special interests in any one of them. Here also hon. gentlemen who are at a loss to reconcile the statements in the preamble of the B. N. A. Act that we were to be "federally united," and yet to have a "Constitution, similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom," may find a master-key to their puzzle.

If our position be tenable, it follows, therefrom, not that a change in the constitution of the Senate would be improper, but that its justification must be based on other grounds. The abolition of the Senate or its re-construction in a purely elective form, has been repudiated on all hands. Mr. Moss, in a very able speech, reviewed the various methods of constituting a Second Chamber, noticing particularly Mr. Stuart Mill's scheme and its possible combination with others. We may perhaps refer to Mr. Moss's address hereafter, and, as we propose to recur to the subject, we must be content, on this occasion, to summarize briefly our objections to the scheme of the member for Bothwell. We object to it because it is founded upon a mistaken notion of our constitutional system, and because, instead of rendering the local and general authorities essentially distinct, it would directly tend to confuse them. A system which assigns to a local body important functions which are outside its legitimate sphere is self-condemned. We object to it, because Dominion politics would inevitably become Provincial politics, and the circumscribed jurisdiction of the Assemblies would be lost to view in the struggle for Senatorships. Because, the constituency being small, it is the more accessible to corrupt influences. Because in two Provinces a great part of two sessions of every Parliament would be occupied, in doubtful and shady manœuvring, to the detriment of Provincial interests and of the general morality. Because, instead of restoring public confidence in the Senate, it would eventually degrade that body in general esteem, by making it a refuge for the destitute and "defeated politicians" of *all* the Provinces as well as of the Dominion. Because, while the Premier of the Dominion has now, at irregular and for the most part unforseen intervals, the opportunity of rewarding public or party services, the glittering bait would be offered at every seat of government at stated times to be foreseen and duly provided for in the interests of party. Because such a system would produce and foster political rings, and seats in the Senate would be made the equivalent of corrupt compromises, if not the subject of direct bargain and sale. Because the plan devised for the protection of minorities is delusive, and, in our view, utterly impracticable. Under whatever system of voting might be adopted, the result would be equally unsatisfactory. If a certain minimum of votes were fixed, the result would probably be a dead-lock. If a mere plurality served to elect, neither majority nor minority might be adequately represented. And if subsequent voting were necessary, a powerful majority, which had already elected one or two of its party, might effectually wrest the other seat or seats from its opponents. Finally, because it would turn each side of the House into a standing party Convention, in which the dissentients would be drilled into obedience, and thus a scheme devised to protect one minority would enable the wire-pullers to crush one or perhaps two others. Here we must pause for the present with the hope that we have not transcended the limits of fair and courteous criticism in examining the scheme of Mr. Mills.

Those who remember the fierce struggles touching Separate Schools in the old Province of Canada, will be ready to congratulate the dominant party on its improved temper and enlarged views. It would, no doubt, be uncharitable to insinuate that the interests of party have had anything to do with this change of front; otherwise it might be suggested that the support of Quebec is indispensable, and that a profession of opinion, which is not to result in action, is easily made. When one can do nothing, it is easy to say anything. For our own part, we are not disposed to find any serious fault with Ministers, except for the clumsy contrivance to which they had recourse. There is a growing tendency to shirk responsibility, not of good augury.

Sometimes it is by throwing the onus on the Crown; sometimes by assigning to a Court the discharge of functions which the Constitution has laid upon the Privy Council; and now it is by fastening the odium, if there be any, on the party at large by means of a caucus. Now there can be no reasonable objection to Ministers unfolding their policy on any question at a meeting of their supporters, but it should be a policy they are prepared to avow, and should not appear in the guise of amendments by private members. Herein lies the clumsiness of the device.

In Ontario and Quebec the minorities are protected by the ninety-third clause of the Imperial Act—one of those instances, we may remind Mr. Mills, in which interests were regarded at the expense of "sovereignties." New Brunswick had no Separate School Act, and seems determined to enact none; but in 1871 the legislature passed a law banishing religious teaching from the common schools. This law has lately been declared constitutional by the Judicial Committee, and therefore Mr. Costigan desires an appeal to the Imperial Parliament for a statutory amendment, compelling the Province to concede the privilege enjoyed by the other minorities. When Mr. Mackenzie moved an amendment deprecating Imperial legislation, one might have supposed that that was the whole of his policy; but in fact it was only a moiety of it, the other half being in the hands of M. Cauchon. The result is that instead of asking Imperial interference with Provincial rights, Her Majesty is to be solicited to use her influence with the recalcitrant New Brunswick. In other words, Earl Carnarvon is desired to write a despatch to the Lieut.-Governor in favour of a Separate School Act. We remember that the late Lord Lytton, when Colonial Secretary, sent a similar despatch to the old Province of Canada and to the Maritime Provinces, recommending the establishment of a Divorce Court. We were then under what it was the fashion to call "Lower Canada domination," and treated Downing Street with contempt. New Brunswick, however, obeyed the monition with alacrity; so if "better terms" have not deprived her of her native meekness—in other words, if she has not "waxed fat and kicked," justice may yet be done to the Roman Catholic minority.

The continuous severity of the weather, since Christmas, will, we trust, render the past winter of exceptional historic interest; may we never "look upon its like again," is the hope of all. The Toronto Observatary report states, that "not only was the term 4th to 19th February, with respect to the number of consecutive days when temperature fell to or below zero, more than twice as long as any other term recorded, when temperature fell as low, but the mean temperature – 8.78, was lower by many degrees than that of any group of equal length." The snow fall was also very heavy, and being accompanied with high winds, the drifts were so deep as to stop locomotion in some parts for many days. At Mount Forest, a station on the Toronto, Grey, and Bruce Railway, there were delivered on one day, the accumulated mails of eleven days; on this line a train was left, and the snow buried it out of sight. On the Toronto and Nipissing line, several trains were stopped *en route*, and the passengers taken forward or home by the sleighs of farmers near at hand. Throughout the country, all business has been disorganized which was in any way dependent upon the maintenance of the ordinary intercourse along the main or subsidiary lines of road or rail.

Owing in some measure to this paralysis of trade, there arose some few weeks ago a considerable agitation in financial circles, as money seemed to have been touched by the restrictive power of the prevailing frost. As usual in such times, which will occur in the best regulated money markets, all kinds

of rumours were engendered; the "three black crows" were again let loose, but so far, and the excitement is well-nigh over, "nobody seems one penny the worse." Much of the worry and harm of tight times arises from a lack of an intelligent perception of the fact, that money is a commodity, subject to the operations of the laws of supply and demand, and to all the variations of price and conditions of storage and dispersion, just as wheat or any manufactured product. For depositors to draw out their funds from the banks, or note-holders to demand their redemption in coin, because money is scarce and dear, and traders are compelled to liquidate their engagements instead of having them renewed, is just as senseless a policy as for a farmer to withdraw his produce from the market, because it is fetching a good price. Between the stability of the banks and their power to loan as much as is demanded at any particular period at a normal rate, there is no more connection than between a man's positive wealth, and the loose change in his pocket.

It seems to be generally conceded, however, that there are symptoms of undue expansion of business based upon credit, upon borrowed capital for importing wholesale; and borrowed means to hold retail stocks. There is no financial rule for testing and solving a problem of this nature. The average amount loaned by the banks in 1874, was 50 per cent. more than in 1871, in the same period—a very large, very rapid increase; yet their more permanent deposits were more than doubled, so that although the banks doubtless are weighted unduly with inactive paper, arising from the extreme depression of the lumber interest, their loans to traders now bear the same proportion to the stored savings lent to them for this purpose, which they did four years ago.

The Scotch banks are conceded to be of unusual strength and exemplars of prudence; their discounts and advances on credit and cash accounts are about $320,000,000, their paid-up capital is about $50,000,000; that is they lend to traders six times the amount they own. Our banks lend on discount twice their paid-up capital; that is, twice the amount they own. The Scotch banks thus borrow five-sixths of the money they lend; our banks borrow only three-sixths. Although there has been much to disturb business, and a depression of one leading industry of most serious moment, the storing of the people's savings has kept pace in extent and speed with the enormous and rapid expansion of their borrowings, and the loans made by our banks are in a very great proportion more of their own money, their paid up capital, than those of the Scotch bankers, whose prudence and strength are notorious. Hence we may safely infer that the business done by the assistance of the banks during the last few years has been averaging a fair profit, and that the expanded operations of the banks in discounts have been based so largely on their own capitals, as to give depositors most ample assurance of their funds being safely invested to their own and the general advantage of the country.

The proposed change in the Dominion Note Act is, to some extent, a step in the right direction. The arbitrary fixture of a certain proportion of gold to be held for notes issued is, however, now disapproved by the highest modern authorities. In the case of there being two currencies afloat, government and banking, one resting on a fractional gold basis, and the other upon the superstructure so scantily supported, it is demonstrable, from recent experiences, that the restriction of the former issue to a certain ratio of gold held, or *vice versâ*, the necessity of holding gold for notes issued, leads to constant efforts being necessary either to restrict the issues or to increase the gold in order to avoid breaches of the law. Now a government has no such ebb and flow of money as the banks have; its notes once out, they do not return and again flow forth hour

by hour in constant streams in and out like the bank issues. These notes are now absolutely divisible into two well defined sections: what the public uses as currency along with the bank issues, and what remains in the treasury of the banks. The former part really needs no gold reserve, it keeps up to a certain minimum, steadily, and nothing but a revolution or an invasion could drive it in for redemption in coin. But the other part is counted on by the banks as part of their reserve, that is, a fund available in emergency; for a money reserve which is never to be used is as absurd as a military reserve which must only be looked at. The pressure then on the banks, as recently, for gold to export to New York leads them to ask the Government for the redemption of some of their reserve of Dominion notes; but as the gold held by the Government is only just enough to comply with the law, the call of the banks necessitates the restriction of the notes issued by the Government in order to avoid breaking the law. This operation involves the withdrawal of funds from the banks, as the notes held by the public are of course beyond reach, and hence the aggravation of any tightness prevailing, or its cause if the conditions are favourable. To increase, as Mr. Cartwright proposes, the Government issues, and to increase by a larger ratio the gold held as a reserve, will so far enlarge the area over which the pressure for gold may be exercised by the banks as to decrease its relative force, and to remove to a great extent the necessity for curtailing the Government deposits when there occurs a drain of gold to New York.

The debates on the Pacific Railway, though somewhat wearisome in their details, were full of interest. Not to speak of the great enterprise as an important factor in our calculations on the national future, the subject has derived additional claims to public attention from the painful but instructive moral it pointed, at a great party revolution. We have no intention of recurring to the past, or even of depicting the probable glories of the future. It is only necessary on this occasion, to indicate the policy of the present Administration, and to enquire how far it deserves the confidence and approval of the country. Mr. Mackenzie's speeches, especially the opening one, fully justified the opinion we expressed in our last number, of his ability and assiduity as an administrator. Dr. Tupper, who led the Opposition attack, is a clever master of fence, possessed at once of eloquence and tact. The case against the Government may be found in his address and, if it fails to convince, and we think it should fail, nothing remains but to approve of the general scheme adopted. The subject has been unfortunately complicated by the discontent of British Columbia. The haste—the generous haste, perhaps we may call it— of Sir John Macdonald's Government, led to a bargain with the Pacific Provinces which could hardly have been carried out even under the most auspicious circumstances. The political struggle, resulting in the overthrow of the Government, rendered it out of the question. The negotiations that ensued, after the advent of the new Administration, need not be narrated in detail. To us it seems that British Columbia was unnecessarily sharp in insisting upon the terms of the bond; suffice it to say, that the adjustment adopted through the intervention of Earl Carnarvon, with Mr. Walkem at his elbow, is now beyond discussion. It involves the construction of a railway in Vancouver's Island from Esquimault to Nanaimo, a graving-dock at the former place, an early commencement of the Pacific Road proper on the mainland, and the expenditure upon it annually of two millions of dollars, a trans-continental telegraph, and the completion of the road from the west of Lake Superior to the Pacific by the close of 1890. With that branch of the subject we need not concern ourselves further; and the same may be said of the

Winnipeg and Pembina connection which is under contract.

With regard to the rest of the Government plan, it seems impossible to judge of it aright, if we lose sight of the objects in view. The first was to make as direct a connection between ocean and ocean as possible, taking advantage of the great inland water navigation, and ultimately to construct an "all-rail" line entirely over Canadian territory. This was, in short the policy deliberately adopted by the last Parliament, and sanctioned by the electorate at the polls. The immediate duty of the Government, therefore, was obvious and plain, --- to complete with all convenient speed connection, partly by rail and partly by water, with the head of navigation on the St. Lawrence. If this be borne in mind, the objections raised against Mr. Mackenzie's scheme may be estimated at their true value. An examination of the map will show that the forty-fifth parallel of latitude runs through Muskoka Lake and a little above Cornwall on the St. Lawrence; the forty-sixth through the French River harbour; the forty-seventh through Point Mamainse, just as you emerge from the east into the open waters of Lake Superior; the forty-eighth a little to the north of Michipicoten Harbour; and thence through the mouth of Pigeon River, the boundary line here, and therefore to the south of Thunder Bay; the forty-ninth, near the mouth of Nepigon River and the Lake of the Wood, from the western end of which it forms the boundary line all the way to the Pacific; finally, the fiftieth passes a little north of the middle of Lake Nepigon, and to the north of Fort Garry.

Now, supposing you intended to construct the most direct line by rail and water from the fiftieth parallel to between the forty-fifth and forty-sixth, how would common sense teach you to do it? Clearly from Winnipeg to the west end of Lake Superior, thence by water, in almost a straight line to French River, and thence south-easterly either directly to Montreal, or to some point on the Ottawa, where navigation or railway connections could be had. This is Mr. Mackenzie's plan in brief. He proposes to construct as a public work, eighty-five miles of road, from French River at the north-east angle of the Georgian Bay to a point south of Lake Nipissing, and then to grant a subsidy in aid of the Canada Central to the Ottawa. West of Lake Superior the connection will be completed, partly by rail and partly by water to Lake Winnipeg. It is calculated that this will be accomplished within three years.

When examined, it will be found that all the objections to this scheme are predicated upon the false assumption that our immediate task is the construction of an all-rail inter-oceanic line. The latter enterprise, as Lord Carnarvon observes, is "postponed rather than abandoned." Dr. Tupper ventured to divide the House but once. His proposition was, that, deliberately abandoning the policy sanctioned both by Parliament and people, the Government should commence to build, eastward and westward, from Lake Nepigon, a line through the most barren and unpromising portion of the route—the land lying between Lakes Nepigon and Nipissing. The answer obviously is that we are not now building the all-rail line, and that it is hardly worth while to construct the most unprofitable portion of it when we have fifteen years before us before we are to reach the Pacific coast. The complaints of the North Colonization advocates may receive the same answer. With the object now in view, the proposal to construct a North-Ottawa line would be like going round the arc of a bow, when the chord is at your service.

The Boards of Trade in Toronto and elsewhere, acted under a similar misconception of the proximate work before the Premier. It was quite proper that a deputation should be sent to Ottawa, and explanations solicited. Messrs. Turner and Dumble stated that the Canada Central was no part of the Pacific Railway proper, but could only benefit the

Province of Quebec. If, however, the Premier had determined to subsidize that company, Ontario claimed, as a matter of justice, that the Georgian Bay branch should be connected also with the Ontario lines, at the general expense. Mr. Mackenzie replied that if they were constructing the Pacific Railway proper, the claim of Ontario would be indisputable; but, for the present, there was no use in the connection sought, from a Provincial, much less from a national, point of view, for Ontario had already five ports on Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay, in immediate connection with her lines of railway. The object of the Government was to make direct land and water communication between the Atlantic and the North-West, and that was all it proposed to accomplish at present. So far as Parliamentary debates are concerned, the subject has been finally set at rest. During next Session, Ministers will doubtless be in a position to report substantial progress in the work. It may be reasonably expected also that the troublesome choice of a mountain pass will have been definitively made, and even the route north of the Upper Lakes finally agreed upon.

The discussion on the Supreme Court Bill has brought into view an extremely important question regarding the judicial rights of the Provinces. There is much force in the objections offered by Messrs. Mills and Palmer to interferences, on the part of the proposed Court, with Provincial decisions on Provincial Laws. That the words "laws of Canada," (B. N. A. Act, sec. 101), *primâ facie* mean laws of the Dominion, seems clear. Nowhere in the Act, so far as we can see, is "Canada" employed so as to cover purely Provincial matters. Canada before the Union is invariably referred to as "the Province of Canada," except where the context clearly indicates the reference (*e. g.* sec. 102). In sec. 93, amongst the classes of subjects over which the Provinces have exclusive jurisdiction are (13), "property and civil rights," and (14), "the administration of justice in the Province, including the constitution, maintenance, and organization of Provincial Courts," &c. This, however, is only one side of the question. The Dominion Government appoints the judges (sec. 96), pays and pensions them (sec. 100), and although they hold office, *quam diu se bene gesserint*, they may be removed "on address of the Senate and House of Commons" (sec. 99). Are they not then Dominion Courts, administering "the laws of Canada," local, as well as general? And where is the incongruity in constituting another Dominion Court to review their decisions? Sec. 101 was necessary, simply because a general Court of Appeal could not be of Provincial institution, and it will be observed that the three words used in sub-section 14, (quoted above), are repeated here. Though not strictly speaking, analogous, there is a strong resemblance between the position of Scotland and the position of Quebec, for instance. Scotland enjoys her own laws, "the constitution, maintenance," &c., of her peculiar courts, but the judges are appointed by the Crown, and the House of Lords enjoys an appellate jurisdiction over local questions, and these questions primarily as well as ultimately, are decided according to Scottish law. The subject is confessedly beset with difficulties, and, as Mr. Hillyard Cameron justly observed, it would be a serious matter if the Court should be established before all reasonable doubts had been dissipated. It is to be regretted that Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Blake, to whose opinions great deference and weight are due, should have refrained from saying anything. M. Fournier, had no hesitation in pronouncing his opinion with confidence, and Mr. Moss substantially agreed with him, though the latter, with his practical view of matters, pointed out some rocks ahead. We agree with Mr. Wilkes that, as an ornament to the Vice-regal speech, the Bill was well enough; more we can hardly expect from it this Session.

Mr. Cameron suggested an application to the Imperial Parliament for legislation to dispel the mist. We think that our Parliament should hesitate before it takes any such step; at any rate, it should only be regarded as a *dernier resort*. Certainly no Government should venture upon it, of its own motion; and it may be a question whether the Provincial Legislatures, as well as the Dominion Parliament, ought not to be consulted before making the application. A better plan would be to submit a case framed by a Committee or Commission—say, of the Minister of Justice, Sir John Macdonald, Messrs. Cameron, Blake and Moss, with two or three professional gentlemen from the Lower Provinces—to the Law Officers of the Crown, or, better still, to an Imperial Commission specially named for the purpose.

If some such course be adopted, the question of the validity of the clauses relating to the constitutionality of laws passed by Dominion or Provincial Parliaments should also be tested. That the Dominion Parliament can, by a statute of its own, establish a Court to pronounce upon its own acts seems to us an untenable proposition. The very first Act reviewed by the Court might be the Supreme Court Act itself, and we should have, in case of an adverse decision, the extraordinary spectacle of a judicial *felo de se*. The scheme accords neither with British nor American theory. In the United States the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court is particularly set forth in the Constitution; here it is proposed to give it power to reverse the Acts of the very Parliament to which it owes its being. In the Judicial Committee and in the United States Supreme Court, the validity of Acts can only be adjudicated upon on appeal in a particular case. Quoting De Tocqueville, Mr. Stuart Mill observes that "the benefical working of the American Supreme Court is in a great measure attributable to the peculiarity *inherent in a Court of Justice* acting as such—that it does not declare the law *eo nomine* and in the abstract," (which M. Fournier proposes our Court should do) "but waits until a case between man and man is brought before it judicially, involving the point in dispute" and "decides only so much of the question at a time as is required by the case before it." The contemplated jurisdiction is therefore un-American as well as un-British.

The Government Copyright Bill has passed both Houses and awaits the Royal assent. The Minister of Agriculture courteously yielded to the representatives of Canadian interests so far as he could safely yield without imperilling the ultimate success of the measure. The period during which the interim copyright can be held was shortened from three months to one month, and the privilege of obtaining copyright of any sort restricted to British subjects and the citizens of any country entering into reciprocal arrangements on the subject. In its final shape it gives all the protection to the British author he may fairly ask, without throwing unnecessary obstacles in the way of Canadian culture and Canadian enterprise. The English publishers, it would seem, have managed to delude English literary men into the belief that they have something at stake in the matter. A few weeks since, at a meeting in London, the indignation of the latter, which has no substantial basis of fact behind it, was expressed in no measured terms. M. Letellier's attempt to do equal justice to all parties was characterized as "that rag of a bill," and Canadians were held up to universal scorn as literary pirates. If English authors would take the trouble to examine the matter thoroughly, they would soon discover that interested motives are at work nearer home. When a publisher drives a bargain with an author, colonial circulation does not enter into his reckoning, and therefore, all that he can make by

it is clear gain; the author is not one sixpence the better for it. Suppose further, that negotiations are opened with an American publisher for advanced sheets, and any haggling should occur over the terms, Canada is thrown in as an additional inducement. If the negotiations fail altogether, the English publisher would close the market entirely, unless our booksellers chose to import editions so costly that they would find no market here, or only a very limited one. This is not a very dignified position for the first Crown Colony of England. Canada possesses control over all her internal affairs, even to the taxation by customs duties of English manufactures, and yet, in one important branch of manufacture, she is to be at the mercy of London monopolists. One of the powers of the Dominion Parliament is its jurisdiction over "copyrights," and if that do not extend to all copyrights having legal existence and capable of legal enforcement in Canada, the sooner it is so defined the better.

The necessity for providing adequate means of defence in case of war is recognized by all except a few eccentric spirits who cannot be induced to look beyond their noses. Moreover, it is no longer a matter for discussion. The Imperial Government has repeatedly pledged itself to protect Canada by sea and land with all the material strength available for that purpose. On this condition, however: that Canada shall organize her own population for defensive purposes, and bring the major part of the necessary land-force into the field. Whether the large sum of money annually expended upon the militia service has been judiciously applied is another question, upon which it is scarcely possible for a civilian to pronounce with confidence. Still there is a growing and apparently well-grounded conviction that the country has not reaped an adequate return for the money spent. The volunteers themselves are discontented, and the force generally is admitted to be far from efficient. The annual camp drill, besides being a great inconvenience to employers—a circumstance not of itself to be taken into account—seems to serve no good purpose. It is in fact a fortnight's playing at soldiers, and the game is hardly worth the candle. We hope that the distinguished British officer now in command of the department will be able to reassure the public mind on this subject, which may, perhaps, begin to be all-important, when no time remains for organized preparation.

It has often been denied, chiefly, however, by civilians, that our extended frontier is capable of successful defence. On the other hand, British officers of unquestionable competence have declared that it is not only possible but, all things considered, comparatively easy to keep out an invading force. In an able and lucid address to the Literary and Scientific Institution of Ottawa, Lieut.-Colonel Fletcher, His Excellency's Military Secretary, unfolded in popular language a plan of defence applicable more particularly to the old Province of Canada. In mentioning the gallant Colonel's name we cannot refrain from expressing our share in the general regret at his departure from amongst us. Occupying a post which calls for great ability, great tact, and more than ordinary patience, he has discharged his duty to the satisfaction of all who have been brought in contact with him. By his intellectual activity, suavity of manner, and, above all, by the deep zest with which he has thrown himself into all that is most deeply interesting to Canadians, Col. Fletcher has won the esteem and respect of the people, and carries with him their heartiest wishes both for himself and his family. In considering the question of frontier defence, we must bear in mind that the conditions of warfare have been gravely modified by what is variously denominated the malevolent or providential ingenuity of inventive skill. It would certainly seem as

if recent improvements in destructive machinery would render the mere length of frontier a secondary consideration. On that question we do not pronounce; on another there is less need for the reticence of modesty or ignorance. We shall continue to prefer the opinions of an expert to the fancies of such men as Mr. Malcolm Cameron. His foolish speech on the sinfulness even of defensive warfare is of a piece with much else that has been fatuous in his political career. He does not believe in moral suasion as a cure for intemperance, but he has the firmest confidence in the nostrum when applied to war. All that need be said is to reiterate the moral of the Quaker deputation which visited the Emperor Nicholas. If foreigners could be brought to believe that his antipathy to defensive war, and to the honourable profession of arms, is so widely spread amongst Canadians that any unscrupulous power may take advantage of their cowardice or their greed, he might entail more serious calamities upon his country than Mr. Sturge and the peace party brought upon England in 1854. Fortunately her possible enemies are too shrewd to be so easily deluded. If the member for Ontario has any leisure at his disposal, he should venture to try his skill upon Bismarck, McMahon, or Don Carlos, after a preliminary experiment with the Sioux as Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Territories.

During the Parliamentary vacation, we may have occasional opportunities of discussing anew the merits of the party system. Meanwhile, there is no harm in taking stock, on the eve of a prorogation. On one side, we have the party which was placed hopelessly *hors de combat* at the last general election, not, be it observed, because the electorate preferred the policy, if they had any, of its opponents, but because the party itself had forfeited public confidence and respect by questionable dealings with a public contractor. It would be ungenerous to press severely upon a shattered party, or to rake the ashes over after the fire has gone out: all we desire to insist upon is, that the transgression, which brought its own punishment with it, was the natural result of a vicious system. The other party attained power by climbing upon the prostrate bodies of their disgraced predecessors. Their hands were clean, because they hadhad no opportunity of soiling them; they could not have failed, for they had never been tried; and they were guiltless of the semblance of a breach of trust because they had never been taken into confidence. The memory of the masses is proverbially short, and even where they remember, they are not relentless. Like another band of fallen cherubs, pourtrayed by Milton, the great Conservative party lay vanquished and confounded: but not for long. Its leaders were aware that public resentments, though sharp and scorching, are soon over, and thus, even *de profundis*, they felt encouraged to make a renewed appeal for public favour. When matters are at their worst, the philosophy of common life assures us that, with a party as with an individual, they are about to mend. But for the Conservatives, there is no evidence of a change in the tide. Had Mr. Drew been elected by a majority of two, the re-action would have been unmistakeable; but as Col. Higinbotham triumphed by three, the evidence of it is not so clear. Nothing remains, for the present, therefore, but to ferret out visionary stories of jobbery, and to pillory opponents on charges, real or imaginary, of nepotism and other forms of corruption. The attempted feat of producing white by the admixture of two blacks is interesting as an experiment in political chemistry, but it does not seem calculated to evolve substantial results.

On the other hand, the great Reform party has intestine war within the ranks rather early in its day of power. The great source of weakness here seems to be that

there are too many masters, both before and behind the scenes. The result is mutiny and faction-fighting. The old captain still paces the quarter-deck or stands upon the bridge, speaking-trumpet in hand: but the crew heed him not. They have begun to think that, in his sacred person, they have a Jonah, whom it would not be amiss to throw overboard. In vain he scolds and threatens to put recalcitrants in irons: they are too many for him. Anon he implores them not to break the ranks or desert the ship. Everything shall be as they wish it—if it be what he likes. They may enjoy perfect freedom of thought and action—so long as they think with him and do as he commands. The issue of this broil is amongst the secrets of the future; but we feel sure it will not be in favour of the captain, and we have a shrewd suspicion that, in the end, the ship will be scuttled by the crew and abandoned to its fate.

The dream of Conservative reaction is vain and illusory; the hope of re-construction in the Liberal party, on the old lines, baseless and futile. Neither of the parties possesses, or ought to possess, the public confidence. They may call the electorate fickle and wavering if they please, but the unsteadiness is to he looked for elsewhere —in the hands of those who used to hold the reins. We believe that intelligent party men are too old judges of popular feeling not to be good judges. They see the handwriting on the wall, and they think they recognize in it the chirography of Mr. Blake. The member for South Bruce must have had strange experiences since he entered public life. He has been cajoled and threatened, flattered and ridiculed, applauded and denounced by the newspapers without regard to consistency in their portraiture. At present the Opposition journals inveigh against him, and so would the *Globe—if it dared.* The hon. member occupies no public office, is the recognized leader of no political party, and yet greater liberties have been taken with his name than even the somewhat loose conventionalities of political life would seem to warrant. Does he speak, as at Aurora? He is a Canadian Cleon. Does he hold his peace? Then he is something of a cross between Machiavelli and Guy Fawkes, scheming and plotting to transmute Canadian loyalty, through Nativism, into Republicanism, or else to blow up Queen and Constitution with intellectual gunpowder.

It is not, however, Mr. Blake as an individual whom party men fear and dislike. His abilities and his eloquence, powerful though they confessedly are, do not cause them so much disquiet as the deepening conviction that, in his person, are represented the broader and more enlightened views of a large and ever-increasing proportion of the electorate. The restlessness and anxiety of both parties is the more intense, because they have to meet, not a creed or a platform, but a tendency; not a visible organization, but a subtle influence which insinuates itself into both camps, and evades all the ordinary methods by which wire-pullers forecast the future. Parties, says the *Mail*, like nations, have their periods of growth, maturity, and decadence. Yet our contemporary deprecates any effort to secure for our two doting factions, a speedy euthanasia—a happy relief from the irksomeness and suffering of senile decrepitude. It advises us to take Burke as our exemplar, and by giving up the National cause in the interest of party, to "narrow our mind," as Goldsmith, with a delicate fidelity to truth, accused our great philosophical statesman of doing. It is something to have it admitted that the normal tendency of the party system is to "narrow the mind;" and if our contemporary would only concede that it also perverts the moral sense, and checks the healthful current of national life. his political creed would coincide with ours. In the same issue of the *Mail* we read that "Party names have lost their old signifi-

ance." If so, what new significance, we may ask, have they acquired? If none, then why do the names, or the things they are supposed to represent, continue to exist?

Canadian affairs have necessarily claimed so large a share of the limited space at our command, that little room is left for a review of current events outside the Dominion. Parliamentary sessions do not last for ever, and therefore in future numbers greater prominence may be given to the larger world outside us. American affairs are not of much general interest. There have been serious floods, an abortive gold ring conspiracy between Jay Gould and Drew, and there is the Beecher-Tilton scandal to fall back upon, when the excitement necessary to American existence, appears to lack a stimulant. The new Senate met at Washington on the 5th ultimo. The Hawaiian Reciprocity Treaty was confirmed in due form; not, however, without some opposition. King Kalakaua was wise in his generation; and, as became the immediate descendant of a shrewd New England fisherman, he resolved to ensure success by a personal appearance upon the stage. He probably calculated that where a negotiation might fail which rested upon its economical merits, it would be sure to succeeed if a fairly dignified appeal were made to flunkeydom. The success of this Reciprocity Treaty, as contrasted with another we have in view, was merely a matter of *entourage*. The U. S. Senate, dignified and respectable as it is, has its weak side; and future negotiators may find it to their advantage to mingle a little blue blood with the water-gruel of commonplace international arrangements.

President Grant, as we anticipated, has made the most of his opportunities. The Senate which was convened to consider some undefined "objects of interest," did its work, but by an alarmingly small majority. The great "object"—for there really was only one—was to give a quasi-legislative sanction to any liberties the President might feel inclined to take with States' rights during the recess. Gen. Grant has probably failed to get all he desired; still he has unquestionably obtained from the Senate, by a small majority, its approval of his past dealings with the South, and inferentially a commission to carry out the system inaugurated to its logical conclusions. There is something comical in Senator Anthony's resolution, viewed in the light of Congressional investigations. With all the information brought to bear upon the subject, with the notorious frauds of the Returning Board of Louisiana, and the Pride's purge effected by Sheridan fresh in his mind, Mr. Anthony asked the U. S. Senate to "approve of the action heretofore taken by the President in protecting Louisiana from domestic violence," and to entreat him "to continue to recognize in that State" a government which, on the showing of a partisan Republican committee, has no possible pretext for usurping the power. By a vote of 28 to 25 the Senate agreed with Mr. Anthony.

The State of New York has had two sensations peculiarly its own. Governor Tilden is determined to "stamp out" rings of every description, and he has commenced with the canal ring. Mr. Tilden is a fruit of the November reaction against Grant, and, of course, a Democrat, whatever that may mean in a country where, as the *Mail* would say, "party names have lost their old significance." A Democratic purist is somewhat of a novelty it appears, or ought to be, if Democrats have any resemblance to what they were. The Governor's policy may be dictated by purely moral considerations; if so, he does not get the credit of them. In the autumn of next year there will be a Presidential election, and as Mr. Tilden sees no reason why the candidates for State honours should borrow from the Church its *nolo episcopari*, he is, to use the expressive phrase, "laying himself out for it." His

canal policy, being in the direct interest of cheap transportation, will be applauded by the granges; and the granges, with kindred interests, may possibly command the vote of the West, and more than the West. With this and the support of the regular Democrats and liberal Republicans, he hopes to carry off the great prize; therefore Gov. Tilden is, from principle, opposed to all rings.

The other sensation has a peculiar merit of its own, because its significance is extrinsic. Archbishop McCloskey, of New York, has been made the recipient of a hat, and is thus a member of the Sacred College. The N. Y. *Herald* is painfully diffuse upon the subject. Every possible fact and fancy about the Cardinalate—its origin, its dignity, its grades, its privileges, and its magnificence, even down to its wardrobe—have been unearthed for the instruction of the great American nation. Yet Mr. Bennett did not feel completely satisfied. He was not sure that some sinister design of Jesuitical origin might not be discoverable under the *berretta*. Having little confidence in the infallibity of private judgment, he resolved to ask Mr. Beecher—who might be supposed to have quite enough on his hands already—if he really thought that the red hat indicated Papal aggression. The Plymouth pastor replied that he did not, and Mr. Bennett's suspicions were dispelled. It still remained, however, to assert the sternness of Republican simplicity, by combining title-worship with free thought. A Jesuit father considerately gave him the opportunity of indulging in both simultaneously, by a rather intemperate denunciation of the public schools as destructive of morality. If Mr. Bennett had waited a few days longer, he would have heard that the Pope, who appears to be on the most intimate terms with "our own reporter," had also thundered against secular teachers as the corrupters of youth. *N' importe*, however; such accusations have been made from the days of Socrates until now, and they will continue to be made, we presume, as long as science has anything to teach, and religion anything to fear.

The "holy calm," of which Sir Wilfred Lawson spoke, still continues in England. The Marquis of Hartington is leading the Opposition with judicious carelessness and unimpeachable moderation. If Charles James Fox, after the fall of the Coalition and the elections of 1784, could be supposed to have lost all his genius and all his eloquence, he would have been just as irreproachably respectable a Whig as his lordship. Mr. Gladstone has been in his place once or twice, notably when Professor Fawcett proposed his unsuccessful motion to improve the educational system in rural districts, but his ecclesiastical feathers not being ruffled, he was not stirred to speech. Indeed, if rumour speaks truly, and the ex-Premier is really engaged on two serious works—a refutation of Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, and a treatise on the religious aspect of marriage—he probably finds that he has occupation enough. Political stagnation has reached so painful a point in Parliament that the Commons would have been at a loss for amusement if Dr. Kenealy, the hierophant of the Wapping mysteries, had not intervened to furnish it. The House was not as grateful as it should have been. It is not often so attractive a spectacle is promised as that of "a lion shaking the dewdrops from his mane," and it was scarcely to their credit that hon. members declined the offer.

The measures introduced by Mr. Disraeli's Government are, for the most part, good measures. Their great defect is, that they only nibble at the edges of great questions. Perhaps the equable temper, which the English people find so agreeable, renders half-measures a necessity. There is a nibbling of another sort going on, which may in the end prove disastrous to the Conservative party. Mr. Gathorne Hardy's Bill to legalize regimental exchanges is an

instance in point. The Secretary at War does not propose to undo Lord Cardwell's work of abolishing the purchase of commissions, but rather to make the new system more palatable to the aristocratic and ornamental portion of the army. Those who enter the service merely to attain position in society under cover of a nominal occupation, complain that they are prevented from exchanging out of a regiment ordered abroad; and as a cause must be poorly off if it has not a benevolent side to it, they urge that needy men, who rather like hardship and exposure in unhealthy climates, are prevented, under the present system, from indulging their peculiar tastes and making money at the same time. The Government Bill is a happy device to satisfy both classes. It will enable blood to have that telling effect which some men regard as an evidence of design in creation, and also provide, or rather perpetuate, a method of gaining a competence, the desire of which is another providential adaptation of man to his environment. When the late Government dealt with the purchase system, they invoked Royalty as a *deus ex machinâ* to their aid. Prerogative seems to be in favour with the Liberal party, if we may judge by the recent utterances of its real leader, Earl Granville. It appears that not only was the sale of commissions a matter of royal favour, but that the right of a man to reap the fruits of his inventive abilities, by means of a patent, depends altogether on the nod of the monarch; indeed, he denies, in plain language, that the inventor has any right at all. Parties in England appear to have exchanged places; but they have done so before. It is not for the first time that Liberalism has proved itself illiberal and that Conservatism has been progressive. In the Regency debates, we have enough to convince the most obdurate devotee of the party fetish, that Fox and Whiggism may be found on the side of kingly right as opposed to Parliamentary power. On the whole, we should be disposed to say that Mr. Disraeli's legislation is good, so far as it is not irritating, as in the case of the Irish Coercion Acts, a case that is at present beyond cure, and had better be let alone. Ireland is a tetchy patient, and there are many things besides her temperament to be taken into account; and it might have been as well, especially in the case of Westmeath, if Sir Michael Beach had waited for the facts before committing himself to an unsatisfactory measure.

Continental affairs are placid on the surface. The miracle at Versailles has surpassed the miracles of Lourdes. The alliance between the Centres and the Left has lasted long enough for its immediate purpose. The Left has been wonderfully patient throughout. It has voted, with blind earnestness, every article of the compact. It has refused to be charmed by Imperialism or Legitimism, charm they never so wisely. M. Buffet, after great coaxing, has taken his place in the Cabinet; the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier, an Orleanist, has been kept out, it is said by the machinations of the Imperial party. In return, the Duke was elected President of the Assembly. On taking the chair, the Duke had the bad taste to attack the Imperialist party—a step which can hardly be said to possess any significance. Prince Bismarck has been counterchecked by the Pope in an Encyclical, denouncing the Falck laws, and has met it but by a bill depriving the bishops of their endowments. If the latter step had been taken first, instead of last, it might have been as well. The disestablishment of State and Church was justifiable; but the persecution of the Church was not. It gave the Pope a standpoint which he would not otherwise have possessed. He was enabled to act the *rôle* of an injured innocent—a prisoner in the Vatican—and he benefited by the enactment.

SELECTION.

THE COMING ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

(From Cornhill Magazine.)

IT is nearly a year ago since the present writer mourned in this magazine over the Government's refusal to send out another Arctic expedition, and called attention to the fact that the northernmost land in the globe is no longer of an Englishman's naming. The first of these blots upon the national honour has been wiped away by the Conservative Premier, and even Radicals may hope he may be rewarded by having the removal of the second associated with his name. Mr. Disraeli, with characteristic acumen, has seen that on few questions was a penurious policy so likely to be distasteful as on this, and he deserves all credit for his insight. And now, when the Expedition is almost on the eve of sailing, some remarks on its preparation, its route, its chances of success and possibilities of failure, and on the results previously obtained by ourselves and other nations, may not prove uninteresting to those who, during the long quiescence of England, have forgotten the story with which, in Franklin's days, every one was familiar, and who, if asked whether our venture was going to be made east or west of Greenland, or east or west of Spitzbergen, would find it, perhaps, difficult to answer.

And, first, it is to be feared that the revulsion of feeling which has come over the nation since the Government's decision may be to some extent prejudicial to the prestige of the enterprise. So long as an Expedition was discountenanced on the ground that it was practically impossible to reach the Pole, no one felt disposed to underrate the perils of the attempt. But now that every newspaper has had its say on the subject, people are beginning to talk as if the question was only one of time and money, and to discount beforehand the patient bravery, the consummate skill, and also the good fortune by which alone the great quest of so many centuries can be achieved. That is not the spirit in which we should watch the departure of the Expedition. We should not gauge its utility by its geographical discoveries, however striking they may be. Surely the fact that 150 lieutenants volunteered for the service within a few weeks after the announcement of the Government's intentions, is in itself no slight return for the outlay; and if, a year and a half or two years hence, our adventurers should return with one more story of failure, we should feel their failure to be merely nominal, and the gain to the nation in prestige and example great and real. If we reflect that the mere accident of a bad season may suffice to frustrate all that experience and bravery can unitedly effect, over-confidence will appear more than usually out of place. To have counted the cost beforehand, to be prepared in case of failure to renew the attempt, not to expect success while straining every nerve to secure it, and to feel that if captains and crews do their duty, that alone is gain for England—this, assuredly, is the spirit in which the nation should see the Expedition set out, as it is certain to be the spirit in which Captain Nares and his men will leave us. We may, on the other hand, feel confident that Sir Leopold McClintock and his coadjutors will not forget that it is in opposition to the wishes of a certain influential portion of the public that the enterprise has been undertaken, and that, therefore it is doubly incumbent upon them to take care that failure is due to bad fortune only, and not to want of foresight. When Captain Koldewey's expedition set out, the German contractors made it a point of honour to supply them with the very best stores they could procure. Recent revelations may make us fear that in our own country commercial honour is less valued than commercial success. Let us hope no firms but those of the highest credit have been employed on

the outfit of the Expedition, and that the most vigilant supervision has been exercised over its every detail.

Its organisers must have had an anxious time of late. First and foremost there was the choice of ships, and here we may be sure no keener eye to make an all-important selection could have been found than Sir Leopold McClintock's. Then there must have been many a consultation about boats and sledges, and the best mode of converting the vessels into winter-houses. The proper amount of coal to be taken on board, the quantity and quality of prophylactics against scurvy, the selection from men and officers volunteering for the service, are all points demanding the utmost discrimination, and a slight error of judgment in any one of them might entail the ruin of the whole enterprise. Let us hope that there has been no penny-wise economy in provisioning the Expedition, nor in the selection of its personnel, but that the sole and single aim with which the Committee has acted has been to secure the best ships, the best equipment, and the best crews at its disposal. Without a complete medical scrutiny no volunteer would, of course, be accepted. Too clean a bill of health—and not physical health only—could not be required from every candidate. A weak man's death, a downhearted man's grumbling, might, at a critical moment, double the sufferings or even endanger the safety of his companions. The records of all Arctic story prove that nowhere is example more contagious, or feebleness of body or mind more depressing, than in the long monotonous struggle with darkness and cold. Whether the enterprise succeeds or fails, may it never turn out that there has been any oversight in inquiring into a man's character, or any perfunctory examination of stores. Each of such points, however minute in itself, yet as being possibly the "little rift within the lute," requires, and has doubtless received, the utmost attention. But if we suppose all these precautions to have been taken, one preliminary still remains to be settled before the Committee can be said to have got the responsibility of the enterprise finally off its hands. The proper time of setting out is a point of cardinal importance. No one will deny that to get betimes through that dangerous region of Baffin's Bay, called Melville Bay, into the North Water, is to have won half the battle. The probability is, that in an ordinary season the passage would be effected about the end of June or the beginning of July. Still, prudence would seem to recommend that a discovery-ship should be in Baffin's Bay at the beginning of June, so as to take advantage of an unusually favourable season. If the season proved unfavourable, some preliminary acclimatisation and experience would do the crews no harm. If it were favourable, it is *possible* that, since after Melville Bay is passed, the passage to Smith's Sound is comparatively easy, the goal of the Expedition might be reached, and the ships come safe home again before next Christmas. It need hardly be said that no such swift success is probable. On the contrary, the ultimate success of the voyage will most likely depend on the foresight with which plans are prepared for the first winter in the ice, and for the sledging operations, which will precede a crowning effort to reach the Pole in 1876. But the mere chance of an earlier end to the Expedition is well worthy of consideration. It is impossible, too, to doubt that, however minutely the scheme for a longer stay may have been elaborated, the Captain will be left at liberty to use his own discretion in special circumstances; and as some ships have sailed through Melville Bay without any hindrance at all, and in 1873 a whaler—the *Arctic*—reached the North Water by June 9, it is not, perhaps, presumptuous to hope that our ships may be well on their way by the end of May.

To mention the North Water is, as it were, to enter on the technicalities of the present Expedition. Before we venture to follow its fortunes further, it may be well to explain what considerations have led to its taking that route at all, and this will be best effected by a brief survey of the results obtained by previous voyages. It is a little curious, and may be some consolation to those who think the national spirit has been cankered by money-grubbing, to notice that, whereas the early Arctic expeditions were often due to commercial rivalry, and much the same sort of emulation as that which causes the annual tea-race from China, it is the spirit of honour and the love of science which have been the mainsprings of those of late years, and notably of this last of 1875. No fabled glories of Cathay allure our imaginations. We do not dream of shores

sown with gems, or of a short cut to the treasure-lands of the East. We have not now even the hope of relieving a lost expedition to spur us on. Nay, love of science itself has only borne a subordinate part in promoting the present attempt. Primarily it has sprung out of national emulation, rekindled by the success not only of the Americans, but of an inland people like the Germans. Now, as there are three avenues to the untraversed region round the Pole—one east of Greenland through the sea on either side of Spitzbergen; another west of Greenland through Davis' Straits, Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound; and the third by Behring's Straits; so there are three main chapters into which all Arctic history may be divided —exploration of the North-West passage, or the attempt to show that Behring's Straits* might be reached from Europe by the sea north of North America; explorations of the North-East Passage, or the attempt to show that Behring's Straits might be reached from Europe by the sea north of Norway and Siberia; and explorations northwards towards the Pole. Some of these explorations have been conducted with the avowed object of discovery, some from the hope of finding a short passage to the Indies or of reaching a richer fishing ground, a few from scientific motives, and the most famous of all from noble international rivalry in attempting to rescue Sir John Franklin. The general result of all these explorations has been that the unknown region round the Pole has been steadily though slowly circumscribed. At a rough estimate an area of over two million square miles still remains undiscovered. But the circle has been uniformly contracting, and on every side wedges, as it were, have been driven into it of, it may be, an island in one quarter which has been circumnavigated, or of a mountainous shore skirted in another, which, though unexplored, is clearly the outline of a vast interior; while conjecture, almost amounting to certainty, enables us to picture to ourselves a large portion of space which the eye of man has never seen. The outer circle of the great polar basin is formed by the three great continents of Asia, America, and Europe. But an inner uneven circle has of late been traced, which is marked off by the northern shores of Spitzbergen, Greenland, Grinnell Land, the Parry Islands, Wrangel Land, New Siberia, and Franz Joseph Land. It must, however, be remembered that though we may use the term "circle" for convenience, it would be wholly misleading if it conveyed the notion of a central sea round the Pole surrounded by a belt of land. Whether there is sea or land at the Pole itself is uncertain, but it seems probable that no central land-locked ocean exists. We know, indeed, that north of Spitzbergen there is water about 500 miles from the Pole, but we also know that Greenland has been tracked to within 534 miles of it. We are more likely to be correct in imagining the unknown region to be irregularly broken up into great patches of ice-bound sea, intersected by water-lanes in summer, such as that between Iceland and Spitzbergen, or that between Banks Land and Behring Straits; into vast tracts of ice-bound land like Greenland and Grinnell Land; and into groups of islands such as the Parry Islands, New Siberia, Spitzbergen, and (apparently) Franz Joseph Land. We may even give more precise shape to our conjectures without indulging in mere guesswork. Very strong reasons have been adduced for the theory that Grinnell Land stretches far westwards north of the Parry Islands in the direction of Wrangel Land. Wrangel Land and Grinnell Land may, in fact, be merely the western and eastern portions of the same country, though probably it will be found that each is a large island with other large islands or batches of islands intervening. So, also, it is something more than a conjecture that whoever advances much further up Smith's Sound will find that Grnnell Land tends westwards, and that beyond it, and before coming to the Pole, a large island exists. Such then are the broad geographical results that have been actually obtained or conjectured from previous investigation. How they have led to the selection of Smith's Sound as the best route for the new Expedition now remains to be shown.

It has been said above that Arctic history may be divided into an account of northwestern, northern, and north-eastern explorations. The first of these fields of discovery has been occupied almost exclusively by Englishmen. In the second also they have been pre-eminent, though they have been run close by the Americans. In the third the Russians have borne away the palm.

* Before 1728, the year of Behring's discovery, for "Behring's Straits" "some unknown straits" would have to be substituted.

The Dutch in old times, and Sweden and Norway lately, have been conspicuous for their enterprise in the seas of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, and both these islands were for the first time circumnavigated in our day by a Norwegian seaman, Captain Carlsen. Quite lately the Germans have begun to emulate the maritime nations. A North-German expedition in 1869-70 surveyed a considerable portion of East Greenland (finding, among other discoveries, coal-seams in its mountains), and an Austro-Hungarian expedition discovered in 1873 a new and extensive group of islands north of Nova Zembla. Thus the honours of Arctic discovery are shared by many nations. Englishmen discovered the North-West Passage. Englishmen led the way to Smith's Sound. Englishmen discovered the straits between Nova Zembla and the mainland. Englishmen first sailed north of Spitzbergen. And fifty years ago an Englishman went nearer the Pole than any man out of legend ever went before or since. Americans, on the other hand, have seen and sailed farthest north. The Austro-Hungarian expedition has made the last great geographical discovery. And the Russians, though they have never actually performed it, have proved the existence of a North-East Passage. Now all these efforts, spreading over several centuries, have steadily tended to show that the Pole is unapproachable from this, that, and the other side, till by a process of elimination we have been reduced to one route only as holding out any reasonable prospect of success, namely the route west of Greenland by Smith's Sound. If we glance first at the widest avenue to the Pole, namely the Spitzbergen seas, it is curious to observe that all modern exploration has done little more than confirm the experience of Hudson two centuries and a half ago, while no one has since sailed east of Greenland fifty miles further north than he did in his little vessel of eighty tons. He found an impenetrable belt of ice between Greenland and Spitzbergen in one voyage, and between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla in another, and though some ships have since pushed somewhat higher, it has only been to find that impenetrable belt, not of drifting floes, but of old solid ice, facing them at last. For a long time the notion that ice could only be formed in the neighbourhood of land stimulated adventure, but this delusion has been dispelled by modern observations, and Payer and Koldewey, the latest explorers in those seas, have, from an opposite opinion, been forced by the same experience as Hudson, to come round to the conclusion that in this quarter it is hopeless to attempt an approach to the Pole by sea. They are only two out of many who have started with one conviction and returned with the other, but Payer's opinion is of peculiar importance on this point. North of Spitzbergen not only had numerous attempts failed in the same way, but the same conclusion had been forced on five Swedish expeditions sent out for scientific objects between 1858 and 1872. More to the east however, there had been rumours of open waters seen again and again, and till Payer's voyage some people had imagined that the Pole might be reached from the sea north of Siberia. Baron Wrangel indeed, Russia's most distinguished explorer, was of opinion that Smith's Sound was the most practicable route, and Payer's experience will probably have given the *coup de grâce* to other surmises. He utterly failed to make a north-east passage north of Nova Zembla, as he hoped to do, and being carried further north by the ice, came upon a land more bleak and desolate even than Greenland. "The land," he says, "before us appeared to be utterly void of life: immense glaciers looked down upon us from between the desolate mountains, which rose boldly in steep doleritic cones and plateaus. Every object around us was clothed in a mantle of glaring white, and the ranges of columns of the symmetrical mountain terraces looked as if they were encrusted with sugar. In no single instance could we see the natural colours of the rock, as in Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Nova Zembla." Leaving his ship and marching northwards, he saw the signs which deluded Kane and others into the idea that they had reached the shores of an open Polar sea. "A water sky of a dusky colour made its appearance in the north; foul yellow vapours collected below the sun, the temperature rose, the ground under our feet became soft, and the snowdrift broke under us with a rumbling noise. We had previously noticed the flight of birds from the north—here we found the rocks covered with thousands of auks and divers. Traces of bears, hares, and foxes, were met with everywhere, and seals reposed sluggishly upon the ice. We were justified, therefore, in believing that

open water was near at hand." Soon the belief was rudely dispelled. On the height of Cape Fligely he was "now in a position to judge of the extent of coast water. It turned out to be a 'polynia' bounded by old ice, within which floated ice-masses of recent formation." From what he saw on this occasion, Lieutenant Payer deduced that the theory of an open Polar sea was as untenable as the theory that the Polar basin is covered with ice throughout the year. The truth, he considers, lies between the two extremes. "The hope of finding a navigable sea in latitudes not hitherto attained, is not yet extinct, and is most likely to be realised by hugging the coast, but depends in a large measure on a favourable year." He proceeds to declare his preference for the route by Smith's Sound, but makes his hopes even from that route dependent on "an expedition reaching a winter harbour in a latitude as high as that reached by the last American expedition." His own track, he points out, "carries no weight in considering this question, for we are indebted for our progress to a floe of ice, and not to our own exertions. The difficulties which any succeeding navigator would have to contend with on this route may be estimated from the fact that, on our return, we found the sea encumbered with ice to such an extent, that even boat navigation was hardly possible, and we were obliged to haul up our boats many hundred times, and drag them over the ice. We certainly should not have been able to return in our vessel, although the summer of 1874 was exceptionally favourable." Thus we see that all attempts made in many directions, in varieties of seasons, and during a long course of years, to break through the solid wall of ice which exists in the Spitzbergen seas, have failed. That ice varies in thickness from twenty to thirty feet.

Those who have sailed through Behring's Straits eastwards have found the same solid barrier to the north, only on a still more formidable scale. Impenetrable though the pack appears in the Spitzbergen seas, here it is still more so, for the ice is some sixty feet in thickness, and the hopelessness of an attempt to force such a barrier must be proportionately greater. It is true that here there is no such drift as that which defeated Parry's attempt to perform with boats and sledges what he could not do by ship, but to counterbalance this no ship could here get anything like so far north as Parry, because the pack ice is encountered in a much lower latitude, and as, moreover, the surface of the ice has been described as a mass of hillocks from forty to a hundred feet high, a sledge expedition would be out of the question. In Baffin's Bay, on the contrary, the ice is on an average only five or six feet thick, and there only appears to be a practicable along-shore route towards the Pole. It is, too, a great advantage that this route should already have been tracked to within 534 miles of the Pole, and if we could only count on our pioneer ship having the luck of the *Polaris*, we might feel sanguine as to its prospects of success.

Smith's Sound derives its name from the first governor of the East India Company, who was also the first governor of the Company of Merchant Discoverers of the North-West Passage. Its entrance lies between Cape Isabella on the west and Cape Alexander on the east coast, the distance between the two being a little over forty miles. For two centuries after it was discovered by Baffin in 1616, it was a mere *nominis umbra*, if so much as that; for even so late as 1818, Baffin's Bay was thought to exist only in the imagination of the man who gave the sea its name. In 1818 Captain John Ross sailed within sight of Smith's Sound, and so far proved that Baffin had been neither an imposter nor a dreamer of dreams. But Ross himself did not evince remarkable ardour or intelligence, and, after being stopped in Lancaster Sound by some visionary mountains across which a ship sailed in the following year, returned home, leaving it to be supposed from his observations that there was no outlet northwards or westwards from Baffin's Bay. By 1852 all the other sounds of that bay had been examined, and in that year, Captain Inglefield, who was engaged in the search for Sir John Franklin, looked into this one, and saw that the capes christened by Ross were the portals of what seemed an open sea. The following year came Kane's heroic voyage, and his steward Morton, who saw a point between 550 and 560 miles from the Pole, saw also off that point what again seemed an open sea. Up this "sea," named Kennedy Channel by Kane, Kane's surgeon, Dr. Hayes, travelled with a sledge in 1861, only to find the water turned into ice, but ice of such a nature as to lead him to the conclusion that it had

been piled up by the pressure of an ocean to the north. Finally in 1871 Captain Hall in the *Polaris* sailed a little over forty-seven miles beyond the northernmost point which Dr. Hayes reckoned he had reached in a sledge, being then between 534 and 533 miles from the Pole. Though his vessel was caught in the ice there, the sea was navigable further on. He called it Robeson Straits, and it is noteworthy that it is considerably narrower than the entrance to Smith's Sound. And here it is that we must hope Captain Nares will take up the work where it has been left off by those three gallant Americans, so that the discoveries which were begun by Davis and Baffin may be completed by their countrymen, and the northern as well as the southern coasts of this ocean-inlet may be known by English names. We must *hope*. But those who are most familiar with Arctic history will do no more. If Hall sailed to 82° 16′ N., Kane only got as far as 78° 45′, and Hayes only as far as 78° 17′, when the ice caught their ships. Perhaps the severity of our winter in England may be no omen of an unfavourable condition of the ice next summer in the Polar Sea. But certainly there is little to make us confident that Captain Nares will be able to sail even as far as Captain Hall. On the one hand, it is true, the *Polaris* was a small and badly-equipped vessel, and was, moreover, leading the way; while the *Bloodhound* and the *Alert* will sail in her track, and with a perfection of equipment which, in miniature, will we trust, rival that of the Abyssinian expedition. But, on the other, there is the fact that, in all the long annals of Polar voyaging, no authentic evidence exists of any other ship in any season, however favourable, having got so far north as Hall. It is far more likely that the leading English ship will, in spite of its superior steaming power and power of charging the ice, be ice-locked somewhere nearer the point where Kane was stopped. If that is the case, it means that the chances of reaching the Pole are enormously diminished, because the distance to be traversed by sledges will be enormously increased, and sledging is the most crushing part of the discoverer's toil. And not only would the actual distance from the Pole, even if the sledges could go there in a straight line, be far greater; but, as they might have to follow the indentations of the coast, it might be multiplied perhaps threefold.

The plan of the Expedition is, it is said, as follows. Two ships are to proceed to the entrance of Smith's Sound this year. One will stay there and set to work establishing depôts northwards; the other will sail northwards, and, when stopped by ice, or when arrived at the farthest point from which it seems practicable to keep up communications with its consort, will in the same spider-like fashion begin stretching out a line of depôts northwards. This will be the work of the autumn and winter of 1875, and in 1876 the advanced ship will send out a sledging expedition towards the Pole, which instead of carrying all its commissariat along with it, will find much of it *cachéd* in the depôts of the previous year. Now ten miles a day is good average sledge-travelling, and if the advanced ship steamed as high as the *Polaris*, it is argued that the sledging party might easily perform the 500 and odd miles to the Pole and back in 100 days. We do not say it could not. But surely there is a flaw in this reckoning. Five hundred miles as the crow flies are one thing. To go 500 miles north, following the coast, is quite another. On the most liberal calculations the distance should, it may be imagined, be reckoned as double. Do what we will to lessen its dangers, that will be a tremendous undertaking. The majority of people who read glib newspaper articles have probably the vaguest notions of what such an expedition means. In the first place there is the chance of the dogs dying, and without dogs it is quite certain we should never reach the Pole, unless we succeeded in outsailing Captain Hall. Again, it is not smooth ice that has to be traversed. A sledge has generally to keep to what is called the ice-foot or solid ice clinging to the shores of the straits, because in the centre the ice becomes sooner rotten in the summer. Should this ice cease or become so rotten as Hayes and Payer found it, the party would have to take to the boat. For we presume no advance is to be expected along the snow and glacier-covered border of the land itself. And here, where the talk of an open sea may have made some people think the perils of the attempt will be over, it may very likely prove they have only begun. Let any one recall to himself the dangers, described by so many graphic pens, which beset a strong ship, manned by a full crew in the Polar seas, and then think of a frail boat with its boat's crew launching on what may be a

stormy sea, with every peril from the ice as great or greater than further south. Surely when those who for years have decried an expedition, suddenly turn round and say that "the foremost ship might approach within 500 miles of the Pole; and, with the knowledge of sledge-travelling we now possess, the distance there and back might be traversed in 100 days," they are blowing hot much too soon after blowing cold. Such language in such a quarter argues either considerable ignorance or careless undervaluation of the hazards to be undergone. No, not all the experience of all the explorers that ever lived, could make the Expedition other than a terrible struggle against terrible odds. Our main hope lies in our steamer outstripping Captain Hall's. Could it do this, and do it early in the summer, the wisest policy might after all be to make the grand attempt this year. Should we therefore be daunted by such an outlook, and shrink from the venture? Rather let our motto be *Ne cede malis sed contra audentior ito.* If immediate success is only to be won by good fortune, an immediate return in some shape is certain. And even if the present enterprise fails, it will, we may be confident, do something to lessen the risks of future explorers. The same people who make light of the difficulties to be encountered now, would be the first to throw cold water on a repetition of the attempt, should those difficulties prove insurmountable. It is more prudent and more patriotic to be prepared for partial failure. If Captain Nares can reach the Pole, so much the better. If he can get beyond Hall and Parry it will be a grand contribution to future discovery. But if he does neither, but simply does his best, let us be satisfied, and determined never again to desist from the enterprise which is our birthright, till patient toil is finally crowned by triumph.

A. H. B.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE LIFE OF H. R. H. THE PRINCE CONSORT, By Theodore Martin. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

To write or compile a Biography of a Royal personage under the immediate supervision of and direct responsibility to, those most interested in the portrait being made as flattering as possible, is even a more difficult task to discharge satisfactorily than for a Poet Laureate to write an Ode to order in commendation of an uninspiring event. We will confess that we took up this book with a prejudice against it; partly from distrust of the author's powers and partly that some of the extracts which were the first to find currency in the press were suffused with a tinge of maudlin, such that created an unfavourable anticipation of the work as a whole. But we gladly admit that our opinion of Mr. Martin's labour has been entirely changed by reading this first volume of the Life of the Prince Consort. Considering the peculiar position in which the biographer was placed, and other causes, which we need not specify, which must have hampered him at every step, these pages are on the whole, singularly free from weak and indiscriminating fulsomeness. The book is avowedly written under the Queen's immediate supervision, and the supervision exercised by a deeply affectionate widow over the compilation of a memorial of her husband is likely to result in a portrait which does not err on the side of vague washiness. But to prove that Mr. Martin has taken too much colour in his brush, we must first prove that the Prince Consort's was not such a character as he has painted in these pages; we must demonstrate, in fact, that he was not a singularly able, laborious, and well-informed man, and loveable husband, and that he did not approach very near to our *beau ideal* of a noble Prince. Allowing, if you will—though there is little necessity for making any such allowance—for some exaggeration in the estimate which the biographer has formed of his hero, there still remains ample evidence that Prince Albert was very far indeed above the average of the men of his age in intellect, culture, and self-control. The testimony to his merits comes from too many independent sources for any one to doubt its genuineness.

It is a trite remark that the position which he held was a difficult one; but it is too often overlooked that its chief difficulty lay, not so much in the *possibility* which was open to him of making himself acquainted with all that was going on, and yet holding aloof from anything like participation in politics, but in the *necessity* which his position as the Queen's Private Secretary and most confidential adviser laid upon him of making himself master of every occurrence, of the ins and outs of party strategy, and all the complications and excitements of European as well as English politics; and yet not only to hide his hand, but to keep himself ostensibly as an absolute non-entity. During a life of twenty-two years spent in such a position the prying jealousy of the English public could only detect, or even fancy that it detected, one or two instances in which "foreign" influence had been exerted, and in such instances the public was, as usual, misled and unjust. We see by this Life how keen was the interest which the Prince took in the struggles that were going on in Parliament; with what an intelligent gaze he watched the phases of political life throughout Europe; how steadily he worked at any plans or projects in which he *could* openly allow himself to appear as a worker; how cultivated in his taste in art; how accomplished he was as a musician; and how intense was the mutual love of husband and wife throughout a happy, useful, and most laborious life. It cannot be too often repeated that the position in which the Prince stood toward the Queen as her confidant and adviser was one which Lord Melbourne made a special point of pressing upon him and Her Majesty, and which every other Prime Minister fully recognized and heartily endorsed. This explains several memoranda of his, which appear in these pages, on current events, and which manifest a remarkable insight, character, and liberality and breadth of view. In his letters to his valued friend, Baron Stockmar, we have his real opinions candidly expressed, and very interesting is the commentary which they afford on events between 1839 and 1848—the time comprised in this volume. As a short specimen let us take a few words about Italy, written, it must be remembered, early in 1848. "Italy, like every other part in Europe, is bent on progress, on being politically active and national. The Pope is the counterpart of the King of Prussia, of great impulsiveness, half-digested political ideas, little acuteness of intellect, with a great deal of cultivated intelligence (*geist*), and accessibility to outward influences. The rock on which both split is the belief that they can set their subjects in motion and keep the spread and direction of the movement entirely in their own hands; nay, that they alone possess the *right* to control the movement, because it emenates from them."

Of the Prince's correct musical taste his position as President of the Antient Concerts, and the programmes which he drew up for their performances, are sufficient evidence. Of his capacity as a perfomer, let us find room for the testimony of Mendelssohn, given in a private letter to his mother: "I must tell you all the detail of my last visit at Buckingham Palace. It is, as G. says, the one really pleasant and comfortable English house, where one feels *a son aise*. Joking apart, Prince Albert asked me to go to him on Saturday, so that I might try his organ; I found him alone, and, as we were talking, the Queen came in, also alone, in a simple morning dress. I begged that the Prince would first play me something; and he played a Chorale, by heart, with the pedals so charmingly, clearly, and correctly, that it would have done credit to any professional. Then it was my turn, and I began my chorus from "St. Paul"—"How lovely are the messengers." Before I got to the end of the first verse, they both joined in the chorus, and all the time the Prince managed the stops for me so cleverly, first a flute, at the *forte* the great organ, the D major part of the whole, then he made a lovely *diminuendo* with the stops, and so on to the end of the piece, and all by heart, —that I was really enchanted."

This is one of the many pleasant sketches of the inner-life of the Royal Family with which this volume furnishes us, and one involuntarily contrasts the state of things here indicated with the glimpses of some other Royal Households, which the Greville Memoirs have lately given to the public. Mr. Martin has, we think, considering the difficulties of his position, discharged his task, as far as it has yet gone, very creditably and satisfactorily. Let him in the concluding volumes, which we hope soon to welcome, be even less sparing of applying the pruning knife to mere expressions of feelings and sentiment, and he will have produced a biography which will give his readers a true and life-like portrait of the Prince of whom England and Germany may alike be proud.

MALCOLM. A Romance. By George Macdonald. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.

To say that a story is written by George Macdonald implies that it is inspired by the power of a peculiarly rich and delicate imagination, a true and beautiful idealism, a pure and noble philosophy of life, and, last but not least, a deep, far-reaching spiritual insight. It is this last quality, indeed, which makes him pre-eminently a *teacher;* which gives him his remarkable power of unveiling the true beauty and significance of life from the husks of the conventional and the common-place that usually conceal them from superficial observers, and which, with his loving study of human nature and earnest faith in God, enable him to solve

—so far as they can be solved—some of the ever-recurring and perplexing problems of life.

His latest work, "Malcolm," is characterized by the excellencies of some of his best productions, and is free from the extravagances which disfigured "Wilfred Cumbermede." The author's imagination always, perhaps, has a slightly fanciful tendency, and has a thoroughly Scottish love for lingering on the shadowy confines of the mysterious region of the supernatural; but in our matter-of-fact and material age, such qualities are by no means superfluous, as a counteractive to the self-sufficient hardness of positivism. The scene is laid in and about a little sea-port town on the north coast of Scotland, and the dialogues are couched in the broadest Scotch, which one would think must have proved rather puzzling to the American readers of *Lippincott's Magazine*, in which it was first published; although, here and there the author translates into English a specially difficult word. Malcolm, the hero, is one of George Macdonald's favourite class of heroes, a noble, poetic nature, shining through all the disadvantages of the rough garb and rude language of his humble life and training; for, though an Adonis in his way, and a reader of Shakespeare, he is but a fisher lad, until, attracted by his originality and naive candour, the Marquis and his daughter make him the humble companion of their rustic solitude, and of their voyagings along the picturesque and romantic shore.

But Malcolm, who labours under the disadvantage of being *the hero*, is perhaps a less vivid and life-like figure than some of the subordinate characters of the book. Miss Horn, in particular, is a most graphic impersonation of a true Scottish type—rugged, independent, full of strong good sense and grim, quaint humour, rigidly undemonstrative, with her self-gratulatory disclaimer of "feelins," which she thinks are "a terrible sight i' the gait"—yet in the depths of her heart tenderly and staunchly loyal to a true and disinterested affection, which finds its expression in deeds, all the more for being denied in words. Even a finer and a more picturesque figure is the old blind Highland piper, Malcolm's grandfather, with his faded tartans and dilapidated pipes—hardly less loved than his native Gaelic, which, as he poetically expresses it, he believed "ta lancuach of the carden of Aiden, and no doubt ta lancuach in which the Shepherd calls his sheep on ta everlasting hills." His stern, unyielding enmity against his hereditary foe, "Cawmill of Glenlyn," and all his descendants, and the conflict of feeling in which this ultimately involves him—with his tender, intense proud love for Malcolm, are pourtrayed with great truth to nature. Then there is the philosophical schoolmaster, Mr. Graham, unambitious and poetical, and content "to give himself to the hopefuller work of training children for the true ends of life," governing his little kingdom by moral suasion, and "opposing error only by teaching the truth;" and having for one of his scholars the strange pathetic figure of "the mad laird," with his painfully-felt deformity—safe from ridicule among Mr. Graham's scholars—and his mournful refrain, "I dinna ken whaur I cam' frae." His pretty little friend Phemy, will probably recur in the promised sequel to the story.

The Marquis, who, despite his title, is of a much commoner type than some of his lowly neighbours, is drawn from a class, not uncommon when George the Fourth, as Prince of Wales, was "the first gentleman in Europe," and by no means extinct now, with whom "duty merely amounted to what was expected of him, and honour, the flitting shadow of the garment of truth, was his sole divinity." How his delinquencies and errors work out their own punishment, is one of the most striking features in the moral character of the book. His untrained petted daughter, Lady Florimel, with her delicate and bewitching beauty, her haughty and capricious nature, and her irritating coquetry, is a natural though far from loveable character, whom, however, the author evidently intends to educate, in a succeeding book.

The story has more of a plot than some of the author's works, but its interest depends much less upon that than upon the pourtrayal and development of character, the exquisite and poetical descriptions, and the beautiful thoughts with which it is profusely enriched. The little town of Portlossie, with its Seaton or *sea-town*; the old castle and church, with the few thatched cottages clustering about them; the sandy beach, with its rocky cliffs and grass-covered downs; are so vividly painted, as to become to us real places which we have seen and known. Yet the beauty of the invisible universe is always made by the author a stepping-stone to the beauty of the invisible, to which the other is but an outer garment, the lights of the countenance of God. As an example of this, and a characteristic and fine thought of the author, we conclude with a quotation of a part of a meditation of Malcolm's, which might be thought too high a flight for a comparatively uncultivated fisher-lad, did we not know of what noble and beautiful thoughts Scottish ploughmen and shepherds have been the authors. The thought is, perhaps, as good a solution of an old and vexed problem as can be arrived at: "I wonder how death and this wan water here look to God? To Him is it like a dream, a picture? God knows how things look, to us both far off and near. He also can see them so when he pleases. What they look to Him is what they are: we cannot see them so, but we see them as He meant us to see them, —*therefore truly*, according to the measure of the created. Made in the image of God, we see things in the image of His sight."

THE COLONIAL QUESTION; A brief consideration of Colonial Emancipation, Imperial Federalism, and Colonial Conservatism. By W. H. Fuller, M.A. Kingston: *British Whig* Office.

This *brochure*, as we are informed by a prefatory note, was written in 1873, and is now printed as "a modest contribution to the literature of the question," which, owing to recent discussions has become one of great public interest. It is a brief and well-written exposition of the views of the advocates of the three different policies indicated in the title, and closes with a strong plea in favour of Colonial Conservatism as being the safest and most mutually beneficial both to the colony and the mother country. As the pamphlet has the advantage of being brief and concise, those who wish to do so can follow out the arguments in Mr. Fuller's own words, with little expenditure of time or trouble. The author has some good suggestions about the judicious encouragement of emigration, particularly in regard to bringing out pauper children. Whatever view the reader may take as to Mr. Fuller's conclusions, he must accord him the not too common merit of keeping close to his subject, without stepping aside to indulge in any empty and aimless rhetorical declamation, or to denounce or disparage those who may hold and advocate different views.

THE VATICAN DECREES, in their bearing on Civil Allegiance: A Political Expostulation. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. London: John Murray, 1874. Toronto: A. S. Irving.

A LETTER, addressed to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, &c. By John Henry Newman, D.D., of the Oratory. Toronto: A. S. Irving.

THE VATICAN DECREES, in their bearing on Civil Allegiance. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. Toronto: A. S. Irving.

A REPLY, &c. By the Right Rev. Monsignor Capel, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1875.

VATICANISM: An answer to Reproofs and Replies. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. New York: Harper & Bro's., 1875. Toronto: A. S. Irving.

HISTORY OF THE VATICAN COUNCIL. By the Rev. P. Schaff, D.D. Toronto: A. S. Irving, 1875.

We place the full titles of these *brochures* at the head of our brief notice, because it seems evident that no one can have gained a clear and complete view of the controversy who has not carefully studied the best that can be said on both sides. It is the fashion now-a-days to hear only one's own side upon a given subject; and nowhere is this absence of the judicial spirit so prevalent, and so injurious as in the fields of religious or *quasi*-religious disputation. It may safely be affirmed of those taking an interest in that temporary surface ruffling caused by the breeze Mr. Gladstone has raised, that the Catholics will read nothing but the replies, and Protestants nothing but the original and the rejoinder. We have no intention of entering upon the merits of the case; much less of reviewing each of these utterances in turn. It will suffice, if some general indications are afforded, as a guide to the reader who desires a clue to their general merit, as well as to their general prospect.

Dr. Schaff's pamphlet, it must be remembered, is from a strongly Protestant writer; yet the history of the Council contained therein, has already appeared in other forms, without contradiction, and the appeals to tradition against Ultramontanism are worth at least as much as those in its favour—which, to be sure, is not giving them the highest character. The real character of the Council is represented by figures, to which we need not refer in detail. It is sufficient to mention that of 541 Europeans, 276 were Italians, of whom 143 belonged to the Roman States alone. In the appendix to the Pamphlet are the Decrees of the Council with the Syllabus in the original and in English, arranged in parallel columns.

Of Mr. Gladstone's original "Expostulation" —*teterrima belli causa*—we need say nothing, after the sifting it has undergone on all sides. Taking up the replies, that of Monsignor Capel, (the Catesby of *Lothair*), is notable in many ways. He is credited with the conversion of all the aristocratic acquisitions of Rome in late years, from the Marquis of Bute down. His pamphlet may be characterized in a few words —it is clever, subtle, and eminently casuistical; nowhere is there sure ground beneath your feet; you feel continually in ecclesiastical syrtes. His method is that conventionally ascribed to the disciples of Ignatius Loyala. We have constantly brought to view subtle distinctions between the direct and indirect authority; what is supreme and infallible, and what is supreme alone; what again is irreformable, yet not infallible. His treatment of the pastoral of the Swiss Bishops (1871), is the cleverest speciment of scholastic casuistry we have read since we fell in with the original schoolmen. Another instance will be found (p. 47,) where he is playing fast and loose with the Syllabus. To do him credit, however, Monsignor Capel does not deny the Ultramontane creed, but, by a wondrous thaumaturgy, displays it in a dazzling display of colour, and winds up with a loyal shout of "God save the Queen."

Cardinal Manning, (Disraeli's Cardinal Grandison in *Lothair*), is a more sober reasoner. His effort it is to invalidate Mr. Gladstone's main position, that a change in the civil relations of English Catholics has been

wrought by the Decrees of 1870. The appeal to tradition is claimed to be in favour of both belligerents, and, in truth, you may fish out of it anything you please. If what you land is not to your mind, throw it back into that abysmal sea; cast in the net again, and you are sure eventually to get what you want. Dr. Manning has managed to inculcate extreme opinions, without appearing to give offence. Even the power of deposition is proved by a sliding enthymeme, by which we slide from Christ to Peter, from Peter to Christian Doctrine, thence to Christian law, and finally to the great law-giver, Pius IX. There is much that is extremely edifying in the Cardinal's pamphlet, but we pass on.

Dr. Newman is a name much beloved in England, even in the Church he has left, and Mr. Gladstone gives full expression to that affection. There is something touching and saddening in the tone of his reply. It is entirely different, in tone, from the other two. He feels every inch an Englishman. He can dare to say that he would obey the call of the Queen to arms, though the Pope forbade him. The Syllabus may be authoritative, but he does not think so. Rash Catholics exist, he says, as well as rash Protestants; and they have, in a large measure, brought the trouble on themselves. He does not even omit, as Dr. Manning does, the strong point made by Mr. Gladstone, regarding the assurances of the Irish bishops and the English vicars-apostolic, in 1791, 1793, and 1826. Dr. Newman even admits that faith has not been kept with the English Government. We regret that we cannot give a detailed account of this reply; it is, from every point of view, worthy of careful and sympathetic perusal.

On Mr. Gladstone's rejoinder we cannot dwell. It is longer, more vigorously written, and more satisfactory altogether than the "Expostulation." A larger array of facts and opinions is brought together, and he has certainly much the best of his antagonists up to this point.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE: A Course of Lectures. Belfast: William Mullan. Toronto: James Campbell & Son. 1874-5.

Prof. Tyndall's now celebrated Address to the British Association was delivered at Belfast; and it seems peculiarly fitting that the Professors of Belfast should furnish the antidote. We have before us six lectures, separately published, at the low price of fourpence sterling, ably written, and with a thorough acquaintance of the subject. It seems difficult to explain the dazed state into which theologians generally have been thrown by the light, solar or factitious, of modern science. The Belfast lecturers think it is time some orthodox defence were made, and they do the work well. The price at which they are published puts them within everybody's reach, who cares to read, and is prepared to think, upon the subject. The course is not yet complete; but all the lectures will be regularly supplied by the Toronto publishing firm above named. Those before us are entitled as follows:—"Science and Revelation: their destructive Provinces, with a Review of the theories of Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, and Spencer," by Dr. Porter. "Theological Colleges, with special reference to the evil results of recent scientific theories," by the same. "Atomism," by Rev. Prof. Watts, an examination and refutation of Dr. Tyndall's theory of the Universe. "Herbert Spencer's Biological Hypothesis," by the same. "Design in the Structure and Fertilization of Plants, a proof of the existence of God," (illustrated), by Dr. Moore. Finally, "The Doctrine of an Impersonal God, in its Effects on Morality and Religion," by the Rev. W. Todd Martin, M.A.

THE MORALITY OF PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAWS: An Essay. By Wm. B. Weedon. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Hart and Rawlinson.

The limitations of space prevent our doing more at present than to notice the appearance of this Essay, and to quote the following words from the author's preface, in explanation of the position he takes in reference to the question of legislative interference with intemperance: "The writer believes that the whole fabric of our legal and political action has been strained and injured by the institution and administration of these liquor laws. He believes that one of the first and most important steps in the much talked about reform of civil government must be, to turn the humane temperance impulse away from its abnormal action in law and in the state, and to give it natural play in the ethical improvement of the individual man and of society."

We should have previously noticed the advent of a new native periodical, "The Canadian Methodist Magazine," published under the editorship of the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A., by the Wesleyan Methodist Book Room, Toronto, in the interest of the Methodist body. We heartily welcome its appearance, and wish it a large measure of success. It is just such a magazine as we should expect a gentleman of the cultivated tastes and learning of Mr. Withrow to issue, and its publication, in the handsome form it comes to us in, is a gratifying evidence of the great advance in the mechanical and publishing facilities that Toronto publishers have made in recent years. The character and tone of its contributions, also, merit high commendation.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

PERHAPS the most notable paper in the current number of *The Contemporary Review*, is that of Mr. W. R. Greg, on "Life at High Pressure." However incredulously Mr. Greg's readers of his "Rocks ahead," may have regarded his Cassandra warnings in the domain of religion and politics, there is no doubt that the subject of his present paper is less open to debate, and its conclusions are less likely to be questioned. That we are all living a "life at high pressure," is a very apparent and momentous fact, and some of the results are as disastrous as they are startling. That the remedy is within the reach of all, is not to bring about the cure. To admonish rival tradesmen of the evils of underselling, is to gain but little. To urge contentment and submission upon operatives on strike is often a waste of words. We must all have our own way, and live after the fashion of our neighbour. It is, nevertheless, well to pause now and again, and examine the nature and conditions of the national well-being, and to trace the drift of the national life. The task may, in the main, be an unheeded and thankless one, but the duty undertaken is no less a subject for legitimate and interested consideration. But startling as is the indictment against the age which Mr. Greg makes, it is curious to note how little concerned the world is with it. All sections of society are bent upon attaining the end each has in view; the world rolls on, and if it awakens to the consciousness of the necessity for any change, it relegates the task of reconstruction to some Royal Commission or Parliamentary enquiry, and goes to sleep again. Happy indifference! Precious possession of peace! But let us hear Mr. Greg. "Beyond doubt," says he, "the most salient characteristic "of life is this latter portion of the nineteenth "century in its SPEED—what we may call its "hurry, the rate at which we move, the high-"pressure at which we work; and the question "to be considered is, first, whether this rapid "rate is in itself a good; and, next, whether it "is worth the price we pay for it—a price rarely "reckoned up, and not very easy thoroughly to "ascertain." Further, he continues: "We have "got into the habit of valuing speed as speed, "with little reference to the objects sought by "rapid locomotion, or the use to which we put "the time so gained." These are remarks easy of apprehension, but their import is not often taken to heart. The march of modern life is a fast one, and is so accelerated that even the terms we apply in referring to time and transit have become changed, and are only relative to the conditions of the era in which we live. The danger of this haste-making, without heeding its risks, is well pointed out by the author's illustrations from ocean travel experience; and he then goes on to discuss the physical and moral consequence of this needless "haste and hurry" in the mischief, physiological and mental, it does to those exposed to it. The living in an atmosphere of excitement has an apt illustration in its effect upon the French, the closing paragraph of which we extract:—"For more than ninety years, "France has scarcely been sane and sober for "an hour; ceaseless emotion has grown into "chronic hysteria; and defects, vices, and pro-"pensities, mental and moral vice, have become "constitutional and physical at last." The evil is not a temporary or a stationary one, however, but becomes more exacting in its demands, and runs through the whole social scale. Examples of its baneful effect are cited from every profession. We quote again: "The "great prizes of social existence—success in "professional, public, and commercial life—"demand more strenuous and exhausting toil, "greater strain upon both bodily and mental "powers, a sterner concentration of effort and "of aim, and a more harsh and rigid sacrifice "of the relaxation and amenities, which time "offers to the easy-going and unambitious, than "was formerly the case. The eminent lawyer, "the physician in full practice, the minister, and "the politician who aspires to be a minister—"even the literary workman, or the eager man "of science—are one and all condemned to an "amount, and continued severity of exertion of "which our grandfathers knew little, and which "forces one after another of them to break off "(or to break down) in mid-career, shattered, "paralysed, reduced to premature inaction or "senility."

But another and more serious feature of this high-pressure existence is advanced, and referred to as the penalty which nature imposes as the price for thus setting aside her laws. It is this, "that men who have thus given up their "entire being to this professional or business "labour, so often lose all capability of a better "life, all relish for recreation or contemplation, "all true appreciation of leisure when it comes "at last; for the faculties of enjoyment, like all "others, are apt to grow atrophied with disuse "—so that we see men in most careers go toil-"ing on long after the culminating point of pro-"fessional success is reached—when wealth has "become a superfluity, and there is no motive "for further accumulation—not because their "life has still a charm for them, but because "every other life has by long disacquaintance "lost its attraction." Mr. Greg then proceeds

to signalize further examples of the evil, and to combat the well-worn arguments offered in its behalf. He aptly points out that the result of this too eager life-race is more and more to assign the prizes to men of *exceptional physique*, whose constitution can better stand the inordinate strain upon the system. Finally he comes to the admonitions suggested by a review of the subject, and to the remedy he would prescribe. These we must briefly indicate as "moderation" and "simplicity of living;" referring our readers to the paper itself which will amply repay perusal. We close with one further extract, and that with reference to the suggested cure:—"As wealth increases, and as fortunes "grow more and more colossal, as year by year "successful enterprise places riches within the "reach of many, and as the disposition of every "class to imitate and emulate the style of living "of the classes above it in the social scale re- "mains about the most inveterate of our nati- "onal characteristics, there would seem to be "small hope of attaining a standard of life truly "dignified and worthy, except through such a "regeneration in the tastes and sentiments of "of the opulent and noble—the leaders of "fashion, the acknowledged chiefs and stars of "society—as should cause simplicity to become "'good style,' and luxury beyond a certain "point, to be voted vulgar."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The stage is at all times peculiarly open to depreciation, and its alleged degeneration has from time immemorial been the theme of the pharisaism of the bigot, the self-mortification of the ascetic, and the pessimism of the cynic. The world is full of strange puzzles. A large class of the public whose appetite is tickled by the reports of Brooklyn Scandals and criminal trials in the morning newspaper satisfies its moral scruples by declining to attend the evening play, and by denouncing those who do. These purists are not the only ones who—

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to."

The "license of the stage" is a standing catch-word, always in readiness to be flung at the defenders of the drama. To us it seems that this word "license" would now-a-days be more appropriately connected with the sensational novel, and the faction fights of the party press and the Legislative halls. The pulpit, too, has it not in some instances borrowed from the comedy of the stage?

The truth is, the theatre is what the age makes it. "A profession lightly thought of by the public, leads naturally to a debased art," and the gain to the sum of the good or bad influences of the time, is just what each generation determines. "The stage," says Lessing, the greatest name in German literature next to Goethe, "which means the world, is not only the mirror of life, but also a school of morals." If the theatre is to be quarrelled with, as is now again the fashion in puritan circles on the other side of the lines, why not the novel? The play is nothing more, in most cases, than the novel *acted*. Never was there a time when the novel was more ubiquitous. Of the two, the influence of the theatre is likely to be more wholesome, as being more open to public criticism, and as being more social. Let it never be forgotten that "man is a gregarious animal." The enjoyment derived from a good novel is a solitary and consequently, to some extent, a selfish one. On the other hand, a large proportion of the enjoyment which arises from seeing a good play well acted is derived from sympathy—from the consciousness that hundreds of our fellow creatures are sharers in our pleasure. For the time being, while they are watching the varying fortunes of the men and women of the mimic world on the stage, sympathizing with their joys and sorrows, their feelings and aspirations, the spectators—rich and poor, lofty and lowly alike—are bound together with adamantine chains. "One touch of nature" makes them really "kin;" makes them indeed members of one universal brotherhood—the brotherhood of man. The fact, with which every one who is accustomed to attend theatres is familiar, that "a slim house" has a far more depressing effect upon the audience than upon the actors, is conclusive proof that we do not over-estimate the value of this sympathetic element in the sum-total of the enjoyment of the spectator of a play. Nor need the acted play fear comparison with the novel in other respects. A warning may be conveyed, or a truth inculcated, quite as impressively by the one as by the other; and a knowledge of human life and human nature imparted in a more effective manner. Moreover, the acted

drama influences a class to which even the lightest and most fascinating novel appeals in vain, we mean the section of the community—a very large one, we fear, in Canada as well as in the United States—the members of which cannot bring their minds to read anything except the party newspaper of its own stripe of politics.

Of course, there are bad plays as there are bad novels; but is it not a truism that the results of all human effort may be divided into good, bad, and indifferent; and why should that be made a special objection against the drama which applies equally to everything of man's workmanship? It may even be admitted that histrionic genius is a rare gift, and that in its absence resort is often had to accessories of a questionable or even vicious character to "draw houses." But has the novel no similar blemishes; is not the rostrum and the pulpit as often marred by expedients quite as doubtful, and by a sensationalism quite as rank? Let the decriers of the stage be just. Let them recognize that the theatre has a mission; that as a social force it is capable of being made, if it be not already, incomparably more potent for good or evil than any other. Let them countenance it by their presence, and do all that lies in their power to raise, to purify, and to ennoble it, and they will find that as an instrument for the education and regeneration of the masses, it will outweigh all others—popular lectures, Mechanics' Institutes, Young Mens' Associations, temperance organizations, &c., &c.—put together.* A great London philanthropist once said, "I should like to have the direction of a penny theatre," and (as a writer in the last number of the *Contemporary* remarks respecting the saying of Fletcher, of Saltoun,) "'Let other people have the making of the laws, if I can have the writing of the songs,' might be said with more truth of plays." The existence of the drama can be traced back for some two thousand five hundred years; how long it existed previously it is impossible to say. Even the Hebrew Scriptures contains dialogues in a dramatic form; as in the Book of Job. It is to be found among peoples of the most diverse races, religions, and tastes—Hindoos, Chinese, Greeks, and Romans, down to modern Europeans. It has been subjected at various times to the bitterest assaults at the hands of its opponents, who have ever been on the watch to compass its destruction. But it still survives, in greater luxuriance and in greater favour than at any former period of the world's history. Such being the case it *must* possess some special virtues which fit it to human needs, and make it perennial and indestructible; and the sooner this fact is recognized and acted upon by its decriers, the better.

We have been led into these remarks partly by the desire to answer those who, while they profess their appreciation of the novel as a beneficent outgrowth of literature, yet would deny a place to the drama as an accredited and legitimate educator of the age; but we have been also actuated by the desire to mark the recent enterprise in our city in the building and equipment of two handsome places of amusement, as a distinctive indication of a social transition which has taken place amongst us; and, in regard to the just completed engagement of Miss Neilson at the Grand Opera House, to congratulate the management upon the success (so richly deserved), that waited upon the enterprise, to tender our heartiest thanks for the treat offered, and to commiserate those whose conscientious scruples denied them a rare and charming pleasure.

In truth, the advent of Miss Neilson, the first actress really belonging to the front rank who has ever visited Toronto, must have been to many a revelation of the capacity for conferring pleasure of the highest kind which lies within the grasp of one supremely gifted woman. And we must do the people of Toronto the credit of saying that they made the most of their opportunity. The crowds that flocked to see her nightly (we believe they numbered over 13,000 during the eight days of her stay) were something wonderful to witness; and their enthusiasm was equally wonderful. And they had ample opportunity for forming a judgment as to Miss Neilson's varied merits as an actress. She appeared in no less than three perfectly distinct classes of characters: tragic, as in *Juliet* and *Isabella;* romantic, as in *Julia* in "The Hunchback," and *Pauline* in "The Lady of Lyons; and in high comedy as in *Rosalind* and *Beatrice.* For ourselves, we prefer her in tragedy, not but that those who hold her *Rosalind* to be her most perfect performance may not be right, but because tragedy is altogether the higher and nobler order of drama, and gives opportunity for the display of the higher and nobler qualities of the great artist. On the whole we like her *Juliet* best. It is evidently a character to which she has devoted the whole powers of her mind during many years of study. And rightly so, for it is probably the most difficult to pourtray, as it is undoubtedly the most beautiful in the whole range of the drama. We have seen many Juliets in our time, from Miss Susan Cushman's and Mrs. Mowat's, down to Miss Adeline Stanhope's and Miss Randolph's, but we never saw a thoroughly satisfactory one till we saw Miss Neilson's. What Miss Helen Faucit's may have been, we do not know, never having seen it; but that it was better than Miss Neilson's we take the liberty of doubting. and are fortified therein by the opinions of those who have seen both. And most wonderful, in its varied manifestations of powers the most versatile and diverse, is Miss Neilson's performance throughout. From the youthful beauty and grace of the first scene we pass to the ballroom, where the sudden inspiration of her first

love is made manifest by a few master-touches; then to the balcony where its declaration is marked by touches of exquisite poetry flecked as it were with snatches of girlish waywardness; then to the mingled eagerness and affection of the scene in the garden with the nurse; passing on to the deep fervour of the brief love passage just before the marriage; to the terrible agony of the scene where the news of Tybalt's death is brought to her; to the passion and abandon of her parting with her husband; to her wild supplications to her father and mother not to force on the marriage with Paris; to the deep pathos of the exquisite scene with the friar; to the terror and despair of the scene where she takes the sleeping potion; and, finally, to the calm settled desperation of the last scene of all, where she takes up her everlasting rest beside the man whom she has loved so well. When it is remembered that all these things and others which might be mentioned go to make up but one character in all its varied completeness, and further, that the poet has lavished the utmost magnificence of language and wealth of imagination in its pourtrayal, it will hardly be denied that the literature of the world may be ransacked in vain for a character to match this amazing creation. And yet there are people who tell us that Shakespeare is "played out." Such ought to have been present on Miss Neilson's opening night, when, in obedience to the spell of the arch-enchanter's wand, the Grand Opera House was crammed from pit to dome to hear "the old, old story" told again,—a story old as humanity, but forever new—as embodied in the most pitiful, but still most beautiful love poem in all literature. If they had, they would have felt obliged to confess their error, and perhaps even to acknowledge a suspicion that Shakespeare will be played out when the English language is played out, but not till then.

Next to Miss Neilson's *Juliet* we should rank her *Isabella*. The character, however, is not nearly so difficult to act, being written in but one, or at most, two keys, and consequently not demanding so many varied powers for its presentation. The tone is grave and tragic throughout. Still the character is a magnificent one, and gives some splendid opportunities for display. In particular the grand prison scene with Claudio is more popularly striking, and consequently more telling, than any single scene in "Romeo and Juliet," and rouses the audience to a greater pitch of enthusiasm. It was acted by Miss Neilson with a tragic grandeur worthy of a Rachel or a Siddons. Of her other two Shakespearean characters, her *Rosalind* was far better than her *Beatrice*. The former, indeed, was exquisite, almost perfect in fact. As *Julia*, in "The Hunchback," and as *Pauline*, in the "Lady of Lyons," Miss Neilson was also better than any other of the numerous actresses we have seen in them; though in the latter she was at times somewhat too tragic for a character which is not tragic, but melodramatic. The plays are not especial favourites of ours. It is true that, in both, the plot and situations are remarkably strong; but in both also the language is stilted and artificial, and palls greatly after the magnificent diction of Shakespeare. Our notice has extended to such great length, that we have only space to add, that on the whole Miss Neilson's support was remarkably good, and that the costumes, accessories, and scene-shifting, left nothing to be desired. The excellent orchestra, under Herr Müller's able direction, is quite a feature in the performances at this theatre, and always executes its part of the entertainment most admirably.

THEATRICALS AT RIDEAU HALL.

One of the features of the past month has been the presentation of an original *Operetta*, entitled "The Maire of St. Brieux," produced for the first time at the Government House, Ottawa, on the 18th ultimo; the work being written and composed expressly for Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin's private theatricals.

The *Libretto*, written by Mr. F. A. Dixon, is fresh and sparkling. The humour is not too strained, and the "points" are cleverly worked up. Of the music, the circumstances of its present introduction render any very close criticism both difficult and out of place. Its production in Toronto shortly, which is rumoured, will give us the opportunity of examining the work more in detail. Meantime Mr. Mills must certainly be congratulated on having been successful in producing an operetta whose many beauties entitle it to rank as one of the musical features of the day.

The scene is laid in the little village of St. Brieux, in Brittany, during the first Consulate, (cir. 1800.) To this spot Charles Duval, a young Englishman, has been sent over by his uncle, who is concerned in the endeavour to place the Comte de Provence, then a refugee in England, upon the throne of France. Here he meets the Comtesse de Beaudry, a Royalist, who has come to the village disguised as the Widow Barrie, a Parisian dressmaker, being really his own cousin and boyish love, who, several years before, had made a clandestine match with a Frenchman, and had, consequently, been severed from her family. To her he confides certain papers entrusted to him for that purpose, though without recognizing her. The Comtesse, taking advantage of the passion with which her charms have inspired the Maire of St. Brieux, an elderly gallant, makes him the unwilling medium of communication between herself and the Royalist party in Paris. Having, however, incurred his animosity by rejecting his addresses, she, with Duval, is placed under suspicion of being a conspirator, and is in danger of arrest. She cleverly clears

the difficulty by placing his proposal to herself in a ridiculous light, at the same time threatening to reveal his foolish complicity in her plot. This appeal to his vanity and fears is successful, and she becomes mistress of the situation. In the danger of the moment she has confided to Duval her relationship to himself; and his love for her, which has remained constant, bears promise of reward.

There is a slight underplot, turning upon the jealousy of a blacksmith's apprentice, Pierre, and the coquetry of the village belle, Marie, niece of the blacksmith.

The cast of characters was as follows :—The *Maire of St. Brieux (Baritone)*, E. Kimber, Esq. ; The *Comtesse de Beaudry (Soprano)*, Mrs. Anglin ; *Marie (Mezzo Soprano)*, Miss A. Kimber ; *Charles Duval (Tenor)*, J. H. Plummer, Esq. ; *Mons. Bouillet (Bass)*, E. Gingras, Esq. ; *Pierre*, P. B. Douglas, Esq.

The principal features of the work may be briefly noticed. An ingeniously written overture arranged for piano, violins, contra-bass, flute, and horn, precedes the rising of the curtain. The Operetta opens with a chorus of villagers and blacksmiths, the movement of which is written in 6-8 time, with syncopated accompaniment, and is striking and novel. A lover's quarrel between *Marie* and *Pierre* is carried out in the *duet* "'Twixt the cup and the lip," in which various apposite proverbs are cleverly arranged, and set to simple but appropriate music ; opening in a minor key and passing to a major, as the lovers make their final *adieux*. A *tenor* song, "White and Pink," which *Duval* sings while meditating on his boyish love, is smooth and flowing. Some fine flute passages mark this number.

The *Maire* on his first appearance makes the blacksmith his confidant on the subject of plots and conspiracies in a difficult *quasi-recitative*, with a florid accompaniment. The *trio* in F, in which *Duval's* banter, the *Maire's* rage, and the blacksmith's sympathy are well elaborated, is a capital piece of musical composition, with a lively and well-conceived accompaniment, a peculiar feature of which is the repetition in quavers of the dominant throughout almost the whole movement. The first song is a very touching little ballad, "Only a Daisy," for the leading soprano, *Madame Barrie*, the words and music of which are very sweet, and form a striking contrast to the *agitato* movement following. The "Spring Song," descriptive of the pleasures of returning spring and the thoughts of love which it suggests, may be considered to be the composer's best effort. It is in reality a waltz-song of much grace and originality, with a pleasing accompaniment, in which the flute *obligato* is a conspicuous feature. A declaration of love for the charming widow, on the part of the *Maire*, gives rise to a cleverly arranged and amusing *duet*, in the first part of which are some florid passages in the instrumentation, while the whole of the latter part is constructed on a simple ground-bass of two bars, which, beginning *andante*, gradually increases in speed until the climax is reached in the widow's final "NO!" The *quartette*, "Hush, Hush," is an effective *staccato* passage, and closes the scene, while the *Maire* and his companions disperse to a *pizzicato* accompaniment. The "Peasants' song," for *Marie*, is a pretty little melody, well suited to the words, in pleasing contrast to the Blacksmith's song, which is bold and vigorous, though the closing eight bars, perhaps, lack originality. *Pierre's* song, "Dear love, despite your cruel words," is one of the finest and most popular airs in the *Operetta*, and affords considerable scope for display. A *duet*, "Through bud time and spring time," between Duval and his cousin, the Comtesse de Beaudry, is flowing and graceful, and full of feeling. In the last verse the beauty of the tenor part is particularly noticeable.

The climax of the plot is reached in a song in which the whilom *Madame Barrie* holds up the *Maire* to ridicule, and threatens an *expose* of his folly. The work concludes with a stirring chorus, "Hail to the *Maire*," which is vigorously written in 3-4 time, changing to common time as the peasantry advance to crown the *Maire* with garlands.

Though it is scarcely our province to advert to the manner of its production at Rideau Hall, it may be permissible to say that for accuracy of detail in dress and appointments, beauty of scenery, and excellence of acting, we have never seen anything upon the private stage to approach the "Maire of St. Brieux," as produced under the generous auspices of its noble patron. The quality of voice and ease of execution on the part of the lady who filled the part of *The Comtesse de Beaudry* would be hard to equal in Canada, while the trying part of the *Maire* was filled by an accomplished actor as well as vocalist.

The Ottawa Choral Union now numbers 328 active and honorary members, and is contributing its quota to classical music. Its Conductor is F. W. Mills, Esq., well-known in the musical circles of Quebec in connection with several sacred compositions. Want of space precludes a detailed account of the operations of this Society, but we hope to be able to give a comprehensive statement of its doings in a future number.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE first volume of the new (ninth) edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, edited by Dr. T. Spencer Baynes, has been received in this country. It covers the portion of the alphabet from A to An, and has been almost entirely re-written. Some of the best scholars and specialists have been retained upon the work; and we may look for a reissue of the publication, worthily representative of the advanced thought of the day, and highly creditable to the enterprise of its publishers. Among the new and notable contributions to the second volume, now in press, the publishers announce the following articles: — Archaelogy, by our distinguished townsman, Prof. Daniel Wilson, LL.D., of University College; Animal Kingdom, by Prof. Huxley; Anthropology, by Dr. E. B. Tylor; Aryan Races, by Prof. Max Müller; Astronomy, by Prof. R. A. Proctor; and Apocalyptic Literature, by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Davidson.

The Messrs. Harper have just sent us a very dainty quarto volume entitled, "Songs of our Youth, set to music," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." The poetry and its musical accompaniment are charming, and the work, doubtless, will find a hearty welcome in juvenile musical circles.

A reprint is announced by the Messrs. Appleton of a translation, from the French of M. Th. Ribot, of his work on "Heredity: a Psychological Study of its Phenomena, Laws, Causes, and Consequences." Prof. Ribot, it will be remembered, is the author of the recent work on Contemporary English Psychologists.

The Canadian legal profession will, we are sure, be glad to learn that the Master in Chancery, at Toronto, Mr. T. W. Taylor, has just completed a treatise upon Equity Jurisprudence, founded, we understand, upon the well-known Commentary of Mr. Story. Few members of the profession in Canada are better authorities in Equity practice than Mr. Taylor, and none are more capable of writing on the subject. Messrs. Willing & Williamson, Toronto, are the publishers.

We are in receipt of a number of pamphlets and *brochures* on questions of some importance to Canadians, notably, Mr. Norris on "The American Question," Mr. Fuller on "The Colonial Question," &c., and will have something to say about them in our next issue. We have also to acknowledge receipt of "The Maritime Monthly" for March; and an interesting pamphlet on "Winnipeg as it is in 1874, and as it was in 1860," by Mr. Geo. B. Elliott, of Manitoba.

Messrs. Appleton & Co., to whom the reading public is indebted for the reprint of many of the recent and important contributions to science, have commenced the publication of a series of books, under the title of "The Popular Science Library." It is designed that the series shall give the results of modern scientific enquiry on the several subjects of which the volumes will treat, and in a manner that will commend them to popular favour and interest. Three of the issues have come to hand, viz., "Health," by Dr. Edward Smith, F. R. S.; "The Natural History of Man," a course of Elementary Lectures from the French of Prof. A. de Quatrefages; and "The Science of Music; or the Physical Basis of Musical Harmony," by Mr. Sedley Taylor, M.A.

The *Times* recently speaks of the present Lord Lytton's volume of "Fables in Song," reprinted by Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co, of Toronto, in the following terms:—"This volume, by the author of 'Owen Meredith,' has given us greater pleasure than any poetry which has been published for a long time back. It contains many pages of striking merit, finely imagined and finely writtten."

NOTE.—[The following addendum to Mr. Bourinot's paper on "Canadian Historic Names," reached us too late for insertion in its proper place. The reader will please read it in connection with the author's remarks on the origin of the word "Ottawa," on page 299.]

"Abbé Ferland, on the other hand, tells us that Outawak, or Ottawa, was a name given to one of the great Algonquin nations, and is derived from the practice still followed in certain places, of splitting the ears, and inserting pieces of skin or other material." Other French writers call them "courtes oreilles," or "the short eared," while Bancroft says that the name is simply the Algonquin word for "traders." In fact it is clear that the origin of the word is lost in the obscurity of the past, and that it is vain to attempt now to solve the difficulty to a certainty."

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 7.] MAY, 1875. [No. 5.

THE LATE HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

BY THE REV. G. M. GRANT,

Author of "Ocean to Ocean."

PART I.

IN the naval and military annals of the Empire the name of Howe has no mean place; and it is not least prominent in the history of British struggles in America. "In the old French wars for the possession of this continent, one Howe fell at Ticonderoga, another was killed on the Nova Scotia frontier;" and a third led up the British forces at the battle of Bunker Hill. But when the name is referred to anywhere throughout the Maritime Provinces of our Dominion, no one remembers these, nor the hero of the battle of the first of June, nor any other of the stout warriors who carried the Red Cross flag by land or sea, nor John Howe, the Puritan divine, a greater hero, perhaps, than any of them. Every body thinks of the late Governor of Nova Scotia, and must think of him with a strange blending of love and anger; for

> "to be wroth with one we love,
> Doth work like madness on the brain."

It is not, however, the Governor that is recalled to memory, though with his name begins the new line of Governors—those who are sons of the soil; who are appointed from Ottawa, not from Downing Street. Not the member of the Cabinet, not the Governor, but Howe of the olden days, "Joe Howe," as he was universally called, the man of the people, for many years the idol of Nova Scotians, comes up before them all.

Emerson has made us so familiar with the phrase, "representative men," that it is now used to denote not only men who "consume their own times," and who are types forever of all the great aspects in which humanity expresses itself, but also the representative men of particular nations and provinces. In this sense William Wallace, John Knox, Robert Burns, and, perhaps, also Walter Scott, are representatives of Scotland; and Luther, Frederick the Great, Goethe, and Bismarck, representatives of

Germany. Nova Scotia is only a small and comparatively young country, and critics may be inclined to question whether she has people worth being represented. But, that being conceded in a Canadian periodical, she is able to present Joe Howe as one in whom her every feature was reflected, in whom her defects and excellencies, such as they are, could be seen in bold outline; one who knew and loved her with unswerving love; who caught any little inspiration there may be about her woods, streams, and shores—woods without fauns, and graveyards without ghosts; and who gave it back in verses not unmeet, in a thousand stirring appeals to her people, and in civic action and life-service that is always more heroic than verses or sentences. Joe Howe was Nova Scotia incarnate. And as excessive modesty is not one of the defects of our Nova Scotian character, the height of the pinnacle on which some people set him, when they declare that he was the first of Nova Scotians, may be estimated after the fashion in which Themistocles argued that his little boy was the most powerful personage in the world, or in which the great clockmaker argued the eminence of Mr. Samuel Slick with regard to creation generally.

On one of the occasions on which Howe visited England, a ministerial crisis occurred there. I was a little boy at the time, and remember overhearing two of our farmers talking about him in connection with the resignation of the Ministry. One gravely suggested that the Queen would likely send for Joe to be her Prime Minister. The other seemed to think it not at all unlikely, and to me the matter appeared a foregone conclusion.

The popular form that his name assumed, so generally that it is difficult to speak of him to this day save as Joe Howe, indicates the close relationship in which the people felt that he stood to them. The present generation is, perhaps, scarcely aware how thoroughly identified he was at one time with popular feeling throughout the Province. Sabine* thus describes Nova Scotia as it was in 1846:—"It was 'Jo Howe' by day and by night. The Yankee pedlar drove good bargains in Jo Howe clocks. In the coal-mine, in the plaster-quarry, in the ship-yard, in the forest, on board the fishing pogy, the jigger, and the pinkey, it was still 'Jo Howe.' Ships and babies were named 'Jo Howe.' The loafers of the shops and taverns swore great oaths about 'Jo Howe.' The young men and maidens flirted and courted in 'Jo Howe' badges, and played and sang 'Jo Howe' glees. It was 'Jo Howe' everywhere." He himself welcomed instead of repelling the familiarity, for he felt that in it was the secret of much of his power. On resuming the editorial chair in 1844, which he had vacated three years before, to taste for the first time the sweets of power as a member of the Government, he takes his readers into a personal confidence that I know no other example of in British or American journalism. Freed from the restraints of office, he feels like a boy escaped from school, and bursts out with a joyous *camaraderie* to the people generally:—† "Henceforth we can commune with our countrymen as we were wont to do in times of old, and never ask Governors or colleagues what we shall feel and think and say . . This, thank Providence, is an advantage that the editorial chair has over any of those in which we have sat of late. . . And, hardly had we taken our seat upon our old acquaintance, when we fancied that ten thousand ties which formerly linked our name and daily labours with the household thoughts and fireside amusements of our countrymen, aye, and countrywomen, were revived as if by magic. We stepped across their thresholds, mingled in their social circles, went with them to the woods to enliven their labours, or to the field to shed a salu-

* Loyalists of the American Revolution, p. 133.
† Speeches and Public Letters, Vol. I. p. 417.

tary influence over their mid-day meal. And we had the vanity to believe that we should be everywhere a welcome guest; that the people would say, 'Why here is Howe amongst us again; not Mr. Speaker Howe, nor the Hon. Mr. Howe, but Joe Howe, as he used to be sitting in his editorial chair and talking to us about politics, and trade, and agriculture; about our own country and other countries; making us laugh a good deal, but think a good deal more even while we were laughing?' Such is the reception we anticipate, homely but hearty; and we can assure our countrymen that we fall back among them, conscious that there is no name by which we have been known of late years among the dignitaries of the land, that we prize so highly as the old familiar abbreviation." In such an editorial greeting there may be egotism, and a craving for the sweet voices of the multitude. Restlesness or impatience of the shackles of official life there certainly is; but there was no hypocrisy about him when he intimated that he loved best the common people, and that, therefore, he valued the popular abbreviation of his name as a sign of popular love and confidence. He never desired to be other than a tribune of the people; though, like most tribunes, he could be and often was more tyrannical than if he had been born in the purple. And as he grew older, he became more familiar instead of more reserved in manner. Most men become conservative as they grow old. In his case the reverse was the fact—all his life he seemed to be progressing or degenerating—let each of my readers take the word he likes—from Toryism to Radicalism. When at the height of his power, his perfect openness and unreserve of manner constituted his greatest charm. As the Hon. Edward Chandler, of New Brunswick, who knew him well, said of him in 1851:—"We all feel Mr. Howe's greatness, but what I admire is the simplicity of his manners, combined with such high intellectual resources. Negotiating with Ministers of State, at the Governor-General's Council Board, or even in presence of his Sovereign, as beneath the lowly roof of the humblest farmer of the land, he is ever the same—Joe Howe."

Who was this Joe Howe? Some sketch of his life-work, some insight into his inner-man, we should have. Our soil has not produced so many sons of his quality that we can afford to pass him by without notice. But no one, so far as I am aware, proposes to write his life, and a new generation is rising up that knows neither him nor his work. The old state of things against which he had to contend in bitterest strife has passed away so completely, that it is remembered even by old men only as a dream. Few in the Upper Provinces probably think of him save as the leader of the Nova Scotia Anti-Confederates. Yet for nigh forty years he was the central figure in the political life of his own Province. He made his name known and felt also beyond Nova Scotia, but no Scot nor Swiss ever kept his heart truer to his native land, and none, when far away, longed more earnestly for home. As editor, orator, politician, pamphleteer; in Government or in Opposition; he was generally to be found in the front; and even among his equals intellectually and his superiors in scholarship, he was pretty sure to be first. During all that time few measures were passed in Nova Scotia without his mark on them. His notch, too, was generally unmistakeable. Five years ago, he left Halifax to live as a Cabinet Minister in Ottawa, amid misunderstandings and heats that made many say that he had shaken off the dust of his feet in departing, and that the ties which had bound the people to him had been finally broken; but three years after, his County of Hants re-elected him in his absence without opposition. The year following he came back to die; and at this day, I believe, there is no name so powerful to conjure with in half the counties of Nova Scotia as the old name of Joe Howe.

He was born in December, 1804, in an old-fashioned cottage on the steep hill that rises up from the city side of the North-west Arm, a beautiful inlet of the sea that steals up from the entrance of the harbour for three or four miles into the land behind the city of Halifax. Burns tells us concerning his birth, that—

> "a blast o' Jan'war win'
> Blew hansel in on Robin."

Howe says of his first birthday, in poetry scarcely equal to that of Burns, even Nova Scotians being judges,—

> "My first was stormy, wind north-west
> The gathering snow-drifts piled;
> But cosy was the mother's breast
> Where lay the new-born child."

A "lawn with oak-trees round the edges," a little garden and orchard with apple and cherry trees, surrounded the home. Behind, sombre pine-groves shut it out from the world, and in front, at the foot of the hill-side, the cheery waters of the "Arm" ebbed and flowed in beauty. On the other side of the water, which is not much more than a quarter of a mile wide, rose knolls clothed with almost every variety of wood, and bare rocky hills, beautiful little bays sweeping round their feet, and quiet coves eating in here and there; while a vast country, covered with boulders and dotted with lovely lakes, stretched far beyond. Though the cottage was only two miles from Halifax, you might have fancied it "a lodge in some vast wilderness." Here was "meet nurse" and food convenient for a poet. Amid these surroundings the boy grew up, and a love of nature grew with his growth. In after years he was never tired of praising the "Arm's enchanted ground," while for the Arm itself, his feelings were those of a lover for his mistress. Here's a little picture he recalls to his sister Jane's memory in after days—

> "Not a cove but still retaineth
> Wavelets that we loved of yore,
> Lightly up the rock-weeds lifting,
> Gently murmuring o'er the sand;
> Like romping girls each other chasing,
> Ever brilliant, ever shifting,
> Interlaced and interlacing,
> Till they sink upon the strand."

In his boyish days he haunted these shores, giving to them every hour he could snatch from school or work. He became as fond of the water, and as much at home in it, as a fish. He loved the trees and the flowers, but naturally enough, as a healthy boy should, he loved swimming, rowing, skating, lobster-spearing by torch-light, or fishing, much more He himself describes these years—

> "The rod, the gun, the spear, the oar,
> I plied by lake and sea—
> Happy to swim from shore to shore,
> Or rove the woodlands free."

In the summer months he went to a school in the city, taught by a Mr. Bromley on Lancaster's system. Boys and girls attended the same school, as I believe they always should, or why does nature put them together in families; and, very properly, the girls were taught every kind of needle-work, instead of the 'ologies. "What kind of a boy was Joe," I asked an old lady who went to school with him sixty years ago. "Why, he was a regular dunce; he had a big nose, a big mouth, and a great big ugly head; and he used to chase me to death on my way home from school," was her ready answer. It is easy to picture the eager, ugly, bright-eyed boy, fonder of a frolic with the girls than of Dilworth's spelling-book. He never had a very handsome face; his features were not chiselled, and the mould was not Grecian. Face and features were Saxon; the eyes light blue, and full of kindly fun. In after years, when he filled and rounded out, he had a manly, open look, illumined always by sunlight for his friends, and a well-proportioned burly form, that well entitled him to the name of a man in Queen Elizabeth's full sense of the word. And when his face glowed with the inspira-

tion that burning thoughts and words impart, and his great deep chest swelled and broadened, he looked positively noble and kingly. I don't wonder, therefore, that his old friends describe him as having been a splendid-looking fellow in his best days; while old foes just as honestly assure you that he always had a "common" look. It is easy to understand that both impressions of him could be justifiably entertained. Very decided merits of expression were needed to compensate for his total absence of beard, and for his white face, into which only strong excitement brought any glow of colour.

From a school point of view, his education was ridiculously defective. He could not attend regularly in summer, on account of the distance, and in winter not at all; and at thirteen years of age he was taken from school and sent to the *Gazette* office, under his half-brother, to learn the printing business. To ninety-nine boys out of a hundred, this would have been death to all hopes of scholarship; but Joe was not an ordinary boy, and, besides, he had advantages in his home that few are blessed with. His father was one of those simple, heroic, God-fearing men of whom the world is not worthy; one of those Loyalists who left country and sacrificed everything for what he believed to be principle. Of such Tories may we always have a few, were it only to steady the State Coach! With such a father, Joe could by nature be nothing but a Tory, though that was the last thing that he was generally regarded as being. His Toryism was always in him, the deepest thing in him, and giving colour to many of his views and tastes; but on account of the hard facts that surrounded him, he himself, perhaps, scarcely knew that it was there. There is scarcely one of the many reforms with which his name is most intimately associated, that he was not forced into agitating for against his own predispositions. To him his native city is indebted for the municipal institutions which it now enjoys; but the very year previous to his attack on the magistrates, on occasion of the outbreak of cholera in Halifax, he wrote in the *Nova Scotian*, "We have ever been, and are yet not a little averse to turning this town into a corporation, because we have no taste for the constant canvassings, the petty intrigues, and dirty little factions they engender; nor have we ever before felt the want of that efficient and combined action, which, on trying occasions, organized and responsible city officers could afford." His great work as a politician was the destruction of the old Council of twelve, which combined in itself supreme legislative, executive, and judicial functions, and the introduction of responsible government in its place. But in his first editorial years, up to 1830, he was actually the advocate and defender of the Council. The Province seemed to be fairly well governed, and he always thought it wiser to—

> "bear those ills we have,
> Than fly to others that we know not of."

When, however, the Council, by its arbitrary action in connection with a revenue dispute, well known in the history of the Province as the brandy tax question, caused a stoppage of the supplies, his eyes began to be opened to the danger of allowing an irresponsible body to hold overwhelming power, a power that might be used wantonly or wisely at its own sovereign will and pleasure, without loss—perhaps with profit—to its own members, but with utter confusion to every interest of the country. He began then to apprehend the grand principles that form the basis of the British constitution, and to scout the plea that colonists were unfit to be intrusted with the rights and liberties that the best blood of their fathers had been spent to establish. From that time he took the British constitution as his model and political ideal. He clung to British precedents, he gloried in the empire, and, like a true Tory, gave a dozen fond

looks back to the past for one that he turned onwards to the future. He resisted making the Legislative Council elective, in opposition to his great opponent, the leader of the Conservative party; he detested Maine Liquor and all sumptuary laws, even when the current of public opinion ran strongly in their favour, and though he lost votes by speaking against them; he disliked universal suffrage, and defined "governing according to the well understood wishes of the people," as meaning "the well understood wishes of the intelligent;" he preferred the English sovereign to the dollar as a standard of value; and while opposed to mere fancy schemes, he contended for the construction honestly, at public cost, of all necessary public works. He loved country and home as only your thorough-bred Tory loves them, acknowledging that the root of much of the sentiment was in self-esteem. "Next to himself, his wife, his child, or his horse, the prettiest thing at which a man can look is his country. Vanity is not more natural to an individual than national pride is to a body of men," was the way he put it. He did not pretend to be what is called a cosmopolitan. He was prejudiced in favour of Nova Scotia, as much as the traditional John Bull is in favour of old England, and did not care how loudly he avowed his prejudices. Our Agent-General can speak in glowing language about Canada, but his rhetoric is not so sparkling as Howe's was. Once, at a banquet somewhere in England, when responding to the toast of the Colonies, he painted the little Province he represented with such tints, that the chairman at the close announced, in half-fun, half-earnest, that he intended to pack up his portmanteau that night and start for Nova Scotia, and he advised all present to do the same. "You boast of the fertility and beauty of England," said Howe, in a tone of calm superiority; "why there's one valley in Nova Scotia where you can ride for fifty miles under apple blossoms." And, again, "Talk of the value of land, I know an acre of rocks near Halifax worth more than an acre in London. Scores of hardy fishermen catch their breakfasts there in five minutes, all the year round, and no tillage is needed to make the production continue equally good for a thousand years to come." In a speech at Southampton, his description of our climate, which had been so much abused by Cobbett, was a terse, off-hand statement of facts, true, doubtless, but scarcely the whole truth. "I rarely wear an overcoat," said he, "except when it rains; an old Chief Justice died recently in Nova Scotia at one hundred and three years of age, who never wore one in his life. Sick regiments invalided to our garrison, recover their health and vigour immediately, and yellow fever patients coming home from the West Indies walk about in a few days." At the first Great Exhibition held in London, the Nova Scotian court was admirably well filled. Howe was there as a Commissioner, I think. One day two ladies entered, and began to inspect our products and curiosities. Howe heard a whisper that one was Miss Burdett Coutts, and he at once went up and introduced himself to her. A conversation on Nova Scotia ensued, and an invitation to Howe to visit her followed quickly. One result of the visit was an expenditure by the lady of several thousand pounds to pay the passages of some hundreds of boys and girls of the unowned classes to Nova Scotia, after the manner in which Miss Macpherson has since sent out thousands to Ontario, and her sister, Mrs. Birt, two or three hundred to Nova Scotia. Howe felt and believed with such intensity, that he generally impressed himself with astonishing force on others. In his public speaking, there was always something of the mesmerism of the orator, and on no subject did he feel so warmly, and expatiate so eloquently as on the wonders of Nova Scotia. I remember how, on one occasion, he convulsed a Halifax audience by telling them always to

stand up for their country, especially when not in it. "When I'm abroad," said he, "I brag of everything that Nova Scotia is, has, or can produce; and when they beat me at everything else, I turn round on them, and say, 'how high does your tide rise?'" He always had them there. No other country could match the tides of the Bay of Fundy. When living in Ottawa, he took a long walk one day by the Rideau Canal, near some magnificent maples, a tree far superior to the Nova Scotian maple, and as if for the first time awakened to a sense of their surpassing beauty, he turned round to his wife, and half-reluctantly, but determined to be honest, said, "I th-think they are rather finer than ours."

This insular-like prejudice in favour of his own tight little Province, combined with his deep-seated healthy conservatism of feeling, came to him by right. His father was a Puritan, descended, not only after the flesh but in spirit, from one of those stout Englishmen of the middle-class who left their native country and settled in New England, between 1630 and 1637, not because they loved old England less, but because they loved freedom more. Even as they then left home and country in obedience to conscience, so, likewise, in obedience to principle did John Howe seek a new home for himself and his young wife in the 18th century. And no English squire of the 17th century was truer in heart to England and to God, than was John Howe when he turned his back on Boston and on rebellion, and sailed for Nova Scotia. The picture drawn by Carlyle of the English squire describes the young Yankee printer. "He clearly appears," declares the Chelsea seer, "to have believed in God, not as a figure of speech but as a very fact, very awful to the heart of the English squire. He wore his Bible doctrine round him as our squire wears his shot-belt; went abroad with it, nothing doubting." So too lived John Howe; so he always went abroad, Bible under his arm. His son tried hard, more than once, to trace him back to that John Howe who was chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. Whether he succeeded or not I do not know. At any rate the loyalist printer was not unworthy of the grand old Puritan. The well-known story that illustrates the chaplain's unselfishness could be matched by many a similar one in the printer's long and holy life. On one occasion, the chaplain was soliciting pardon or patronage for some person, when Cromwell turned sharply round and said, "John, you are always asking something for some poor fellow; why do you never ask anything for yourself?"

Whether descended from so illustrious a forefather or not, John Howe was a Puritan, and a right noble one. No matter how early in the morning his son might get up, if there was any light in the eastern sky, there was the old gentleman sitting at the window, the Bible on his knee. On Sunday mornings he would start early to meet the little flock of Sandemanians to whom he preached in an upper room for many years, not as an ordained minister, but as a brother who had gifts—who could expound the Word in a strain of simple eloquence that a high salary does not ensure. Puritan in character, in faith, and in the ritual he loved, there were signs that neither was the Puritan organ of combativeness undeveloped in him. As a magistrate, also, he doubtless believed that the sword should not be borne in vain; and being an unusually tall, stately man, possessed of immense physical strength, he could not have been pleasant in the eyes of law-breakers, of whom Halifax contained not a few in those days, according to the testimony of his son. He declared that "there was no town elsewhere of the size and respectability of Halifax where the peace was worse preserved. Scarcely a night passes that there are not cries of murder in the upper streets; scarcely a day that there are not two or

three fights upon the wharves. When I lived further to the south, a Sunday seldom went by without two or three pitched battles at the foot of the street, but a police officer or a magistrate was rarely to be seen. . . . Boys are playing marbles and pitch and toss all over the streets on Sunday, without anybody to check them." Quite a land of liberty; but the rowdies could hardly help having a wholesome respect for at least one of the magistrates, who was able to exercise his powers after the following fashion:—One Sunday afternoon when Mr. Howe was wending his way homewards, Bible under his arm, Joe trotting by his side, they came upon two men fighting out their little differences. The old gentleman sternly commanded them to desist, but, very naturally, they only paused long enough to answer him with cheek. "Hold my Bible, Joe," said his father; and taking hold of each of the bruisers by the head, and swinging them to and fro as if they were a couple of noisy newspaper boys, he bumped their heads together for a few minutes; then, with a lunge from the left shoulder, followed by another from the right, he sent them staggering off, till brought up by the ground some twenty or thirty feet apart. "Now lads," calmly remarked the mighty magistrate to the prostrate twain, "let this be a lesson to you not to break the Sabbath in future;" and, taking his Bible under his arm, he and Joe resumed their walk homewards, the little fellow gazing up with a new admiration on the slightly flushed but always beautiful face of his father. As boy or man, the son never wrote or spoke of him but with reverence. "For thirty years," he once said, "he was my instructor, my playfellow, almost my daily companion. To him I owe my fondness for reading, my familiarity with the Bible, my knowledge of old Colonial and American incidents and characteristics. He left me nothing but his example and the memory of his many virtues, for all that he ever earned was given to the poor. He was too good for this world; but the remembrance of his high principles, his cheerfulness, his child-like simplicity and truly Christian character is never absent from my mind." Oh, rich inheritance, that all parents might leave to their children! It was his practice for years "to take his Bible under his arm every Sunday afternoon, and assembling around him in the large room all the prisoners in the Bridewell, to read and explain to them the Word of God. . . Many were softened by his advice and won by his example; and I have known him to have them, when their time had expired, sleeping unsuspected beneath his roof, until they could get employment in the country." So testified his son concerning him in Halifax. When too old to do any regular work, he often visited the houses of the poor and infirm in the city and beyond Dartmouth, filling his pockets at a grocery-store with packages of tea and sugar before starting on any of his expeditions. The owner of the store told me that Joe had given orders to supply him with whatever he asked for in that line. When nearly eighty years of age his philanthropy took a peculiar turn. He was greatly afflicted at the number of old maids in Halifax. Making a minute calculation, he declared that there were five hundred of them actually living between Freshwater on the South and Cunard's Wharf on the North of the City; and believing marriage to be the greatest boon that could be bestowed on woman, he took an office and announced that he would give a lot of land up the country, at Shubenacadie, to every young fellow that married one of them and settled down to country life. The amount of business done in this Shubenacadie office I have not been able to find out.

Joe's mother—his father's second wife—was a sensible, practical Bluenose widow, a fit helpmeet for her unworldly husband. Her son describes her lovingly and well in

his lines to his half-sister Jane, after speaking in his usual way about their father :—

> "Oh how we loved him, love him now,
> Our noble father! By his side
> My mother, who my faults would chide;
> With cares domestic on her brow,
> More wayward, and of sterner mood,
> But ever provident and good;
> Hating all shams, and looking through
> The Beautiful, to find the True."

I have spoken of his father and mother, because surely the one question to be asked concerning any man who is considered worth describing should be, "What was the real heart of the man, what the real fibre of which he was made?" And the child is to an awfully absolute extent what his parents were. The great heart and open hand of Joe Howe; that milk of human kindness in him which no opposition could permanently sour; his poetic nature, which if it inclined him to be visionary at times, was yet at the bottom of his statesmanship; his reverence for the past; and many other of his best qualities he inherited from his father. His methodical habits, and his shrewd native common-sense came from his mother. His inexhaustible humour and sound physical constitution he owed to the blending in him of the qualities of both.

Old Mr. Howe was King's Printer, and Postmaster-General of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island, New Brunswick, and the Bermudas. He resigned his offices in favour of his eldest son, and to him Joe, when thirteen years of age was entrusted, that he might be made a printer, and fitted perhaps for some snug berth in connection with the Post Office. Such a respectable position he was sure of, for in those days offices continued in families as streams run in the channels they have once scooped out for themselves. But the prospect of being Postmaster of the Bermudas, or even of Prince Edward's Island, had no charms for him. The boy was made of quite different mettle. True, there was nothing to fire his ambition in the start that was given him. He began at the lowest rung in the ladder, learned his trade from the bottom upwards, sweeping out the office, delivering the *Gazette*, and doing all the multitudinous errands and jobs of printer's boy before he attained to the dignity of setting up type and working as a mechanic. "So, you're the devil," said the Judge to him on one occasion when the boy was called on as a witness. "Yes sir, in the office, but not in the Court House," he at once answered, with a look and gesture that threw the name back on his lordship to the great amusement of all present. He had his wits about him and was seldom caught napping as boy or man.

His education went on while he learned his trade. The study of books, talks in the long evenings with his father, and intimate loving communion with nature, all contributed to build up his inner man. While he read everything he could get hold of, the Bible and Shakespeare were his great teachers. He knew these thoroughly, and as his memory was like sticking-plaster he often astonished people in after days with his knowledge. To his thorough acquaintance with them, he owed that pure well of English undefiled he was master of, and which streamed with equal readiness from his lips and his pen. His taste was formed on English classics not on dime novels. His knowledge, not only of the great highways of English literature, but of its nooks, corners, and by-ways, was singularly thorough. It could easily be seen in his speeches in after years that his knowledge was not of the kind that is got up for the occasion. It exuded from him without effort, and gave a charm to his ordinary conversation. Though living in the city during his teens, he spent as much of his time at home as he possibly could. He loved the woods, and as he seldom got away from work, he often spent Sundays in them in preference to attending the terribly long-drawn-out Sandemanian ser-

vice. "What kind of a service was it," I asked one who had been a member? "Well," said he, "when they met in the upper room they first greeted each other with a holy kiss." He was profanely interrupted by a friend remarking that it was a wonder the introductory part of the service had not drawn Joe there regularly, but my informant shook his head and gravely observed that "most of the sisters were elderly."

His apprenticeship itself was a process of self-education. He "worked the press from morn till night," and found in the dull metal the knowledge and the power he loved. One lady—a relative—taught him French. With other ladies, who were attracted by his brightness, he read the early English dramatists, and the more modern poets, especially Campbell, Mrs. Hemans, and Byron. He delighted in fun, and frolic, and sports of all kinds, and was at the head of everything. But amid all his reading elsewhere, and his companionships, he never forgot home. He would go out in the evening, as often as he could, and after a long swim in the *Arm* would spend the night with his father. One evening his love for home saved him from drowning. Running out from town and down to the shore below the house, he went in as usual to swim, but when a little distance out, was seized with cramp. The remedies in such a case—to kick vigorously or throw yourself on your back and float—are just the remedies you feel utterly unable at the time to try. He was alone and drowning, when at the moment his eye being turned to the cottage upon the hill-side, he saw the candle for the night just being placed on the window-sill. The light arrested him, and "there will be sorrow there to-morrow when I'm missed," passed through his mind. The thought made him give so fierce a kick that he fairly kicked the cramp out of his leg. A few strokes brought him to the shore, where he sank down utterly exhausted with excitement.

Had he been anything of a coward, this would have kept him from solitary swims for the rest of his life. But he was too fond of the water to give it up so easily. When working in after years at his own paper, midnight often found him at the desk. After such toil, most young men would have gone up-stairs, for he lived above his office then, and thrown themselves on their beds, all tired and soiled with ink; but for six or seven months in the year his practice was to throw off his apron, run down to the market slip, and soon the moon or the stars saw him bobbing like a wild duck in the harbour. Cleaned, braced in nerve, and all aglow, he would run back again, and be sleeping the sleep of the just in ten minutes after. When tired with literary or political work, a game of rackets always revived him. There was not a better player in Halifax, civilian or military. To his latest days he urged boys to practise manly sports and exercises of all kinds.

When a mere boy he would string rhymes together on the slightest provocation, and declaim them to his companions, who never knew what was his own and what was not; and at the age of seventeen he wrote his first connected poem, entitled Melville Island. When it was published no one knew who the author was, and one morning walking into town with his father, the lad enjoyed the pleasure—surely the most exquisite that a young author can enjoy—of hearing a gentleman, whose opinion he valued, praise the poem highly. The secret was not kept long, and then praises were showered on him. One evening the Chief Justice met him, and spoke some kinds words about the poem, and advised him to cultivate his powers. The boy heard with a beating heart. His father had taught him to respect all who were above him in station. He was then, as Burns describes himself to have been in his plough-boy days—thanks also to a wise father. "I remember," says he, "that I could not conceive it possible that

a noble lord could be a fool, or a godly man a knave." More correct information on such subjects comes to us all soon enough. The Chief Justice was a man deservedly venerated for his personal character, as well as his station, and when he walked away, the boy reasoned out his position. "The Chief Justice," argued he, "must have meant what he said or he only intended to flatter me. But such a man would not stoop to flattery. He therefore was in earnest. And he is a competent judge. Therefore I must be a poet." Day dreams had chased each other through his brain before, but now he resolved to cast away trifles, and try to make himself a name. He continued to contribute pieces in prose and verse to the newspapers of the day; before he wa twenty-three years old, he and another yout bought a weekly newspaper; and as if tha was not enterprise enough, at the close o the year he sold out to his partner, an bought the *Nova Scotian*, at his own risk from George R. Young, one of the grea names of the past generation in Nova Sco tia—a name that still recalls to those wh knew him a singularly vigorous and untir ing intellect, high patriotic aims, and, alas! a career cut short at noon. And now as sole editor and proprietor of the *Nova Scotian*, Joe Howe offered himself to be the guide, philosopher, and friend of his countrymen.

(To be continued.)

FOR A DAY AND FOR EVER.

WAS it real love, do you think?—
Knowing little of your love-lore,
I called it a flitting fancy,
A liking perhaps—no more.

A boy-like worship of form,
Enslaved by a girlish grace,
And anointed eyes that saw not
What lacked to the girlish face;—

The apple-face, fair and round,
The shallow, shadowless eyes;
The rosebud mouth whose prattle
Was pretty, but so unwise!

The brow that never had frowned,
The eyes that hardly had cried,—
Like lakes without waves or deeps,
Untossed and unbeautified.

He dreamed of no better bliss,
He knew of no truer grace:
And the even years ran on,
Till he saw another face.

Why do you ask me of her,
Was she fair? I do not know;—
Must Love be the abject slave
Of Beauty,—whether or no?

Her spirit to his breathed life,
As the wind breathes life to the lake;
He awaked from his dreamless sleep,
As those that have slept awake.

O brow, O lips, O eyes,
 O changing, eloquent looks,—
A soul could be satisfied with you,
 As the hart with the water-brooks.

If souls could be satisfied—souls—
 Where all is passing and vain!
Where we drink, and thirst, and drink,
 But only to thirst again.

Where God makes the gladness short,
 And the lamentation long,
And brief the interludes
 For laughter in life's sad song;

Lest, haply, Earth's blinded ones
 Should mistake their heaven for His,
And forego the world to come
 For a little joy in this.

* * * * *

Just as the meeting streams
 Leap up to join for ever,
One streamlet is turned aside,
 And gathered to the river—

To Death—the dark, cold river,
 Who hurries on with his prize;
Cry Alas! for all earth's longings,
 That cannot enter the skies!

Cry Alas! for divided hearts,
 For the dreams that are only dreams;
"One taken, the other left,"—
 Ah, saddest of human themes!

"Equal unto the angels!"
 Let us keep our human pain,
If joys of humanity
 Can never be felt again.

I hear a spirit wailing:
 "Heaven is no heaven to me,
While I strain my eyes with gazing
 O'er the parapets for thee;

"'Mid the holy Hallelujahs
 I stand at the golden gate,
And listen for my earth-lover,
 Who must come at last—though late.

"And the love of the Archangels
 Cannot wean my soul from him,
Who was mine in a world of shadows,
 Where all love and light are dim."

ALICE HORTON.

LOST A

A STORY OF C

By the author of "F

CHAPTER XII.

A DEPARTURE.

"And, young or old, on land or sea,
One guiding memory I will take,
Of what she prayed that I might be,
And what I will be, for her sake!"

IT was long before daylight one morning, a few days after that, when Dan quietly rose, dressed, lighted his candle, and crept down stairs, careful not to rouse any one but Ben, whom he quietly asked to dress and follow him, as he wanted his assistance. There was nothing remarkable in Dan's getting up before daylight. He often did so when he went out shooting, or to some distant fishing-ground. But there was something unusual in his manner—in the grave determined look on the boy's usually bright face, in the lingering glances he cast around him at all the familiar objects about him. As he passed his mother's half-open door, too—strange that she did not wake and hear the stealthy footfall,—he lingered and hesitated, as if he would fain have gone in. But with a gesture as if of determination to some decisive and important step, he seemed to collect his resolution, and passed out of the house, carrying with him the saddle and bridle, and went to the field where Beauty was still quietly dozing on the grass, already whitened by a slight hoar frost. She rose instantly at her master's step, shook her head, and neighed; while he, going quickly up to her, had her saddled and bridled in a few moments. Then he led her towards the front of the house, and tying her to the fence, went in to summon Ben very quietly and cautiously, and to take a small bundle which he had left in the porch. Everything

"Oh! he'll turn up all right," said Alan, wishing to hide from her the anxiety he was beginning to feel.

It was more than an hour after that when Ben's light step was heard without, and he entered alone, looking a little moved out of his usual imperturbability, and a little doubtful as to the reception he might meet with. He delayed answering the enquiries for Dan with which he was assailed, until he had carefully drawn from the depths of an inner pocket a sealed packet addressed to Mr. Campbell, in Dan's well-known, irregular, boyish hand. Then he replied to his startled questioners that Dan had called him early in the morning to go out with him, he knew not where or wherefore; that at Dunn's Corners they had met Ned Lindsay and Vannecker, the horse dealer who had returned to the neighbourhood a few days before. That they had all had a talk together about Beauty and the American army; that the boys appeared rather to waver till Vannecker had "treated" them to something to drink; and that then they had all started together for Carrington in Vannecker's waggon, Dan alone riding, while the rest drove; and that in Carrington Dan had given him the sealed packet, and had bidden him good-bye, telling him he was going a long journey, and would not be home for a very long time. That was all Ben knew; he had returned as Dan had charged him, carrying the packet; and his own sorrow at Dan's departure was evidently complicated by misgivings as to how far he might be considered as an aider and abettor of a step that would of course bring grief and consternation into the family.

The story was told laconically, and giving the barest outlines of it, which some at least of his hearers could easily fill up. The packet was eagerly opened and was found to contain bank bills to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars, together with the following letter:—

"DEAR FATHER,—I hope you and mother won't be very angry with me, but I couldn't stand having Beauty sold away, and Vannecker says, if I go into the American Cavalry, I can have her to ride, so I send you the money he has given me for her, and I'm going with him to take care of Beauty and join the army. Tell mother and Alan there wasn't nothing else I was fit for, and I couldn't stand working at a desk, and ask her to forgive me, and I'll try and be a good soldier and do credit to the family, with best love to all, no more at present.

"Your affectionate son,

"DANIEL.

"P.S.—You know I had a right to sell Beauty, for she wasn't yours, for you gave her to me when a little colt, but I only wanted the money to give you, and I'll send my bounty money and write soon again. He gave me a little more for Beauty, but I kept it for fear I might want it for something. Tell mother I brought away the little Testament she gave me.—D."

Poor Dan! How many tears, after the first shock and consternation were over, were shed over the scrawled, unpunctuated, unscholarly-looking letter, so characteristic of the rash, generous, loving heart that dictated it. But at first, as they eagerly and silently bent over it, they could hardly take in the meaning, and when they did, the shock was too great for the relief of tears. They looked at each other in blank consternation till Mrs. Campbell, with a cry of alarm, sprang to her husband's side. He had tried to rise, but speech and movement seemed to fail him. His frame wavered, and he sank heavily back in his chair, his lips making an ineffectual, pitiful attempt to form articulate sounds. The shock had been too much for him. Dan had always been his favourite son, having many points of resemblance to himself, and his undermined constitution, shaken still farther by his recent troubles, could not stand the blow. He had had a stroke of paralysis.

It is easy to imagine the days of sad watching and sad work that followed—sick-room

seemed the lightest of their trials, and which could not be delayed, even by sickness. The doctor who had been called in pronounced Mr. Campbell's seizure a not very severe one, though it had a serious aspect in view of future possibilities; and even Mrs. Campbell felt that it was the "beginning of the end." But, in the meantime, the prompt remedies had their effect, and to the relief of all, the doctor was soon able to assure them that, by the time at which it was necessary to leave the house, they would be able to remove him carefully, without danger.

The morning after his seizure, as soon as it was decidedly seen that he was in no immediate danger, Alan had gone to Carrington, to try to discover some traces of the fugitive, but in vain. Sandy McAlpine had seen nothing of him, neither had the landlord of the "British Lion." He must have gone directly on with the horse-dealer by train. The station-master had observed a man—evidently an American—depart on the previous day with several horses, and he thought that two lads accompanied him. To follow Dan farther would be useless, and he was much needed at home, so he had reluctantly to return, without accomplishing anything; only hoping that the vocation which Dan had thus abruptly marked out for himself, might turn out better than their fears at present foreboded. After all, as the landlord at Dunn's Corners replied to Alan's reproachful enquiry, why he did not insist on Dan's returning home—a question which he at first met with the very natural one, how *he* could have compelled the boy against his will—after all, soldiering did seem the thing Dan was most fitted for, and he might distinguish himself in it when he would in nothing else. But still his heart sank when he thought of his bright young brother exposed to all the privations and vicissitudes of a new recruit's life; and then of all the felt thus, how felt the mother? Mrs. Campbell's burden was a heavy one in those dark days.

Miss Hepzibah Honeydew came to stay a few days with them, to give them her efficient aid, both in the sick-room, and in the preparations for the removal. There was much to be done—more, they found, as the days passed on, than they had at all realized—and the energies of all were taxed to the utmost, deprived as they were of both Dan's and Mr. Campbell's aid. But Miss Honeydew was a host in herself, and seemed ubiquitous; now carrying into the invalid's room, with softest footsteps and cheery smiles, some delicacy to tempt him to try to swallow necessary nourishment; now diving into packing-cases and chests, stowing things, as if by magic, into incredibly small spaces, whisking miscellaneous articles out of Jeanie's inexperienced hands, and disposing of them utterly, before Jeanie, new to this sort of work, could decide where they were to go; and now cheering up Mrs. Campbell's depression, or Alan's drooping spirits, when, weary with labours that pained as much as they tired him, he would come in and sit down for a rest—watching Miss Hepzibah's expert movements with a half-smile stealing over his grave face.

"'Taint no manner of use fretting, Mr. Alan, my dear, about what we can't help if we fret ever so! Only, if there's anything as *can* be helped, just go right straight at it, and *keep* at it. There's nothing half so good for trouble as havin' lots of chores to do, even if they ain't just what you like best! So you may just be thankful you've got to do 'em. The Lord sometimes cures pains with blisters, as well as poor human doctors."

And Alan would listen to her homely philosophy, both amused and instructed, and would go out again refreshed by her cheery voice and brisk talk, as by a drink of cold water.



Mrs. Ward had been neighbourly too, according to her light—perhaps it would be more appropriate to say, her darkness. *She* had not time to offer *personal* help. "All very well for a lone woman like Miss Hepzibah, who was glad of something to do!" But she came and condoled with Mrs. Campbell on her new troubles, and asked her if there was anything she could do, and on receiving, to her relief, a reply in the negative, invited Alan to come and stay at their house the night that would intervene between the departure and the sale.

"I suppose he'll want to attend and see how the things go off," she said.

Mrs. Campbell thanked her, but privately thought it probable that Alan would not like to attend the sale.

Miss Honeydew did not like openly to express her opinion of Mrs. Ward or Lottie in the family they were to be so nearly connected with, but she internally soliloquised respecting the extent of Mrs. Ward's helpfulness and sympathy with her distressed neighbours. "She's a first-rate worker," she thought, "for herself—but as to helping other people!—" and Miss Hepzibah came to a full stop, more expressive than words. "And Miss Lottie—I'd like to know what's to hinder her coming over to help her friends—but that girl's as full of her own airs and freaks, she hain't no room for nothing else. Poor dear Mr. Alan! I only wish I could open his eyes! She ain't no sort of wife for him, no nor ever will be!" For Alan's infatuation—as she considered it—for Lottie, had been a source of wonder and vexation to her ever since she had heard of it. But she was far too wise to say a word to him against her.

At length the last days came, as all last days will. They were to leave the farm finally on Monday, the last day of September; and by the Saturday evening, the packing was almost completed, and most of the heavy articles and cases already removed to Mapleford, where the superfluous furniture—of which there was not a great deal—was to be stowed away in a convenient out-house of Miss Hepzibah's. Miss Hepzibah herself had gone home, to prepare for their hospitable reception on the Monday, having seen the preparations for removal through, as far as was possible, while they still remained in the house. So the family were left by themselves to spend the Sunday in a sad, silent leave-taking of the scenes and objects which, by long familiarity, had become a part of their very lives.

It was an exquisite day, that last Sunday in September. Indeed it seemed almost like a summer-day which had become hazy and confused, and so lost its way and strayed by mistake into the autumn. And yet the sunshine, though as warm as that of many summer-days, seemed to possess a character of its own, a sweet pensive languor, that seemed to mark it as a last effort of the fading year. The sky was of a soft, delicate blue, partially veiled by a faint white haze, not pronounced enough to be a cloud. The golden sunbeams seemed to rest upon and kiss the flowers more gently than the fervid sun of summer, and the asters and nasturtiums and phloxes opened their brilliant petals to meet them, almost as if they were conscious of the coming frosts that would so soon nip and scatter them, and were anxious to make the most of the present brightness. The faint wind hardly stirred the trees, though it now and then wafted a bright gold or crimson leaf to its resting place on the green luxuriant grass, and the air had the heavy, though sweet autumnal fragrance, that seems to tell of ripened fruits, and garnered sheaves, and fading vegetation. It was a day for enjoying the sunshine and the sweet air; a day for aimless, dreamy wanderings and quiet pensive thought; and notwithstanding the painful circumstances in which they were placed, the Campbell family seemed to feel its tranquillizing, soothing, almost comforting influence.

None of them went to church that day.

They were very tired with the hard work of the previous week, as were the horses with the heavy loads they had been drawing, over a rather rough road. And they clung to the dear old place, now that the last parting was so near. It would have seemed almost like leaving a dying friend to leave it for an hour; and even Mrs. Campbell, for once, did not urge any one's going to church. Mr. Campbell had been lifted into a chair and wheeled to the door, where he lay looking out into the sunshine through the tangle of golden leaves, and seeming to enjoy the balmy air. The shock to his physical frame seemed to have very much deadened his mental emotions, and Mrs. Campbell almost rejoiced to think that he, at least, would not feel any intense pain at leaving the old home. She herself sat by his side, her large Bible on her knee, now and then reading some comforting verse, but as often letting her eyes stray thoughtfully over the fair, familiar landscape before her—the sunlit fields, the little orchard, the shady winding lane that led to the road, which was soon lost in the still green woods.

Alan and Jeanie wandered about together, visiting dear old haunts, sacred now—many of them—by the sorrow that seemed to have cut off Dan so suddenly and so completely from among them; talking sadly over old days as they sat under the old butternut tree, whose spoils they had so often secured with childish glee, and heard the soft fall of the dropping nuts, which now they did not seem to care to touch. How often they had carried their treasure-heaps to a large stone near, and broken them with another, laughingly grumbling at the very small though rich kernel that the great rough brown shells enclosed. Then there was the little copse by the "burn," where the basket-willows grew, where they had so often hunted for the blue "flags" that grew in early summer on its banks, and the bright yellow "impatiens," or wild balsam, that came out later; and then they sat for a while on a large mossy stone under a spreading sum many of whose leaves already bore t deep blood-red livery of approaching tumn. From their seat, on a little kn they could overlook the sloping yel fields that lay between them and the ho —the brown old house with its glossy c pery of Virginia creeper, now glowing crimson, and russet, and purple; and t porch with the still green and luxuriant f age of the wild vine—only a yellowing l here and there, showing the touch of autun and the two familiar figures in the por with Hugh sitting near absorbed in a boc and the old grey cat contentedly basking the warm flower-bed. Ponto lay at the feet, his nose resting on his fore-paws, ar his eyes every now and then seeking h master's face. For days he had lain watc ing the unusual preparations with the bewil ered, uneasy look with which pet anima regard the displacement of familiar thing and the confusion that precedes a departure And now he followed his master more closel than ever, not caring to lose sight of him fo a moment, as if he dreaded lest, in the gene ral overturning of things, a separation from him should be included.

Alan threw himself down beside Jeanie, and lay on the grass, watching the soft, flickering, chequered shadows on the green turf, and thinking many things. He had not cared even to go over to see Lottie that day. He felt so depressed that he could not even make an effort to be cheerful, and he knew Lottie and he never "got on" when he was in that mood—it seemed to annoy and alienate her. Lottie certainly was not born to be "a daughter of consolation."

"Alan," said Jeanie, with a sigh, as, after a long silence, they rose to go, for the sun was almost down, in a flood of yellow radiance, gleaming through the trees and tingeing the trunks and boughs with crimson light, "No place will ever seem like home again —will it?"

at least!" For those bright visions which he had been indulging in but a few weeks ago, had become very faint of late, and the future home to which he had been looking forward seemed very far away indeed.

And then quietly and thoughtfully, knowing well the thoughts that lay unspoken in each other's minds, they walked back to the house through the soft evening light across the fields where the tame sheep and the placid cattle were quietly grazing, all happily unconscious of the change which awaited them.

Mrs. Campbell still sat at the door beside her husband, both of them silent too. The eyes that had shed so many tears of late for her wandering boy, had been shedding now a few quiet ones for the dear home she was leaving in circumstances so sadly different from anything she could have expected but a short time before. Perhaps, too, in those quiet hours, her thoughts had been travelling back on her life-journey, and she had been reviewing the memories, tender and sad, yet not without their sweetness, of the chequered, often sorely-tried, but still on the whole, peaceful years that had glided rapidly away since, a young wife and mother, brave, devoted, and hopeful, she had first come to live at Braeburn Farm. And those years of hard toil and incessant care which had ended for Archibald Campbell in what was little better than total ruin, how infinitely different they might have been, both to himself and his family but for that demon of "strong drink" which had seized his weak nature in its toils and wrecked his life and his fortunes! But when Mrs. Campbell looked at her poor helpless husband—a fond and tender husband he had always been—she put away from her all thoughts that seemed to reproach him, and only said to herself, with tears that would force their way: "Poor Archie!"

It was a sorrowful evening meal to which the family, seeming so few now, sat down. their time of trouble, giving them much valuable assistance, and who was for the present going to work with a neighbouring farmer, seemed to feel the parting as much as any of them, if one could judge by the intensely saddened expression of his grave Indian face. Hugh, who was somewhat excited by the prospect of having regular lessons from good Mr. Abernethy, to fit him for college, was the most cheerful of the party, and Jeanie and he made an effort to cheer up the others, but it was rather an unsuccessful attempt, for they were all thinking of Dan, the invariable brightener of any family gloom.

Before they separated for the night, Alan, at his mother's request, read aloud the sublime and comforting psalm whose opening words, "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations," have so often comforted those who have been made to feel the unstable nature of all earthly homes.

CHAPTER XIII.

FAREWELL.

"I prize the instinct that can turn
From vain pretence with proud disdain;
Yet more I prize a simple heart,
Paying credulity with pain."

CAREFULLY and tenderly—next day—poor Archibald Campbell was lifted into the easiest waggon that could be procured, and driven slowly away from the place which had been his home so long, and past Hollingsby's tavern, which he had said so truly he would never enter again.

They were all gone at last; all but Alan, who stood alone by the gate, late the next afternoon, after watching Jeanie drive off with Ben, who was to bring back the buggy after taking her to Mapleford. As he watched them disappear in the cloud of dust they carried behind them, an almost overwhelm-

ing sense of desolation came over him while he walked slowly back to the house, to attend to the animals and see that all was left in good order for the sale next day. It was a sorrowful task in his present mood. The very eyes of the poor dumb beasts, to whose comfort he was attending for the last time, seemed to look at him with a sad, wistful expression, as if they foreboded evil; and Ponto, catching instinctively his master's mood, walked soberly at his heels with drooping head and tail, ever and anon looking up wistfully into Alan's face. Alan went about the work of tending the animals very slowly, as if it was some relief to protract this last farm work of his as long as possible, fondling the poor dumb beasts, every one of which knew and loved him, with a lingering touch. Even the stupid calves and yearling cattle seemed to him like old friends, in whose steady gaze an unconscious, wistful pathos seemed to lie. The daylight had all faded away by the time his work was done, but the moonlight lay white and silvery on fields and trees, revealing every object with almost the distinctness of day, glistening on the glossy leaves of the Virginia Creeper, and throwing all the projections of the log walls of the house into picturesque relief. Alan stood leaning against the garden fence taking a farewell look at all the familiar objects around, which had been interwoven with his life so long that it seemed impossible they were to cease to belong to it. There was the old pump with the cattle-trough beside it, which he had so often filled, the tree with the swing in which he had so often swung his brothers and sister and Lottie, into whose branches Dan used to love to climb unperceived and shout down to them, half hidden among the leaves. Everything about him had its history and its associations, in which latter Lottie, too, had her share, though more as a child than a maiden. He was debating with himself whether or not he should go for the night to Blackwater Mill. On the one hand, there was the attraction of Lottie's presence; on the other, his dislike to just then enc tering Mrs. Ward's fluent tongue, that sc times touched sore places roughly. W he was considering the alternatives, returned, and he went to help him to un ness and put up the horse. Presently said, in his usual laconic manner "I Sharpley's at Blackwater Mill."

"How do you know?" Alan asked.

"Met him going down from Hollingsl with Mr. Ward. Heard him tell Holling he'd be at Ward's all night."

That decided Alan's course. It would only torture for him, in his present mood, be at the Mill along with Sharpley, and l ten to his silky speeches and insinuati compliments to Lottie, which always jarr upon Alan the more that he saw how w they seemed to please her. But a feeling anger, nay, of bitter hatred, rose in h heart, displacing the tenderer thoughts th had reigned there so lately; while he sai to himself that a bed on the cold dewy gras under the moonlight would be better tha sharing the same roof with one whom h had come to consider his enemy. Wha right had this man to come between hin and all he held dear; to sow trouble and pain in his life, and then cross his path at every turning? If he must come out to attend the sale, why could he not drive out in the morning? And what had he been doing at Hollingsby's? Another proof of the latter's perfidy! What schemes were they concocting now? As thoughts like these passed through his mind, he walked up and down before the house with compressed lips, and pale face, and contracted brow; all gentler feelings for the time put aside, and his heart given up to passion, nay, even a burning desire for revenge.

"What are you going to do to-night, Ben?" he asked, as Ben came up after leading the horse to its field.

"Stay here," said Ben. "Sleep on a buffalo robe."

"Well, I'll share your bed, Ben," said Alan; "but have you had any supper?"

"Here," replied Ben, pointing to a pan of milk—part of Jeanie's last milking—and to a loaf of bread that had been left behind.

So the two sat down together to their simple repast; and then Ben brought in the robes from the sleigh, which was placed all ready for the sale, and spreading them on the floor made a not uncomfortable bed. But had it been much more comfortable, Alan could not soon have been beguiled to repose. Long after Ben was fast asleep, he lay watching through the uncurtained window the low descending moon—silvery white against the deep blue sky—and resisting its soothing influence, while he nourished his hatred, and wondered whether a time would ever come for "settling scores."

Long as it had been before Alan had sunk to sleep, he awoke with the daylight. He had been dreaming of some boyish expedition with Dan, in the old, happy time gone by, and woke with a sense of something uncomfortable and unusual about to happen. Then came the realization of what it was, but he did not allow himself time to think of that. Ben and he made their rounds once more, and the former milked the cows, while Alan once again watered the animals. Then they had their simple breakfast, and Alan prepared to go; gathering before he went, a bouquet of the bright asters and nasturtiums and mignonette, that still brightened the flower-beds, notwithstanding a slight frost, which would, he knew, be an acceptable gift to his mother—the last relic from her beloved flower-garden. He set his bouquet in a cluster of brilliant leaves from the Virginia Creeper, and carried it carefully, to keep it in its first freshness, while he hastened his departure. People were beginning to come already to inspect the stock, &c., and he did not wish to run the risk of encountering Sharpley. So leaving Ben, who installed himself in a corner of the porch, to wait and see what would betide, he walked rapidly away to Mapleford, not daring to trust himself with another farewell look.

There is no need to chronicle the sale—more or less like all auction sales—the lounging groups of idlers, who came to look on; the keen group of buyers; the auctioneer, trying to enliven the tedium of "going, going, gone," with a few poor jokes; and the wondering looks of the animals as they were brought up, one by one, to be exhibited and endowed with every conceivable excellence by the imaginative auctioneer.

There were but few bidders for the land. One or two knowing old farmers observed to each other that the sale had not been sufficiently advertised. The result was that the land was knocked down at a very low figure to Mr. Hollingsby, who was, however, said to have bought it, not for himself, but for some unknown party. The loss of the low price must fall, of course, on Mr. Campbell, for Mr. Leggatt's claim was considerably more than covered by the amount realized.

Alan found his family as comfortably settled at Miss Honeydew's as it was in that lady's power to make them. His father was in his invalid chair by the sunny end window, which looked out on the outskirts of Mapleford, and on the blue winding Arqua, looking bluer than ever beside the yellowing woods on its margin. Opposite the window, the river swept round a sharp point where one graceful elm, all golden now, stood sharply out against the more shadowy background, and here and there the pale yellow birches, with their silver stems, gleamed out among the deeper-tinted foliage, keeping up the airy character of the graceful trees.

The view from that pleasant window was tolerably familiar to the young Campbells. Their visits to Miss Hepzibah had always

been regarded as treats since the days when they used to come to be regaled with fruit and sweets, and would afterwards sit, eagerly listening to her stories of the old times when she was young, of the "roughing it" of the first settlers, and of the Indians, who, in those times were much more formidable than a tribe of gipsy wanderers. Ben, in particular, used to listen to these stories, sometimes, with unspoken, unfathomable thoughts lying back in the depths of his deep lustreless eyes.

Hugh had already got out his books, and had gone off to Mrs. Abernethy's for a lesson, and Mrs. Campbell and Jeanie were at work doing some necessary sewing in preparation for Alan's departure. Miss Hepzibah was busy stitching away too, at what she would insist on calling her "*trousseau*," the few very modest preparations she was making for her Boston visit, and which had been rather neglected while she was helping the Campbells. She was to go into Carrington with Alan, who would see her on the train for her long journey. But Miss Hepzibah was a tolerably experienced traveller, and pretty independent in that, as in most other things.

The next day or two were cold, cloudy, and ungenial, with keen frosts at night, which made Miss Hepzibah's flower-borders look blank and dreary with blackened, blighted blossoms. Alan had various little pieces of business to settle for his father before his departure, including some formalities to be gone through with Mr. Sharpley, relating to the balance which came to his father after the debt was liquidated. This balance was larger than it would have been, had Sharpley not known that Mr. Dunbar was watching the case. But this Alan, happily, did not know. It was hard enough for him, as it was, to get through his business with Mr. Sharpley without any ebullition of the feelings whose outward manifestation he was striving to suppress. And he was naturally indignant at the comparatively low price for which the land had been sold, and inclined, though he had no proof, to it down in some way to Mr. Sharpl machinations.

At last, however, all was settled,—Al trunk, filled with his little possessic packed by loving hands; and the last partaken of together, for which occas Miss Hepzibah had provided all the deli cies she could collect, including a steami "Johnny-cake," for making which in p fection Miss Honeydew was renowned.

After tea Alan went out "to see wh sort of night it was." He reappeared, ho ever, directly, eagerly exclaiming: "Oh m ther, Miss Honeydew, just look out at t aurora! Jeanie, throw on a shawl a come out. You'll see it twice as well The two ladies hurried to the windo while Hugh threw down his books and fc lowed them, and Jeanie was soon standin with Alan at the garden gate, from whic they could see the beautiful phenomeno on all sides of them. From the zenith d verged in all directions, white, quiverin dissolving, disappearing, and reappearin lines of light, looking like a transparen curtain of light hung over the sky—a cur tain, however, that was changing its aspec every second. Behind this confused, ever-shifting dome of light, glimmered a deep rose-red glow, which also was ever trembling and quivering. Sometimes, too, the white rays for a moment assumed irridescent hues, adding greatly to the splendour of the effect, which was even awe-inspiring in its unearthly beauty.

"Oh Alan!" said Jeanie, after they had looked at it for some time in silent, breathless admiration—"isn't it grand? Doesn't it make one think of the great white throne we read about in Revelations?" she added, reverently.

"Yes it is grand, indeed," replied Alan. But he did not altogether like to think of "the great white throne." Perhaps it was the feeling of hatred that rankled in his heart that rose up against the thought of

the white purity of Eternal Love. But Jeanie had no such feeling. She had long since come to know by experience the Divine Reconciler, and her sweetest hours were those of communion with that unseen Eternal Love.

"How I shall miss you, Alan, dear!" she said, leaning affectionately on his arm. It was not in Jeanie's nature to talk much about her deepest feelings, but when she did give any expression, it was evident she meant it.

"Say rather how I shall miss you, all of you, and home," Alan replied, with a heavy sigh. "You must write to me soon and often, Jeanie, and tell me everything about every body."

"And about one body in particular," said Jeanie, smiling. "Only, of course, she'll write for herself."

"Oh, well, you can tell me all about her, too. Of course she will write, but I don't fancy she'll write very long letters. You know she's never been in the way of writing letters much, and I don't suppose it'll come very easy to her."

"Well, it won't be hard for her to write letters that will please you, Alan," replied Jeanie. "However, I'll write you all the news I can about her and every body else."

"And about Robert Warwick, too," suggested Alan, rather mischievously. "I shall want to know that the poor fellow has not broken his heart. Is that over altogether, Jeanie?"

"Alan!" said Jeanie, in a tone that convinced him that the subject really annoyed her. Presently she continued, "I mean to set to work now to study hard; and Mr. Abernethy thinks if I do, I may be ready to pass an examination at Christmas, and then I shall be able to apply for the first vacancy I hear of. How I do wish I could get one within walking distance of this place, like Mary Burridge's. It would be such a comfort not to have to leave father and mother and 'board round,' as they say most of the teachers in the country have to do. Fancy if I had to board in a house like the Lindsays."

"Indeed I hope you won't do any such thing," said Alan, energetically. "By the way, how are the Lindsays feeling about Ned's going away?"

"Oh, poor Mrs. Lindsay's been ill almost ever since, but the others don't seem to mind it much. I saw Kate yesterday in Mr. Meadows's shop, and when I spoke about it, she only laughed and said, "Oh, mother takes on dreadfully, but I say it's a great deal better the boy should go, and sow his wild oats."

"Just like Kate Lindsay," said Alan. "What a hard, reckless set they are! I'm just as sorry as I can be that she is coming to settle in Carrington, and has asked Lottie to stay with her. Much as I'd like to see Lottie there, I don't want her to be with *her*."

"No indeed," said Jeanie. "I'll try and persuade her not to go. I wonder, Alan, when we shall hear again from poor Dan. I can see mother's watching for a letter every day."

"Soon, I hope. He wouldn't probably have much opportunity of writing till he got to head-quarters, and then letters take a good while to come from there. As soon as ever you hear, you must write and let me know."

"Oh, yes," said Jeanie, "you may be sure of that. Now, Alan, the aurora is beginning to fade, and the air really is frosty. Look how the stars are shining out, where the light is waning; and poor Ponto is looking up at us to see if you aren't coming in. Poor fellow. I'm afraid he'll break his heart if you leave him."

"I'm afraid I must, though," Alan replied, as they went in. "I don't know whether I should be able to keep him, and I'm afraid he'd get lost, or be in the way. So, Ponto, poor fellow, you must reconcile yourself to your fate, and cultivate Cleo, and keep the peace with Tabitha."

For Cleo and Tabitha had both manifested very strongly that they considered Ponto as an intruder on their absolute and indefeasible right of possession. Cleo, after barking incessantly, with various melancholy and upbraiding whines interjected, had agreed to tolerate Ponto; but Tabby had kept him in a state of constant perturbation, growling ominously at him whenever he came in sight, and occasionally making sudden sallies upon him from her ambuscade under some convenient chair or sofa.

Next morning rose warm, soft, mellow, and hazy, an Indian summer day, breaking in upon the frosty, ungenial weather of the two or three previous ones. Miss Hepzibah had been up long before the sun, seeing to the packing of bandboxes, packages, and parcels, and to the giving of all manner of directions about her plants and her animals. Alan, too, had been up quite as early, and after a hastily snatched breakfast, had started off to walk to Blackwater Mill, to have a few farewell words with Lottie before he went. Miss Hepzibah, with the luggage, was to follow in the tri-weekly stage from Mapleford, which would pick up Alan as it passed Blackwater Mill.

Miss Hepzibah could not forbear stopping in the midst of her own busy preparations, to stand and watch Alan walking off, with hasty strides, after the trying family farewells had been hurried over; and she even stood for a few moments idle, ruminating on what she, with elderly, spinsterly eyes, unbiassed by Lottie's radiant, youthful, blooming beauty, considered his unfortunate delusion.

"There he goes, poor boy," she internally soliloquised, "right straight along to make a fool of himself with that heartless chit of a girl, that would as soon throw him over as not, if she saw anything that suited her better; and will, may be, and it would be better for him, poor fellow, than being tied to her for life. There's poor little quiet Mary Burridge now, would have him a ten times better wife; but he wc look at her, all along of her being Well, it's just like them all, to be cau a pretty face. Men are just so stupid

But even while Miss Honeydew th dulged in reflections, which are proba old as the world itself, as to the wa discrimination of the male sex in their affections on external charms, face softened a little, as she rememl the time when she had been a far uncomely maiden, and when she had told so, too, by one who—well, that long ago now, and the grass had green on his grave for many a year. he was not forgotten for all that.

At last Miss Hepzibah's possessions all safely stowed away, even to the bandbox and satchel, in the little lea curtained stage that was drawn up at gate, and herself stowed in also, wec in between a slim young commercial veller and a fat old farmer's wife, wit vacant place opposite for Alan. And tl after numberless grateful good-byes good wishes, from the friends she leaving with such good reason to remem her lovingly, the stage rolled away, and p Cleo was left loudly lamenting.

Alan meantime had made good use his time, and was within a short distar of Blackwater Mill. He had taken a sh cut through the woods, one which did r bring him within sight of Braeburn, for did not want to re-open that wound by anoth look. It was a morning in itself to che him to more peaceful and happy though so soft and balmy was the still, sunny a so lovely the delicate haze which, subduir the sky to the most ethereal tints, sprea over the landscape and the distant woods delicious softness and an idealizing tend grace, very unusual in the clear Canadia atmosphere. The woods were almost da zlingly glorious in the rich gold and crimso hues which the late frosts had deepened

Every variety of tint, from the delicate purples and faint crimsons of the distant woods, and the deep russets and browns of the oak and ash, to the light glowing gold of the hard maples and airy birches, whose silver stems peeped out from foliage that seemed to suggest the idea of a golden fleece. Here and there the general brilliancy of the colour was varied by the intermingling of the sombre green of the pines, and the arching, graceful foliage of an elm, not yet touched with autumn colouring.

Under foot, the yellowing brackens crackled and rustled, bounteous red berries glowed on the underbrush, and deep blood-dyed leaves of young sumachs flashed crimson in the shade. The stillness was perfect, only broken by the hum of insects not yet silenced by the frost, by the occasional rumble of distant wheels, and now and then, by the far-away discharge of a sportsman's gun, telling of some animal life destroyed for human gratification.

Alan walked rapidly on, however, hardly stopping to note the manifold beauties of the way, till he had reached the edge of the woods nearest the mill, and had only the yellow stubble fields between him and the river, with the mill and the house in full view opposite. He crossed the river by the little brown bridge of roughly-fastened boards, which ran across the edge of the mill dam, and from which you could look down on the snowy foaming waters that frothed down below upon the glistening black rocks. Just as he reached it, he heard a light bounding noise behind him, and, looking back, saw poor Ponto already at his heels, having, by force or strategem, escaped from captivity, and tracked his master through the woods. Poor fellow; how he jumped and fawned upon Alan, who could not turn away unmoved from his caresses.

"Why, Ponto, poor fellow! so you circumvented us, did you? Well, I suppose you must come to town and try your fortune with your master. Unless——"

And he stopped short, as if considering a new idea.

He soon made his way to the house door, which he found open, but no sign of any of the inhabitants visible, only the representatives of three generations of Maltese cats, basking in the sun, which quickly put themselves in various belligerent attitudes at Ponto's approach. Even Cæsar was not to be seen, being at the time engaged in propelling the churn in the dairy, whence Mrs. Ward at length appeared in response to Alan's repeated knock.

"So you're going, are you?" she said, wiping her hands on her checked apron. "Well, it all does seem so sudden-like, after all, I can hardly believe it. We'll miss you dreadful! Lottie? I guess she's out in the barn-yard, watching the threshing machine at work. Collins came along yesterday, and he's just got his traps set up and the horses started. But, I say, Alan," she went on to say, with the air of one who has deferred an unpleasant communication as long as possible, and lowering her voice a little, "you see, her father and me's been thinking that it would be better for you and her both not to have anything binding on you—either of you—just now, when things is all so uncertain. You see, you can't tell when you'll be able to marry, with your family to help and all; and so I think you'd better, both of you, leave it an open question for the present."

Alan looked very blank. This was a blow he had not expected, and he hardly knew how to meet it; indeed, he hardly took in Mrs. Ward's meaning.

"But if Lottie's willing to wait?" he said presently, glancing enquiringly at Mrs. Ward.

"Oh, I don't suppose she's in any hurry to leave a good home," said Mrs. Ward. "But that's one thing, and it's another for a girl to be kept waiting on from one year's end to another, till she's lost her youth and her good looks, and her best chances; and

may be something comes over the thing in the end. No, I can't have Lottie hanging on like that. If you come back when you can marry her right off out of hand, and you and she are of the same mind then, why, neither her father nor me'll have a word against it; but the way things is now, it mustn't be left binding on the child."

Alan did not know what to say. There was a good deal in what Mrs. Ward said, and he felt that the matter was not one for him to urge. If Lottie felt towards him as he did towards her, she would insist on standing by him, with or without a binding engagement. If not, what would be the use of trying to bind her? What would be the use of anything?

"Well, I must be seeing about the dinner," said busy Mrs. Ward, "for I've got all the threshing men to dinner, of course, as well as our own, and they do be pretty hungry when they come in, and can't be kept waiting. You go and see Lottie; you'll find her in the barn-yard, but don't be trying to persuade her to go against what her father and me told her when we was talking it over t'other night. She's a sensible girl, Lottie, and she sees it just as we do. Good-bye, Alan, and don't be downhearted; 'taint that we don't think just as much of you as ever; and if you was only able to do well for Lottie, I'd as soon you should have her as any one I know. And there's nobody wishes you better than I do."

Which was all quite true. Mrs. Ward had a considerable regard for the good-looking, obliging young man, who had grown up under her eye, and whom she had looked upon almost as a son-in-law already, and she was as sorry for him as was possible for one whose mental horizon was so completely bounded by personal interests that it was difficult for her in any degree to realize the feelings or circumstances of others. But though she wished well to Alan, and was sorry for his misfortunes, she must look out for Lottie's "chances" first of all, she thought. And with her idea of marriage being principally a comfortable settlem for life, she was certainly acting accord to her light. The close and tender un of hearts for weal or woe, outlasting all tr and dividing circumstances, even thou never ratified by the solemn seal of outw union, was a thing which had never yet be "dreamt of in her philosophy."

Alan went to find Lottie in the great wi barn-yard, where the threshing-machine v hard at work. He could hear its whizzi noise as he approached, and separate it fr blended sounds of the mill machinery a the rushing water, with which, at a distan he had confounded it. It was a bus merry autumnal scene that was before hi when he reached the entrance of the bar yard. There stood the great, tall machin gaily painted in red and blue, wedged in the wide barn door, within which stood tl yellow stack of wheat which its labours we rapidly diminishing. In front, the eigl strong horses were pacing steadily the monotonous round, moving the revolvin platform, under which were the iron wheel which, attached to the machine by a chai of revolving rods, were its moving powe A lad sat perched up at the top of the ma chine, deftly cutting the twisted straw-band that confined the sheaves, while anothe shoved them into the orifice for receivin them. Behind the machine, in the midst o the whirl of dust, bits of straw, &c., a man was busy fastening empty sacks, and remov ing full ones from the opening at which the clear grain issued, while another shovelled away the piles of husks and straw, and another carried away, one by one, the filled sacks to the granary. The "boss," or owner of the machine, a man with a sponge over his mouth, and green goggles over his eyes, to protect them from the chaff that filled the air, superintended the working of the machinery, and kept all hands to their proper work.

Lottie, with a pretty bright scarf thrown

cause she needed it, and a few scarlet leaves coquettishly twisted into her brown hair, stood leaning against the fence, making a bright spot of colour where she stood, and keeping up a light bantering conversation with the young teamster, a ruddy-cheeked, bright-eyed young fellow, in a gay striped shirt, corduroy breeches, and top boots, who stood on the moving platform, cracking his whip at the horses, and smiling across at Lottie. Some pigeons were sunning themselves on the ground, and picking up stray grains of wheat, their glancing, changing tints gleaming in the soft warm sunshine, and a large representation from Mrs. Ward's poultry-yard — Dorkings, Brahmapootras, puffy white Friesland fowls, and pugnacious young turkeys—had also found their way thither, and were busy foraging and squabbling over the golden grain.

Alan was close to Lottie before she was aware of his presence. As she turned and met his sorrowful glance, the smile faded quickly from her face. She knew why he had come, and she almost wished he had gone without saying good-bye. She did not like to face disagreeable things, and good-byes were always disagreeable, especially when people were expected to feel them.

"I'm going, Lottie!" he said, "will you walk up to the gate with me? The stage is to pick me up as it passes, and I want to have a last talk before I go."

Lottie turned, and walked away with him, after he had exchanged a few farewell salutations with the men, all of whom he knew as old neighbours. The Radnor people were very neighbourly in turning out to help their neighbours at threshing, or ploughing, or logging "bees." As Lottie and he disappeared, the teamster and the "boss" had their inevitable joke over it.

"Ah! lad, you're cut out, you see there. Pity you've got to stay and mind your horses, and see another fellow carry her off right before your eyes!"

he's gone! There's this evening to come, and all the fun and the singing—Lottie's the girl to go on with a fellow. She won't be weeping for him!"

Whereat the men all laughed heartily; for at threshing times, very small jokes will go a long way. It was as well, however, for the young teamster that Alan was out of hearing.

"So you've got Ponto with you!" said Lottie, as they walked on together, rather silently, for the first few minutes.

"Yes, poor fellow! I left him at home, shut up. But he's managed to give them the slip; so I suppose I must give him his own way, and take him with me. Unless, Lottie, you'd like to keep him for my sake. I'd like to think he was with you."

"Oh, I don't know! I don't think mother would care about having him round. She thinks old Cæsar's enough, and I don't believe she'd have him if it wasn't for his churning," Lottie replied evasively.

"Oh well, it doesn't matter," Alan answered quickly; "I'd like to have him with me if I can keep him. I only thought you might like to have him about, to put you in mind of me. Oh, Lottie dear, I hope, when I am away, you'll be as faithful to me as poor Ponto is!

Lottie made no reply, only kept pulling to pieces a long yellow plume of golden rod, which she held in her hand.

Alan went on to tell her about his conversation with her mother, and to say that, while he could not of course insist on holding the engagement binding against her parents' wishes, he hoped that would make no real difference, but that she would still be true to him as he would to her, without any formal engagement.

"And you'll think of me always, and write to me sometimes, won't you, Lottie dear?" he said, as they saw the stage and its team of white horses appearing in the distance. "And the thought of you will be always

till the time comes when I can come back and claim you for my own dear wife!"

Lottie said she would write; but she did not answer Alan's tender assurance with any reciprocal one. She felt embarrassed and awkward, and wished the parting were over.

"Well, good-bye, Lottie! good-bye till Christmas, dear," said Alan, at last, clasping her closely in a tender embrace, before springing across the fence to hail the fast approaching stage. It stopped a moment; the next, Alan was in his place, bending forward to get one more look at Lottie, and wave a last farewell. Lottie walked back very slowly through the warm golden sunshine—dashing away a few instinctive tears. She was fond of Alan, in a way, and she would miss his constant devoted attentions, much as one misses the companionship of a faithful dog. But the transient sorrow did not last long, and the evening quite realized the young teamster's prediction.

Meanwhile Miss Honeydew was doing her best to cheer up Alan with lively amusing talk, as the stage rattled on across corduroy bridges, and through deep, gorgeously tinted woods; past old brown stumps, wreathed with bright crimson Virginia creeper or poison ivy, its close imitation; past bits of marsh streaked with lines of rich colour from the wild-flowers still blooming in them; past yellow fields bounded by the inevitable rail fences, on which a stray scuttling away in haste as the stage clatte up; past fallows, where horses were slov dragging the plough; past comfortal white farmhouses and steadings, with th clustering orchards, the rosy apples s hanging on the trees.

As the day wore on to afternoon, in t second stage of their journey, the sunshine w clouded over, and heavy grey clouds spre themselves over the sky, looking watery ar ominous. The rain held off, however, ar the setting sun appeared through the brok masses of confused rose-red and purple the west, shedding ruddy lights on the tre stems, and on the distant houses of Carrin ton, and rosy gleams on the grey river th wound between them and the town.

At last they were across the bridge an rattling over the hard pavement, and pa the shops, where lights were glimmerin here and there, as the early twilight came on Alan helped down Miss Hepzibah at th door of the "British Lion," where they wer to spend the night, and gathered togethe all their various belongings, including Ponto and then betook himself to the cheerless little room assigned him; the light rain that had begun to fall, seeming quite in unison with his own feelings at the final closing of one chapter in his life, and the opening of another, as yet untried and uncertain.

(To be continued.)



THE HERALDS OF THE SPRING.

"For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

LONG hath the dreary winter's chilling hand
Been laid upon our frost-imprisoned land,
And long the North-wind's keen and bitter blast
Hath swept the fleecy snow-flakes wildly past
In powdery drifts and gusts of icy spray,
Whirling in clouds that darken all the day;
Or calm and still, the snow, with noiseless fall,
Sank down on tree and bush, enfolding all
In a soft, fragile foliage that might seem
The passing vision of a fairy dream,
And draped the earth in mantle fair and white
Crusted with diamonds glittering in the light;
Drift piled on drift oppressed the buried ground,
An Arctic landscape seemed to stretch around.
Too long our land lay bound in frozen chains,
And blank and dreary seemed the snow-clad plains,
For coldly fair such wintry glories show,
To eyes grown weary of perpetual snow!

But now, a gentler breath pervades the air,
The opening skies a softer azure wear;
The snow has vanished at the South-wind's breath,
And Nature wakens from her seeming death;
The lakes and streams, set free from icy chain,
Flash their blue waters to the sun again;
We hear once more the rushing torrent's flow,
The fragrance of the "unbound earth" we know;
The soft, sweet tinkle of the streamlet seems
To lull our senses to delicious dreams;
More soft and sweet the light of evening lies
On quiet fields, beneath the sunset skies.
She comes! Although we chide her tardy wing,
We hail the welcome advent of the Spring,
And through our memory breathes the sacred strain,
So often heard, yet gladly heard again:—
"The Winter's past and gone! the flowers appear,
The time of singing of the birds is here!"



Already, by our gladdened ears is heard,
The welcome warbling of the early bird;
And, ere the winter blasts are wholly fled,
The Sanguinaria lifts her gentle head—
Half shrinking from the rude, ungenial air,
It bends to earth its petals snowy fair,
As if afraid to find itself alone
On the bleak threshold of the winter thrown,
Yet, in its fragile beauty faithful still,
And firm its welcome errand to fulfil—
To glad our longing eyes with promise true
Of all the beauty soon to burst to view.

Ere yet the tardy snow the woods has left,
But lingers late in many a rocky cleft,
The tiny ferns their spiral fronds uncoil,
And the green moss o'erspreads the spongy soil,
While yet her glossy leaves are hardly green,
The fair Hepatica, from downy screen,
Opens her soft-hued cups in lonely bloom,
Breathing the spring's most delicate perfume;
Wood-violets follow, opening to the light
Their varied tints of yellow, blue, and white;
And Trilliums waving in the shadowy dells,
The bright Dicentra with its clustered bells,
The white May-apple 'neath broad shield of green—
Meet canopy of state for fairy queen!
With the striped Arum and the Orchis fair,
And Convallaria's waxen clusters fair,
The small Mitella's feathery shaft appears,
Piercing the withered leaves of by-gone years;
In the dark cleft of some old rugged pine,
Wave the bright blossoms of the Columbine,
While woodland boughs a snowy burden bear,
Breathing sweet incense on the balmy air;
The summer hours more gorgeous blossoms bring,
But none more dear than ye—sweet heralds of the Spring!

Kingston. FIDELIS.

IMPERIAL AND COLONIAL CONFEDERATION.

BY A. T. DRUMMOND, MONTREAL.

AN Imperial Confederation has recently formed the subject of discussion both in this country and in Great Britain. Some writers have thought that the Home Rule agitation in Ireland may yet possibly result in the British Ministry taking into consideration a more comprehensive confederation than even Home Rulers have entertained. Mr. Blake a few months since took occasion publicly to suggest the reorganization of the empire on this basis, and within the past few weeks our Agent General has discussed the question in Manchester. That the subject has received the attention it recently has is, no doubt, one of the results of our Colonial Confederation. The country has made rapid progress since the consummation of Union; a national spirit has been aroused, and the people have now awakened to find that, though they have in domestic affairs a national status, yet in their relations with the other colonies and with foreign powers—relations which may affect their gravest interests—they have not the smallest voice unless by the direct authorization of the Home Government; and though entirely disinterested, and desirous of peace, they are at any moment liable to be plunged into a foreign war, imperilling their resources, and perhaps sacrificing many lives among them. This political situation, and the concurrent strong desire to perpetuate the connection with the empire, seem to have suggested here an Imperial Confederation in some form, as a political change under which the Colonies would be represented at Westminster, and thus acquire some control over their foreign relations, as well as those of the empire.

Mr. Blake appears to think that the time may be at hand when the people of this country will be called upon to discuss their relations to the empire, and Mr. Jenkins goes even farther in regarding the political outlook as of such gravity, that it must be a question with us of Imperial Confederation or Imperial disintegration. That we are gradually approaching our political manhood, and that our relative position as a section of the empire must, as years go on, increasingly form the subject of thought among us, must be apparent to every one who has given attention to public affairs. An Imperial Confederation is a political change, which, could it be placed on a basis satisfactory to the contracting parties, might take effect at once. Questions of policy, however, frequently find their solution, even in the present enlightened age, rather through considerations of national glory than of national advantage, and it would seem as if, in this question of an Imperial Confederation, its commercial and financial aspects had been largely overlooked. No doubt it would tend to the national glory and prestige to further consolidate the empire, to more closely identify each member of it with the common interests, and thus to increase its power. Even to colonials like ourselves, with some national aspirations, there would be something fascinating in the very thought of what would thus, in the truest sense of the word, be a great Britannic Empire, and in the reflection that the name of colonial dependency would then be done away with, and that the colonists would not only have the opportunity of constantly presenting, in the General Parlia-

ment, the wants of their own sections, o
both their home and their foreign relation
but would also rise one degree higher i
the political scale, and become possessed
equally with Englishmen, Scotchmen, an
Irishmen, of rights in the government o
the empire at large. There are, however
grave difficulties in the way, arising from
conflicting commercial and financial inte
rests, from diverse elements in the popula
tion, and from the distance of the different
sections of the empire from one another and
from the seat of the central government.

It is true that the world has before wit-
nessed confederations; but they were of com-
munities contiguous to each other, whose
commercial and political requirements were
more or less identical. Circumstances are
different in the case of Great Britain and
its colonies. The industrial products of
countries may vary largely with their climates
and geological structures, and where in the
world would there be found, under one
Government, such individually large, and
yet diverse commercial interests, as those
presented by England and Scotland, with
their iron and coal; India, with its cotton
and rice; Australia, with its wool and
wheat; the West Indies, with their sugar;
and Canada, with its timber, grain, and
dairy products? It is, however, just possi-
ble that such a confederation might largely
change the current of trade. Sections of the
empire exist in every quarter of the globe,
and under every climate, and produce, or
can produce, more or less, nearly every
known industrial product. The Confedera-
tion could thus impose heavy customs dues
on nearly every article imported from foreign
countries, and yet, the people might have
those very articles at the very cheapest
prices, because produced within the Con-
federation itself. Still, years must elapse
after the union had been effected before
such a change could be completely brought
about, and under any circumstances—quality
as well as cheapness being an element in

problem ever submitted to a financier. Even if each section of the Confederation assumed its own debts, the present foreign policy of Great Britain, and the existing treaties to which it is a party, not only result in heavy present outlay, but might at any time lead to difficulties with other powers, involving large expenditures, in the incurring of which the different colonies could have no interest except that of sympathy with the mother country. Again, should the revenues of the Confederation be distributed according to population, what small shares would fall to the lot of Australia and Canada, enterprising and relatively rich in comparison with some other colonies! And even were financial arrangements arrived at before Union, would not the ever-changing circumstances of such differently situated sections of the empire give rise to constant agitation for alterations? It does not seem possible that a mutually satisfactory financial basis could be arrived at.

The formation of the Imperial Councils and Representation in the general Parliament would form another difficult problem. Is population the true basis of representation? Then India, with a race inferior, and yet improving to some extent in energy and intelligence, would have an undue preponderance; or would India still be regarded as a conquered empire? Similar questions would arise in others of the dependencies.

These are some of the difficulties which suggest themselves as standing in the way of the consolidation of the empire under an Imperial Confederation in its pure and simple form. Modifications of the idea have been suggested, but they all have some one or other of the obstacles above referred to. The least objectionable form, were it in the present temperament of the colonies feasible, would be that of a General Council sitting at Westminster, in which the United Kingdom and the colonies would be represented, each section retaining its present constitution practically unaltered, and imposing its own customs' dues, and appropriating its own revenues; and the Council having only powers affecting the general interests of the different sections in their relations to one another and to the empire, and the interests of the empire in its relations to foreign powers. Were the Home Government a consenting party to even this scheme, it would not be without the proviso that the colonies should bear their share thereafter of the general expenses of the empire in peace and war; and then would arise the difficult problems of what these shares should be, and whether the colonies are at present able, and, if able, would they be willing to undertake them. Should, however, a General Council be satisfactory to the colonies, and could an adjustment of the finances be arrived at, there would still remain the grave doubt whether Great Britain, so long accustomed to retain the power itself, and to regard the colonies as mere dependencies, would be, at present, willing to admit them as equals in the administration of the affairs of the empire.

Quite apart from the difficulties thus in the way of carrying out the idea of an Imperial Confederation, it may with reason be questioned whether the causes which have suggested it here, have, in reality, such force as has been claimed for them. Since the Union has taken place, the Home Government has shown a desire to avoid the diplomatic blunders of years ago, and to give the Dominion a direct voice in negotiations with foreign powers, where Canadian interests were involved; and two well known Canadian leaders have on separate occasions been appointed Commissioners on behalf of Great Britain in negotiating treaties with the United States. There is no doubt that Great Britain appreciates the situation, and that every reasonable wish of Canada in this respect would be promptly met. If our representatives receiving such appointments are untrammelled by limiting instructions

from the Colonial Office, and fulfil the trust reposed in them of furthering the interests of this country, what more need the people of the Dominion desire? If, on the other hand, these representatives fail to fulfil their trust, the existing political situation cannot be blamed for it. As to the liability of being drawn, through connection with Great Britain, into a foreign war in which Canada might have no interest, we may at present dismiss the thought. The power the most likely to menace Canada would be the United States, and that country has at last found its own territories quite large enough, and the South quite difficult enough to manage, without adding to their difficulties by attempting to coerce a strong and much more inimical people to the north of it; and, at the same time, it would have, through differences of origin and more limited commercial relations, a far greater objection to any other European power than Great Britain obtaining a foothold in British America.

In view of all the circumstances of the case, we may well let the question of seeking any political change in our relations to the Empire rest for a time, and devote ourselves more closely to developing the resources of the Dominion, and elevating the character of its people under a Colonial Confederation. We are not yet prepared for any revolutionary changes; and the advantages which would result from them, if they were at once brought about, are hardly clear. It is, however, the opinion of not a few of those who have given attention to the current of events of the past few years, that the onward progress of the country and the higher intelligence of the people will themselves develop in the course of time a change, and one which may be in the direction of a distinct national existence. It will not be sought for by us, such is our loyalty to the throne. It is just possible indeed that the course of the mother country towards us may suggest it; and under any circumstances, we shall probably, on adopting it, carry with us Great Britain's good will and friendly alliance. That it is even now the desire of some in England that there should be this change in the relations of the Colonies, is well known. However, the constitution, as well as the present wishes of the people, are opposed to it. In the Confederation resolutions adopted by the conference at Quebec, upon which our present constitution is founded, there were notably two leading principles laid down: that the executive authority or government should be vested in the Sovereign of Great Britain; and that in framing the constitution, the British model should be followed with a view to perpetuating the connection with the Empire. It was thus we affirmed to the people of Great Britain, and particularly to that party which desired colonial severance, that here there existed the wish to perpetuate colonial alliance. It was a happy result of Confederation that the mere proposal to adopt it should have elicited this expression of the popular will; and this expression of the popular will inspires confidence in us now, and in the future will bear its fruit in friendly and permanent alliance, whatever that future may be. Some few may think that the choice lies between Imperial Confederation and Imperial disintegration, and, inferentially, we may draw the conclusion that, in their opinion, a Colonial Confederation is not the phase of connection with the Throne best suited to our own and to Imperial interests. Such is not the opinion generally entertained here. We have deliberately cast our lot in a Colonial Confederation, and the time which has since elapsed has been too short, and the results, even in that short time, too satisfactory to make us long for any change. In the distant future, however, should there befulfilled the bright visions which we now entertain of the western territories teeming with population alike with the eastern provinces,—the whole country from Vancouver to Nova Scotia thickly scattered with manufacturing

enterprises; our merchant marine, already large, still further increased; our foreign relations requiring more constant attention; and our people alive to their position and appreciative of the duties it imposes upon them,—then will have arrived the time when, in the interests both of ourselves and of Great Britain, we must study deeply and decide on our relations to the Empire. Then will come a time when we may be brought face to face with Independence, not through our own seeking, but in the ordinary course of events as they are now happening. With the vast natural resources which we have of ocean and inland seas, of fields, and forests, and mines, and with a high-spirited population already large, and yearly increasing in numbers, enterprise, and intelligence, it must be apparent to every one who has given thought to the subject that a period will come when the relations of parent and offspring, however kindly they may remain, will of necessity, with such a breadth of ocean between them, be of a different type from those of early years. Maturity of years and self-consciousness of ability give a man an independence of spirit and a self-reliance which prompt him to cast aside the timidity of youth, and to cope with the world himself. It is much the same with colonies with energy equal to our own. They pass through similar phases, from colonial birth to colonial manhood, when national duties and national privileges are appreciated. That the attainment of this manhood may culminate in Independence is not a mere chimera. "I believe," said the Minister of Finance on the floor of the House of Commons but a few weeks since, "that every man who has paid any considerable attention to the question of the future of Canada is prepared to admit that, with us, it is a struggle for the possibility of carrying out a distinct national existence. This object, which we may sacrifice something for, if necessary, it will be the aim and the interest of the Government to see that we shall prepare to attain without making the sacrifice unreasonable and not beyond due bounds. Perhaps it is as well that we should be thus called upon peaceably to do what other nations have had to do by means of wasting war." We are, however, far from having yet attained colonial manhood, and are quite unprepared at present to assume the responsibilities attending an independent existence, even if that existence presented any immediate advantages; but every year of progress is leading us one step onward in national thought, in self-confidence, and in command of resources. The present constitution has unquestionably given a stimulus to progress. Canada may not, however, be the first to definitely raise the question of its relations to the empire. When the country has largely increased in wealth and population, is it to be expected that the Home Government will continue to maintain diplomatic relations with foreign courts and to bear the burdens of defence, without calling on the wealthy colonies to contribute a share of the expense?

This political manhood, which must result in a change of our relations with the Empire, may be in the far distant or nearer future; but let us educate ourselves into that high standard of citizenship that when it does come we shall be found prepared, as a people, to assume all its responsibilities. There is great room for improvement in the internal machinery of the Dominion. We want the right development of the national character, and to this end we must have the infusion of a high-toned *morale* among the people, freedom of thought and action, and the spread of education. Not least among the characteristics of the people, we need the infusion of a national sentiment through the breadth of the land, which will find expression in a love of our country, in a healthy pride in its institutions, and an earnest endeavour to maintain and improve them. The internal economy of the Dominion and the fitting of ourselves for a

We may say, that we know of many persons, most of them heads of families, who would gladly go there as colonists, could they procure a passage there in whole or in part. They are in different walks in life—farmers, mechanics, and labourers, who would be the very class of men for such an enterprise. Cannot some means be used to assist in this undertaking, as one which would strengthen and increase the influence of the British Crown and the resources of this Dominion?

LIVINGSTONE.

Obiit May 1st, 1873.

SLEEP now and take thy rest, thou mighty dead,
Thy work is done—thy grand and glorious work!
Not "Caput Nili" shall thy trophy be,
But broken slave-sticks and a riven chain.
As the man, Moses, thy great prototype,
Snatched, by the hand of God, his groaning millions
From out the greedy clutch of Egypt's despot;
So hast thou done for Afric's toiling sons;
Hast snatched its people from the poisonous fangs
Of hissing Satan.
For this thy name shall ring, for this thy praise
Shall be in every mouth for ever. Ay,
Thy true human heart hath *here* its guerdon—
A continent redeemed from slavery!
To this how small the other! Yet 'twas great.
Ah! not in vain those long delays, those groans
Wrung from thy patient soul by obstacle,
The work of peevish man: these were the checks
From that Hand guiding, that led thee all the way.
He willed thy soul should vex at tyranny,
Thine ear should ring with murdered women's shrieks,
That torturing famine should thy footsteps clog,
That captives' broken hearts should pierce thine own;
And slavery—that villain plausible!
That thief Gehazi!—He stripped before thine eyes,
And showed him there a leper, foul, accursed!
He touched thy lips, and every word of thine
Vibrates on chords whose deep electric thrill
Shall never cease till that wide wound be healed.
And then He took thee home. Ay, home, great heart!
Home to *His* home, where never envious tongue,
Nor vile detraction, nor base ingratitude,
Nor cold neglect, shall sting the quiv'ring heart.
Thou endedst well! One step from earth to heaven,
When His voice called, "Friend, come up higher."

PRAYER FOR DAILY BREAD.*

WHEN Sir Henry Thompson, with the endorsation of Professor Tyndall, made, through the *Contemporary Review*, his celebrated "Prayer-gauge" proposal that the Christian world should unite in praying for one ward of a certain hospital, in order to measure the efficacy of Prayer *as a physical force*, the audacious proposal naturally startled those whose appreciation of the nature of Prayer and its results was very different from that of the physicist. But the circumstance that a mere physicist, more familiar with the relations of physical forces than with those which exist between the human soul and its Divine Author, and unaccustomed to the Christian's view of prayer, should make so grave a mistake, was not by any means so surprising as that a Christian apologist should adopt so singular a line of argument as was chosen by Mr. Knight in his discussion of the subject. Those who call themselves by the name of Him who taught His disciples to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," and whose professed rule of life tells them that, while they are to "be careful for nothing," they are, "in *everything*, by prayer and supplication to let their requests be made known to God," could not but feel the most intense surprise that any one professing the same fundamental beliefs with themselves, should, while rightly denying that the true Christian idea of prayer is that of a physical force, attempt to maintain the position that the region of physical occurrences lies outside the legitimate sphere of prayer. For—Mr. Knight argued—"inasmuch as a Christian would deem it irrational or irreverent to pray for physical immortality, or for an alteration of the course of the seasons, knowing that this would be contrary to the will of God as revealed in the laws of external nature;" it is equally inadmissible to pray for the gratification of our desires, even in such matters as the fall of a shower, or the cessation of a pestilence, which, accidental and variable as they seem, have yet a sequence of their own, as unalterable, though not as clearly understood, as the motions of the planets and the rotation of the seasons. Therefore, he maintained that, as every passing cloud and breath of air has its appointed place and office inevitably prearranged in the general economy of nature, it is unworthy of Christians to offer up petitions, the fulfilment of which, if possible, might produce a disturbance of the general order thus pre-determined by God for the good of the whole.

To those who, believing in the inspiration of Scripture, admit its undoubted authority as a Divine Revelation, such a passage as the following is a conclusive answer to speculations like these, and it is not easy to see how any man, holding the professed views of a Christian minister, can get over so decisive a statement on this very point: "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain, and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months; and he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth fruit." Humble, simple-minded Christians will need no other warrant than this, together with the fact that the prayer which Christ taught His disciples includes

* Christian Prayer and General Laws. Being the Burney Prize Essay for the year 1873; with an Appendix—The Physical Efficacy of Prayer. By George J. Romanes, M.A. Macmillan & Co.

on the "impossibility of arresting the course of physical disease one iota," when he exclaimed: "But say in a word, and my servant shall be healed." If he had, would he have won from Divine lips the commendation that followed: "I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." And though, in this instance, the cure was miraculous, the principle of the prayer is the same that guides every Christian prayer for the preservation of a beloved life struggling with disease. And the Christian prays, leaving the petition and the answer in the hands of his wise and loving Father, leaving it to Him who knows best whether it is to be answered in the manner he longs for; leaving to Him also the method—whether the recovery he desires is to be brought about by "darting a suggestion into the mind of a physician," or by "altering the course of the disease itself,"—as a very trivial external circumstance will frequently do.

No one, save perhaps a fanatic or a fool, would be so presumptuous as to pray for the reversal, in his particular case, of those conditions of our mortal life which are clearly a revelation of God's will, on the uniform action of which all human calculations depend, and a want of confidence in which would paralyse all human energy. To do this would be as clearly contrary to the will of God as to pray for success in a course of action known to be morally wrong. But in all things wherein His will is unknown to us, we clearly may avail ourselves of the right to lay the strong desires of our hearts before "a Father able and willing to help us"—the right to obey His own command: "In everything, by prayer and supplication, make your requests known unto God." There will always, of course, be the reservation which Mr. Knight most truly calls the "undertone of all Christian prayer, 'Thy will be done.'" And, in the certainty that whatever that will may be, it will be what is absolutely best both for us and for others, we shall realize the promise which so beautifully follows the welcome command: "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus."

Mr. Romanes' Essay, above referred to, states what we may call the philosophy of this matter so reasonably and clearly, that we may quote a few paragraphs of his comments on Mr. Knight's view, which he thus discusses:—

"Mr. Knight proceeds:—'Suppose the petitioner knew the entire course which the disease was *certain* to take, his request would simply be, "Thy will be done;" but, inasmuch as he cannot know its course with certainty, he is tempted to ask that it may be as he wishes it to be, hoping that his request may be helpful toward the desired result.' Now this is a perfectly accurate statement of the case. If we are able to foresee the result with *certainty*, then we *know* that nothing short of a visible manifestation of Divine power could alter it; and feeling that we have no right to expect miraculous interference, we accept the inevitable result as the expression of the Divine Will. The case thus resembles, as Mr. Knight points out, that of an event already past, we perceive that it has been thus fore-ordained. But when the result is *uncertain*, who is to know the Divine Will *before the event?* To assume that prayer in this case can be of no avail, is merely to assume that prayer has had no place assigned to it in the pre-arrangement of all things—that is, to assume the whole question in dispute. Such an assumption, whether or not it represents the truth, is, of course, as an argument, fallacious; but Mr. Knight, in the next sentence, strangely concedes that it is itself untrue:—'I have already indicated how it may be so in the subjective reign of our own personality; how a suggestion darted into the mind of a physician may be the direct cause of the use of a remedy which results in the preservation of life.' Now this suggestion must in all its relations have been fore-or-

we can easily see that in such a case a kind and wise father would—for the sake of his children's real welfare—sometimes withhold his ordinary gifts, to teach them that they *were* gifts, to lead them to refer to the giver, and to awaken those emotions of love and gratitude, the absence of which must destroy all true filial life.

Such an analogy, Christians reverently trace in the dealings of God with man. We learn from His revealed Word that He has often seen fit to visit determined ingratitude and disobedience with natural physical judgments, such as famine and pestilence; and that, on a national repentance and confession of sin, it was equally His will to remove them, nay, that He promised such removal, on the condition of repentance and humiliation. It interposes no difficulty to say that both the visitation and its removal had physical causes in nature. That is only to say, that God produces physical results by physical causes, which we admit at once, while at the same time we believe Him able to adapt His physical to His moral government of the Universe. It is quite true that God is as truly present in the still, small voice of ordinary nature, as in the crash of the storm or the scourge of the pestilence. But then, man's natural tendency is to rest in the outward and visible, and in a course of unvaryingly prosperous seasons, to take God's gifts as a matter of course—to think and speak only of "Nature," and forget its unseen Designer and Controller. Bulwer Lytton, in one of his "Lost Tales of Miletus," depicts vividly a condition in which men should have no death to fear—no check upon their evil dispositions—nothing to dread or to pray for—a state in which Zeus is represented as saying—

> "Alas for men if Death has this repose,
> I could not smite them with a direr curse
> Than their own wishes—evil without end,
> And sorrow without prayer!"

Even a superficial observer can see how, in a season of drought or pestilence, the most careless are startled out of their trust in outward things, and impressed with a new sense of their dependence on the Lord and Giver of Life—a new susceptibility to unseen and eternal realities. Why then should it be unworthy of them to whom we believe the moral welfare of His creatures is the most important consideration, to include in His "chain of sequences," such a temporary withdrawal of His ordinary gifts as may bring arrogant men face to face with the fact, that they are gifts—not rights—in order to draw their hearts towards Him, even if it be at first only in a selfish cry for help? Pestilences and storms have their appointed sanitary effects, in the moral as well as the physical world. Even in the experience of private individuals, how often does it happen that a blessing temporarily withheld, a calamity feared but averted, is the means of producing such an increase of love and gratitude towards God, such a quickening of the life of faith which is at the root of all spiritual growth, as to prove indeed a blessing in disguise!

One of the most interesting parts of Mr. Romanes' essay, is that wherein the author deals with the statistics collected by Mr. Galton. While pointing out the futility of the proposed appeal to direct experiment which was contained in the "prayer-test," Mr. Romanes admits that, with adequate means of investigation, the physical results of prayer, if present, should be apparent. But he adduces good reasons to show that Mr. Galton's statistics, carefully as they have been drawn up, do not afford adequate means of investigation; for which reasons the reader must be referred to the book itself. Perhaps, after all, the truest and most accessible appeal to fact in this matter would be in the history of undertakings originated and carried on for the good of man; inasmuch as the prayers offered for the success of these may be assumed to be more free from selfish and impure motives than petitions for individual benefits, while the objects themselves

might also be assumed to be m
beneficial than individual longevi
or success. Now, those who hav
means of knowing, from both expe
observation, would not think it to
assert that, just in proportion as s
takings have been conceived and n
in dependence upon the Divine
in the same proportion has been
cess. Of course they would a
undertakings so carried on would
likely be such as a Wise and Ho
would bless, but this also is a result
Take a few well known instances,
the results have been vastly disprop
to the apparent means. A poor
pastor, young and earnest, and full
and prayer, but not brilliant as
mere intellect, settles in an obscu
among peasants far from rich ar
means enthusiastic. In a few years
his flock become the centre of wid
ing missionary agencies, carrying C
ity and civilization to the remotest
of Heathenism. Another German
with facilities as humble, becomes
ganizer of an extensive training-scl
Christian nurses, or "deaconesse
originator of a movement whose us
has become world-wide. Müller, of
resolves to found an orphan-asylum
principle of prayer, and the mag
result hardly needs to be described.
similar principle, Dr. Cullis, of Boston,
his hospital for consumptive patien
the results, both curative and financia
more than realized his hopes—the
being always provided, though ofte
before it is actually needed.

And to take an instance of a slight
ferent kind, Professor Morse, in finall
fecting his idea of the electric tele
during a voyage from Europe to An
reverently believed that the mental i
nation which at last solved his diffic
was a direct inspiration in respon
prayer—an instance which, owing t

ing, which is often a very imperative command, to some work that seemed beyond their powers, or rendered almost hopeless by opposing circumstances, have found their way unexpectedly opened, obstacles remarkably removed, or their own powers endowed with an added strength, which they have gratefully acknowledged as given in answer to prayer. To such it would seem both ungrateful and presumptuous to ignore what is as clearly to their consciousness a gift, as any gift from an earthly friend. Are they to suppress the evidence of their own consciousness, because the consciousness of others, who do *not* use the means of prayer, does not include anything higher than the operations of natural law?

Another test might be appealed to—that of the inward blessedness which comes to the praying Christian, *with* the gift if the prayer is literally answered, or instead of it, if it is not. So great a boon is this inward blessedness, that many have been able to say of it, in the absence of the gift they had desired, perhaps with passionate longing, "Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time when the corn and the wine increased."

They who have known the "horror of great darkness," in which the audacious assumptions of some positive physicists have seemed for the moment to have swallowed up all they held dearest and most sacred, have felt the relief of turning to some humble scene of patient suffering, where, amid poverty, severe sickness, and the shadows of approaching death—certainly in the absence of all the conditions that could on any natural principles produce happiness—the sufferer is yet happy in the consciousness of the felt presence and support of the unseen Friend, at rest in the "peace that passeth all understanding;" a state of mind thus beautifully expressed by the noblest of American poets:

"And so, beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar,
I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

But they know even more than this. They know that "in their Father's house are many mansions," and that the Friend they love has gone "to prepare a place for them, that where He is they shall be also."

The spiritual uses of prayer have hardly been touched upon, as not coming precisely within the scope of this paper. But these involve greater results still, and belong to a sphere in which science is altogether helpless. Her own most enthusiastic followers confess that when Science attempts to sound the mysteries of the Ultimate and the Absolute, she lands in utter darkness, and is obliged, admittedly, to "rear her altar to an unknown god." The little light she can throw over a small area seems only to make the surrounding darkness visible. In the language of Mr. Mill, whose words seem to re-echo Sir Isaac Newton's saying that "he felt like a child picking up shells on the shore of a boundless ocean," "human existence is girt round with mystery: the narrow region of our experience is a small island in the midst of a boundless sea, which at once awes our feelings and stimulates our imagination by its vastness and obscurity." The vital problems of our existence, "How, Whence, and Whither," Science can do nothing to solve. In the words of the poet already quoted:

"Death comes, life goes: the asking eye
And ear are answerless;
The grave is dumb—the hollow sky
Is deaf to our distress."

But through the darkness, has come a Form at once human and divine, to reveal to us that Unseen and Invisible God who cannot be found out "by searching," and to answer authoritatively the questions that are

of such vital importance to those who are so rapidly passing—they know not whither.

"As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun,

"So to our human sight subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We see in Him the Fatherhood
And love of God revealed.

"No fable old, no mythic lore,
No dream of bards or seers;
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the forgotten years,—

"But warm, sweet, tender, even yet,
A present help is He;
And Love hath still its Olivet,
And Faith its Galilee.

"The presence of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

"We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing words we pray;
But dim or clear, we own in Thee,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!"

Some positivists say that they feel no need of prayer, or of anything beyond the phenomena of external life. It may be that, owing possibly to the contracting influence of purely physical study, some may feel no such need. Yet even to such there must, one would think, come times when material nature fails to satisfy the soul, when seems arid and vain, when men and wo even the best, seem limited and disapp ing, and when even the assurance that manity is progressing towards some unkn goal, fails to meet the longings and as tions of the individual soul that beats va against the self-imposed bars of iron p tivism. One of the greatest of our scie fic men has but lately recorded the inter ing fact that, in his best hours, he has for upon his mind the conviction that there some mind far greater, and power m powerful, than any human mind, bef which all these truths which he was fee groping after were clear and plain. W should such turn away from a means wh has brought spiritual light and peace a joy alike to some of the greatest as well the humblest of the human race, who, taking God's appointed way, have gratefu rejoiced in a communion with the Father their spirits, which must necessarily "hidden from the wise and prudent a self-reliant?" The spiritual sphere has laws, from the very nature of the case mo irreversible than material laws. We a told to "taste and see that the Lord good." But if men will not taste, how ca they see?

FIDELIS.

HOW WE ENTERED SAN JUAN HARBOUR.

A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF A SAILOR.

IT was growing dark, and with the little breeze then blowing, there was but small chance of reaching San Juan that night. It was my trick at the wheel from six to eight, and as there was nothing to do, all hands were below except myself. The long dark line, first ahead, then behind, and again abreast, as the vessel swung round with the cats-paws, showed in what direction we should steer; and presently out shone the clear bright light of San Juan.

The sails flapped against the masts with such violence that the captain came up several times, cursing his luck and looking anxiously round for some sign of wind; and as the brig rolled, the water dripped from her side with a dismal sound, heightened by the slamming of the yards and the creaking of the masts.

About six bells (7 o'clock) there seemed to be a dark curtain of clouds rising up in the east; and as it continued rising slowly, I went down and called the captain. He came up and looking around, said to me, taking the wheel: "Call the mate, and then go forward and bring out all hands." I did as told. First we furled the light sails which had been clewed up to stop the excessive wear and tear of the flapping, and then reefed the foresail and foretopsail, and double-reefed the mainsail. All hands went below again to put on their oilskins and sea-boots, except myself who took the wheel, and the captain who walked up and down the deck anxiously looking first at the advancing clouds and then at San Juan light. "Its a thundering shame for this wind to have died out and left us here only four miles from San Juan, and a West India hurricane coming down on us, and that too when we're on a lee-shore;" said he. As I did not reply, he continued, "There isn't the ghost of a chance of running into the bay with a sneezer like this coming on one's quarter; and the next place is Arecibo, the worst harbour in Porto Rico, as every one knows."

Meanwhile, the clouds kept rising up gradually until at last they covered half the heavens; and now all hands had gathered in a group on the main hatch, listening to stories told by an old sailor of hurricanes, and typhoons, and vessels wrecked or never heard of after leaving port. The captain took the wheel, and I stood by the mainsheet ready for the gale. The mate went forward to his post by the forestaysail sheet; while the men clewed up the foresail, and then stood, two by the mainsail halyards, and the remaining two, one at the topsail and the other at the mainstaysail halyards.

We could now hear the moan of the distant wind, and see the long line of white foam which the storm drove before it. There was an unnatural coldness in the air, and little puffs of wind icily cold, came sweeping past. All was pitchy dark, the only things in sight being the line of foam approaching, the light away behind seeming to mock us with the hope of safety, and the dim darkness of cliffs above the town, upon which we expected soon to be driven to meet our doom. Every one held his breath and instinctively seized hold of some rope or stay to steady himself, as the roar and hiss of the wind and rain grew louder and louder, rushing down upon us as if it had been pent up for years in some reservoir, and

nothing to do but squat in the lee of the cabin and look at the growing cliffs, and feel the water soaking one more thoroughly, if possible, than before. Some sat in brooding silence, only moving enough to keep themselves from going overboard, as the brig rolled and lurched in the seas. Others kept calculating on the chances of escape, and tried, by pulling the remnants of the mainsail over them, to shelter themselves in some degree.

Little by little we drew in toward the shore, and the roaring of the long line of breakers came booming out to us, as if in warning, at every lull in the wind and rain.

Another long half-hour of suspense, and we seemed right under the cliffs. The light shone dimly down upon us, seeming almost like a star, so high and distant did it appear; and as the great waves rolled onward to the shore they lifted the little brig up and carried her forward, tossing her round as if at play; and as they passed her the undercurrent snatched her back to be overwhelmed by the next huge breaker rolling in. We had tied ourselves by ropes to the stump of the mainmast, and as a sea would break over the brig, we were raised from the deck and dashed the length of our tether with a force that threatened to cut us in two.

But we have not yet touched ground, and it must be that we are in the channel; and as we roll quickly on we know it is so. Yes, we have drifted right into the channel, and as the thought breaks upon us, one and all raise a shout of joy. The great dark walls are on either side and no more in front, and here and there a faint glimmer from the town shows itself to our longing eyes. The dark avenue by which we came seems to close up, pursuing us as if loth to let us pass its greedy jaws unharmed. Suddenly, a shock like an earthquake throws us down and we know that she has struck the bar; but quickly her bows swing round into the channel and we glide into the harbour, for only the stern touched bottom as she drifted in, broadside to the shore. It was comparatively calm inside, yet the wind swept us on towards the flats ahead. We tried to get out the anchors, but before it was done we drifted past a vessel in the harbour, tearing away her bowsprit and jib-boom, on to the flats, where we grounded in the mud; and getting out the anchors there, we went with our wet clothes down into the wet cabin to snatch a little sleep before daylight.

RUFUS A. COLEMAN.

Cobourg.

THE ROMANCE OF A BACK STREET.*

A NOVELETTE: IN THREE PARTS.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "Little Kate Kirby;" "Second-Cousin Sarah," &c. &c.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CRUEL TRUTH.

MARY MORISON'S avowal was a revelation unlooked for by John Dax, but he bore it with equanimity. He was startled, even thunderstruck for an instant by the confession of the sick girl, but not a muscle of his countenance betrayed him.

"Is that all?" he said cheerfully; "why it *was* yours!—it was always intended for you, Mary."

For him and her if they should ever marry—for her if he should die: for her at any time even, if distress were near and money wanted; and surely it had been wanted at a time of need, for her hands to touch it without consulting him. He could not blame her; could not express even surprise lest she should think he was sorry; and if it would make her happy, or set her mind at rest to say that it was freely hers, why let him say it readily. He did not grudge her the possession of it.

"For me—that money?" she said wonderingly.

"Yes, for you. What did I want with it, when you were struggling on here?"

"You did not say so."

"I thought you understood it."

"If I had it might have saved me many weeks of mental torture, John," she said; "and—why should I have had the money?"

"You were kind to me in the old days."

"Ah! so was Ellen."

"But not with your kindness. There—say no more about it," he urged, "your cheeks are red—this is putting you out, I won't listen."

"John, I must tell you all," she cried, "I shall never rest till you know my miserable story."

"Cannot your sister Ellen tell me as well as you?" asked John.

"Yes—presently; part of the story, not all. She does not know about the money."

"We have explained all that, Mary."

"Not why I took it—why I robbed you."

"It was not robbery; but go on, my poor girl."

"Why Ellen and I for years have stood apart, she will tell you in good time; what a cruel jealousy arose—what bitter quarrels—misunderstandings—for we were both in love with him."

"With *him!*" repeated John in his amazement.

"But I loved him best though latest—I did not know, to begin with, that I was breaking Ellen's heart to love him, and to let him love me back; but I think it broke when he liked me," Mary continued. "She turned upon us then—she separated us—she set my poor father and mother against him—even me, for a while; and in despair he enlisted for a soldier. Then my heart broke, too, I think sometimes."

"This is the story your sister should tell me, not you," said John Dax, very moodily: "for God's sake spare yourself."

"And me," he might have added, in that hour of his bitterest discomfiture.

"Well, well, you guess now why Ellen and I can never speak. When I discovered

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it was by her means he had been led to doubt me, I swore to Heaven that I would not speak to her in all my life again, till he came back to me. It was wrong, but I have kept my word; I may die keeping it. It is best perhaps to face my Maker without a lie upon my lips."

"You will live; don't talk like this," said John Dax.

"I may live if he comes back to me. Oh! John, I love him so dearly—he is the one hope of my life. He is true to me still. I would be at peace with Ellen; and for this, and more than this, I have been working on for years, with Ellen aiding me, in silence."

"I do not make out——" he began in his old confused manner, when she commenced anew—

"Let me finish, please, before my voice gives way," she entreated.

"Yes, Ellen and I have been working on for years to purchase his discharge; and we have been always balked at the eleventh hour. It has been impossible to save; we have tried hard, and we have been always poor. He seemed beyond all hope when the regiment was ordered to India, until the discovery and the temptation of your money came to me—not Ellen—never to her, who had outlived all love for him. I schemed on; I wrote to the Commander-in-chief's office; I studied all the rules by which he might be rescued; finally, in desperation, with your money, John—forgive me once again—I bought his liberty—his passage home—and he is on his way to me at last."

She had forgotten her fault in the thought of his return. John Dax could see that by the light upon her face. Ah! Woman is weak.

"When will he return?" asked John, in a hoarse voice.

"Soon, I hope," she whispered, "very soon."

There was a long pause; the confession had been made, and John had offered all the absolution in his power. But he did not move away at once from the bedside; he sat there like a man stupefied by the revelation which had been made, and which had cut down every fair green shoot of promise his own folly had allowed to spring up. He had served long, and waited long—and failed. There are some men who seem born to wait always and to fail in everything on which their hearts are set; and John Dax was one of these.

"You have not told me again, I am forgiven," said Mary, faintly, at last.

"I have nothing to forgive," replied John, as he rose, "always believe I meant the money for you. I never thought of it for myself."

He wished that he could have spent the money in her cause, as she had spent it—that was the one regret he had concerning it. And it was of the man who had been saved, and not of the money which had saved him, that kept him very thoughtful.

"You say this to set my mind at ease," she added.

"Don't think that."

"Presently we shall pay you back; when Alec——"

"Don't say anything more to me now, please. You are very weak still. Good bye."

He rested his thin hand upon hers again for an instant, and then passed out of the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

ELLEN IS GRATEFUL.

IT was thus that the idol fell which John Dax had worshipped. A wild fancy had given way to reality, and Mary Morison, of Gibbon Street, was a poor, weak mortal after all. In her passion and despair, she had betrayed the trust which John had placed in her, and taken his money to restore a lover to her side. The man's legacy had been the means of destroying the one hope

that he had ever had; he had shut him out of the daylight for good. He understo now why Mary had blushed and trembled late days, and before her illness, at meeti him occasionally—it was remorse. Th was no wild thrill of pleasure at that rec lection now. His romance was at an e After all, it was only the romance of a ba street, and what could such a hero as Jo Dax have expected?

He went downstairs into the parlour, whe Ellen awaited him. She looked anxious into his face, and said, reprovingly—

"You have let her talk too much. Y have been inconsiderate."

He was always in the wrong, poor fello

"I have been as careful as I could," I said, by way of excuse, "but your sister ha a great deal to tell me."

"Of our long quarrel?" she inquire moodily. "Ah, it was hardly necessary yc should know it."

"I think it was," he answered, though fully.

"And yet she was anxious about you late days. There was a reason for it, I sup pose?" she asked, a little curiously.

John Dax saw his opportunity here. Eve in his disappointment, he was considerate fo the woman he loved.

"Yes, Miss Ellen, there was a reason The money upstairs—you remember?"

"What of that?" was the quick inquiry "She—she—never——"

"It was lent to her to buy Alec's discharge, to pay his passage back to England; to help him in any way upon his journey," said John Dax, coolly and firmly.

"Lent by you—for her sake!" exclaimed Ellen.

"What use was the money to me, when she was fretting for the soldier?"

"You can never be repaid," said Ellen.

"I don't care to be," answered John, "though I am not so sure of it, for all that."

"John," said Ellen, seizing his hands in her's, "I did not think you could be so kind

well, John, let her version of the story stand. It is not deserving further explanation, and I am too proud to offer it."

She looked a very proud woman at that moment, John thought, and he regarded her as an enigma very difficult to solve. For an instant there flitted across the dull mind of this one-idead man the suspicion that it was Ellen Morison who had been injured and cast down, and who was deserving of all kindly consideration from the early days of a cruel disappointment until now; and then he thought of Mary, lying ill upstairs, and his charity sided with his pity of her. Mary had been deceived, and her unforgiving sister, Ellen, was the evil genius of her life; that was how he read the legend to the last.

"There is one more favour I want to ask you before I go away this morning," John said, after a long silence between them. It had been in his mind ever since Mary's revelation, and he had not found the courage to mention it till he was standing at the door ready to depart.

"You cannot ask a favour of us that will be refused, if it lie in our power to grant it," she answered, readily.

"It is in your power only."

"What is it?"

"When I first came back, I spoke of my foolish love for the poor girl upstairs."

"Yes."

"It died out, of course—that is, any hope I had died off clean when I heard about the soldier, and when we were arranging our plans to buy him off, and so on."

"I am glad you did not brood upon it at all," said Ellen.

"And my only trouble now is that Mary—Miss Mary as I ought to call her still," he added, apologetically, "should ever hear of my silly fancy for her. I don't want anybody to know this. I wish I'd never told you a word about it now."

"It might do her good to hear the story some day," mused Ellen.

"No, it wouldn't," John said, flatly contradicting her, "and it makes me look soft and stupid. I'm both—I know that. You know it too, and are smiling at me, though you try hard to look serious; but I couldn't help liking her a great deal once. But don't tell her so—ever—will you?"

"I will not," Ellen Morison promised.

"That's right," said John, evidently relieved in his mind. "I can go back to my work now, jolly. It seems all squaring round so well. Miss Mary getting strong, forgetting and forgiving everything you have done to her, and her young man coming back to make her heart light for ever and ever. Why, this is capital."

"And all this your doing," said Ellen, gratefully, and her hands were extended towards him again. "It is from your sacrifice that the happiness will spring. What have we done to deserve it?"

"You were kind to me in the old days," he stammered forth; "I can't forget it."

"And, John, we will never forget you."

"Thank'ee—thank'ee," he said twice.

"Our only friend—our best friend. God bless you!" she said, gratefully; then she released his hands and let him go away, standing and watching his thoughtful progress down the street, and whispering her blessing after him again.

He was not deserving of it—he had not acted as she thought he had. Mary had not left him the chance of being worthy of one poor woman's gratitude. Of these three shadowy characters of Gibbon Street, not one fairly understood the other to the end of time.

CHAPTER IX.

HAPPY TOGETHER.

JOHN DAX had become a hero in spite of himself, and there was no dropping the character. There were two young women grateful to him: Mary, for his forgiveness,

his warm-heartedness, and all he had sa to assure her that the money was her ow to dispose of as best pleased herself; ar Ellen, because he had done so much t bring happiness to the repository. It ha not come yet, but he was none the less hero. Heroism had been thrust upon hin and it did not seem, at first glance, as thoug it was agreeing with him. A good actio had scarcely been its own reward, and he wa dull and grave until the question came up permost one day—Did he regret all that h had done to help them?

No, no, he did not regret it. He wa not sorry he had parted with his money tc bring back Alec Williamson. He was glad of it; but he should not be truly happy until the lover's return.

This, or something like this, was his reply. He was only thoughtful for fear that his efforts had been in vain, and that the better times would never come.

For these assurances he was always welcome to Gibbon Street. Mary knew why he talked in this strain, and took the task on himself to screen her from suspicion. Ellen only read a noble and disinterested nature in the man who had done so much for them. There were bright smiles and friendly pressures of the hand for John Dax now—the shadow of his past estate did not fall upon him. They had forgotten their rescue of him from the streets in the winter's snow; they respected him—nay, reverenced him—as a man who had done much to clear away the clouds about their lives.

He came every day till Mary was downstairs again, and Ellen at her old post behind the counter. Here was the same situation as of old, but they were waiting for the change to it. There was a shimmer of happiness already about the house; there were smiles between the sisters; there was no bitter wrong between them, only the affliction of a rash vow which both were sorry for, and of which both were longing to see the end.

and walked back with him in the direction of home.

"Very glad?" she asked, curiously.

"Yes," he answered, with more firmness than she had anticipated, "it settles the matter, you see."

"I think I see more than this," she said.

"What's that?" he asked, with cogency.

"That you are the most unselfish man whom I have ever met."

"Oh! nonsense."

"The one unselfish man, I might have said, more truly," she added dryly; "and yet there was a time when Mary and I looked down upon you—pitied you and patronized you."

"And if it had not been for your pity and your patronage—"

"Pray, don't be grateful to us any more," said Ellen, shivering; "the times are changed, and we have changed places with them. Here is home."

"It will be like home at last, I hope," said John.

"Amen. I hope so," answered Ellen Morison, fervently.

They walked into the shop together. John hung back, and took a long deep breath as they approached the parlour, but Ellen Morison went in with unflinching gaze, and a step that faltered not. She had the courage to face the old love boldly; but then the love had died out, and was past any chance of revival. She went towards her sister, sitting by her lover's side, with her hand in his, and said—

"Mary."

The younger sister was weak still; she rose, trembling in every limb, and put her wasted arms round Ellen's neck.

"At last," she whispered; then both women were unnerved for a little while.

Ellen was the first to recover. She turned to John and confronted him with Alec, a tawny-haired and handsome Scotchman, for that early stage of his return.

"This is the best friend we have ever had in our lives," said Ellen; "your best friend too, Alec, for it was his sovereigns that saved you."

"Sir, I thank ye," said Alec, in a broad accent, as he rose and crushed our hero's fingers somewhat remorselessly in his own; "I am prood to make yeer acquaintance. A freend of my Mary's is a freend of mine for life, sir—for life."

"You are very good," said John, when he had got his hand out of the vice.

"You will be glad to hear, John," said Mary, "that Alec has seen some of his relations, and he is likely to obtain a situation almost at once."

"Yes; I am glad of that," echoed John.

"In a wholesale warehouse—somewhere. Then we shall begin saving for you," cried Mary; "putting by something every week—"

"If ever so little," added Alec cautiously.

"—— to pay off the debt we owe you."

"You need not trouble about that for a year or two," answered John.

"Sit ye down, mon—sit ye down. Ye hae been a guid freend to us," cried Alec heartily; and John sat down for a few minutes, and stared at the fire, and thought himself very much in the way of all this happiness, which had come in a great rush to Gibbon Street at last.

He was uncomfortably conscious, too, that Ellen Morison watched him more furtively than he watched the lovers, and he resented this in his heart. He did not like to meet her eyes—to see in them a concern for him—a fear lest he should break down and make a scene there; as if he were not above that kind of thing, and strong as a lion! He had accomplished his task, and every one was content, and it would soon be time for him to leave these lovers to themselves, although it was difficult to quit them in the face of their united protestations for him to remain.

Presently they seemed to forget him more, and to talk in a lower tone of the past and the future, without much respect for the "proprieties." Alec put his arm round Mary's waist, and drew her closely to his side, whilst the fair young head drooped trustfully and affectionately upon the shoulder of her lover. Now and then Alec addressed the company generally—talked a great deal of his chances in the world, and a great deal more about himself, allowing his listeners to see, if they cared to see, that he had a very strong idea in his mind that he was a clever sort of fellow. He was hardly the hero whom John had pictured claiming Mary Morison—he was too big and boisterous and beefy; but he loved the little dressmaker very much, and Mary was very fond of him, and they would live happily for ever afterwards.

John Dax was interested in his conversation. "I should think soldiering not a bad idea for a man, take it altogether," he observed.

"Ay, for a mon wha goes awa' to serve his countrie honestly," cried Alec; "for there's glory in it. But its vera ill soldiering with a trooble or a wrang at the heart."

"Ay—but for a fellow with no ties, no wrongs, no troubles—nothing to keep him at a trade, and only an empty top room that he can call home—I should say the army was the thing, now."

"Why, *you* are not thinking of the army, John?" said Mary, with a merry little laugh at the idea.

"Why should I?" rejoined John, laughing too for a minute, and whilst Mary was looking at him; and then the subject was dismissed, and the lovers began to whisper together again.

John Dax was sure that he must be considerably in the way; he was quite sure of it when Alec and Mary forgot him altogether, and Alec's big red whisker—the left one—was crushed against the cheek of his betrothed, and Alec looked down into her eyes, and once kissed her unblushingly before company. There was no particular etiquette about this kind of thing in Gibbon Street, and John was not shocked at the demonstration. He was only certain that it would be perfectly advisable to get away from it all, and when a chance customer took Ellen away, he seized the opportunity of the door being ajar, to walk softly from the parlour, too. He was right. Alec and Mary did not know that he had gone, that he was passing cautiously, almost on tip-toe, across the step towards the fresh air beyond. He looked at Ellen, and nodded a good night, and, from her post behind the counter, she said:—

"Wait an instant, John."

He waited at her request, till the customer was served, standing at the door, and looking dreamily down the ill-lighted street. Ellen Morison startled him at last, by her hand upon his shoulder.

"Have you bidden them good-bye?" she asked.

"N—no. They were busy."

"Busy?"

"That is, they were very happy, sweethearting," he said, "and it was a pity to disturb them."

"But you are going away for a long while?"

"How do you know?" asked John, surprised at this exhibition of clear-sightedness.

"I read it in your face to night. Is it not true?"

"Well—yes, for——."

"For what?"

"For it's no use coming to trouble either of you again. I—I shan't want to come now."

"They will be glad to see you at the wedding."

"Oh! no," cried John; "no, thank you!"

"You are her friend, and mine, and we are short of friends. Mary will go soon to her new home, and I shall be very lonely here, if even *you* will not look in to say 'Good evening' sometimes."

Her voice faltered, but he did not perceive it. If she were making love to him, he

never knew it—never took the hint conveyed by Ellen's manner—never thought it possible to be loved, even by a good-looking girl a little older than himself. He had sketched forth his future, too, and he went away that night in search of it.

He bade Ellen good-bye. He desired her to remember him kindly—most kindly, to Mary and to Alec. He promised to write some day soon, so that they might know where to send the money to him when they wanted; and then Ellen Morison watched him out of her sight into the night-mists, that were thick in Gibbon Street, and through which the lonely man was never seen returning to a woman still more lonely than himself.

John Dax enlisted for a soldier, and died of fever on the Gold Coast, before he had ever smelt powder. Even in the pursuit of glory, it was his ill-fortune to meet Yellow Jack instead. He was one of the many who are for ever out of luck's way.

THE END.

CENTRAL AMERICAN SKETCHES.

BY H. H.

III.

Reach Tactic—Change of climate—Arrival at San Geromino—Historical Sketch—The Spanish Conquest—Dominican Missionaries—Slavery—Separation from Spain—Expulsion of Religious Orders—Confiscation of their Property—Indian converts to Christianity—Their attachment to the Church of Rome—Honours to Patron Saints—Usury—Religious Dances and Masquerades—Prayer Days and Feasts—Musical Instruments—The Marimba—Native Tunes—Kissing Images of Saints—Drunkenness and Bloodshed—Christmas Celebration—Procession of the Virgin and the child Jesus.

SHORTLY after leaving our resting place, we arrived at the town of San Miguel Tucuru, where the climate becomes more temperate, and the population increases. At nightfall we reached the town of Tactic, containing about 10,000 inhabitants, all pure Indians, excepting about a dozen families of "ladinos," or half-whites. The town is in the middle of a narrow valley, about 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, shut in on each side by high mountains.

The change in the temperature, from the heat of the coast to the damp, chilly weather of Tactic, is a great trial to the traveller, especially when his bed consists of a tall dining table, with saddle clothes for mattress, and a saddle for a pillow. Our party was here augmented by the arrival from Coban of a young English naturalist, who has since then become one of the leading ornithologists of Europe.

We left Tactic, on our last day's ride, in a thick fog, which continued as long as we remained on the watershed of the Polichic. After riding about four leagues, we cross a low hill into the watershed of the Rio de la Pasion, and there is at once a total and complete change in soil, climate, and every other natural feature. We were now in the region of pine and oak forests on the mountain sides, and arid, bare valleys. The luxuriant vegetation and constant rainfall of the Polichic district give way to burnt-up plains and mountains, and to the short periodical rainy season from June to October, known as the winter. After a day's ride, we arrived at the summit of a mountain called Cachil, about 5 p.m., and had

the first sight of the extensive plain
Salamá, at one end of which was our dest
nation. The setting sun was just lightin
up, with its last glow, the surrounding mou
tains, of which we could see chain upo
chain, forming a magnificent panorama.

The history of San Geromino, where
lived for many years, is almost contempo
ary with that of the country, from its firs
occupation by the Spaniards. It was owne
by the Dominican Order of Friars fo
two centuries, during which time it wa
their principal residence in the country, al
though they had other estates and convents
both in the capital and in outlying districts

The occupation of Guatemala by th
Spaniards was effected shortly after th
conquest of Mexico, by a band of Spani
ards and friendly Indians, under Alvarado
who, in bravery and the characteristic ad
venturous spirit of the times, was second
only to Cortez. On leaving Mexico he
followed a south-easterly course through
Chiapas, Suconusco, and Quesaltenango, to
what was then the capital of the country o
Qualitemallán (the place of decayed wood).
Some old Spanish writers claim that its in-
habitants, being tributary to the Mexican
Indians, who had been conquered by the
Spaniards, owed their allegiance to Cortez,
and that Alvarado was sent to claim their
submission.

He had to fight his way from town to
town, until his arrival at the capital of the
Utátlán Indians, supposed by some to have
been where now the village of Tecpán,
Guatemala, lies, and by others Quiché,
where there are still traces of the existence
of a large city.

This large and populous district subdued,
he proceeded, until he reached what is now
the plain of the Antigua (old) Guatemala,
situated at the foot of the volcano of
"Agua," and between that and the vol-
cano of "Fuégo" (water and fire). It was
at the foot of Agua that he founded the first
Spanish capital, which he called Santiago

Vera Paz, should be exclusively under the ecclesiastical rule of the Dominicans, and that the parish priests should belong to that order. In 1872, they were still in possession of this privilege, which they had retained, with only a slight break, from the time it was first granted; they have thus been the only spiritual guides the Department has known, and whatever customs exist have been established and sanctioned by them.

They were also given a large tract of country in Lower or Southern Vera Paz, and to this they added, from time to time, until they were the proprietors of all the land from the Rio Motagua to near Tactic (with the exception of the land upon which the town of Salamá is built), a distance of about thirty miles, and varying in breadth from five to twenty miles.

In the early days of Spanish conquest in America, the settlers practised great cruelty amongst the natives, and but for the work of many of the friars, their extermination by their new masters would have been complete. It was at this time that Las Casas, a Dominican friar, commenced his labours in favour of the Indians, by visiting the conquered countries in succession, and preaching to his countrymen more humane treatment of their slaves. Failing to make much impression, he returned to Spain, to make the Government of the day acquainted with the barbarous cruelty by means of which the Indians were being killed off.

When we consider the enormous extent of territory which the conquests of Spain covered; the difficulties of travel from one to another, and the primitive condition of the navigation; the travels and labours of this good man in pursuance of the object of his life, must excite our admiration. The opposition he encountered and overcame from the adventurers, whose interest it was to enslave the conquered people, and the fact that he was successful in obtaining a royal decree to secure the perpetual liberty of the Indian tribes, make him worthy to hold a high place amongst the Christian heroes of the world.

But, by a strange anomaly, the great work done by the Dominican order was nullified by their introduction of another kind of slavery. While they considered it a crime to enslave the Indians, it was no sin to possess negro slaves; and, wherever they held property, it was worked by slave labour, and they, more than any other body, were responsible for the existence of slavery in Guatemala.

On the declaration of separation from Spain by the Central American States, in 1821, slavery was at the same time abolished, and shortly afterwards all the property owned by religious bodies was confiscated by the State, and the members of the orders expelled. The Act of Confiscation obtained the approval of the Papal See, and although the Friars returned, they were unable to recover their property; but the ecclesiastical rights they had enjoyed in Vera Paz were restored to them in 1840.

On the introduction of Christianity, the priest found it necessary to combine with it many of the superstitions and ceremonies of the Indians, and as no efforts have been made to civilize them beyond the point obtained at the outset, the purely Indian towns retain, at the present day, the same customs which existed in the sixteenth century.

Every feast, and every pleasure which the Indians know, is connected with their religion, and their attachment to the Roman church is unbounded. The greatest stimulant to work which they know is to obtain the money due to their patron Saint, and the tithes to be paid to the priest. Their towns are divided into Cofradias, a kind of religious society, dedicated to the service of some Saint. In the town of Coban, the capital of Upper Vera Paz, there were, in 1872, 22 Cofradias, each employing from 20 to 60 men. More than 1,000 men were constantly employed to further the Saints' interests.

Each saint has a house, in which he is supposed to live: a life-sized image occupies altar in the middle of the principal room the house, and, when at home, it is dress in a white linen garment, with a strap rou the waist; his holiday clothes, consisting velvet dresses, with gold and silver orn ments and the other insignia of the Cofradi being locked up in a box. At one side the court-yard there is a smaller dwellin inhabited by the person whose duty it is t take care of the saint, to keep the hous clean, and do all the menial offices of th residence.

The patron saint of the town is St. Do mingo, and the customs of all the other being the same, with the exception of a fe details, his cofradia forms a good exampl of all. The day after his natal feast, there is meeting of his devotees, to elect the officer for the year, to whom the funds belonging to the saint are handed. The majordomo, or head officer, is compelled to make these funds produce an interest of not less than 24 per cent. during the year; and if he cannot lend the money at that rate, he has to trade it through some of the members of the Cofradia.

Attached to the Cofradia there is a company of dancers, who meet at stated periods at the residence, to practise the baile, a masquerade, representing the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, one part representing Montezuma and his Court, and the other the Spaniards. What they consider appropriate dresses and masks, are worn, which are paid for out of the Saint's revenue. There are also days set apart for the Rezo, or prayer, when the devotees kneel before the Saint, praying a full rosary, in the intervals of which there are hired musicians playing lively music, polkas, waltzes, &c., but no music of a religious character. This over, rum is distributed, but not in any great quantity. At the celebration of the principal feasts of the church, or those of the other saints, the Saint is dressed in his robes,

india-rubber, with which he beats the instrument, thus producing a tone very much like that of the rock harmonium, which was probably copied from the marimba. In addition to this, the band consists of a violin of native manufacture; a guitar, the back of which is formed out of a gourd; a rude kind of drum; and a harp. The tunes they play, called "Sones," are mostly native in their composition, and some of them are surprisingly pretty,—many of them resembling the old-fashioned English country-dance tunes.

After playing at the Saint's house whilst he is properly adorned, a procession is formed, and he is taken to church. The masquers precede him, and the musicians follow them. The entrance to church is announced by a discharge of rockets and the ringing of the church bells, which serve as a signal to the other Saints to join him. The musicians sit at the church door, and the masquers finish the day dancing in front of the church, which they scarcely leave so long as the Saint is inside.

The mass on the morning of the Saint's day is the usual high mass of the Roman Catholic Church, but for several hours before, the marimba, drum, and whistle have been playing.

On the elevation of the Host, dozens of rockets are let off in front of the church, and on the conclusion of the mass there is a procession of all the saints and their attendants, the priest following St. Domingo; after passing through the principal streets of the town, they re-enter the church, more rockets are fired, and about mid-day the Saint is taken to his home. On his arrival he is again placed on the altar, which is profusely decorated. The musicians seat themselves on a bench at one end of the room, and play whilst the devotees are paying their visit to the Saint.

Every Indian, on entering the room, takes off his hat and goes to the Saint, with folded arms, and after kissing the feet of the image, he puts on his hat, throws his handkerchief over his shoulder, and begins to dance in front of the Saint, after which he deposits a small coin on a plate, and receives a glass of rum. Males and females go through the same ceremony, all dance and all drink, and during the rest of the day the people in and around the place give themselves up to excessive drinking of neat white rum, until the floor of the room and ground outside are covered with Indians, men and women. I have seen the musicians seated at their instruments with the head drooping, but the hands and body stiff and cold, the counterpart of death. Quarrels occur not unfrequently, and men who, a few moments before, have been kneeling with solemn reverence before the Saint, will draw their knives on each other, and there are few feasts in which blood is not shed. Thus invariably ends a religious feast of the Indians of Vera Paz. The scandal is tolerated by the priests, though they do not join in them; but I never knew one bold enough to try to prevent this horrible depravity on the part of the poor people whose souls he had in his keeping.

The only town in Vera Paz where the Indian population does not predominate is San Geromino. The place was originally the convent of the Dominicans, who, from a very early time, kept cattle and horses, and subsequently cultivated the sugar cane. In the English Legation there is a copy of a rare and curious work, written by Friar Thomas Gage (an English Dominican, who visited the country in the reign of Queen Elizabeth), in which he speaks of his visit to San Geromino, which was then famous for its breed of horses; and it is undoubtedly the oldest worked estate in the country. Negro slaves appear to have been introduced by the friars from a very early day, and were augmented from time to time by some of the brethren going to Cuba or St. Domingo to buy them, male and female.

In this manner, a town grew up round the

convent, of a people, distinct in many r spects from any other in the country. Re gious celebrations, together with cock-figh ing, were the only pleasures which the slav knew; and the monks having adapted son of the processions to the love of fun an humour of the negro race, there are son curious customs amongst them.

What we call old Christmas-Day, or th Epiphany, is known in the Church of Rom in Guatemala as " El dia de los Reyes," (th day of the kings). It ends a series of cel brations, in honour of the birth of Chris which begin on Christmas Eve, at whic time the image of the Virgin is taken t church. At the head of the procession ther are a number of boys, each wearing hideous mask, and having a whip in on hand and a rattle in the other. They ac company the procession to the church-door shouting, and cracking their whips. On arriving at the church they close in a body, and are supposed to represent evil spirits trying to prevent the Virgin from entering the church. The bearers of the image press through them, on which they give a howl of disappointment and retire. On the night of Christmas-Day there is another procession, this time of the child Jesus; lanterns are hung outside the houses, from all of which rockets are fired as the procession passes. From thenceforward there are daily processions until the afternoon of January 6th, when the Cortesias or Salutations of the kings take place.

Where the A. V. version of the Bible speaks of the visit to the young child Jesus as being made by wise men, who fell down and worshipped him, after which they presented their offerings, the Church of Rome interprets " the wise men " into " kings," and Paul Veronese, in his picture of the " Adoration of the Magi," follows the same idea, and makes the magi to be kings—two being white men and one black, evidently making them representatives of the whole human family.

make their final but ineffectual effort to prevent. The bells clang out a noisy clamour and the people then all disperse as their desires lead them.

(*To be continued.*)

TO THE MAYFLOWER OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THOU tender, fragrant thing,
Child of the early May,
Born where the wild birds sing,
And the trees' dark shadows play.

Hid in thy mossy lair,
'Neath the white snow-drift pressed,
Thou sighest to be by the gentle air
Of thy mother Spring caressed.

And when the April shower
Bears the soft snow away,
Forth peeps thy nascent flower,
Sweet daughter of the May.

Far on the genial air
Thy fragrant perfume steals,
And to the wanderer there,
Thy Maker's love reveals.

Fair among flowers art thou,
Dear Nova Scotia's pride;
Well might'st thou deck the brow
Of Cupid's choicest bride.

Dear to my childhood's days,
Loved flower thou ever art;
Warmed by fond memory's rays,
Come! bloom within my heart.

Oh! had I voice to sing
Thy praises as I long;
My country's hills and vales would ring
With echoes of my song.

Welcome, dear flower of May,
Fair sprite of gentle Spring,
Full sweet thy balmy odors play,
Whilst I thy praises sing.

T. E. MOBERLY

Toronto.

AT this late day, we have no intenti of adding another to the reviews the Session, with which the reading pub has been already bored. After the lapse nearly a month, there would be no excu for such an infliction, unless the trial of th patience would have a salutary effect on o subscribers' mental and moral natures. Tl Session was rather a dreary one after a notwithstanding that some substantial wo was done. The members of the Senate we put on their mettle, and threatened at or time to have a wholesale "slaughter of th innocents" to themselves. As it was, the made short work of one or two bantlings yet, on the whole, they were not entirel given over to a reprobate mind. The Su preme Court Bill had a narrow escape, and th Vancouver Railway Bill perished miserably The calmness of age, and, let us hope, th maturity of mind which is supposed to at tend upon age, made them placable. They were not as vindictive as they might have been, considering the provocation they received from Mr. Mills and the House of Commons. So far as the Railway Bill is concerned, there is, perhaps, no great damage done. The Premier, as we understand the matter, was not in strictness bound to submit the Columbian agreement to Parliament at all. At any rate, it is not likely that the work on Vancouver Island would have been commenced this year, even if the Bill had not miscarried.

Its fate had one good effect, from our point of view. It forced the *Globe*, in a moment of pique, to inveigh against "party and party spirit." As long as everything goes on with unperturbed tranquillity and smoothness, no one is so easily pleased as our contemporary. That is only, however,

position on the Speaker's left, but he performed his duty with dove-like softness. There were some questions of a purely administrative character, on which they disagreed; but their differences were such as might have been arranged at the Council Board as well as, and perhaps better than, in the House. They were in accord on most of the principal measures of the Session—all in fact which did not involve the ripping up of old sores. As for the Amnesty question, which must be placed in the latter category, it was a matter on which each party was divided, not to speak of the prejudices of nationality and religion. Even memories of fierce contests on the Pacific Scandal were powerless to disturb the sweetness of the new-formed friendship.

There are no parties here at present, and there ought to be none, so long as there are no dividing principles on which to found them. Until these are devised, the names of Reformer and Conservative are destitute of meaning, and it is mere *niaiserie* to cling to the one or to the other. The *Spectator* sees that, but as it is attached to a party in search of a policy, it thinks that the sooner Canadians discover something to fight about the better. "Political stagnation" has become oppressive in England no doubt; but it does not follow that the party-system would be advantageous here. We know, by painful experience, its inherent disadvantages; we have had a full measure of them in the past, and could be content with a much smaller measure in the future. We have no material for "honest political quarrels;" if Canadian parties fight, it will assuredly be by "waging an irregular warfare with the weapons of slander, intrigue, and espionage." The party spirit lives on defamation; it is the atmosphere in which it moves and breathes. Why should Canadians set themselves to invent a cause of quarrel when none exists, in order that two mutually-besmirched factions may continue to wealthy heritage, stretching from ocean to ocean, to subdue and to possess; they have great public enterprises by land and water to complete; they have a Union to consolidate, and the culture of a growing population to care for; why should the curse of party divert them from their duty, why should it endanger the safety of our political system, or deprave the morals of a vast number of our people?

Party has never conferred a single benefit upon the country. Every measure of utility, every scheme to conciliate estranged and hostile nationalities and creeds, was obtained only when men had cast the fetters of party behind them. On the other hand, there has never been a job perpetrated, a slander uttered, or a scandal unveiled, that did not owe its origin, purely, simply, and entirely, to the party spirit. Canadians ought to be a united people. Their interests are everywhere identical. No privileged classes trample upon their neighbours; we have no constitutional questions to divide us; and there would be no sectionalism to encounter, if politicians did not play off one province against another for sinister ends. The only question likely to cause division would be the Senate, and that will fortunately cleave the parties themselves. If the reconstruction of the Senate were effected on the best of systems, parties would deprave and degrade it as they did the elective Council of the old Province of Canada. The less they have to do with any important institution, or any great national enterprise, the better. The argument from English practice is delusive. The party system may suit the mother country—though that is open to question—in Canada and in the United States, in Mexico and in the South American republics, it is an unmitigated curse. Why then grasp at the shadow of old party names, when the substance has no place behind it. When factions exist where they have no *raison d'être*, no basis of honest

conviction and sound principle, they will do harm, whether they pronounce historic and traditional shibboleths or not. When mere badges, such as names, have lost their significance, and begin to be cherished for their own sakes, they are capable of working serious injury. For good, they are wofully impotent. That is the case with us, and it makes one chafe with impatience when we hear it urged, as if it were a cogent and irrefutable argument, that Canada should divide her people into two hostile camps and play at political soldiery, because it is the *mode* across the ocean, three thousand miles away. Of all the senseless notions promulgated by so-called political thinkers, the most inept is the one so often proclaimed with confidence, and too often acted upon with deadly results—that the institutions, the customs, or the traditions of the old world can be successfully transplanted in their entirety to the new. This is especially true of the system we are deprecating. In the earlier stages of colonial history, parties are the ready instruments of irresponsible and tyrannical rulers, and as the country advances in wealth, the fertile parents of corruption, calumny, and fraud. It is not the man who cherishes the warmest love and the deepest reverence for the ancestral land, who consents to perpetuate a feature in old-land politics which can work little else but mischief to the land in which he lives.

The few political incidents of the month will not occupy us long. Since the prorogation there has been an election petition or two against returns to the Dominion Parliament before the courts, and there are a few yet to come. The Ontario local elections promise a sheaf of cases; but there is a limit to the interest taken in these contests. The gloss is worn off the public curiosity, the law has made an impression upon the delinquents, and the proceedings, in most of the cases still *sub judice*, will cease to attract the attention of any but the lawyers and local politicians. Several of the Dominion cases are important for various reasons. The case of Centre Toronto was decided, as many others have been, by the surrender of the sitting member, after the proof of a single case of corruption on the part of an agent. We are not sure that this practice should be encouraged by the judiciary. In the English Divorce Court it has been found that collusive frauds on the law are often attempted by couples mutually desirous of being freed from the matrimonial bond. When any collusion is suspected there, the Queen's Proctor intervenes in the interest of law and morality. In our election cases no such officer discharges analogous functions; and the lawyers and candidates on each side may apparently do as they like with the court and the law. Against corrupt compromises the judge is absolutely defenceless. More than that, he is compelled to make returns of facts, regarding which no evidence has been adduced before him. The law expects him to report whether the sitting member has, or has not, been guilty of personal bribery, and, in the next place, whether corruption has, or has not, prevailed extensively during the particular election. Now, of the latter fact he can have no knowledge whatever, because the trial has been arrested at the outset, with only one case established. So far again as personal bribery is concerned, he has no legal evidence. He may, it is true, accept the assertion, if tendered, of the petitioner's counsel, that he does not think he can establish personal bribery. But how is the Court to know that this assertion is not part and parcel of an improper bargain between the parties? Moreover, it often happens that no such assertion is made, counsel merely announcing—as if it were a thing depending on his pleasure—that he intends to abandon the personal charges. It has happened more than once that the

boast, after judgment, that they could have disqualified the respondent if they had been inclined to be hard upon him. Is this a state of things the law should allow? It ought to be remembered that the cases are very few in which a petitioner would have any motive for pressing the personal charges to the point of disqualification. He knows that in such an event there would be a fresh opponent, perhaps a more popular one, and his chances might be injured rather than improved. Again, he may feel every confidence in his case, yet, in legal as in other matters, slips between cup and lip are not infrequent, and it may be as well to be good-natured, and "have another try at it" on easy terms. There is yet another motive to deter a petitioner from proceeding to extremities. He knows that such a course would savour of vindictiveness to his prejudice. The crowds that follow Dr. Kenealy and clamour for the release of Orton are not the only people who denounce the exemplary infliction of deserved punishment, and fling abuse at judges who do their duty. But whatever motives prompt election compromises, the result must sometimes be that justice is baulked, and the law made of none effect by them. It is urged that bargains of this sort are made to save costs. All we have to say to that plea is simply this—if the bargains be corrupt and shield offenders from justice, it only makes matters worse. There are things more worthy of consideration than costs, and amongst them is the faithful and unfailing enforcement of legal penalties whenever and by whomsoever they have been incurred. We need scarcely say that we are not alluding to the Centre Toronto case in particular, but to a vicious practice which has become increasingly prevalent of late.

The East Toronto petition met with a different fate. Mr. Platt had taken the precaution of warning his agents against doing act of corruption was proved against principal or agent, and Mr. Platt's return was confirmed. At the same time, he had a number of injudicious friends, whose discretion certainly did not save the seat. People who go about recklessly treating and, at the same time, clamouring for a particular candidate, will in future understand, if they are capable of understanding, that if they continue such practices, they may seriously injure the cause they desire, in their foolish way, to serve. Still the fact remains unimpeached, even by the petitioner's counsel, that no evidence was adduced to show that any case of treating, in its technical sense, occurred. What was the reason that Mr. Platt found himself able to restrain these wild spirits? Simply this: that they had acquired a lesson of self-control from experience. Mr. Wilkes was returned at the general election, when agents had not realized the extent of the mischief they were doing by their exploits. Mr. O'Donohoe's fall, however, had warned them of the danger in East Toronto, and they took care to obey Mr. Platt—or at least to keep on the shady side of law—at the subsequent election. The result was that Mr. Platt took Mr. O'Donohoe's place and kept it; but if he had been returned at the general election, he would probably have shared Mr. Wilkes' fate, in spite of all his efforts. So that we may conclude that, if the drafts upon their memories be not long-time drafts, even the residuum is not impervious to the propriety of self-control. How it will be at the probably distant period of a renewed appeal to their wisdom, it is useless to speculate; but we may hope that the public determination to ensure purity of election, will infiltrate to the lowest stratum of the constituency, by which we mean, not the poor who are honest, but the corrupt, whether rich or poor. It may be hoped too, that Mr. Blake's valuable addition (sec. 4), to the amending Act of last Session, by which agents, who bribe, may be made to pay the piper, will make an appeal

sure whether provision has even been made for continuing the bonus to which a prescription of two years would seem to have given the employés a kind of equitable, if not legal, title. The Bill that was withdrawn provided for a permanent advance of the salary limits of the several classes into which the service was divided, and would certainly have placed the whole service on a materially better footing. Its failure was due partly to the fact that the session was a very busy one, and partly, it would appear, to the objections expressed by certain prominent members of the House at finding the Deputy Heads of Departments, who two years ago had received a permanent increase of $400 to their salaries, or 23 per cent.—the rest of the service receiving by way of bonus only 15—included in the new Bill for a further increase of equal amount. Whatever the reason was, there is no doubt the Bill was coldly received by the House, and the Government not feeling deeply interested in it themselves, and, having plenty of important work on hand, allowed it quietly to fall through.

There is only too much reason to believe that the House of Commons does not fully realize the nature of the tasks which the conduct of official business involves, or the impossibility of securing the amount of education, ability and zeal, absolutely required in the higher posts of the civil service, without paying salaries which, compared with those ordinarily given in commercial employments, must appear high. A little more or less of trained judgment, or of attention to duty on the part of an official may make a very important difference to public interests. In order that there may be a trained judgment there must, in the first instance, be a judgment to train, and, in the second place, a more or less prolonged experience; and when a man of superior natural abilities, has by length of service, acquired a store of special knowledge qualifying him for the discharge of important duties, it is only right that he should be compensated in proportion to his usefulness. At best, the emoluments of such men in the Civil Service fall very far short of what it is fair to suppose they would have earned in any other suitable career. A country barrister in this Province thinks but poorly of his luck if, after a few years practice, he does not earn from $2,000 to $2,500 or $3,000 per annum, an income which few Civil Servants can ever attain, and those only after an average service of, perhaps, twenty-five years.

If greater confidence were felt in the administration of the service, if the public and the House of Commons were satisfied that merit was consistently rewarded, and inefficiency or idleness treated as they would be in private establishments, there probably would be no backwardness in making sufficiently liberal provision for the deserving. But this confidence is felt nowhere, and the House of Commons knows only too well the reason why. Ministers are less to blame in this matter than their supporters: left to themselves, they would, for the most part, deal fairly enough; for is it not to their interest to put efficient men into the best positions, and, generally, to satisfy all reasonable claims? The real trouble is that members of the House want to be able to use their political influence now and then in securing appointments, and in forwarding the interests of their friends; and knowing this, and knowing that others are animated by the same views, and that in consequence of this interference the Civil Service is not what it ought to be, they have pious scruples as to establishing too high a scale of salaries. If their piety would take the form of abstaining from what, in the eye of the law, is "undue influence," it would command very much more respect.

We are strongly of opinion that one of the most important duties which the Government has now to perform is to organise the Civil Service on some sound, rational, and just basis. The country wants efficient ser-

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The question of consolidating
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worthy of the Province, is too impo
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however, to commend to all our c
institutions the practical suggestion
Goldwin Smith. It is evident from t
ments which have already appeared

now no one can predict the end. Perhaps, like other fashions, it will pass away and be succeeded by some more rational and abiding evidence of our appreciation of literary worth. Be that as it may, it is certain that ever since that luckless twenty-third of April we have been fairly pestered with Centennial celebrations, at which men improvise their knowledge of a genius, and work up a factitious enthusiasm for him, both of which endure, like Jonah's gourd, for a night. Our American cousin has had no special mine of Centennial Brummagem to work; but in Britain and on the Continent there is no lack of material, malleable or ductile to any degree of tenuity. The time of Brother Jonathan, for which he waited with exemplary patience, has now come round, and if any one can sicken the world of Centennials, he is the man to do it. The Philadelphia celebration of next year, coupled with an International Exhibition, is perhaps an allowable form of the fever. The American's knowledge of his country's history, though imperfect and one-sided, is something real, and his patriotic enthusiasm has the ring of the true metal about it. Englishmen, who are the only people who might be supposed to take umbrage at so ostentatious a glorification of Yorktown or Saratoga, are quite prepared to take part in the Exhibition. They have long since recognised the truth, that Adams and Jefferson, Franklin and Washington were in the right, and that Grenville, North, and George III. were terribly in the wrong. It is perhaps hard that the sins of the fathers should be visited upon the children in the shape of 4th July orations, but they must resignedly submit themselves to an universal law without murmur and without grimace. There is no fear but the Englishman will take his punishment in good part, he is sure to "come up smiling" after every round; it is the Frenchman, the German, the Russian, or the Italian who will shrug the shoulder, shudder at, and then unmercifully satirize, the rampant spread-eagleism he is compelled to witness.

At the same time the energy and zeal of the Americans in urging forward the preparations for the Exhibition deserve success, and we hope they will obtain it. It would be a subject of deep regret everywhere—and no where to a greater degree than in Britain and her Colonies, if it should be otherwise. Though Americans do not always give us credit for it, we have a real and sincere attachment to our kinsmen of the American Union—an honest admiration and pride in all that is really good and great in their character; and we wish them the highest measure of national prosperity. *Au reste*, we can afford to pass lightly over the follies and foibles of the young giant, who has achieved so much of which he has a right to be proud within the narrow limits of a century. Certainly Canada will cheerfully take her part in the Centennial, and in doing so will perform faithfully, to the extent of her power, a duty which good neighbourhood and close intercourse impose upon her.

Now if the Americans would be content with the great Centennial all would be well; but unfortunately there are a lot of little Centennials. They surround the great one, as his satellites surround Jupiter; would, that like him, they were content with four. There are seven years in which to work up a host of Centennials. It may be that the patient will mend after '76, but for the next eighteen months or so, he is sure to suffer from the hecatostic fever which has laid its heavy hand upon him. First in the list was the 19th ultimo, when "the shot heard round the world" was fired, and the first blood spilt in the revolutionary struggle. The battle, or skirmish as we should call it, took place partly at Concord and partly at Lexington, Mass., and hence has arisen a controversy which affords the *Herald* an opening for a vast display of erudition. Concord and Lexington both claim the honours. The matter seems to stand in this way:—a squad

of soldiers fired on a group of militia gathered at Lexington at one in the morning; the crucial question is, did the latter return the fire? If they did not, then Lexington must give way to Concord. The weight of authority seems to show that a few did fire at random, contrary to orders, but "there was nobody hurt." The real "battle" began at Concord, at half-past nine, when a small body of troops, passing through the town, suddenly encountered a superior force, and had to endure besides a fusillade fire from the houses. Finding it impossible to make headway, the regulars retired "in the same order as they had advanced," whilst the Americans advanced in "independent" form. A series of running skirmishes went on, the British falling back on their supports. At Lexington was Lord Hugh Percy, with two small field-pieces and a force variously stated. The field-pieces finished the business and ended the day, Percy and force retiring to Bunker Hill. Such was the famous battle of Concord and Lexington, which is described in a "sentiment" for the Centennial, as "like the majestic Union which it brought into existence, now and for ever, one and indivisible." It seems to us, and we have followed the American authorities, that it is clearly divisible into two parts, of which the latter was a clear defeat and not a victory. We need not detail the glories of the Centennial. How "orations" were delivered, "acres" of bunting displayed, toasts and sentiments drunk, bonfires and fireworks consumed, all in the august presence of Gen. Grant, Cabinet, and suite.

On the 20th May is to be held another Centennial at Mecklenburgh, N.C., It arises from the fact that that State declared its independence over a year in advance of the national declaration. Gen. Grant was invited, but ungraciously declined, administering what the *Herald* calls an "imperial snub." 17th June we may be sure of a Bunker Hill Centennial, and so on *ad libitum*. What astonishes us is that our neighbours did not begin, ten years ago, at the beginning, by celebrating the Centennial of the passing of the Grenville Stamp Act. We observe that even the Spanish residents in New York have caught the contagion, although they seem obliged to content themselves with a paltry anniversary, that of the death of Cervantes, which was commemorated *suo more* wtth religious ceremony.

Great importance was attached to the result of the Connecticut election, owing to the defeat of the Democracy in New Hampshire. In the latter State the Republicans repudiated the idea of a third Presidential term, and triumphed; in the former they approved of it, and have been defeated. It is generally admitted that this virtually settles the question. Gen. Grant appears to be reconstructing his Cabinet in an odd way. His Attorney-General and one Secretary at least are going out, and it has been hinted that he purposes, by degrees, to have an entirely new set. If this be true, the idea of keeping the politicians anxious and subservient, by dismissing his advisers in squads of two, is at least an ingenious one.

The New York Legislature is extremely active at present. Gov. Tilden has certainly discharged his duty faithfully in the matter of the canal frauds. What was supposed to be merely a bid for political capital, has turned out to be an honest effort to expose and punish a series of gigantic peculations. The investigation is still in progress, and the exposure of downright robbery on a grander scale than that of Tweed & Co., is scarcely credible to an outsider. In order to have more effective control over all the State officers, the Governor proposed that an Act should be passed giving him power to remove, for cause, any official. The Removal Bill passed the Assembly, but was amended in the Senate, by

providing that the Governor should merely have the power of submitting a complaint in such cases to the courts. This, of course, seems the opener and fairer way, particularly when the inculpated officer has been elected by the people. But it must not be lost sight of, that in American courts an accused person has tremendous advantages, and that the Governor would be weighted in any such contest. Besides, he has the best opportunity of judging the characters of his subordinates. There may be many points taken together, and observed in constant intercourse, which could hardly be substantiated in court, or might not impress the judge as they ought. However, the Senate Bill passed. The attitude of the Governor has alarmed the municipal rings of New York, and their trepidation has not been allayed by the debates on the City Charter Bill. The Mayor, with Tammany Hall at his back, is making open war on Tilden. All the leading ward-politicians have been at Albany, including "Boss" Kelly and ex-pugilist and gambler Morrissey. They cannot effect much, however, because the Assembly supports the Governor; but it is possible that a permanent division in the Democracy may occur, such as took place between Tammany and Mozart Halls, in the time of Fernando Wood.

All these, and other exciting topics have been thrown into the shade by the enthronement of Cardinal McCloskey, on the 27th ult. The *Herald* has been unusually active, and its power of invention taxed to its utmost limit. The publication of the Allocution before its delivery to the Sacred College; the page upon page of dissertation on the nature of the Cardinal's office, whether he be Cardinal Bishop, Priest, Deacon, or *in petto;* the biographies of Cardinals, past and present; and all else that could be copied, gleaned, or invented, must have wearied even one of the devout. This went on for some time, and we thought the theme had been exhausted. But the resources of the *Herald* are practically illimitable. It began again a few days before the "imposing" ceremony, with a full-page biography of the New York Cardinal, and went on with perilous ease till, on the momentous Tuesday, it launched into music, publishing what it calls selections, in full score, of a *Te Deum* specially composed for the occasion—in its own phrase, "The sublime verses of SS. Ambrose and Augustine, illustrated by the Divine Art." Of this "noble pæan of triumph," as the *Herald* gives it, it is difficult to make out head or tail —or rather these are the only things we can make out. In the final invocation, for instance, "*In te Domine speravi* &c., No. 6 ends with *sper*, and No. 7 begins with the syllable *ter* of *æternum*," "*ne confundar in*" being missing entirely. However, the "selections" are quite as intelligible as a good deal of other music that has been performed and published. All this is very edifying, but the climax is reached in the publication of an interview between a *Herald* reporter and the Pope. There is of course, a long and tedious description of the Vatican, and the Vatican Gardens and of the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli, both of whom were characteristically affable. The interview, and all that happened, expanded by judicious padding, fill a page. Ah! we have indeed fallen on evil days, when Infallibility consents to be "interviewed" by an agent of James Gordon Bennett. The dialogue is of the most paltry and jejune character. We have read many graphic accounts of the conversational powers and many pleasing sketches of the benign and and pious character of the Pontiff; but this is a sad falling off. No doubt, both His Holiness and Mr. Bennett know on which side their bread is buttered, and have a substantial reason for cultivating the favour of large masses of the American population. But if the former desires to appear in a better light than a hero is said to appear to his valet, he ought never again to permit a *Herald* reporter to cross the threshold of the Vatican.

ently dispiriting circumstances.

One of the occasions on which Mr. Bright addressed the House was in opposition to Dr. Kenealy's ridiculous motion for a Royal Commission to inquire into the management of the Tichborne trial. He agreed with the Government and the Opposition in concurring with the verdict of the jury and in opposing the issue of a Commission. It is difficult to see what object Dr. Kenealy could have had in occupying three hours of the House's time, for it was not his, and keeping up a futile and senseless agitation out of doors, unless a purely selfish object. His present position is no doubt a painful one, but he deliberately chose it for himself. His "Magna Charta" agitation, though comparatively harmless, is none the less criminal on his part. No man of education has a right to offer to an ignorant mob the pretext for noisy assembling with no rational purpose. His mob is not so formidable as the Chartist mob of 1848, because it is not half as intelligent. The Orton mania, as it is called, is only one of the safety-valves of popular passion and unreason, which blow off steam at intervals, but it is not the less disgraceful to Dr. Kenealy that he should have opened it. As for his motion, it was rejected by 433 to 1. As the tellers Kenealy and Whalley would not be counted, there must be one other mad constituency besides Stoke and Peterborough.

The affairs of France have been exceedingly dull since the Assembly adjourned. The quiet may be merely on the surface; yet the Republic seems to have got into partial working order with admirable ease. Yet the Left are not entirely at rest. The extreme Conservative tone of M. Buffet and the Imperialist machinations trouble them, and it is possible that when the elections for the Senate and the question of dissolution come up in the Assembly, there may be serious dissension amongst the allied parties. The

the firmest friends of peace, and yet the Berlin *Post*, in an article sent to London on good authority as the expression of Bismarck's views, insinuates that Marshal McMahon and his army, prompted by the Orleanists, are trying to hurry France into war. There can be no truth in such a story, and the article has perhaps been disavowed. Still it shows that a dangerous and malignant spirit possesses Germany, which may at any moment break out in mischief.

The visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph to Venice, as a friend and ally of Victor Emmanuel, must have gratified both potentates. To the former especially, his enthusiastic reception by his former subjects—the people who so heartily abhorred the Tedeschi while under their galling yoke—could not fail to be agreeable, and perhaps affecting. Whether the visit had any political significance, either in relation to Germany or the Pope, may be doubted. In all probability, it only indicated a desire on the Emperor's part, to show that the last drop of bitterness, left by the memories of Magenta and Solferino, had evaporated. As for Spain, there is little to be said, except that she continues in a deplorable condition. Alfonso XII. does not get on as well as he appeared to promise. The unhappy country is loaded with debt, harassed by conscriptions and military requisitions, and yet the Carlists are unconquered. The stories of wholesale desertion from their camp are probably, to a great extent, invented at Madrid. Moreover, Cabrera, who went over to the young monarch, has not done as much as was expected of him, principally, no doubt, because nobody believes in him.

Bismarck seems determined to keep Europe in hot water. The rumour of his pressure upon Italy to induce her to repeal the Papal Guarantees Bill, and compel the Pontiff to behave better to Germany, is

questionable. At the same time, Germany feels sore at the non-success of her ecclesiastical policy, perhaps not the less because Austria has been equally a sinner, without bringing the hierarchy down upon her. This may be what is meant in the Berlin *Post*, when it asserts that the friendly relations existing between Berlin and Vienna will continue, while Count Andrassy remains in power at the latter capital, and no longer.

But, not to speak of France, there is a speck of war in a north-easterly direction. Bismarck has sent a letter peremptory, if not positively menacing, to Belgium, and it is said to the Hague, demanding repressive legislation, so as to silence Ultramontane sympathizers, and to protect himself from assassination. Now the pleas urged for this course are founded on certain addresses of the Roman Catholic Bishops to the German Bishops, as far back as the commencement of the struggle between the Pope and Bismarck; on another address of sympathy to the Bishop of Paderborn; and thirdly, on the so-called Duchesne plot against the Chancellor's life. It has been well remarked, that so far as the addresses are concerned, Bismarck might, with equal propriety, have written to England, and, we may add, the United States on the subject. It surely is the very madness of an unruly and unreasonable nature to entertain the idea that any State, ruled by constitutional principles, would yield to the demand made upon Belgium. The assassination plot seems a more serious matter, but in reality, it affords much less ground for the imperious letter. The Duchesne plot, so called, has been under investigation for some time, and the case is still pending, so that German interference was at least indecorous. Besides, it appears probable that the plot is no plot at all. An English journal observes that, "it is pretty certain that the Duchesne plot consisted merely of the ravings of a drunken artizan, ravings which never grew into any sort of true conspiracy." Here then are the paltry pretexts on which Bismarck tried the bullying system on the little kingdom of Belgium. The reader will readily call to mind the celebrated Benedetti treaty of 1870, purporting to be a secret compact between France and Prussia, by which, amongst other provisions, it was stipulated that Prussia should aid France to take possession of Belgium, and to hold it against any other power. Now, whether Napoleon drafted the paper, or whether, as France alleged, it was dictated to Benedetti by Bismarck, is now of little consequence. The result of its publication was, that a fresh guarantee of Belgian independence was entered into by the Powers, which is still binding. The consequence is that Belgium, naturally plucky, has felt inspired to greater boldness, by her knowledge that the big boys are behind her. The reply was spirited, dignified, and conclusive. Another case, that of an Ultramontane editor in Bavaria, is reported. He was sentenced to ten months' imprisonment for *writing* against Bismarck, but escaped into Austria, and now his extradition has been demanded, not by Bavaria, but by Bismarck. Such are the petty acts, by which the Chancellor is destroying all confidence in the permanence of peace. The name of Bismarck will always be associated with much that is great and glorious; for the unification of Germany would immortalise any name. Let us hope that it will not also be remembered as that of "the disturber of the peace of Europe."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE *Fortnightly* of the month does not possess its usual interest for Canadian readers, because several of its articles are on purely English subjects. The opening paper, on "The First and Last Catastrophe," by Prof. Clifford, is a very striking one. The writer's style is remarkably lucid; his confidence in his conclusions always strong; and his zeal to impress them indelibly on his readers' minds seems to increase in proportion as the prospect he unfolds to humanity grows drearier. The object of the lecture, for such it originally was, is "to consider speculations of quite recent days about the beginning and the end of the world." The first step is a thorough exposition of the molecular theory of matter, which is based on the speculations of Prof. Clerk Maxwell. The hearer or reader is warned that although Democritus believed in the Atomic theory, it was a mere guess. As taught by modern science, on the contrary, it is a theory only to this extent—that it accounts systematically and consistently for ascertained facts, and that no other theory does so. It is evident that the negatives clause of this definition is its weak point, because we can predicate nothing about future theories. We have then an elaborate and interesting description of the molecules, their properties and their motions, which well deserve attentive perusal. On one point, Prof. Clifford is at issue with Prof. Clerk Maxwell, for whom he entertains the deepest respect. "Now Prof. Clerk Maxwell argues," says the writer, "that things which are unalterable, and are exactly alike, cannot have been formed by any natural process. Moreover, being exactly alike, they cannot have existed forever, and, therefore, they must have been made. As Sir John Herschel said, they bear the stamp of the manufactured article?" This, of course involves the idea of creation and consequently the belief in a Creator. To this, of course, Prof. Clifford at once demurs, as he is compelled to do, because in a previous lecture he had declared, "that to assert that mind can influence matter, is neither true nor untrue, but nonsense." He, therefore, falls back upon the evolution theory to account for the existence of the molecules. The description of the evidence by which the proximate equality in weight and rates of vibration of the molecules is established, affords an excellent example of scientific method; but space forbids further reference to it here. To come to the final catastrophe, here is the result:—"In any case, all we know is that the sun is going out. If we fall into the sun, we shall be fried; if we go away from the sun, or the sun goes out, we shall be frozen . . . one of these two things must take place in time." On the whole, the Professor inclines to the freezing theory. We can only give now his concluding words. He is referring to the distaste many will feel for his doctrines:—"Our interest, it seems to me, lies with so much of the past as may seem to guide our actions in the present, and to intensify our pious allegiance to the fathers who have gone before us, and the brethren who are with us; and our interest lies with so much of the future, as we may hope will be appreciably affected by our good actions now. Beyond that, as it seems to me, we do not know, and we ought not to care. Do I seem to say, 'Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die?' Far from it; on the contrary, I say, 'Let us take hands and help, for this day we are alive together.'" And this is the gospel according to Clifford.

We have dwelt upon this paper at some length, because the subject is of absorbing interest, especially in these transitional times; our references to the other portions of the number must, therefore, be brief. Mr. Morley concludes his monogram on "Diderot." As this instalment occupies twenty pages, any adequate account of it is out of the question. Of its ability there can be no question and, we may add, of its value. To those who shrink from the great Encyclopædist's Atheism, and can feel little of Mr. Morley's sympathy with him, it is a serviceable record, graphically and faithfully given, of the successive steps by which a man of distinguished ability—setting out with hatred for the Roman Church, may pass through the varied phases of doubt, until he lands at last in blank Atheism. One sentence quoted by the writer from Meister may be given, "When I recall Diderot, the immense variety of his ideas, the amazing multiplicity of his knowledge, the rapid flight, the warmth, the impetuous tumult of his imagination, all the charm and all the disorder of his conversation, I venture to liken his character to Nature herself as he used to conceive her—rich, fertile, abounding in germs of every sort, gentle and fierce, simple and majestic, worthy and sublime, without any dominating principle, without master and without a God."

Mr. Swinburne's poem, entitled "A Vision of Spring in Winter," is an exceedingly pleasing example of its author's peculiar style, but it is marred occasionally by affected forms of diction. Mr. Roberts's able paper on "The Poor

Law and the Peasantry," is a protest against the present system of out-door relief. He asserts that it "has had a most potent effect in keeping down the wages of the farm-labourer, in destroying his self-reliance and independence of character, in training him in the use of subterfuge and deceit, and in deadening, to an appalling extent, his natural affections." All these assertions are proved by facts of a most astonishing character, arranged in a series of sketches illustrating the habits, not of the born-pauper, but of the tolerably well-to-do labourer during his life from marriage to death

"Isaac Casaubon" is a very flattering criticism of the Rev. Mark Pattison's biography of the great scholar, the laborious annotator of Athenæus and Polybius. Mr. Pattison is principally, if not entirely, known to the general public, as the author of one of the ablest, and at the same time, least alarming of the celebrated "Essays and Reviews," entitled, "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688–1750." The controversy over that collection of papers is almost forgotten; people have got far beyond their comparatively mild infusion of German rationalism, and the writer of the first of them is now Bishop of Exeter. We hear a great deal more about Mr. Pattison than Casaubon in Mr. Morison's paper. Perhaps this is as it should be, since Casaubon seems, in reality, to be only a peg on which an admirable style and a clear and vigorous insight into character and opinion have hung a finely-wrought product of their own.

Mr. Torrance's paper on "Tenant Right," is an elaborate account of its character, its divisions, and the distinction between them. Clearly the Duke of Richmond's bill, which leans to the landlord, and makes the succour permissive, finds no favour in the writer's eyes. Mr. Thornton, the well-known economist writes on "The Economical Definition of Wealth." His principal aim is to insist that wealth has two senses—in one of which it is confined to material wealth, and in the other, includes immaterial wealth. He shows that national wealth only consists of the former, and that many fallacies such as that national debts are parts of the national riches, and that an inflated currency is wealth, have arisen from not observing the distinction. The paper should be read, perhaps, more attentively on this side the water than on the other. We regret that we cannot find room for a notice of Mr. Lang's striking article on "Homer and his Critics." It is a fine specimen of what might be called slashing, but certainly is not offensive, criticism on Mr. Paley's recent attempt to out-do Wolf in Homeric criticism. The paper is well worth attentive perusal, and we commend it to all classical students.

The *Contemporary* opens with a contribution to the Gladstone controversy, entitled, "A Jesuit Father on Papal Infallibility." The work cited is only valuable for the facts and arguments it contains, since its author was expelled from the Order for its publication. Louis Maimbourg was a Jesuit, in Louis XIV's reign, of fifty-six years' standing. He had entered the order at the age of sixteen, for no other reason apparently than because his father had endowed the seminary of his native place. He appears to have been a theological free-lance, for he had assailed Calvinists and Jansenists, and then wound up with a fierce onslaught on the Ultramontanes. For writing his work on Papal Infallibility, Innocent XI. expelled him from the order. Mr. Baverstock, in the paper before us, adds no arguments of his own, but gives many copious extracts from Maimbourg's scarce work. They are extremely valuable for their strong array of facts against Infallibility, many of which are new to us, accustomed though we have been of late to see the precedents arrayed on both sides of the controversy.

Mr. Peter Bayne's paper on "The Covenanters, Charles II., and Argyle," is lengthy, but exceedingly interesting. As a matter of course, because it is a matter of patriotism, the writer sympathises strongly with "the persecuted remnant." But he is not blind to their faults, which he exposes freely. He even apologises for Charles's breach of his oath in favour of the Covenant, on the ground of his youth at the time the oath was taken He eulogises the Westminster Assembly, and regrets that Presbyterianism was not firmly established in England. Perhaps, from a national bias, of which we do not seriously complain, he gives more credit to his countrymen in the fight with the First Charles, than is their due. He defends the "sale" of the first Charles to the Parliament on the ground that the money was a debt which ought to have been paid long ago, and that it was by chance that its payment and the giving up of Charles occurred at the same time. We should like to ask Mr. Bayne one question, which will shed light on the matter:—Suppose A owes B a large sum of money, and B despairs of getting it, finally accepting a note, which is discounted at a heavy rate; does it matter much whether the shave is a deduction from the face value of the note, or the surrender of the person of a king?

Of Professor Whitney, of Yale, we have heard before, as the author of much intemperate criticism in a work reviewed in our pages more than a year ago—"Oriental and Linguistic Studies." In that volume he assailed, with almost personal rancour, Prof. Max Müller's Vedic History and his works on Language, and also the works of Schleicher and Steinthal. His present paper, "Are Languages Institutions?" is, as far as the first part is concerned, a tolerably good-tempered argument in favour of a theory of language. But in the second, he launches out in the old style of peevish and petulant criticism against the Oxford professor, partly because he has ignored the Yale profes-

sor, and partly because he has opposed his theory without studying his books.

Mr. Davies's genial and appreciative paper on "Thomas Love Peacock," chiefly known as a memorialist of Shelley, will certainly have the effect he designs of inducing many to read the now collected edition of that writer's works. The specimens and general sketches given of "Headlong Hall," "Crochet Castle," "Nightmare Abbey," "Maid Marian," and finally "Gryll Grange," disclose a fund of delicate humour and a wealth of description, both of character and scenery, certainly unique of their kind. The author's classical and fastidious taste had chastened his style to a degree of refinement we look for in vain, as the writer says, "in Sterne, in Swift, or even in Fielding." Mr. St. George Mivart's paper, on "Instinct and Reason," is another that we regret being unable to favour with a lengthened notice. Like Dr. Carpenter, he believes that there is an impassable gulf fixed between instinct and reason, and this he essays to prove from the side of instinct. We need not inform those who have read "The Genesis of Species," that Mr. Mivart is not a Darwinian.

The Earl of Pembroke contributes a short paper on "The Bogeys of the Day." They are such as these: the irreconciliable difference between the logical doctrine of fatalism and the conscious conviction of free-will, and between the hard doctrines of political economy and the natural instinct of benevolence. He complains that these "Bogeys" and others are reducing every thing to uncertainty, paralyzing action and making life miserable. Mr. Julian Hawthorne continues his graphic, but miserably cynical "Saxon Studies,"—the current instalment being on, "Dresden Diversions." The sketch on the Dresden Gallery is finely drawn, but the caricature is too broad. Diogenes speaks, and we hear the echo of the tub. The description of the various dancing establishments, and the strange student-duel at the end are all good, especially the episode of Anna. What we cannot understand is why Mr. Hawthorne should tax the Saxons with faults he may just as well tax the English with, and, to a much greater degree, his own countrymen. Such are the inspection of art galleries by the vulgar and listless; the discomforts of a crowded and heated ball-room, and strangest of all, the wearing of evening dress by the solo singers at an oratorio. He carries us through the performers in "The Creation," and ridicules their dress. Surely he would not have Adam and Eve in the costume of Eden, and as for the supernatural *personæ*, they could not be represented adequately by humanity at all, or in any dress of man's devising.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA. By A. W. Kinglake. Vol. III. New York: Harper Brothers; Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

The day has come—a day which twenty, or fifteen years ago, not one Englishman in a thousand but would have thought it disloyal as well as foolish to expect—when the national mind has succumbed to a pretty general conviction that the Russian war was, to say the least, a mistake. The machinations by which England was made to play the cat for somebody's else's hot chestnuts, the subtle political schemes which brought about hostilities, the mania, carefully fostered and sedulously developed, which seized upon the English public, the "blood and thunder" declamations of the press—all these things we have now learnt to understand, and to see calmly in the same light as bystanders saw them, when our own heads were turned, our wits had strayed far off, and our habitual cold prudence was warmed up to fever heat. Although, however, we may not feel perfectly satisfied now with the policy adopted by our rulers, or the exhibition which, as a people, we made of ourselves twenty years ago, our interest in the events of the war is but little slackened, and the appreciative pride with which we read and think of the brave deeds of arms of which the Crimea was the scene, is as genuine as ever. The third volume, long waited for, of Mr. Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea," is very welcome, even after so long an interval as that which separates it from its predecessor, and from the events of which it relates the history.

It is not for us to comment upon the delay which has occurred in sending this volume to press; but, whatever the reason may have been, the result is that we obtain a most gra-

phic description, a most accurate analysis, a most careful compilation and weighing of the incidents of that which is at the same time one of the most wonderful, and one of the most muddled of modern battles. Inkerman has always been described as preeminently the battle of the private soldier; and Mr. Kinglake makes us fully to understand how singularly appropriate is that definition. If one rises from the reading of this volume with the conviction that a French or Prussian General would probably have adopted tactics very different from the plan of action carried out by General Pennefather, still we cannot but feel confident that neither French nor Prussian soldiers, nor any other soldiers in the world, would, considering the odds against them, have remained in undisputed possession of the Inkerman heights at two o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, November 5th, 1854. Those of us who followed, with the intense interest of contemporary eye-witnesses, the struggle in the Crimea necessarily had impressed upon their minds a more or less vivid and accurate idea of the lie of those bleak uplands of the Chersonese, on which the attention of Europe was for so many months riveted; but we are confident that the younger generation, whose acquaintance with the battles of 1854-55, is more general than particular, will be easily able intelligently to comphehend all the features of the most complicated of modern battles, if it once gets interested in this "Inkerman volume." Taking up the narrative of the war, where his previous volumes had left it, Mr. Kinglake shews us first the danger which still menaced all the allied right from the sea to the works opposite the Malakoff, on the morrow of the fight of Balaclava, and gives us the details of the attack, sometimes called the battle of the Lesser Inkerman, for which on the 26th of October, the Russian leaders utilized the enthusiasm which had been evoked in their army by the somewhat highly drawn accounts, which had circulated in the garrison, of the losses suffered by the English on the previous day. The attack which Colonel Federoff led against the now celebrated Inkerman Heights, was made partly as a reconnaissance, with a view to future movements on the same ground, and partly to prevent the English from supposing that their foes were disheartened by the result of the previous day's fighting. This encounter, which has been so eclipsed by the greater fight of ten days later as to have been almost forgotten, was exceedingly interesting, theoretically and practically, both as shewing the successful carrying out of tactics diametrically the opposite of those also successfully adopted in the subsequent battle, and as giving to the individual English soldier that confidence in himself, and that contempt for his adversaries which alone carried him through the "Gunpowder Day," which was so soon to test his powers. When the pickets of the 2nd Divisi began to give way before the overwhelmi masses which Col. Federoff moved agai them, Sir De Lacy Evans refused to supp them. "Not a man," was his decisive reply an urgent appeal by a staff officer for leave throw forward a battalion. Knowing t strength of his own position, and the superior of his artillery, he declined to waste his men a useless attempt to stop the enemy's advanc but when his pickets had fallen back in ob dience to orders, and the Russian exulting threw forward his columns in support of h first line, Evans opened upon the masses wi his well-posted artillery, and crushed the a vance at once, and in a few minutes complet their discomfiture. There was, as Kinglal says, "an easy and masterful grace in Evans way of repulsing his assailants, which cou not but give confidence to his troops;" b before Guy Fawkes' day was ushered in b Russian musketry, Sir De Lacy was invalide on board ship, and General Pennefather com manded on the heights of Inkerman.

Now Pennefather's idea of the best plan fo defending the lines entrusted to him, was th very reverse of Evans's, and consisted simply i contesting the ground inch by inch. As depicte by Kinglake, we see in him the fit leader an typical representative of the English fightin soldier. "Being of such temperament as t become quickly heated in battle by his inborn passion for fighting, he inclined to dispute with the enemy for every step of ground, and so t keep the strife raging, however unequally, or ground more or less in advance of his own heights. * * Fired by the sight of the incipient battle) and enchanted with the evident tenacity of resistance, Pennefather began t push forward little bodies of troops in order— for so he expressed it—to feed the pickets." And the pursuance of this policy resulted in all his division, and many other battalions besides, being scattered over the plateau, fighting independent fights, executing charge after charge with the bayonet, and displaying an amount of individual prowess and heroism, such as has rarely been equalled. Whilst delineating and lovingly dwelling on several of the most conspicuous instances of personal bravery and heroic devotion, which characterized the fighting during the early hours of that raw misty November morning, Kinglake does not hesitate to expose the mistakes which seem to have been made. The greater part of our loss was sustained on the obstinate defence of a spur of land and a trifling breast-work, the possession of which was of not the slightest real importance to the issue of the day. The regimental officers and the men were all impressed with the belief that the little bank known as the Sandbag Battery, was a thing to be defended at all hazards and against all odds, whereas it really lay out of the direct line of attack and

and is supplied with that indispensable r site, an ample index.

Amongst the most gratifying evidences o growth of a national spirit and sentimer Canada, is the character and variety of the rature it has recently evoked. True, it has found expression in the form of articles wr for the newspapers, in material issued in pan let form, and in contributions to this maga Still, these have been so numerous of lat patriotic, and so full of the promise of the fut that their appearance may be hailed as indi ing the dawn of a new and more robust er the national life of the country. Whet besides its extent, its tone, and its promis has other acceptable features, we shall not c to say. Doubtless much of it is crude the and "vain imaginings." But it is somet gained to have their subjects discussed, an find a public opinion formed in regard to th Notable among the topics to which attent has been recently directed, are the question National Defence, and the Relations to Mother Country. Both of these topics h formed the burden of innumerable *brochu* The latest to hand, in the former subject, i volume by Capt. R. J. Wicksteed, of Otta on "The Canadian Militia," and in the lat Mr. Wm. Norris's pamphlet on "The Canad Question." We have no space at command notice either at any length, though their s jects call for much and deliberate thought. T question of Canadian defence, has always be governed by considerations of its expense. H far it may be safe now to allow mere moneta considerations to have weight with us agair the necessity for organization, preparedne and the ability to defend our territory from a gression, may be questioned. Trade and cor merce, in these material times, it is true, exe cise no little influence in favour of internation amity and concord, but, in assuming the re ponsibilities, and urging recognition of o national manhood, is it well that we shoul wholly neglect those provisions which be

MUSIC AND

THE performance by the Philharmonic So ciety of the Dramatic Cantata *Fridolin* is an incident in the social history of Canada which has not been recognised in its full signi ficance; it is clear that the managers of tha body are in advance both of the press and pub lic. We have no fear of being corrected in stating that no musical enterprise was ever en tered upon, on this continent, comparable with

may remark, *en passant*, that in a community like ours, in which a strong feeling exists in a large class against the stage, it is a happy circumstance to find opportunities provided, such as are the mission of the Philharmonic Society to create, for those enjoyments which are at once artistically educating, unobjectionable, and appreciable by all classes. Music, even more surely than sleep, "knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care," and more, it protects the religious sentiment, from degenerating into a morbid, gloomy fanaticism, the strain of which is so galling on socioty as to tend to excite a violent detestation of the religion which is caricatured by so unsocial a spirit. As a stimulant of art culture, as a provider of delightful entertainments, the Philharmonic Society is worthy of most liberal support, but he is a novice in "social science" who does not recognise in it a healthy feature in our civilisation. The rendering of *Fridolin* was then a crucial experiment for such a body, having accomplished that work, a work wholly new, wholly without traditions, and to the executants wholly without memoric aids, the Society may proudly claim to rank with the choral organizations of the old country. The Cantata is based on Schiller's well-known romance "Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer," which has been adapted to musical forms by Madame Rudersdorff, the eminent dramatic vocalist. The libretto is a masterpiece of arrangement, while the precision, variety, and vigour of the versification reveal the authoress to be as gifted an artist with her pen as with her voice.

The subject had been already treated by Mr. Frank Mori and Mr. Romer, but it was reserved for the author of "Ben è riducolo" and "I Naviganti," to give the poem a musical interpretation worthy the genius of Schiller.

Fridolin was composed by Signor Randegger for and produced at the Birmingham Triennial Festival, on August 28th, 1873. The audience was the largest ever known at these Festivals, the number present being 2,425, and the recepts $8,030 at the one performance. We commend these facts to those who indulged in carping and cynical pseudo-criticisms of the cantata when given here, and the facts are the more weighty when it is remembered that these Festival audiences are made up of professional musicians and connoisseurs from all parts of Great Britain and the continent, who greeted the composer at its close "with loud and enthusiastic applause, in which the band and chorus heartily joined." We have had placed in our hands a copy of every criticism which has yet appeared on this work, and the verdict of the first audience is without exception cordially supported—with the exception of our local ones, which are in the unlucky position of running counter to the judgment of the most cultivated musical circles and best critics of Europe.

Our readers need not to be reminded that this story relates how Fridolin and Hubert are pages to a Countess, the latter being an Iago in nature, who loves his mistress, and accuses his fellow to the Count, in order to get him away. The Count arranges for Fridolin's death, by instructing his peasant-smiths to cast into their furnace the bearer of a certain message, which is carried by Fridolin, but delayed delivery by his piety leading him to stay on the road to engage in prayer. His enemy, eager to hear his fate, passes him on the road and unwittingly delivers the fatal message and is cremated, the plot ending with the triumph of innocence in the person of Fridolin, and the death of the wicked—Hubert, the Iago of the story, meeting the fate of Haman. The music ranges from idyllic simplicity, up through the whole gamut of the passions; from the delicate harmony appropriate to a chorus of maidens, to the boisterous glee of revellers at a village feast; and from the roystering shouts of hunters in the chase to the noisier clamour of forgemen dragging a victim to the flames; against all which is set as a contrast, the chanting of worshippers and the solemn peals of the organ at vesper service. The solos are beyond the range of most amateurs, one especially, a *larghetto*, 3-4 in A flat, and *andante* 9-8 in the same key, demanding a dramatic expression and delicacy of execution, which can only be given by artists of the highest culture. That Mrs. Granger Dow succeeded in this so admirably, as throughout the Cantata, is attributable, as she herself will allow, to the privilege she had of Madame Rudersdorff's special assistance in interpreting the difficult role of the Countess. The Hunting Chorus, "Hark the horn, &c.," (in D major) was encored when first heard, as it was here, a compliment, however, very rarely granted at the Birmingham Festivals, and although somewhat reminding in its character of other descriptive chase scenes, is arranged with such great skill, and is so brilliant in the instrumentation, as to merit the highest ecomiums which it has so largely received. We were much pleased with a duet for the Countess and Fridolin, "Above yon sun," the andante movement of which is a canon in the octave, written with scholarly skill and taste, so flowing indeed as not to display the formality of its construction.

The chorus "Gift of Demons," descriptive of a smithy where some forgemen are drinking and shouting, while the anvils of others are ringing with blows, while the forge fires hiss and roar, and the pleadings of Hubert, who is to be cast into the furnace, tip as it were all this tumult of noises with the glare of a despairing shriek for mercy, is a most able specimen of picture music. That it bears some traces of the composer's memory of the chorus, "*Come with torches*," from the *Walpurgis night*, and the finale to *Lorely*, is no depreciation of Sig-

nor Randegger's work, which is sc
masterly skill and richness, the w
being highly picturesque and drama

We hope ere long to hear Fridolin
next time we trust it may be in the n
Hall, which is projected. The pa
Count and Fridolin were taken b
Baird and Simpson, of New York, a
by Mr. Murray Scott, all of whom
the care and zeal of true artists in
pective *roles*.

The local orchestra was supplemen
Beethoven Quintette Club, of Bosto
those of the local societies in Engla
sisted always at Concerts by artists
don and elsewhere, the notion that
talent must be employed being alto
absurd to be entertained for a mome
who are experienced in the mana
such organizations. We repeat tha
formance of Fridolin is a triumph fo
harmonic Society, and its skilful a
esteemed Conductor, Mr. Torrington,
boast, with ample reason, that he has
without a rival on this side the Atl
an orchestra certainly without its eq
Dominion.

In some respects the advent here
Rousby, following so closely upon th
Neilson, and appearing in so man
characters represented by the latter
fortunate. So great was the triumph
Neilson, and so thoroughly had she
hearts of the people that even a grea
which Mrs. Rousby undoubtedly is, pl
self at very apparent disadvantage in a
when she did. As a consequence of th
ism was keener, and contrasts w
readily suggested, and perhaps mad
more invidious to the new comer th
otherwise have been the case—thou
of these contrasts were unfairly and
lessly drawn. Comparisons drawn
the two actresses, in any case, seen
futile ; for a dispassionate critic m
seen, with many parallels of merit, m
was superior in the one to the other as
have seen the reverse.

We do not, of course place Mrs.
upon the same pedestal of eminence
Neilson, but we have no sympathy wi
who would decry her abilities and h
talent, and deny her the high place in
matic firmament which her genius en
to claim. Naturally the two are unlil
Miss Neilson has the advantage of he
the possession of a more lengthened ex
of the stage, and the opportunities for
cation which that length of service h
her. Miss Neilson, too, is more adapti
of the student of her profession, and m
has more of the winning grace and a
tell with an audience than her sister

therefore, at the close of the first winter's season, felicitate herself upon the result, in so far, at least, as having amply satisfied her patrons; and we trust that, financially, she is in a position to congratulate herself and the stockholders that their expectations have been realized, and satisfactory return netted as the deserving reward of their labour and investment. One thing has been achieved, and that patent to every on-looker, and it is a result upon, were there no other feature of success, and that is that the Grand Opera House has thoroughly established itself in the good favour of the community, and won a distinctive claim for patronage that will place it, both in public favour and fashion, above that of any competitor, and this is, of itself, a substantial gain in the past, as it is a hopeful criterion of success in the future.

LITERARY NOTES.

A cheaper edition, (price $2.00) of the admirable "History of the English People," by the Examiner in the School of Modern History, Oxford, Mr. T. R. Green, M. A., has appeared and is having an immense sale on both sides of the Atlantic. The critics are awarding the work the highest praise. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says of it, "We know of no record of the whole drama of English history to be compared with it. We know of none that is so distinctly a work of genius. * * * There is a freshness and originality breathing from one end to the other, a charm of style, and a power, both narrative and descriptive, which lifts it altogether out of the class of books to which at first sight it might seem to belong. The range, too, of the subject, and the capacity which the writer shows of dealing with so many different sides of English history, witness of powers of no common order. Mr. Green has also made himself thoroughly master both of original authorities, and of their modern interpreters."

A reprint of Mr. Leslie Stephens's "Hours in a Library"—a volume of critical essays upon the novelists, Richardson, De Foe, Scott, Balzac, and other writers—has appeared. A re-issue has also been published of Mr. W. F. Rae's Translations from the *Causeries du Lundi* of M. Sainte-Beuve, embracing the following subjects:—Mary, Queen of Scots, Lord Chesterfield, Benjamin Franklin, Edward Gibbon, Cowper, Pope, &c.

A volume of reminiscences of Macready, the actor, with selections from his diaries, has appeared, under the editorial supervision of Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., one of his executors. It is issued from the press of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., London, who have also published a moderate priced reprint for the American and Canadian market. Few more successful books of dramatic gossip have been issued than the delightful memoir of Charles Mayne Young, issued by the same firm, and doubtless that of Macready will be as favourably received.

Translations of two works of Prof. Ernst Hæckel are announced, one on "The History of the Evolution of Man," and the other, his important work on "The History of Creation." The latter is a popular account of the development of the Earth and its inhabitants, according to the theories of Kant, Laplace, Lamarck, and Darwin.

The forthcoming volume of the International Scientific Series is announced as—a work on "Money, and the Mechanism of Exchange," by Prof. W. Stanley Jevons. A treatise on "Fungi; their nature, influences, uses, &c.," by Dr. M. C. Cooke; "Optics," by Prof. Lommel; and "The Chemical Effects of Light and Photography, in their application to Art, Science and Industry," by Dr. Herman Vogel, are the new volumes just issued.

A new novel, by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled, "The Story of Valentine and his Brother," has just been reprinted by the Messrs. Harper. We understand that Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. have just published another recent novel by the same authoress, bearing the title of "Whiteladies."

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 7.] JUNE, 1875. [No. 6

THE INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS OF CANADA DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS, AND THE PRESENT STATE OF ITS LITERATURE.*

BY JAMES DOUGLAS, JUNIOR,

President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec.

WITH the year 1874 closed the fiftieth year of the existence of our Society; and, therefore, I have thought an appropriate theme on which to address you is the intellectual progress of Canada, and more especially of the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario during the last half century. At its creation, expectations of a very exalted kind were entertained with regard to the influence of our Society. In their address to the public, its founders said: "It will raise us in the moral and intellectual scale of nations. It will cherish our noblest feelings of honour and patriotism, by showing that, the more men become acquainted with the history of their country, the more they prize both their country and themselves. In a literary point of view, it is fair to expect that the formation of this Society will introduce a lasting bond of union and correspondence between men eminent for rank, erudition, and genius, from one extremity of the British provinces to another." We can scarcely claim to have fulfilled these anticipations; nevertheless, our Society has doubtless done much to encourage and foster a love of literature in this city, and in its publications it has distributed to historical students the world over documents to which they have acknowledged their indebtedness. The Society has always afforded its members access to a good library, and, in addition, has tried in various ways to stimulate literary activity and to encourage investigation in physical science; but the results have not been encouraging. Yet, when we look to see what success similar endeavours, made by kindred societies, have met with, we find that the disappointment has been general. We are, therefore, led to seek for influences operating everywhere in Canada, which are detrimental to literary culture and literary production; and

* An address read before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, on the 3rd of March, 1875.

ere we find them.

Though leisure cannot be accounted necessary to the cultivation of literature, few men absorbed in the toil and business of life will be found willing to spend their spare moments in what, for a time at least, will be arduous occupation—the thorough understanding and appropriation of good books. The taste for reading has to be acquired in most cases, and the acquisition is not always easily made; and, therefore, in a population where few have enjoyed the training of a University, and there learnt to love learning for its own sake, and where nearly all have either passed from school to the drudgery of a commercial house, or the hardly less elevating influences of strictly professional study, it is not to be wondered at should there be but little inclination for any other than merely amusing reading. It is a pity that it should be so, but the education of the mass of our people must be carried beyond the elementary stage where it usually stops, before much improvement in this respect can be looked for. In this new land of ours, every man is struggling for a living; or, if that has been secured, for a competency; or, if this has been gained, for wealth. A very small class has inherited wealth and the culture which, across the Atlantic, so often accompanies it—a culture derived from generations of highly-educated well-bred ancestors. So few in fact have been born to wealth and leisure, that all may be said to be straining every nerve to acquire them. Unfortunately it usually happens that those who succeed in attaining the former have, in the process, so dwarfed their higher faculties as to have become unfit to appreciate the advantages of and rightly use the latter.

When our Society was founded in 1824, the population of the Canadas was about 574,600, and that of our large cities somewhat as follows:—Quebec, 26,000; Montreal, 22,000; Kingston, 2,849; Toronto, crease and by immigration, the population of Quebec and Ontario has swelled to 2,812,-367. How the energies of this growing population have been expanded is apparent in some of the older hamlets having sprung up into spacious and handsomely built towns, and the older towns having assumed the proportions of influential cities in thousands and thousands of square miles of wild land cleared and converted into arable fields; in an annual exportation of $90,610,573, instead of $7,237,425, as in 1829, and in an annual importation of $126,-500,000, instead of $6,169,500, as in 1829; in over 218 miles of canal dug and 3,669 miles of railway built; and in the country having risen from comparative commercial insignificance to the position of the sixth maritime nation of the world. The result and object of such activity, displayed by so comparatively small a population, is decidedly hostile to, if not incompatible with, literary culture. It has been brought about only by every man employing himself almost uninterruptedly in manual labour or commercial pursuits or purely professional services. It does not necessarily follow that these employments should exclude the cultivation of letters, for the hardest-worked farmer or artisan can find many an hour, usually spent in apathy, which, if devoted to intellectual culture, would prove the best spent hours of all the year, and the most pecuniarily profitable too; and the mercantile man has a still larger store of spare time at his command. But the fact remains that, amongst us, these classes read very little, and that the mental and physical toil to which their occupations expose them, offers a fair explanation of the fact, though not a justification of it.

In proof of the fact that we are not a reading people, the smallness and fewness of our public libraries bear humiliating testimony. In Montreal, the commercial capital of the Dominion, and a city whose corporation and

whose citizens are ostentatious in the expenditure of wealth for purposes of outward show, there is not a public library worthy of the name, none at all of any kind to compare even with our own of 8,000 volumes. Toronto has a large University Library open to the public for reference only, but no free library of any pretensions; and all our other large cities are as badly or worse off. Even the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa, which has on its shelves 75,000 volumes, is small when compared with the Boston City Library, which circulates freely among the public 270,000 volumes. Boston possesses, moreover, in the Athenæum Library another collection of books of equal size; and in New York, Jacob Astor bestowed freely on the public a magnificent library of almost as many volumes. Our own library and the small collection of the Montreal Natural History Society, the Library of the Canadian Institute of Toronto, the Law Library of Osgoode Hall, our various College and Parliamentary libraries, are none of them accessible to the public, and are not, therefore, correctly speaking, public libraries, which it is a crying disgrace to Canada that she should be almost entirely deficient in. I was strongly impressed with the immense benefit which may accrue from such benefactions, by noticing lately the class of men who frequented the free reading room and library of the Cooper Institute of New York on a Sunday afternoon. There were in it not less than 600 men, principally mechanics and labourers, reading in hushed silence, men who, from their appearance, had they not been there, would have been, that cold winter afternoon, warming themselves in far different resorts.

Now, if we are not a reading people, we are sure not to be a literature-producing people. For writing is an art only to be acquired by a long and painstaking apprenticeship, and an art practised therefore only where there are readers to appreciate and reward it. Even when there is genius in the writer to suggest thought, unless he possess also skill in the use of words, which shall enable him to express his thoughts clearly in language, and the art of arranging his thoughts thus expressed, so that they shall impress and not confuse the mind of his reader, his genius will be of little avail to him; and these qualifications are the product usually of long practice only. Proofs of this are many. Very able men, for instance, have always written for the leading American magazines, but till of late their articles have been crude and uninteresting as compared with similar productions in Great Britain; for, though good thinkers, these writers had not learnt that necessary art of putting just enough and no more thought into an article, of beginning it with an attractive paragraph, and rounding it off with that finish which gives it the appearance of completeness. A thoroughly well-written magazine article, from a professional pen, is worth studying for its style; but still more artistic is often an editorial from a leading English newspaper. The art displayed in introducing the subject by an appropriate metaphor or aphorism, the skill with which a multitude of facts are described in a few words, but so combined, that the mind passes without effort from the facts to the conclusion which the writer wishes to draw from them, and the unhesitating confidence with which he clinches the argument, are all qualities which practice, and not native talent alone, confers on a writer. And the same is equally true of book-making. A mere chronological stringing together of historical facts, for instance, is not writing history. The annalist is the historian's drudge. It is the part of the historian so to weave together facts, and so to identify them with persons and places as to give life and reality to the period he is describing. To do this well he must possess the power of combination which makes the dramatist, and the vivid imagination of the poet; and these faculties must be con-

have earned laurels from judge
distribute their praises too la
professors of Toronto Univers
Chapman, Croft, Cherriman, a
are all men whose connectio
country has given us a good rep
but we cannot claim them as
Canadian soil.

As I said, therefore, work, anc
has been done in every departme
ture in Canada, but it has be
quantity and but ill-requited at h

What, then, do the three
millions who inhabit Canada r
ported books and home-made ne

Since the 5 per cent. duty ha
vied, that is since 1868, the follo
customs' return of imports and
books, kindly furnished me by
comb :—

Years.	Total Value Imported.
1868	$478,630
1869	640,820
1870	674,373
1871	689,341
1872	848,922
1873	938,241
1874	958,773

Thus, in 1874, a balance was sc
country of $921,491, or at the ra
cents per head of the population.
collected last year from this source a
to $47,941.86.

As to the classes to which these i
books belong, Mr. McGee told us i
in his lecture on the "Mental Outfi
New Dominion," on the authority
Samuel Dawson, of Montreal, that t
might then be divided somewhat in
lowing proportions :—

Religious Books,	18 per ce
Poetical Books,	10 per ce
Historical, Scientific, and Literary,	28 per cen
Works of Fiction	44 per cen

but the money value of the several
of books most in demand was, of

ponsibilities of journalism. I
repulsive to taste are the *face*
of diluted wit and stale joke
even leading American news
gaps in their columns; and th
reports of conversations with c
and condemned felons, who, t
strange fascination, are induce
their secrets more freely to tl
dent than the one class do to th
or the other to their attorneys.
of proceedings in the courts
language travestied from Dick
most ordinary incidents of news
in a grandiloquent style, and w
use of bombastic words utterl
any circumstances, and ridicu
propriate to the trifling subjec
ration. As purveyors of news, t
papers altogether outstrip the
their proprietors shew a degree
and a liberality towards their
worthy of all commendation; bu
ing to the low tastes of the m
horrors, in their inquisitorial pry
mestic affairs, and the prominer
sational colouring they give to e
tion of vice, the American
generally speaking, diffuse harm
among their readers; while the
guage is suffering from the sla
exaggeration which characterize
of writing. We cannot claim fo
of British newspaper complete
from the same faults in matter a
and there is an evident tendency
recently established British journ
the United States rather than the
lish models. Nevertheless, as a ru
newspapers discuss the topics
more fully and more calmly th
American; they do not indulge i
disguised personalities; they do
the instances of immorality the
obliged to chronicle, in such gau
before their readers, and, in the
nals, the style of writing is not dis

follow that what our journals can offer, should not be good of its kind; which, as a rule, it is not. Public events are discussed in a narrow party spirit, the same spirit which unhappily has diffused itself through our politics, and makes our public men on the alert to detect and magnify new points of difference, instead of aiming at reconciling the few that really exist. When any important subject occupies the public mind—such as the Pacific Railway complication of last year—the evils of party journalism appear very prominently in an utter contempt of honour and fair-play, and a supreme disregard for the sanctity of private character. Nor is the style of our editorials better than their matter. Simplicity and a use of Anglo-Saxon words seem to be sedulously avoided. In the extracts from foreign journals, as little taste is shewn as in the original communications; and one is therefore driven to admit, that, if the intellectuality of the country is to be gauged by the character of its newspapers, it is low indeed. There are journalists of talent and education and refinement, who write for both the English and Canadian press. It would be invidious to mention them. But I am sure that none would be more ready than they to admit that what I have said is substantially true.

Attempt after attempt has been made to sustain a monthly magazine in Canada, but not, as yet, with complete success. At the commencement of the period we are reviewing, two very respectable monthlies, as already mentioned, were published in Montreal—"The Canadian Magazine and Literary Repository," and the "Canadian Review and Literary and Historical Journal." Neither lived long; and, since their decease, there have been started and discontinued the "Literary Garland," of Montreal, the "Victoria Magazine," in Belleville, the "Anglo-American Magazine," in Toronto, the "British-American Magazine," in Toronto, and probably others of which I have died for want of support. As literary productions they were, of course, far inferior to British Magazines; and, though they all aimed at discussing home questions from a broader point of view than the newspaper press, they did not always succeed in doing so. At present there are two monthly periodicals printed in English, the "Dominion Monthly," in Montreal, and the "Canadian Monthly," in Toronto. The former has already enjoyed the unusually long existence of seven years; the latter has passed through grave vicissitudes, though only three years old, and heretofore supported, if not edited, by one of the most brilliant political writers of Britain, Prof. Goldwin Smith. It is undoubtedly the best literary periodical which has yet been published in Canada, and it would be surprising were it not so, considering its greater command of writers, owing to our increase in population, and to our colleges having drawn from abroad men of talent and even eminence in their several branches. Though the serial novels it brings out, and its other purely literary articles, may not come up to the standard of the best English magazines, yet, when compared with all similar previous productions, they show that Canadian writers are cultivating a better style than heretofore. It is moreover printed as well as any foreign periodical. The support accorded to it has not as yet made its publication remunerative. If it must share the fate of its predecessors, its stoppage will be only another proof of the lack of a public national feeling among the English-speaking population of the Dominion, and of any real desire to foster and encourage a native literature.

The French Canadian Reviews, though, perhaps, conducted with more spirit than the English, have not been pecuniarily more successful; and, seeing how small is the circle of readers they address, it cannot well be otherwise.

The "Canadian Naturalist," the "Canadian

however, seem out here to value less than the same class does in Scotland a liberal education for their sons.

The University of Toronto, with the advantages of a rich endowment, and of professors of eminence, attracts only 225 students to the faculty of arts.

Nor is the record of the French Universities more favourable. In Laval University, with so large a population to draw from, with the advantage of the Seminary as a source of supply, and though requiring of the students of Theology and Medicine, that they shall have passed the arts course, enrolled last year only 103 students in that faculty.

I think all these considerations make it clear that our intellectual acquirements have not kept pace with the growth in material wealth of our country. Canada has now nearly one-seventh of the population of Great Britain, and though I have pointed out good reasons why there should be proportionately less culture and less devotion to literary pursuits here than there, the disproportion is greater than it ought to be; for rapidly there is springing up in Canada a class of wealthy men, who, with their children, enjoy both wealth and leisure. Did they rightly estimate the advantages these bestow, and did tion of their higher faculties, it would be well for themselves and well for the country. We should then have a class of men educated and well-read, from whom we could draw legislators, men who could judge of what would be good or ill for the country from their knowledge of what has happened in the past, and what is taking place now in the world, and who, from the possession of wealth, would be less likely to be influenced in the formation of their opinions and in their decisions on political subjects, by considerations of pecuniary interest. It would not be well that our legislatures should be filled by men of any one class, but it certainly would be well if there were more men in them of the class I have indicated. Such men likewise, sensible of the advantage and pleasure they derive from intellectual pursuits, would be eager and active in diffusing their own spirit, and sharing their enjoyment with others; and thus through the foundation of public libraries and the endowment of University chairs, and still more through the example of hard, honest, intellectual work, done without a hope of sordid reward, education would be encouraged among the masses.

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Of days that Youth made ever bright,
And Hope made ever blest;
But not in vain, ah! not in vain
I send this simple line,
Though music can inspire no strain
With sweetness such as thine,
Yet love, sweetheart, is the refrain
Of aught that may be mine.

And what is left to me at last,
As years are melting in that tomb
Of shifting light and shifting gloom,
Into the vague receding past?

It may be that, as they have flown,
Some traces left upon the sand
Have been unnoticed at my hand,
And lie with moss and weeds o'ergrown;

That the dust-covered, faded note
Lies by in some neglected nook,
That spake when wayward fancy took
My footsteps into scenes remote.

It may be that some tender voice,
Unheard has died upon the air,
Or faint has grown some image fair
That might have made this heart rejoice.

It may be there has been estranged,
Through careless word or languid mood,
Some friend who only saw the good
That had been, when the dream was changed.

Thus links betimes may pass away,
From one however wise he live;
Some are the price that friendships give,
And some the debt that love must pay.

As blade of withered grass is found
At morn replaced by yet another,
So may we find some willing brother
Preserving friendship's golden round.

Perchance the light the future throws,
Shall make life's last the fairest links,
And life be as the sun that sinks
In richer splendour than it rose.

Yet what I fain would now impart,
Is only what my sighs have told:
The dearest memories of the old,
Old days revert to thee, Sweetheart.

TORONTO. W. T. T.

coming to Carrington—a wild October day, when the wind was driving the grey clouds in whirling masses across the sky, and tossing the red leaves in showers from the trees —Alan was standing superintending the piling of a quantity of newly-sawn lumber, and the despatch of a waggon-load of the great heavy oars used by raftsmen, to a point up the river, where they were wanted. Suddenly to his surprise, Ponto dashed off excitedly, and sprang, with every demonstration of delight, across to a lad who was approaching at some distance.

"Why Ben, is it you!" Alan exclaimed, delighted to see the first home face he had encountered since his new life began.

Ben smiled his grave smile and nodded. "Want you to get me work here with you, Mr. Alan," he said, "Tired of that work up there, too hard! Here's letters."

And he produced from his pocket a little parcel, from which Alan eagerly drew the precious home packet. There was a letter in it from Dan.

"When did this come, Ben?" asked he, as he eagerly opened it.

"Yesterday evening. Hurried to bring it to you;" said Ben. Dan's letter seemed to be written in good spirits, but showed an effort to seem so, Alan thought. He and Ned had reached head-quarters, had been assigned to a troop of cavalry, and were busy being drilled into all the movements; pretty hard work, Dan wrote. However, in a few days, he expected to have some real work, as a skirmish at least, was expected to take place. "That would be splendid" he wrote, but his mother was not to be alarmed. Such things were hardly ever serious for the cavalry, who had most of the fun, and very little of the danger. Beauty was well, but after the first few days, she had been taken possession of by his officer, who, however, let Dan have her sometimes, and he had, at least, the satisfaction of grooming and tending her, because no one else did it half so well. The letter concluded with requests to be soon written to, and a great many affectionate messages.

"Poor Dan!" thought Alan. He had chosen his own path, and there was no help for it now. If only he might be preserved from all the dangers, moral and physical, of the new career, so congenial to his adventurous, reckless spirit!

As for Ben, he went with him to Mr. Arnold, and succeeded in getting him on to the slide work, a post which delighted Ben, being infinitely more congenial to his tastes than the tamer, plodding farm work he had been doing for a somewhat hard and exacting master. And then he was near Alan, towards whom he had a faithful humble affection, somewhat akin to Ponto's. And Alan found in the presence of these two home friends, no small amount of solace.

A day or two after that, Alan got his first letter from Lottie. He had himself written twice, but knowing Lottie's disinclination to writing, was not very much surprised at her delay in replying. The letter was a little blotted, and written in the very cramped, very angular hand she had acquired at school. It did not, however, take very long to read. It ran thus:

"My Dear Alan—I now take up my pen to write to you, which I would have done before but we have been very busy. I am glad you like your work. I have missed you a great deal. We have had some very rainy, windy weather since you left. Father has been at a 'logging-bee' at the Turner's. He has got in all his fall wheat. I was at Mapleford the other day and saw Jeanie. She was looking very well. I want you to get me six yards of velvet ribbon, the same colour as enclosed pattern, and send it by the next stage. It must be the same width and the same shade as the pattern. Also, two more yards lustre, like sample, and three yards of elastic. I think that's all now. There isn't any news. Good-bye,

"Your's affectionately,

"Lottie Ward.

"P. S. I have been reading such a lovely book; the 'Woman in White' it is called. Kate Lindsay lent it to me. She is to be married in January. L. W."

It was a very different letter from those Alan had sent, and he sighed a little half-sigh of disappointment after his first eager reading; though he would not admit to himself that he was disappointed. He had always known better than to expect from Lottie either a long letter or anything like his own affectionate epistles. Still when the reality came, he felt he had hoped for something a little different. Then the letter, written in such sharp characters, in such pale ink, with various slight mistakes here and there, seemed very much less charming than Lottie herself did, and it was not easy for him to identify her as the writer. However he went and faithfully discharged her commissions that afternoon—visiting nearly all the shops in Carrington to find the ribbon of the precise shade and width, that she wished; and he added to the parcel a pretty little trifle not included in the commissions.

He had an engagement to dine with Philip Dunbar that evening, and had made an appointment to meet him at his office, and take a walk with him first. After his shopping was over, therefore, he walked down to Mr. Dunbar's office. George Arnold was on duty that day and there was nothing going on at the mills which required his presence, so he could, without difficulty, get away an hour or two earlier.

Mr. Dunbar and he walked briskly up the road which led out of the town along the banks of the larger river that flowed past Carrington, sweeping away into the distance in grand blue curves, flecked here and there by snowy rapids. Far away in the horizon a faint, blue light told of distant hills—a not very common adjunct to a Canadian landscape. The woods along the river banks still wore their autumn liveries, though the high winds had already very much thinned the brilliant foliage.

They extended their walk for some miles up the river, the road sometimes leading beside it, and then again receding from it to make a straighter line. It was a bright, bracing afternoon, with the keen air, clear atmosphere, and bright sky of fine October days. At a turn in the road they saw a small equestrian party approaching them, some of them ladies. "How Dan would have been enjoying a gallop such an afternoon as this," thought Alan, when he saw them.

"There, the lady in front is Miss Arnold, one of our Carrington belles," said Mr. Dunbar.

Alan looked eagerly, for the name naturally interested him, and he expected to see his former acquaintance, the original of the photograph. But this at any rate was not she. He saw a tall, fine-looking girl, of full, handsome figure, and rather florid complexion, a flattering female likeness, in fact, of his friend George, looking the very picture of a horsewoman as she cantered by managing her steed with perfect grace, and bowing courteously to Mr. Dunbar as she passed him, while she was also evidently keeping up a lively conversation with the gentleman at her side.

Next came another gentleman and lady, and a little behind them, apparently absorbed in watching the changing beauty of the sky, rode a small, slight figure, her black riding-habit making her look still smaller. Ah, there was the face of the photograph now; there was no mistaking those large wistful eyes, and the delicate face, into which the exercise had brought a flush of unusual colour. As she caught sight of Mr. Dunbar, she reigned in her grey pony for a moment, in order to speak to him, courteously bowing to Alan, who, from the unceremonious nature of their acquaintance, had scarcely ventured to expect a recognition.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, Miss Lenore," said Mr. Dunbar, the cynicism all dropping out of his voice, as it only did when he spoke to his favourites."

"Thank you, I am a great deal better; so much so that I think they might let me stay at home, but Dr. Wilmot says I must go next week. I wanted to ask if you knew how poor Joseph Morgan is these last two or three days."

"Wasting away; going fast. He has not been able to touch anything except your grapes and jelly."

"Poor boy; and Helen?"

"Looking like a shadow, and trying to keep on working, though her heart is breaking."

"Thank you. I've been so busy the last few days, as we have visitors, that I haven't been able to get into town to see them. But I must before I go. Good afternoon."

And seeing her companions, now somewhat in advance, looking round to see what had become of her, she put her pony into a canter, and dashed fleetly away.

"I didn't know you were acquainted with Miss Lenore Arnold," said the all-observant Mr. Dunbar, who had noticed her salutation.

"I can hardly say I am," replied Alan, and he briefly explained the circumstances under which they had met before. "But I hardly expected her to recollect me," he added.

"Oh, Lenore Arnold isn't a girl to forget a kindness or neglect a courtesy. She hasn't any of the silly punctiliousness some girls have about not bowing unless they are formally introduced, and sometimes not then, if the acquaintance doesn't please them, or isn't in their set. If she recognises a person she doesn't think it hurts her to bow politely, even if it be to one of her father's workmen. In fact, she's one of the few women I've met who have no humbug about them."

Alan smiled, and wondered whether he wouldn't say the same of his sister, Jeanie, if he knew her, and then involuntarily came the wonder what he would say of Lottie.

"I should think her a great deal prettier than her sister," he said, rather warmly.

"So do I, *entre nous*; but the style doesn't suit everybody's taste. The other is much more dashing and showy, and all that. And then she goes a great deal more into society, while Lenore keeps very much in the shade. They've had their life very much as they chose to make it — those girls. Their mother was a French Canadian, daughter of a *seigneur* below Montreal, a pretty little dark-eyed creature, very like Lenore. She died when the youngest of the family, little Pauline, was a baby; and these two girls were sent to a convent for their education; it was their mother's wish, I believe. Lenore is an enthusiastic little creature, and she fell in love with some of the nuns, and with all the romance of the quiet conventual life, and so on; and I really believe she would have stayed there, only she's so devotedly fond of her father and brothers, that she thought it was her duty to come home and help to fill her mother's place. And it's just as well she did, for Mademoiselle Renée, the eldest, is so fond of gaiety, and so often away, that I don't know how they would get on without Lenore. She doesn't care for gaiety at all. She has an ideal of her own of life, and since she can't be a sister of mercy in a convent, she does a good deal better in being one out of it. Those people we were speaking about, now; I couldn't tell you how kind she's been to them."

"Who are they?" asked Alan, much interested.

"A brother and sister whose family came out from England some years ago, and who have lost one relative after another, till they are left alone now, with a bed-ridden mother. The lad was working in my office, doing all he could to make something by writing. But he's consumptive, and took a cold that settled on his lungs, and now he's dying fast, poor fellow, and his sister, a mere girl, nurses the others, and works morning, noon, and night for a dress maker, to earn what little they need. I told Miss Lenore about them some time ago, and ever since then she has been to see them as often as she is able,

and sends them fruit and delicacies, and more substantial help too. I don't know what they would have done without her. I think she feels a special interest in them, because she has been threatened with consumption herself, and, indeed, a short time ago she was so ill with a severe cold that the doctor has ordered her to go and spend the winter in Indiana, where an aunt of her's resides, and where the climate is particularly favourable."

"So that is where she is going then. I was afraid she would take cold, that rainy evening; she looked so delicate," said Alan.

"Yes, she's always been a fragile, delicate little creature, just as her mother was, but with an amount of spirit that is always going beyond her strength. They're all so fond of her at home, that it's a wonder she isn't spoiled. She can do anything she likes with her father. But don't you think we'd better turn now; we shall find it getting dark before we know where we are."

It was quite dark, and the stars were shining brilliantly in a very frosty looking sky, in which a few white streamers of the aurora were glittering, northwards, when they reached the town once more, and sat down to dinner in Mr. Dunbar's snug little dining-roon, where a bright coal fire, his favourite luxury, was blazing brightly in the grate, throwing its warm light on the neatly set table, and the crimson-papered walls, hung with some photographs of foreign places, which were the only adornment of the bachelor apartment, except two small pictures above the mantelpiece; one a pretty large, coloured photograph of a lady, in a widow's cap—Mr. Dunbar's mother, Allan thought rightly; the other, a rather unfinished but spirited water-colour sketch of a young female head, with blue eyes and sunny curls—his sister, Alan thought again; but here he was wrong. There had been a little romance, unknown to most people, in Mr. Dunbar's student life in Scotland; but it had been closed and sealed up long ago; and this slight picture, a lock of sunny hair, and a grave in the Dean's cemetery in Edinburgh, were all that were left of it now, except a memory in Philip Dunbar's heart, which no living woman he had since met had been able to displace. And this was why he was a bachelor still. There was a well-filled book-case, too, in one corner, filled, not with law books—those he kept in his office—but, in addition to a few old standards, with the best modern works on historical, philosophical, and scientific subjects, which he got as they came out, for he liked to keep himself "posted up" in most things, not only because it was in accordance with his natural tastes, but also because, as he said, "there's hardly anything that it isn't of use to a lawyer to know."

Ponto, who was an invited guest, stretched himself luxuriously on the rug, as if he had been used to coal fires all his days, whereas they never burned anything but wood in Radnor, and, indeed, little else in Carrington. It was Alan's first experience of a late dinner, and it was a pleasant novelty, accompanied as it was with the little formalities that Mr. Dunbar liked to keep up, and with his host's entertaining, well-informed conversation. Mr. Dunbar had some good wine, too, as well as ale. Alan would not have touched the whiskey that he hated with such good cause; but this was different, he thought. He enjoyed the flavour and the stimulating effect, and the influence of the unaccustomed beverage, combined with that of the brisk walk in the bracing air, threw off his shyness, and made him unusually talkative, and Mr. Dunbar drew from him a pretty full account of his old home, and of the family struggles, always excepting his father's fatal tendency, which, however, Mr. Dunbar already knew pretty well from Sandy McAlpine.

Alan was learning more and more, all the time, how many things there were which the limited range of his studies had never even touched, and was beginning to feel his com-

parative ignorance, almost painfully, under the stimulating influence of his new friend's varied knowledge, an effect of which Mr. Dunbar was wholly unconscious. But as he noticed how eagerly Alan listened to every new fact or series of facts that came in his way, he enjoyed the interest he had excited, and recommended to Alan one book after another on the subjects that most interested him, placing them cordially at his service, so that he soon had marked out for him enough solid reading to give him profitable occupation for his evenings all through the winter. Alan's original taste for reading was increasing with the time and the means for gratifying it, and he looked over the books that Mr. Dunbar placed before him with great satisfaction, his only perplexity being which to begin first. But in this, too, his kind friend gave him judicious advice.

While they were awaiting tea, and discussing the books, with which Mr. Dunbar had littered the table, the door bell rang, and the next minute George Arnold walked in, seeming to carry an atmosphere of gay good humour about him, and his usual colour heightened by the sharp night air.

"Good evening, Dunbar; good evening, Campbell; why you seem to be very literary here! Don't let me disturb your studies, I beg. I just came in with these papers, Dunbar, as I was passing. They're all ready to be copied now, I think. You can look them over at your leisure, and go on with the business as soon as possible. Oh, and here's a note Nora told me to be sure not to forget to give you, and I was just going to forget. Wouldn't I have caught it when I got home."

And bidding them a gay "good evening," he was off again, humming to himself a lively opera air.

"He's in such specially good spirits to-night, and so well got up, that it's easy to tell where he's going!" remarked Mr. Dunbar, lighting a cigar, after having offered one to Alan, which was declined, for Alan did not smoke; and throwing himself back in his easy chair in a luxurious attitude, he proceeded to open Miss Lenore Arnold's note.

Alan looked up, puzzled, which Mr. Dunbar perceived; he could see everything, no matter what he might be doing.

"What! don't you know that little secret yet? Well, it isn't much of a secret, for all Carrington knows it. I only wonder that loquacious landlady of yours hasn't informed you before now. Well, everybody except yourself knows that Mr. George Arnold is engaged to his cousin, Miss Adelaide Junor, and the marriage will, I suppose, come off in spring or summer. She's a pretty little blonde, very gay, and very much to Miss Arnold's taste, I should fancy. As for Lenore, that is another matter."

Alan suddenly recollected the fair hair and blue draperies he had seen beside Miss Lenore in the pony carriage the day he had caught the reins.

"Is she his cousin, did you say?" he asked, following Mr. George in thought as he went on his pleasant errand, and thinking with a momentary pang of envy how far he was from Lottie.

"Yes, his own cousin. Mrs. Junor is Mr. Arnold's sister. Her husband was a partner of Mr. Arnold's once, but she has been a widow for many years. Mr. Arnold objected to the marriage for a good while on the ground of the cousinship; but Mr. George is a pretty wilful young man, and dreadfully passionate when his will is crossed, so I suppose his father had to give in."

"Is he passionate?" Alan asked, surprised. "I shouldn't have thought it."

"No; you wouldn't think the sea could ever be savage when you see it lying calm and rippling and sparkling on a summer day. But it can—savage and cruel too, and so can George Arnold! I only hope you may never see him in a passion. To do him justice, he doesn't get into one often. When he does, I believe Lenore is the only one

who can soothe him. There's her note for you to read. It's just like herself."

Alan took the dainty little note—just the faintest odour of violets stealing from the white satiny sheet—and read,

"My dear Mr. Dunbar,—As I am afraid that the Morgans may really be in want of necessaries, for I am sure poor Helen's work cannot bring in much now, may I place the enclosed sum in your hands, and ask you to take the trouble of applying it to their needs as you may see fit? Please give it anonymously, for I think they would feel less in taking it from an unknown source. Should you see that they need more when this is used up, you may draw on my brother in my absence, at your own discretion. I will try to see them once more before I go. Please excuse my giving you this trouble, but I know you can do it better than any one else.

"Very truly yours,

"LENORE A. ARNOLD.

"Ivystone, Thursday."

Alan could not help admiring the daintily folded note, and the free, graceful handwriting, nearly as much as the generous heart of the writer, for the "enclosed sum" was by no means a small one. And, in spite of himself, it suggested, by contrast, the other letter he had been reading that afternoon, though he was indignant with himself for allowing any thought to arise which could in the slightest degree disparage Lottie, even in comparison with Miss Lenore Arnold. Of course Lottie had not had her advantages, and how could he expect her to write as good a letter? What were his that he should complain of hers? But for all that, he could not help feeling the difference.

"Poor Helen Morgan," said Mr. Dunbar, "it will be a load off her mind when I tell her that I shall have for her weekly for so long a time a sum she can depend upon to eke out her earnings. Well, for some reasons, it's a nice thing to be rich. I never feel inclined to alter my course and lay myself out for money-making except when I think what a luxury it would be to give all the help I see needed. Only all the rich people don't use their money as Miss Lenore does. If they did there wouldn't be much want in this "Canada of ours!"

And then Mr. Dunbar launched out into one of his favourite disquisitions—half political, half philosophical—as to the relative duties of wealth to poverty, of capital to labour, which was more interesting to himself, and to Alan as far as he could follow it, than it would be in these pages. He wound it up by saying—

"When I get into Parliament, those are the views I shall advocate."

"Then I suppose my cousin Sandy was right when he said he thought he should see you in Parliament some day," rejoined Alan.

"Yes; some day, perhaps he will," said Mr. Dunbar, with a peculiar smile, "but he will have to live a good while first, and so shall I. A man holding my particular opinions doesn't get in so easily."

That evening was the first of a good many pleasant ones spent by Alan in Mr. Dunbar's dining-room that winter—indeed it was the only place to which he cared to go. Not that he had a large choice, however, for as yet he had very few acquaintances in Carrington. To Ivystone he was not invited—natural as it might seem to be. Mr. Arnold, in his failing health, did not trouble himself much about inviting people, and George and Renée had their hands and minds full of more important people. Lenore, the only one who would have thought of inviting a lonely stranger because he was a lonely stranger, was away; and so Alan was apparently ignored, socially, by the family of his employer.

Then he did not fancy Mrs. McAlpine, nor enjoy the new rustling grandeur of her house, nor indeed his cousin's somewhat oppressive hospitality. But at Mr. Dunbar's, and with him, Alan felt more at home on

each visit. There he always found a cordial welcome, and talk that stimulated and drew forth his own powers, and urged him to go on in his self-appointed course of study; and Mr. Dunbar had, perhaps, quite as much pleasure in the visits as Alan. He felt strongly drawn to Alan's honest, genuine nature, and notwithstanding his youth and inexperience could talk to him more freely than he did to most people, and would sometimes unfold to him plans and projects of which he had never spoken to any one else before. In fact a strong friendship was growing up between them. And Mr. Dunbar heard from Alan all about Hugh and his ambition, and he began to form a plan for taking him into his own office as soon as there should be an opening, and help him to make his own way by giving him a small salary.

But one thing—or rather one person—Alan never spoke to Philip Dunbar about, and that was Lottie. It was partly from shyness, partly from the feeling of uncertainty regarding the result which had sprung up of late in his mind, but, as much as from either of these causes, it proceeded from an instinctive feeling that Mr. Dunbar would not admire Lottie, and he could not have spoken of her to any one who did not see her with his own eyes. All the more that at the bottom of his heart there was a little doubt of his own eyes, but no change of feeling for Lottie.

He had letters from her occasionally, rare enough, and not warmer than the first one. But as warmth was not a characteristic of Lottie's manner, when they were together, he could not expect it to characterize her letters. From home he had warm loving epistles, and Dan's tolerably regular letters to the family in general, though they always began, "My dear Mother," were always forwarded immediately to Alan. He seemed to be very well contented, on the whole; wrote of the adventures of camp life, (he had joined the army of the Potomac), as the greatest fun in the world, and only longed, he said for an engagement, and for a scratch, at least, to show that he had "seen service." Alan sent him kind, elder-brotherly letters, full of wise counsels to keep out of harm of all kinds, and especially of the destroyer against which he had warned him when they were together. And many a prayer for the young soldier's well-being by night and by day, went up from the little household in Miss Honeydew's cottage at Mapleford.

From Miss Hepzibah, too, Alan got kind bright letters occasionally, giving him lively accounts of her experiences in the big bustling Boston, which was a very different Boston from the quiet puritan town that she used to visit when she was a girl. "The folks here put me almost frantic," she wrote, "with their airs, and their fineries, and their ridiculous fashions, and their turning of night into day—and the girls!—why they havn't got the least notion of work—nothing but lounging round, chatting, and shopping, and dressing themselves into popinjays, and wasting away of all their precious time, with their operas and theatres that they go to when they ought to be going to bed? I tell them they aint like the grandchildren of the people I remember, and that it's enough to make their grandmothers turn in their graves, the way they go on! Why, one of our Canadian girls, like your sister, or Mary Burridge, is worth them all put together. And so I tell 'em!"

November came and passed away, with its cheerless days of pouring rain, and muddy streets, and wailing winds that tore the last remaining leaves from the naked trees. Towards the end of the month, just before the severe frosts came on, Mr. Dunbar went with George Arnold and one or two Englishmen—his visitors—on a deer-hunting expedition into the woods, some distance beyond Heron Bay. Mr. Dunbar took a small packet to Mapleford for Alan in passing, where he met with a most grateful reception from the Campbells, they and he parting

mutually pleased with the new acquaintanceship. The evening after he came home, Alan went over to see him.

"Well, how many deer did you get?" asked Alan, after Mr. Dunbar had told him the home news, and had delighted him by his praises of his mother and Jeanie, and of Hugh's cleverness and diligence.

"Two or three pretty big fellows," Mr. Dunbar replied. But the hard frost that set in two or three nights ago, played the mischief with our hunting. I got nearly frozen, waiting for hours under a rock, watching for a deer to pass that way, which it never did. However, I got a little bit of information thereby, which you will take some interest in. I only wish I could have got it sooner.

"What is that?" asked Alan.

"Well, I must tell you how it happened first. When we saw the frost was likely to last, we gave up the idea of staying out longer, and betook ourselves to the nearest tavern—close to Heron Bay, you know—to get warmed and fed. On the way back, we fell in with the surveying party, who, it seems are already making out the course of the proposed railway, though they don't say much about it till they are sure of the Government aid. I saw the chart of it that they had made out, and it struck me, from what I had seen of the lie of the land in going out, that it struck pretty close to your father's old farm. I copied out a little bit of it roughly for you, and here it is. You, of course, can tell better than I can."

Alan looked at the rough copy, his brow contracting with eagerness. There it was, sure enough; the black line indicating the proposed railway, running right along the piece of marsh land that had been considered so useless an appendage to Braeburn Farm.

"Well, am I right?" enquired Mr. Dunbar, watching Alan's excited face.

"Yes, of course, that's just it;" said Alan, answering rather his own thoughts than Mr. Dunbar's question, as there flashed back upon his mind with the vividness of yesterday, Ben's remark as to Mr. Sharpley's private survey of the marsh.

"Yes, I conclude that explains the manœuvres of Messrs. Leggatt and Sharpley. Leggatt's had a chief hand in this railway all through, so far, and of course he had his eyes open, and knew where it was likely to come through; at least Sharpley and he together would know. They evidently had determined from the beginning to get your father's land into their hands for the least possible sum—and this explains Leggatt's trying to throw your father off his guard with his deceitful assurances of waiting till it was convenient, and then bringing him up suddenly when he wasn't expecting it."

"Yes, and the obscure way in which they advertised it, or didn't advertise it!" Alan interrupted,

"Of course! It's easy to see it all now. I always thought Sharpley must have some end of his own to serve, though it didn't strike me about the railway. I only wish it had a little sooner. Some effort might have been made to hold the land till better value could be got for it. I'm quite sure Leggatt and Sharpley really hold it now, for I put the question to Hollingsby as I came along, and I could see from the way he tried to evade it, that I was right. Of course nothing can be done now. It's one of those cases in which the letter of the law has been kept, and a gross injustice perpetrated."

Alan did not reply. All his latent hatred of Sharpley, whom he rarely encountered in Carrington, partly perhaps because the lawyer rather avoided meeting him, had been roused into vehement life by this new revelation, and he dared not trust himself to speak, lest his friend should see the passionate anger that thrilled through him. Perhaps Philip Dunbar did guess something of it, calm as his own nature was, for he said, as Alan, after sitting for a few minutes, moodily gazing into the fire, rose to go.

"Don't let it worry you now, Campbell,

there's no use in fretting over what can't be mended. Perhaps I shouldn't have told you, but I wanted to make sure about the matter. Sharpley has always managed hitherto to keep within the letter of the law in his sharp practice. If I could only catch him outside it, once, wouldn't I give it to him! But be sure and don't let your father hear anything of this, for though I thought him looking wonderfully well for a man who had had a stroke of paralysis, still any painful emotion or excitement might be very injurious."

"Oh no, of course not," Alan replied, thinking that the injunction was hardly necessary. And then he bade his friend good night, and went out to walk off, in the cold November night air, the fever of resentment that was flowing in a fierce tide through his veins.

CHAPTER XV.

A CHRISTMAS VISIT.

"Yet she did know my story, knew my life
Was wrought to hers with bindings many and strong,
That I, like Israel, served for a wife,
And for the love I bare her, thought not long."

DECEMBER came, and Alan was counting the days till Christmas, when he was to pay his first visit to his home. The frosts were growing intense now, though, as yet, only a few sprinklings of snow had fallen on the hard iron-bound ground, that felt like cast metal under foot. All the little ponds and runnels were frozen, and little boys with their skates were making use of every spot where they could find a few feet of glare ice. The Arqua was so rapid, and so full of falls, that it was hardly ever thoroughly frozen, even in the depth of winter; but the larger, stiller river, after steaming profusely for a couple of days, had "taken;" and presented an expanse of glittering ice, safe for the most part, except where, here and there, the current of a "rapid," prevented the ice from forming firmly.

Just below the lower edge of Carrington, there was a wide still bay, where, in a cove, deeply fringed with sombre pines, was the favourite skating grounds of the Carringtonians—the spot earliest frozen, and in winter kept clear of snow, so as to form an open-air rink. Thither the greater portion of Carrington repaired with their skates one fine afternoon about the middle of December, the first day that the ice had been reported really safe, and among the rest Alan Campbell and Philip Dunbar. Alan had an easy time of it just now, for the frost had, of course, suspended lumbering operations, and even in the sawmills there was not very much doing, so that he had a good deal of time to himself, especially as from his growing experience, he was able to get through business much more quickly than he did at first.

It was one of those lovely afternoons which sometimes come even in December, and partially redeem it from the bitter, ungenial character it is wont to bear—the air cold, but not too cold to be pleasant to brisk pedestrians muffled in warm winter wrappings; the atmosphere of a pure translucent clearness; and the western sky bright with soft rich blending tints of delicate green, and opal and rose, which the gleaming ice caught and reflected back in even lovelier tones. The ice, with its crowds of eager skaters, presented a most animated scene; the bright draperies of the girls, who in high glee were skimming gaily over its surface, contrasting prettily with the soberer dress, only enlivened by gay mufflers, of their brothers and friends.

Alan's eye was caught at once by the party from Ivystone—Miss Arnold, her cousin, Miss Junor, one or two visitors, and little Pauline, with two or three of the younger brothers. Renée glided regally about, looking imposing in the purple velvet skating costume which had often graced the Victoria Rink during her visits to Montreal. Addie Junor, in a black velvet suit, with

grebe trimmings and hat, which well set off her fair beauty and slender figure, circled round and round, performing the most complicated evolutions with a graceful ease, which excited at once Alan's admiration and envy; for though a tolerably good, he was by no means an accomplished, skater, and could neither waltz on the ice nor perform the "Dutch Roll," at which Miss Junor was quite *au fait*. Little Pauline, too, skimmed around in emulation of the others, with a fairy-like grace of her own, looking very pretty in a fanciful Red-Riding-hood sort of costume, her bright auburn "mane" floating in the breeze, and her cheeks rose-red with the brisk exercise in the cold, clear air.

Mr. Dunbar and Alan, skated in wide sweeps down the river, and back again; the former exchanging a word or too of greeting with almost every one he met. He joined the Ivystone party for a few minutes, and Alan, who was not far off, heard him ask for Miss Lenore.

"Oh, she was very well when we heard last," replied the rather high-pitched voice of Miss Arnold. "She seemed to be enjoying herself very much, and you know the ladies there have all caught the 'war fever;' they do nothing, almost, but scrape lint and make bandages, and attend hospitals, and you know that just suits Lenore. Her letters are all full of the war, too full we think; it would be pleasanter if she would say less about it!"

"Yes; it's a pity such unpleasant things as wars ever have to be—read about!" said Mr. Dunbar.

"Now Mr. Dunbar, I know you're laughing at me. You always are! But we girls aren't so strong-minded as you are, except Nora, she's awfully strong-minded! She tied up Harry's finger when it was nearly cut off, when I couldn't so much as look at it!"

"I've no doubt of it!" responded Mr. Dunbar, quietly.

"Oh yes! I know what you mean; you satirical creature! You think none of us fit to hold a candle to Lenore. Well, she is a darling! Come Pauline, we must be going home."

But Miss Pauline was by no means ready to go. She wanted to skate till it was quite dusk, and Mr. Dunbar would take care of her—wouldn't he—and take her to Papa's office in time to go home with him?

Mr. Dunbar said he would be most happy, and Pauline had her way, as she generally had. The others took off their skates and left the ice, and Pauline, supremely happy, holding a hand of Mr. Dunbar and Alan, whose acquaintance she had made one day at the mills, skated between them away down the river, letting herself glide along, and almost shouting with delight and excitement.

But suddenly one of Mr. Dunbar's skate straps broke. They stopped, and Alan bent down to try to fasten it again, while Pauline was told to keep close by them. But the child was too excited to remain still, and while they were both occupied, she skated off by herself in the direction of the shore.

"Alan!" exclaimed Mr. Dunbar, suddenly, "never mind the strap! Go after Pauline and bring her back. There's an eddy just in there where she's going, and the ice is always weak!"

Alan was off in a moment, pursuing Pauline. It was no easy matter to come up with her, for the light wind that had risen caught her dress, and blew her along like a little ice-boat. However, he reached her at last, and just in time, for as he caught one of her hands and whirled her round in the opposite direction, the ice cracked beneath their feet in great curves. A minute more and they would have been through.

Pauline was not at all scared by her narrow escape, but only looked up at Alan and laughed as the ice crackled, and gave way behind them. "Did you come after me, for that?" she asked, as Alan and she skated rapidly up to Mr. Dunbar.

"Yes, or you would have been in!" Alan replied.

"No, I should'nt! I skated so fast the ice would'nt have had time to let me down," she replied coolly.

"Well, Miss Pauline," said Mr. Dunbar, "I hope you'll do as you're bid next time!"

"Do you do as you're bid?" she returned saucily, "and if you do, who bids you?"

"Too many people, I'm sorry to say," Mr. Dunbar replied.

"Grown up people never have to do as they're bid," pursued Pauline sententiously. "O how I wish I was grown up! I'd never do anything I did'nt like. None of them do, only Lenore."

"Then I hope you will be like your sister Lenore," said Mr. Dunbar. "That is why everybody loves her; because she does so many things that she doesn't like herself, for other people." By this time the broken strap had been temporarily repaired, and they skated homewards. Pauline insisting that they should give her another skate like that, next day.

But next day there came a fall of snow, and then there came some soft slushy weather that took it away again, and there were many theories and speculations as to whether there would be sleighing for Christmas. But a day or two before it, came another rather heavy fall, which set the sleighs going to the merry music of the bells, and the horses held up their heads, and went twice as briskly, in response to the inspiriting sound.

It was the day before Christmas at last, a bright, clear winter day, and a busy day in Carrington. It was the day of the Christmas market, and the country waggons crowded the market-place, crammed with fat geese, turkeys, chickens, joints of beef and mutton, and vegetables. Then the streets were full of busy people running in and out of shops, buying Christmas dainties and Christmas presents. It was a pleasant day for the cloaked and furred ladies who drove about in their sleighs, tucked in under the warm buffalo robes, for the muffled pedestrians with their warm fleecy "clouds" or bright mufflers pulled up about their ears; a pleasant day, too, for the children who, well-shielded from the cold, trotted past the gay toy-shops and confectioners' windows, speculating as to which of the good things they saw would find their way into their suspended stockings when "Santa Claus" made his rounds that night. But it was not so pleasant a day for those who, like poor Helen Morgan, walked along in garments thin and worn, with no Christmas presents to buy or expect, "no good time" in prospect, and only the bitter memory of former happy Christmases to make this one sadder by contrast.

Alan walked briskly along the street to make his purchases, enjoying the bright sunlit snow, and the merry sleigh-bells, and the sharp creaking sound of his feet on the snowy sidewalk. It all made him realize that it was Christmas time, and that he was going home! He was not going empty-handed either; he had received his first quarter's salary from Mr. Arnold, who was always punctual in his payments; and he felt himself quite rich with this money, the first he had ever earned on his own separate, private account; for in managing the farm he had always felt himself merely his father's agent.

He bought for his mother a soft warm shawl of the quiet colours he knew she liked. It was a long time since she had had a new one. For Hugh he got a good Greek lexicon, which he had long wanted, his old one being a good deal the worse for wear, and rather unsatisfactory. For Jeanie he selected a pretty little brooch—she had hardly any ornaments, poor girl—and this one was made of Scotch pebbles, and would please his father's and mother's eye. And for Lottie, Alan had planned a present that he hoped she would like better than anything else, a large-sized photograph of

himself in a handsome frame, of which he also took a copy in a plainer frame to his father. It was the same size as the one Lottie had had taken for him, which hung in his room and was often fondly looked at, and perhaps Alan felt as if Lottie would remember him the better for having it to look at. But besides that, remembering her personal tastes, he bought for her a pretty little ornament for the hair, which he thought would look well on her brown tresses.

And so provided, and muffled in his stout old plaid that had seen a good deal of service, he took his seat in the capacious sleigh of a farmer from near Mapleford, who had invited him to drive out with him. Soon they had left the houses and busy streets far behind them as they struck out into the open snow-clad country, with only the black rail fences and the dark masses of woods to break the white monotony. The afternoon grew colder still, as the bright blue sky clouded over a little and a wind got up; and, by the time they were approaching Blackwater Mill, Alan had got so chilled as to give him a fair excuse for telling his companions that he would walk the rest of the way if they would kindly carry on his little luggage to Mapleford. Of course the farmer and his wife saw through the little stratagem quite well, and smiled and nodded to each other, and talked of the time when they were "courting." For it is unnecessary to remark that Allan intended to stop and warm himself at the Mill.

Mrs. Ward was busy in her ample store-closet, which always smelt so deliciously of apples and spices and many other good things, and where her numerous winter stores were arranged with housewifely precision. She had just set out on the wide white-scoured shelf the array of mince pies and pumpkin pies, and fruit cakes, which she had been busy for the last day or two in preparing; for they had family gatherings at Christmas time and both the miller and she liked to have their table well supplied with good things. But Mrs. Ward never thought of bestowing any of these good things on her poorer neighbours. All these fat turkeys and geese that were hanging up stiffly frozen in a cellar, and all these tempting pies and cakes were intended solely for home consumption. None of them were to go, in the true spirit of Christmas keeping, to those who were not fortunate enough to have fat turkeys and tempting pies of their own. Had such an idea been proposed to Mrs. Ward she would have elevated her black eyebrows in surprise, and said that she didn't see why she should slave for other people; let every one take care of themselves—that was her motto.

"Now Lottie, I guess that's all that's got to be done to-day; it's such a comfort always to have things through in good time, and then you can sit down and feel comfortable! It 'd put me frantic to be like Mrs. Simpkins, always slaving away with those eight children round; I guess they hain't got any mince pies ready, nor plum-puddin' either. Everything's all ready for the plum-puddin', too, so I can mix it up in the evening and let it stand overnight. That's what makes my puddin's so good."

From which it will be seen that Mrs. Ward was careful to observe Christmas in due form, so far at least as having good things to eat was concerned. Just then came Alan's knock at the door.

"Well, now, if Alan Campbell was here, I'd say that was his knock," exclaimed Mrs. Ward, hurrying to open it. Lottie knew well enough that it was his knock. She knew from his letter that he was coming to-day, and was looking very handsome in her dark green winter dress and bright ribbons. But for all that she did not hurry, but went and stood by the kitchen window while her mother let Alan in. She was glad to see him, however; indeed, both of them were. It had been rather dull of late about the mill, and Alan's entrance seemed to bring with it a certain stir and animation, and even a sort

of waft of town life. He had plenty to tell them, and told it well, excited as he was by the meeting. Then, too, Alan had decidedly improved in manner, seemed more "wide awake," as Mrs. Ward afterwards observed, and had lately treated himself to a new suit of clothes in Carrington. All which things raised him a good deal in Lottie's estimation as well as in that of her mother, who inwardly thought what a pity it was that the young man was not "better situated with regard to worldly matters."

Lottie received the photograph very graciously, and felt a little proud of it, for it showed Alan at his best, and was a very fine picture. But the pleasure the ornament gave was of a decidedly keener nature, and she could hardly wait till Alan was gone to try its effect in her hair. Alan had brought a little remembrancer for Mrs. Ward also, which she declared was "very nice of him."

But Alan had to hurry away, for the short December evening was already closing in, and he knew that his mother would be anxiously looking out for him. So, promising to walk over to see Lottie the day after Christmas—for Christmas Day itself must, of course, be spent at home—Alan set off on his walk to Mapleford, over the frozen snowy roads, and under the glittering stars, which gleamed as brightly through the clear frosty air as they had done in an eastern sky, on a Christmas eve, many hundred years ago. But how many were the human hearts that were open to receive the message of love and good will which they might have conveyed to them.

Alan found the family in a state of eager expectation, for not only had his valise been left, with the announcement that he was on the way, but Ben, who had come by the stage, had also arrived, accompanied by Ponto, who came in for his share of delighted greeting.

It is easier to imagine than describe the little fever of excitement that Alan's arrival created—how many things everybody had to say, all at once; how proudly Mrs. Campbell noted her son's improved appearance and bearing; how happily they all sat down to tea, with one thought of regret in the minds of all for the one who was absent; how, after tea, the presents Alan, and Ben too, had brought, instead of being orthodoxically kept till next day, were dragged forth and presented to their respective owners, thereby causing another little tumult of excitement and gratitude; how home-gifts in turn were prematurely produced; and how they all sat till near midnight around the bright log-fire that was blazing in Miss Hepzibah's sitting-room in honour of the arrivals.

Alan thought that his mother looked less anxious and harassed than he had been accustomed to see her look; and, in truth, one cause of her anxiety had been almost entirely removed in the compulsory withdrawal from her husband, by means of his illness, of the temptations which had formerly so beset him. He was no longer constantly meeting inducements to drink with others, and to do him justice, Archibald Campbell had never sunk quite to the level of "soaking," as it was expressively called by the Radnor people, *i. e.*, loving to drink alone for its own sake. Now and then, when an old friend came in to see him, he would still demand a "brew" of whiskey toddy, as he did to-night, to celebrate his son's arrival; and at such times his wife had not the heart to refuse him, but, by the exercise of her watchful care and tact, was able to keep the "brew" within bounds, not exceeding the second tumbler, always interposing a gentle "Archie, you know what the doctor says," which usually had its effect. It was probably as much owing to this cause as any other that he had recovered as far as he had, and was able now to walk shakily about the house, and even to take exercise on fine days in the verandah; and the pleasurable excitement of seeing his son made him look considerably better than

he usually did. But he would never again be what he had been.

Jeanie was looking somewhat paler and thinner. She had been studying very hard, for she was ambitious of taking a first-class certificate in Spring, and then she could command a larger salary than if she limited her ambition, as she had first thought of doing, to a second-class one. And after the active life she had always led, a comparatively sedentary one of close study told upon both her strength and her looks. Moreover, besides her study and her house-work, Jeanie had all the sewing and mending of the family to do, that her mother might have her time to apply more uninterruptedly to the plain sewing which she did so well, and of which she got from the Mapleford people as much as she was able to undertake, the proceeds of which went a good way to help their modest housekeeping. Moreover, Jeanie was the family correspondent, and wrote to Alan and Dan the long "newsy" letters which kept them so vividly *au courant* with all the home and the Radnor affairs. Dan had had himself photographed too, and Jeanie had that very morning got in his Christmas letter the much-prized *carte*, which represented Dan as a dashing young soldier in full uniform. It had been duly admired by the family, and now they enjoyed it all over again, in the admiration of Alan and of Ben, whose pride in Dan's imposing appearance was not exceeded by that of any of his own family. Alan's photograph, too, gave intense satisfaction, and poor Ben was beset, to his own great bewilderment, with entreaties to get his picture taken too, to complete the collection of absent ones.

Hugh was eager to show Alan how far he had been getting on with his studies under Mr. Abernethy's kind tuition, and Jeanie had a little modest pride in her own progress. They found, however, somewhat to their surprise, that, thanks to Mr. Dunbar's society and Alan's own studies, he was really ahead of them in knowledge of things in general, though, of course, still far behind them in their special studies. But he had taken a look out into the great effervescing world of mind which had formerly been to him a *terra incognita*, and his ideas had taken flight far beyond the narrow sphere to which they had formerly been restricted. He had plenty, of course, to say about his new friend, Mr. Dunbar, and found that all he had to say was eagerly listened to, for Mr. Dunbar had made an easy conquest of them all during his short visit, and must have been, Alan thought, more genial and accessible than he usually was to strangers. But Mr. Dunbar had gained from Alan's conversation a considerable insight into the character of the Campbell family before he had seen them.

They had a pleasant, quiet Christmas together. Alan and Jeanie went to the little English church, looking bright with its Christmas garniture of pine boughs and rowan berries, and then they had a long walk together, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Abernethy and some others of their friends in the neighbourhood. The frost of the two or three days previous had suddenly given place to unusual mildness, and the soft air and blue sky, with its pale grey clouds, seemed almost to bear about them a breathing of the Spring, still so far away, beyond a dreary extent of frost and snow. But, as Jeanie said, they would enjoy it while it lasted, like Alan's visit; although Alan looked with some concern at the fast-melting snow, and wondered how he was to get home. He might have spared himself his anxiety, however, for he had hardly time to get back from Blackwater Mill next day, bearing an invitation to Jeanie and Hugh for an apple-paring party that Mrs. Ward meant to have on New Year's Eve, when a snow-storm set in with whirling snow-drifts, which lasted with scarcely any diminution for two or three days, and made locomotion on the country roads almost an impossibility. Alan had to content himself without

seeing Lottie for several days, which was rather a serious disappointment, though his mother and sister did their best to make his visit as pleasant as they could, and succeeded pretty well in doing so. Then he had to spend an evening at Mr. Abernethy's, and there were various other little hospitalities from neighbours not too far off to be got at through the snow-drifts, and so the days passed both swiftly and pleasantly.

At last the weather cleared up, to Mrs. Ward's great satisfaction, for she was beginning to fear lest her party should be an impossibility, which would have defeated not only her hospitable, but her housewifely intentions as well. For, by this apple-paring party, she hoped to combine pleasure to her guests, with profit to herself, and to get a good stock of apples pared, cut up and strung on cord to be hung up to dry. "Folks liked it just as well, if you gave 'em something to do," she said, "and then you got the good of it!" So her mind was greatly relieved when the day before her party, the heavy grey clouds broke up, and the blue sky appeared, and the sun shone out, bright and dazzling, on the pure untrodden snow, which glittered in the sunbeams as if it were encrusted with diamonds, and hung in great heavy masses on the long sweeping branches of the pines, and collected in little spontaneous snow-balls round the red clusters of rowan-berries on the mountain ash. The great heavy wood-sleds went about on the drifted roads, drawn by strong horses, to make a passable way for lighter vehicles, and the stage prepared to go through to Carrington, for the first time since the storm began.

Alan got out his snow-shoes, and set out on a tramp across country to the mill. The snow was still so soft and powdery, that even his snow-shoes sank in it a little, and poor Ponto, who tried to follow, floundered about, making a succession of large holes in token of his progress, and at last, tired out, and discomfited, was fain to return. But the walk—though slower than it would otherwise have been—was a delightful one, in the exhilarating air, under an intensely blue sky, and over the dazzling white expanse, whose surface was only varied by the gentle rise of the soft snow wreaths, or through the deep dark woods, their heavily laden boughs constantly dropping little showers of snow on the ground beneath. As he came across the bridge by the mill-dam, and looked down upon the rocks below, he stopped for a few minutes to admire the fantastic forms into which the snow-wreaths had tossed themselves around the rocky wall that hemmed in the little water-fall—all white and frozen now. It seemed a miniature bit of Alpine scenery, full of snowy peaks and "horns," which wanted only the element of size to make it really grand, instead of only beautiful and curious. Then the icicles along the edge of the waterfall glittered in the sunshine, adding to the general brilliancy of the effect. Not satisfied with admiring it himself, Alan went in to get Lottie to come and admire it with him, somewhat to the discontent of Mrs. Ward, who was over head and ears in the preparations for her party, rubbing up her best china, &c., &c., in which she found plenty of need for Lottie's assistance. Indeed, she found work for Alan too, and had a long list of commissions for him to execute in Mapleford. As he walked home in the moonlight, he took another look at the snow-wreaths round the water-fall, which in the pure cold with its solemn lights and ethereal shadowy moonlight were idealised, and looked even majestic.

Jeanie, Hugh and he had a merry sleigh ride next day to the mill, with some of their young friends from Mapleford. They did not care much about Mrs. Ward's parties, and Alan, of course, would far rather have had a quiet evening with Lottie; but the excursion put them in mind of old times, when nothing was so delightful as to get into a large sleigh, tucked in among the warm

buffalo robes, and glide to the music of jingling bells along the smooth roads, with many a gleeful shout and merry laugh, as the brisk motion and the frosty air put them all into the highest spirits. The sleighing was delightful; the runners of the large sleigh glided smoothly along in the bluish shiny groove left for it by its predecessors, and almost before they had begun to think themselves half-way, they were turning through the wide gate, into the road that led past the mill, to the miller's house.

They found a good many of the party already at work, and merrily busy at the long tables where piles of apples, green, yellow, rosy, and deep crimson, were waiting to be pared, quartered, and hung up in long festoons.

There was the usual amount of gossip talked among the good-wives and spinsters, and the usual amount of joking, spoken and practical among the young people, as the hours wore on, and the piles of apples grew less. Alan hovered as near Lottie as he could, only retreating when Kate Lindsay came up and took possession of her. Kate was in high glee and conscious importance. Her *fiancé* was coming to join the party in the evening, and the other girls were half enviously "chaffing" her about it, to her pretended annoyance, though it was easy to see how thoroughly she enjoyed it.

"Jeanie!" said she and Lottie, coming up to her with a half-mischievous air: "Do look at Robert Warwick! He isn't going to break his heart because you won't look at him. Just look at him down there by Mary Burridge. He's never moved from beside her for the last hour. You'll see, that's a case!"

"Well, so much the better if it is!" returned Jeanie, stealing a sly look at Alan. "He'll get a very good wife and she'll get a good husband." And Jeanie's heart leaped up at the thought that if Mary Burridge got married, she might get her school, and live at home instead of going away and "boarding round."

At last the apples were all done, and the young men had hung them in long rows of festoons around the kitchen, and then came the tea, which had to be spread on long tables in the kitchen as well as in the best parlour. The seniors of the party had their tea there, as the place of honour, but the young people had the kitchen, and the best of the "fun," making, indeed, a rather noisy party. The "spread" was a bountiful one, comprising substantial as well as lighter fare, and Mrs. Ward delighted in the opportunity of displaying the resources of her housekeeping. There were hams and rounds of beef, and potted meats, and cold turkey, and mince pies, and pumpkin pies, and custard pies, and cakes of every variety; and the good fare was by no means unappreciated by the guests. After tea was over, the room was cleared as soon as possible, for the more festive portion of the evening's entertainment. Just as the dancing was beginning, to the tune of a Mapleford fiddle, an arrival was heard, and after a little commotion in the entry, and stamping of snow off feet and garments, for it was snowing slightly again, the miller threw open the door and introduced Kate Lindsay's betrothed, Mr. Marshall, from Carrington, accompanied by Mr. Sharpley. As it may be supposed, Alan did not welcome the sight of the unexpected guest, but Mrs. Ward, and even Lottie, received him with evident pleasure. This, however, Alan could have borne, if it had not been that Mr. Sharpley immediately became conspicuously assiduous in his attentions to Lottie, who was looking radiant in an elaborate toilette. In fact, he almost monopolised her for the rest of the evening, nor did she in the least resist being monopolised. Alan was stung with pain, and inwardly boiling over with impatient indignation. If he could only go to the interloper and tell him that Lottie was engaged to him, and that his attentions were unwelcome. But he could not; Lottie was not formally engaged to him now, and it was only too

evident that to her, at least, his attentions were not unwelcome. So he had to bear it, and knowing that watching eyes were upon him, to see how he took it, he endeavoured, with questionable success, to make himself agreeable, as in duty bound, to some of the other girls. It was a great relief to him when Jeanie, seeing very well how matters stood, proposed an early departure, and when he at last got away from the sight of the smiling and assiduous Sharpley, who kept repeating how "glad he was that his friend Marshall had persuaded him to come; these little country gatherings were so agreeable!"

Even the sleigh-ride home through the still moonlight, misty with light-falling snow, did not suffice to cool the fever in Alan's blood, and when at last he fell asleep, after tossing for wakeful hours, it was to dream one of those dreams which sometimes embody in our nightly visions, fears that in our waking thoughts we strive to hide away even from our own consciousness. He dreamed that Lottie and he were peacefully floating down a summer stream, that the current suddenly rose and swelled, and the tossing white-crested waves drifted her away from his eager grasp. In vain he struggled, the waves and the current were too strong. She had disappeared, and he found himself floating alone among buffeting, raging waves, and in a horror of great darkness which awoke him, to find the first faint light of a New Year's morning stealing into his room.

(*To be continued.*)

The following lines were suggested by reading what George Macdonald says of the word *sad*, that it formerly meant *settled, thoughtful*.

O SWEET sad face,
Where dwells thy charm?
Lurks it in thy waving hair?
Or in thy form of grace so rare?
Come whisper to me, whisper, where?

In many a scene
Of brilliant throng,
I've watched the mazy dance, and gay,
Full many a sprightlier form I've seen,
In costlier array;

But scarcely have I
Found that look,
(Too sweet for nature oft to trace)
As if of thought and sorrow joined,
And both so deep, and so combined,
One dare not say of which, the mind.

And ever thus it seems to be,
That thought and woe together dwell,
And mingled, weave a charm.
The mind that speaks of firmest faith,
The heart, that tells a tender soul,
Have wrought such calm in thy dear face,
That beauty in an empty shell,
Might seek in vain thy witching spell.

MONTREAL. GOWAN LEA.

THE LATE HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

By the Rev. G. M. Grant,

Author of "Ocean to Ocean."

PART II.

WHEN Howe, in 1828, became the owner and editor of a weekly newspaper, the step determined his destiny. In happier days and circumstances he might have been a poet, and he certainly could have been a *littérateur* of the first class. But at that time in the history of the world it was almost impossible to be an editor without being a politician also, not to mention the fact that, having bought a paper, he had to work hard at hack work in order to pay the price. It was the beginning of a transition period in the mother country and in the colonies. All the great questions connected with the removal of religious disabilities, with popular rights generally, with the relief of industry and commerce from the shackles of what was and is oddly enough called "Protection," were being discussed in the British Press. These questions were involved in still larger currents of thought and action that were disturbing all Europe, and they affected the colonies intimately. An editor had to follow the ebbing and flowing of the fighting all along the line, to form his own opinions, and to strike in Donnybrook or Inkerman fashion, "wherever he saw a head." Poetry had to be laid aside for odd minutes, or for other and quieter years. But though we may "cultivate the Muses on a little oatmeal," they cannot be cultivated with a divided heart. He that would be a poet must make up his mind to be nothing else. Like Mahomet, he must turn away from the gate of Damascus, scarcely allowing himself to sigh that man is allowed only one paradise.

At first it seemed as if Howe's connection with the press would develop rather than repress the poetic heart that was beginning to awake in him, by affording it a wider range, and supplying it with food convenient. Previous to 1828 he knew little even of his own Province outside of the peninsula of Halifax; but now he had to travel all over and outside it to establish agencies and transact other necessary business. In long walks and rides to the seaport towns and inland districts he was thrown into close companionship with nature. He saw her in all her varied moods and aspects. He became well acquainted with the whole face of the Province, and that love for his natal soil which was in him as patriot and as poet was nurtured into a passion. As he rode through the silent woods, or by river, lake, or seashore, crooning over some auld Scot's sonnet, or those old English ballads that have been well-springs to successive generations, or humming verses of Campbell, Mrs. Hemans, Burns, or Byron, his own impressions and feelings would shape themselves after the mould of the numbers that occupied his mind at the time, and song would flow naturally from his lips. In the evening, perhaps, by the firelight of some settler, he would jot down his effusions on scraps of paper, or on the back of an old envelope, with the hope that he might some day be able to weave them into a worthy whole. Thus it is that you cannot read his little volume of poems without being continually reminded of the greater masters of song. He was no plagiarist. His thoughts were his own; so were his

words; but they ran instinctively into the moulds that were most familiar to him, because never having given his strength to poetry, he had not attained to a style that he could call his own. Sometimes his verses limp; oftener they are overburdened with adjectives and expletives, brought in to fill up the line—a liberty that the improvisatore may take, but not the poet; for as Emerson truly says in his latest book, "Poetry teaches the enormous force of a few words, and in proportion to the inspiration checks loquacity. It requires that splendour of expresssion which carries with it the proof of great thoughts. Great thoughts ensure musical expressions. Every word should be the right word." But all the fused, condensed passion of a great nature is needed to give birth to such great thoughts, and to wed them to verse that neatly matches and expresses them. We find little trace of such spiritual white heat in Howe's poetry. There is actually more of it in not a few of his innumerable speeches, pamphlets, and state papers; so that his poetic reputation would have been higher had he not written verses. Is not Thomas Carlyle a poet, though he has always said in prose what he had to say? In reading Howe's poems you come upon easy flowing lines in abundance, with here and there a felicitous expression that sticks in your memory, or a diamond drop of sentiment "of purest ray serene;" but taken as a whole they are the productions of a young man who himself is as yet only in the outer courts of the temple. And he never penetrated much farther, and thus can scarcely be said to have caught more than a glimpse of

"The light that never was on sea or shore."

Still he had in him the poetic heart, and he never wholly lost it. "Poetry was my first love, but politics was the harridan I married," he writes in his newspaper, with a half pathetic, wistful glance back at what might have been, when in the midst of one of his fiercest party conflicts. And his first love did not in anger give him up, although he in his youth had deliberately turned his back on her, and afterwards used her to do the menial work of mere political squib writing. She solaced many a weary hour for him; she inspired him with true literary taste and appreciation of all literary effort; and dictated a few stanzas and not a few lines that may survive when his political works shall have been wholly forgotten. Surely he was a poet who wrote the ode to "Our Fathers." It was written as his contribution to the first Provincial Industrial Exhibition of Nova Scotia, held in October, 1854. As he looks on all that the Province can show as memorials of genius and industry, on the products of the field, the forest, and the mine, his thoughts revert to those who first took possession of the land, and left it as a fair inheritance to their children, and he claims tribute

"For those, and for their works, who are not here.

"Not here? Oh! yes, our hearts their presence feel,
Viewless not voiceless, from the deepest shells
On memory's shore harmonious echoes steal,
And names, which in the days gone by were spells,
Are blent with that soft music."

"Verses on Sable Island," Lines to his Wife and Sister, and his "Centenary Song" are of this same quality.

Had he given himself to poetry, he would not have been a poet after the fashion of some of our most modern schools—neither of the love-lorn extreme who spend their strength in "spinning their own bowels into cobwebs," nor of that other extreme who mistake the rage of fever for strength. He would have given us healthy, hearty poetry that the common people could understand; songs, ringing ballads, faithful descriptions of scenery, lessons from nature, and sketches woven with a fireside glow. What he has given us is evidently healthy. Home and country are to him as to every true poet, re-

alities supremely loved. He writes of father and mother, of wife, sister, children, and loved ones. His thoughts go back from the present—so all engrossing with most of us—to the past, and not to a past of romance or cloudland but to the actual past of Nova Scotia. His heart ever goes out with his countrymen in all their labours; with the settler breaking with his axe the deep spells of woodland solitude, or contending with the savage; with the farmer, winning fruitful fields from the forest; with the fisherman mending his nets in his lowly cabin, or spelling out to wife and family a letter from their absent boy; with the "coaster" sailing through the storm and sleet of winter; "every harbour from Sable to Canso a home." The pines, the wild-cherry tree, the mayflower, the firefly, the pleasant streams, everything in his native land is dear to him. The sight of a moose in bondage in the *Jardin des Plantes* is enough to recall all Nova Scotia to him and set him rhyming. On the banks of the Rhine he thinks not so much of its legends and historic interest as of the gentle streams three thousand miles away that are dearer far to him.

"I see them winding through the vales
The clover's breath perfumes,
Where, fluttering in the summer gales
The scented Wild Rose blooms;
And where the elms with graceful ease,
Their fringed branches droop;
And where the tasselled alder trees
To kiss their waters stoop;
While glittering in the rosy light
At day's serene decline,
They murmur onwards, calm and bright,
Those pleasant streams of mine.

"I see them from the mountain gush,
Where wave the ancient woods,
O'er rock and steeps impetuous rush
To blend their sparkling floods.
Now wandering through the forest glade,
To sylvan lakes expand;
In every form of beauty made,
To bless the pleasant land.
And midst the charms that greet me here
Beside the swelling Rhine,
Their voices steal upon my ear,
Those far-off streams of mine."

But he could not give himself to poetry. Other thoughts engrossed him in his rides and rambles through the Province. In a new country all men have to be practical. Howe had a wife to support, and his newspaper to establish. He had to fight with his own hand, and to fight single-handed. When he commenced "there was not a single individual, with one exception, capable of writing a paragraph upon whom he could fall back." He had to do all himself; to report the debates in the House of Assembly and important trials in the courts, to write the local items as well as the editorials, to prepare digests of British, Foreign, and Colonial news; in a word, to "run the whole machine." He wrote voluminous descriptions of every part of the Province that he visited, under the title of "Eastern and Western Ramblings." Those rambles laid the foundation of much of his future political power and popularity. He became familiar not only with the Province and the character and extent of its resources, but also with every nook and corner of the popular heart, our ways of looking at things, our feelings, prejudices, idioms, till at length he was able to play on every string in our hearts as it suited him. He graduated with honours at the only college he ever attended—what he called "the best of colleges—a farmer's fireside." He was admirably qualified physically and socially for this kind of life. He didn't know that he had a stomach; was ready to eat anything and to sleep anywhere. These were strong points in his favour; for in our hospitable country, if a visitor does not eat a Benjamin's portion, the good woman of the house suspects that he does not like the food, and that he is pining for the dainties of the city. He would talk farm, fish, or horse with the people as readily as politics or religion. He made himself, or rather he really felt, equally at

home in the fisherman's cabin or the log house of the new settler, as with the substantial farmer or well to do merchant; would kiss the women, remember all about the last sickness of the baby, share the jokes and thoughts of the men, and be popular with all alike. In those days when there were few roads in the Province, or when bridle paths were dignified with the name of roads; when the fishermen and farmers along the coast did their business with Halifax by semi-annual visits in their boats or smacks; when the postman carried Her Majesty's mail to Annapolis in a queer little gig that *could* accommodate one passenger; when the mail to Pictou and the Gulf of St. Lawrence was stowed away in one of the great-coat pockets of a sturdy pedestrian who kept the other pocket free for the partridges he shot on the way, we can fancy what an event in almost any part of the Province the appearance of Joe Howe must have been. He came along fresh, hearty, full of sunlight, brimming over with news, fresh from contact with the great people in Halifax—yet one of themselves, hailing them Tom and Jack, and as happy with them as if in the king's palace. "Joe Howe came to our house last night," bragged a little girl as she skipped along to school next morning, "he kissed mamma and kissed me too." The familiarity was seldom rebuked, for his heartiness was contagious. He was as full of jokes as a pedlar, and had as few airs. A brusqueness of manner and a coarseness of speech which was partly natural became thus ingrained in him. His manners never had

> "that repose
> Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere;"

and his cultivation of the hail-fellow-well-met style did not tend to give that refinement which some strange people fancy to be incompatible with strength. There was a lack of perception of the fitting that flowed from this absence of refinement that often made him speak loosely, even when men and women were by to whom such a style gave positive pain. No doubt much of his coarseness, like that of Montaigne and every humourist, was based on honesty and hatred of shams. When he saw silly peacocks strutting about and trying to fill the horizon with their tails, he could not help ruffling their feathers, and making them scream, were it only to let the world know how unmelodious their voices were. It was generally in the presence of prudes that he referred to unnameable things; and he affected low phrases most when he talked to very superfine people. Still, the vein of coarseness was in him, like the baser stuffs in the ores of precious metals; but his literary taste kept his writings—especially those that he revised—pure.

From his 23rd to his 31st year, his education went on in connection with his editorial and other professional work. He became intimate with the leading men in the city. He had trusty friends all over the country. His paper and he were identified as paper and editor have seldom been. All correspondence was addressed, not to an unknown figure of vast, because ill-defined, proportions called Mr. Editor, but simply to Joseph Howe. Even when it was known that he was absent in Europe, the country correspondence always came, and was published in the old way: "Mr. Joseph Howe, Sir." He cordially welcomed literary talent of all kinds, giving every man full swing on his own hobby, and changing rapidly from grave to gay, from lively to severe. He cultivated from the first that true journalistic spirit of giving fair play, in his columns, to both sides, even when one of the sides was the editor or the proprietor. The speeches of opponents were as fully and promptly reported as his own, after he entered the House of Assembly. Able men—and the Province could boast then of an extraordinary number of really able men—gathered round him or sent contributions to the paper, while from

all parts of the country came correspondence, telling Mr. Howe what was going on. As he began to feel his powers, and to know that he had power in reserve; to hold his own with older and better educated men; and to take the sweets of popular applause, that fame which he, like all young poets, had affected to despise, appeared beautiful and beckoned him onwards. He loved his country from the first, and as it responded to him that love increased, and it became one of his chief objects to excite in the bosoms of the people that attachment to the soil that gave them birth, which is the fruitful parent of the virtues of every great people.

To promote this object he made many sacrifices. He published, between 1828 and 1839, ten volumes, connected with the history, the law, and the literature of the province, some of them at his own risk. There was no such thing as a History of Nova Scotia till he published, at pecuniary loss to himself, Haliburton's work. He introduced to the world, through his columns, that "fellow of infinite jest," Mr. Samuel Slick, who made all creation acquainted with the natural resources of Nova Scotia, while seemingly only "making everlastin' fun" of everybody. Before this, Nova Scotia had been known abroad only as "the misshapen brat" of Burke; or from the racy denunciations of its soil and climate by Cobbett, who had served as a soldier in Halifax; or from the Indian bead-work and snow-shoes that officers would send home as the productions of the natives; or from the accounts of its fogs, that captains of the old ten gun brigs gave when explaining why the voyages extended over fifty or sixty days. "Good harbours in Nova Scotia!" was their cry. "Yes, if the fog would only let you see them." But now the good work that Agricola's letters had commenced in 1819 was carried on, till abroad Nova Scotia became known more truly, and something like a patriotic spirit became strong in Nova Scotians. This object of making them fond of their country, Howe adhered to with the utmost tenacity; and this deep-seated spirit in him, and the corresponding feeling it excited in them, helps to explain some otherwise puzzling facts in his and their history. He would at times speak of Nova Scotia as if it could stand against the world like ancient Greece. "You don't need a big field to raise a big turnip," he would proudly say. When, in 1838, he first visited England, he wrote back glowing descriptions of its marvellous cultivation, its verdure, ivy-mantled trees, walls, and vines; the wondrous gardens, with their flowers grouped as in pictures; the summer-houses; the elaborate iron railings, and the perfection of everything; but he breaks off to go back in thought, and to vow unshaken fealty to "that small spot of earth between Cape Sable and Cape North that is our own," and to exhort his fellow-countrymen to visit other lands only that they may be able to improve and adorn their own.

Perhaps the great lesson that Howe's earlier years teaches is the one so hard to learn, that there is no royal road to success. When a man wakes up some fine morning to find himself famous, we may be sure that he has earned the success by years of previous toil, of which the world knew nothing, or if the fame has grown in the night, it will perish at mid-day. Howe must have been a very glutton for work in those early years. He was editor, publisher, reporter, and 'our own correspondent' rolled into one. He carried his load, as a true Englishman takes even his punishment, smiling, and many, therefore, supposed that to him it was not a load. And the light heart does lighten the load, but this is one of the open secrets. Under all his press of work, he was as jolly as if he did not own or owe a farthing. Yet, as every man must be who has many irons in the fire, he was thoroughly methodical, and never neglected business, being especially thorough

with his political campaigns, and careful in seeing that election bills were paid. He never failed to answer a letter, nor put off till to-morrow what could be done to-day. His firm, precise handwriting was an index of the real man. His copy was clean, legible, without blots or erasures. And, like every man who has found out by experience how much it is possible to do, he never allowed the excuse to be put in that a thing could not be done. A journeyman in his office once said, half grumblingly, "he'll tell us some evening to set up a new edition of the Bible, and have it struck off by the morning." Word was sent him from the *Gazette* office, on one occasion when he was head of the Government, that it was impossible to execute a certain order in the time allowed. "Impossible!" said he; "go and say that if it is not done, we'll very soon find another Queen's Printer." It was done. Like Napoleon, he hated that "*bête*" of a word, impossible.

When he had any special work to do, he did it with all his might. In after years, in order to be free from interruptions, he would go up into the country and shut himself in a quiet little room somewhere or another, and prepare his State papers, great speeches, or public letters, sparing no pains to make them effective. He took pains, knowing that easy writing is very hard reading. His style is simply delightful, and so uniformly good that justice is not done to it by quotations. "Saxon, by the soul of Hengist," a modern Cedric is forced to cry out with delight. John Bright does not give us purer English. It is so luxurious that we see without effort the idea he would convey, and so easy and rythmical, that we are never tired. We think as we read, not of the style, but of the subject; fancying, perhaps, like the sour old nurse concerning Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night: "why, what else could he have said; it's just what he saw every night in his own father's house." But if any one imagines that such a style comes by the light of nature, as a gift of the gods, they are as much mistaken as the old dame, who, doubtless, believed that she could have written Burns's poem as well as the poet. Only as the result of days and nights of toil continued for years, only as the outcome of a disciplined mind, is the art that conceals art attained.

Thus far I have spoken of Howe's earlier years, the stock he came of, the education he had or had not, his appearance, manners, aims, work, and character. Considering his poetic nature and brilliant social qualities; considering also that his occupation led to late and irregular hours, and that in those days hard drinking was ranked as a virtue, and men were advised to make their heads when young, the way in which the amorous, impulsive, strong-willed boy-poet had settled down to hard work and a regular life is to me wonderful. There seemed no reason why he should not continue to lead a quiet life. The arena in which he moved was contracted, and he had got into a comfortable groove. All that he had to do was to leave well alone.

Exactly! And thus sober friends advised him. "Keep out of politics," they urged, "and you are sure to do well. Meddle with politics and you will be in perpetual hot water. You will ruin yourself and do no good?" Excellent advice, could it only have been taken. But fancy a number of judicious hens earnestly advising a young duck not to go into a lovely pond beside the poultry yard!

Here it is necessary to speak a little of the political condition of the Province in those days, and of the social order of things in Halifax. Nova Scotia had essentially the same kind of political constitution as the other colonies before the days of the Reform Bill. Whatever its merits, it was not British, and every colony with a population of British descent, or nurtured on British traditions, has repudiated it so unanimously that it is difficult, and perhaps unnecessary,

to attempt to make people understand what kind of a thing it was. Briefly stated, it was the result of an effort to combine representative and irresponsible government. The people had votes, and they sent their representatives to a House of Assembly. Assembled there, the representatives could talk, but that was about all they could do. They did not control the revenue, and could neither make nor unmake the ministry. There was a second house, called the Council, consisting of twelve gentlemen appointed by the King, and practically holding their offices for life, in whom all real power was vested. The Council sat with closed doors, because it acknowledged no responsibility to the people. Yet it was a distinct branch of the legislature. No bill could pass without its consent. The Council was also a judicial body. As a Court of Divorce it exercised supreme judicial functions. The Council was also the Executive. All the functions of Government were discharged by it; all patronage was vested in it; all honours flowed from it; though its administration was condemned by every one of the representatives of the people, the Council remained unaffected. Its policy, like itself, remained unchanged. Representatives came and went every seven years; but the Council held on for ever.

The pendulum has swung to the other extreme in our days. We should now think it intolerable to have an Executive removed from popular influence for four years or four days. We are too democratic to think of annexation. We can hardly conceive a man to be sane who would defend the old order of things. Yet it is little more than thirty years since Responsible Government was called in Nova Scotia by very intelligent men, "responsible nonsense." It seemed to be considered, as Howe put it in his first letter to Lord John Russell, "that the selection of an Executive Council, who upon most points of domestic policy would differ from the great body of the people and the majority of their representatives, was indispensable to the very existence of Colonial institutions; and that if it were otherwise, the colony would fly off, by the operation of some latent principle of mischief. By those who entertain this view it is assumed that Great Britain is, indebted for the preservation of her colonies; not to the natural affection of their inhabitants, to their pride in her history, to their participation in the benefit of her warlike, scientific, or literary achievements, but to the disinterested patriotism of a dozen or two of persons, who are remarkable for nothing above their neighbours in the colony, except perhaps the enjoyment of offices too richly endowed." In Halifax, as in Toronto, this official and ruling class was designated as "the Family Compact;" though what Lord Durham, in his celebrated Report, said of the name in the one case would apply to the other—that it was "not much more appropriate than party designations usually are, inasmuch as there is, in truth, very little of family connection among the persons thus united." At the same time there were special features about the constitution of the Council in Nova Scotia that made it specially obnoxious and specially strong.

The presence in the Council of the heads of Departments appointed from Britain, the most influential of them being the Collector of Customs, was perhaps necessary, owing to the old commercial policy of the Empire, a policy which denied commercial freedom to the Colonies, in their own interest, it was supposed, as well as in the interest of the Mother Country. As Earl Grey points out in his "Colonial Policy of the Administration of Lord John Russell," European nations formerly desired to have colonies simply because of the gain supposed to accrue from the monopoly of their commerce. The relation was not meant, however, to be selfish; it was paternal. The Mother Country gave to Colonial produce, in return, a preference in its own markets.

And when Free Trade became the policy of the Empire, it was argued that to extend it to the Colonies was equivalent to abandoning them. In Britain, the Manchester School argued that the country had no interest in keeping colonies, as it desired no special commercial privileges from them; and a similar class of persons in every colony argued that there was no benefit in continuing the connection when colonists were not allowed their old privileges in the markets of the Mother Country. Because we see it right to strike off the gilded shackles that in love we bound round each other, therefore we must cease to be the same Empire, was an extraordinary *non sequitur;* but it imposed on people who considered that the whole duty of man was to buy in the cheapest and to sell in the dearest market, and who thought that the idea of nationality could be destroyed and the world reconstructed on a commercial hobby. However, the crotchets of the Manchester School have been consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets; and we can well afford now to think only of the good its leaders accomplished as economists. At any rate, "while it was British policy to maintain a monopoly of the trade of the Colonies, it was necessary for the Home Government to exercise a considerable control over their internal administration, because, otherwise, this monopoly would certainly have been evaded . . .; and accordingly the interference of the servants of the Crown in their internal affairs, and the differences which that interference occasioned, arose almost entirely from the endeavour to uphold the commercial system then in force." A radical change from this system to its opposite was dreaded by the Colonists generally; not only by the officials whose bread depended on it, but by most persons actually engaged in trade, by those who had made their money, and who believed that monopoly was an excellent thing for the country because it had done well for them.

But the Council was by no means composed exclusively of Heads of Departments, whose presence might be considered a necessary evil. Another member was the Bishop of the Anglican Church. Bishops sat in the House of Lords; therefore a Colonial Bishop ought to be a member of the Cabinet. The Chief Justice also had a seat. As a member of the Legislature he made the law; as one of the Executive he administered the law; and as Judge he interpreted the law.

But perhaps the most potent element in the Council was that of the bankers. After all, the Council was only a plutocracy. When there was no bank in Nova Scotia, the Province had issued notes, for the redemption of which the revenues of the Province were pledged; and of course these notes floated readily. Some wise men in Halifax thereupon started a bank, and issued notes payable in gold, silver, *or* Provincial paper. Five out of the eight co-partners in this bank were members of the Council. What a paradisaical state of things for bankers! Only one bank in Nova Scotia, its notes not redeemable in specie, and whenever there was a run on the bank, get the Province to issue some more of its paper, until on a great strain the Province paper itself became depreciated. Just think of it! A poor man in need—say of £100, paid the bank 6 per cent. or a trifle more for the notes he received, and those notes cost the bank only the paper on which they were printed. What a Mogul a Bank Director must have been in Halifax in that golden age! If he refused you accommodation, you were helpless. There was no other shop to go to. How thankful you were when he took your securities; yet all the time he was giving you paper and you were giving him hard money! But language fails to express the indignation that was felt when Mr. Howe and others contended that paper money should be issued only on the assurance that it would be redeemed with coin, and when they contended that there should be competition in banking. They were told

that no bank could do business in Halifax on such principles, because the balance of trade was against us, and as for a second bank—why, it would bring universal ruin on the merchants. It may be noted here as a beautiful illustration of a well-known trait in human nature, that not a few of those who fought with him for a second bank, on the pleas of the advantages of competition and of securing some independence for those who needed accommodation, were among the fiercest opponents of a proposed third bank. "A third, you know, will only do mischief. The thing ought to be put down!"

I have referred to the constitution of the Council to indicate the large questions and interests that were involved in the political contests of Howe's youth. Mere agitation would never have effected a Reform, though it could have injured the Province. The Colonial and Commercial policy of the Empire was a vast and complicated machine. Rash, unskilful hands could indeed damage it and themselves too; but only men who understood and loved the machine could mend, change, and adapt it to the times. The political constitution of all the British American Colonies was modelled on the same pattern; in all of them, about this time, discontent was becoming general, and in each of them there was something special to aggravate the political dissatisfaction. In New Brunswick the edifice seemed strong, but it was really weak, and its downfall was brought about with little effort and accompanied with but little noise. In Lower Canada, the struggle of races dwarfed and almost extinguished the struggle of political principles. The problem was complicated in Upper Canada, by such local causes as its rapid growth, the enormous number of emigrants who poured into it between 1826 and 1837, by the Clergy Reserve Question, and the fact that it had one Sir Francis Head as Governor. What it cost to demolish the unseemly edifice of Government by favouritism in these two Colonies, we all know.

Nowhere was the old system so strong as in Nova Scotia, because nowhere else had it existed so long; nowhere else had it been administered with so much real efficiency and honesty, and consequently in none of the sister Colonies was there so little popular discontent; and nowhere else was it buttressed and beautified by so many local and accidental facts and associations. Halifax, then was not only the nominal, but the real Capital of the Province; in fact it *was* the Province. The only other port in Nova Scotia proper that vessels could enter with foreign produce was Pictou. A few Halifax merchants did all the trade of the Province. Halifax was an old city, as Colonial cities count. It was near Great Britain as compared with Quebec, Kingston, or Toronto; of course much nearer relatively then than now. The harbour was open all the year round. There was unbroken communication thus with the mother-country. Halifax had a large garrison, and it was summer headquarters of the North American fleet. On all these and other accounts, it seemed to be the most desirable place for a British gentleman to settle in, and many accordingly did settle in it. Their children as they grew up entered the army, or navy, or civil service, and many of them highly distinguished themselves, and all this strengthened the conservatism of Halifax society. From this class the Council was recruited, and the leading office holders appointed. "Society" in Halifax meant a distinct class, a charmed circle the entrance to which was guarded jealously. In no German capital were the lines drawn more distinctly. In no hall of Highland Chief was the distinction between those who sat above and those who sat below the salt better known. If a young girl not of the privileged class were seen walking with an officer, her character was ruined, for marriage between the two was considered out of the question. "It was something to go to a ball in Halifax in those days," sighed an old lady to me lately; "there

were people then that one could look up to. Why, I remember," continued she with inspiring eloquence, "how the Bishop's lady once swept out of the ball-room with her daughters, because she saw the wife of a baker, who had made money, coming in at the door."

Political and social causes combined to make the Council strong; and in addition, civil, ecclesiastical, and educational forces were all rallied round it. He who objected to the existing order of things was an enemy of Halifax. Eleven out of the twelve members of the Council were from the city. From eight to ten were members of the Church of England. The only College in the Province was King's College, Windsor, fairly well endowed with money and land by the Province. There most of the privileged class had received the education and manners of gentlemen, and while there the statutes forbade them "to frequent the Romish Mass, or the meeting houses of Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, or the Conventicles of any other dissenters from the Church of England." All these elements combined to form and build up an aristocracy in Halifax; and, as the actual result, in no other city in British America was there an aristocracy that combined such undoubted power, such refinement of manners, such social prestige, and so much real ability. The bench and bar, the church, the college, the city, the banking and great mercantile interests, the influences of the army and navy, all contributed to form or strengthen the edifice; and it was fitly crowned by the stately figure of a Governor, who was the direct representative of the Crown, and whose power no one questioned. The edifice looked well; and as the people of Nova Scotia were loyal, rather prosperous, and generally contented, there seemed no reason why it should not endure, even though changes were made elsewhere. So its advocates pleaded. They tossed the other Provinces to the wolf of Reform, but they cried, spare Nova Scotia. New Brunswick is Yankee, Lower Canada is French, Upper Canada is democratic, let them go; but leave us alone. They scouted the very mention of Union with the other Provinces. In 1839, the Council promptly and vehemently attacked Lord Durham's report, chiefly on the ground that in the last paragraphs his lordship had briefly recommended such an Union. The edifice, I say, looked well, but it had two grand defects. First, it was not broad-based on the will of the people; that is, it was Anti-British. Secondly, it was not based upon justice; it did not give equal rights to all. It was attacked by one whom his opponents called a printer's boy. It was defended by men who, compared to him, seemed giants. It was taken, and—just because the printer's boy was a statesman and not a demagogue — taken without the expenditure of blood and treasure, without the wide-spread ruin and confiscation that attended and followed the agitations of a Papineau and a Lyon Mackenzie. It was taken and levelled with the ground so completely, that it is almost as difficult to find a trace of it, as to find the ruins of Carthage. I may be accused of using extravagant language; but the fact is that the present generation in Nova Scotia have no conception of what the old order of things was. From a secret and irresponsible body of twelve men, all honours and emoluments flowed. Sheriffs, prothonotaries, judges of probate, deputy registrars of deeds, coroners, school commissioners, magistrates, clerks of the peace, militia officers, and all other officials were appointed by them. No man who had not faithfully done *Kotow* to the Council need apply. Pertinent questions were quietly asked concerning him; "what are his politics!" "what paper does he take," "what church does he attend," "who was his father," "who is he likely to marry?" The answers determined whether he got or did not get the appointment. A councillor openly made the re-

mark on an occasion when there was a vacancy on the Bench, and an eminent lawyer had applied for it, that "he wondered how the gentleman could have the impudence to apply, after his opposition to the Council whilst a member of the Assembly." A member of the House of Assembly was nobody, even in his own county, unless he sympathised with the Council; and when he did sympathise with it he was not much. In that case he got the crumbs.

How came it about that the Joe Howe I have described, should have been the man to attack this august, all-powerful Council? In this wise. During the years in which he reported for his paper the debates of the House of Assembly, he became gradually familiarized with the working of the Constitution and its radical defects. In those days there were men of extraordinary ability in the House. The leaders of the minority, or party in sympathy with the Council, had been educated at Windsor, and most of the leaders of the popular party were men of University Education. The reporters' gallery was one of Howe's colleges. Important questions were discussed in the Assembly, he could not hear without taking sides, and he leaned more and more to the popular side. About the same time he became both a Reformer and a Free Trader. At a time when most men were deceived by the plausible arguments that can always be urged in favour of Protection, he saw clearly what a cheat the whole thing is and ever must be, untenable in theory, vicious in practice; the fruitful parent of rings, lobbying and bribery about Legislatures, the robbery of the community at large for special classes, and the pauperising of mechanics and manufacturers; for how else shall you define paupers than as a class that have to be sustained by a tax on the whole community? He was a Free Trader from principle; doubly so, as the native of a Province whose ships sail on every sea, take freights to and from every port, and bring home wealth from every shore. He would allow only those limitations on Free Trade that all Free Traders allow; first, the artificial encouragement of what the safety of a country imperatively demanded; secondly, that as a revenue must be raised, all the industries of countries must bear their fair share of the burden. As he became more decided in his political views, his paper gave forth a more certain sound; and naturally enough he offended many who would have patted him on the head had he stuck to poetry and descriptions of country scenery. He had to take his choice; to do his duty like a man and make enemies; or, as not a few religious people seem to think a more excellent way, to shirk his duty like a good Christian for the sake of peace. Bankers whose interests were attacked would blackball the paper, and call the editor a low fellow; public officers whose emoluments were threatened would send none of their printing to his office; merchants under obligations to either of these classes would not advertise in his columns. All such opposition, or intimidation of a more downright kind, did not amount to much in his eyes. He was constitutionally combative, and it was rather a relish—sometimes, it may be, a kind of red rag — to him. Thus things went on for a few years. His paper increased in circulation, and he became well known in town and country to all young Nova Scotia outside of the official and ruling class. That he was to be a politician and a reformer was now certain; but according to all the indications so far, he was to do service with his pen and not with his voice. An apparent accident decided otherwise, and pointed out his true vocation.

On the 1st of January, 1835, a letter appeared in the *Nova Scotian*, accusing the magistrates of Halifax of neglect, mismanagement, and corruption, in the government of the city. The letter now would be considered mild: no names were mentioned, the tone was playful rather than indignant,

but the magistrates were sensitive and prosecuted Howe for libel. "At this time there was not an incorporated city in any part of the Province. All were governed by magistrates who held their commission from the Crown."* When Howe received the Attorney-General's notice of trial he went to two or three lawyers in succession, and asked their opinion. They told him that he had no case, as no considerations were allowed to mitigate the severe principles of those days, that "the greater the truth the greater the libel." He resolved to defend himself The next two weeks he gave up wholly to mastering the law of libel and the principles upon which it was based, and to selecting his facts and documents. With his head full of the subject, and only the two opening paragraphs of his speech written out and committed to memory, he faced the jury. He had spoken before, but only to small meetings, and on no subjects that touched him keenly. Now the Court House was crowded; popular sympathy entirely on his side, and the real subject himself. That magic in the tone that sends a magnetic thrill through an audience sounded for the first time in his voice. All eyes turned to him; all faces gleamed on him; he noticed the tears trickling down one old gentleman's cheeks; he received the sympathy of the crowd, and without knowing, gave it back in eloquence. He spoke for six hours and a quarter, and though the Chief Justice adjourned the Court to the next day, the spell was unbroken. He was not only acquitted, but borne home in triumph on the shoulders of the crowd, the first, but by no means the last, time that such an extremely inconvenient and ridiculous honour was paid him by the Halifax populace. When he got inside his own house, he rushed to his room and, throwing himself on his bed, burst into passionate weeping, tears of pride, joy, and overwrought emotion—the tears of one who has discovered new founts of feeling, and new forces in himself.

A word here to my young friends who would be orators and wield at will the fierce democracy. Demosthenes' orations smelled of the lamp. So do all orations that move men. Easy speaking is hard hearing. Joe Howe was in his thirty-first year when he made what might be called his first speech. He had spent twelve previous years of assiduous labour in the practice of composition. He gave up the previous fortnight to thoroughly master the subject on hand, and he slept soundly the night before he spoke.

* So says Mr. Annand in his introduction to "Howe's Letters and Speeches." But Mr. Hannay, of St. John, N.B., informs me that "St. John was incorporated by Royal Charter fifty years before, and that Charter was confirmed by Act of Assembly that same year."

MARGUERITE'S HYMN TO THE MATER DOLOROSA.

From Goethe's "Faust."

A niche in the wall in which stands the image of the Virgin. Gretchen places fresh flowers before it.

BEND thou down
Whom sorrows crown,
With mercy in thy face for me!

The pangs are fierce
Thy heart that pierce
To see thy Son's great agony;

As to the Father, kneeling
And tearfully appealing,
Thy groans ascend, for Him and thee!

Who can feel
Or heal
The anguish I have known?
Why this poor heart so trembleth here,
What its desire, and what its fear
Thou knowest—thou alone.

Wherever I may go
Nought will this woe—this woe—
From out my bosom take!
Scarce can I be alone,
But weep, must I, and moan,
My very heart will break!

The pots before my window
This morn did I bedew
With tears, alas! in plucking
The flowers that here I strew.

When early in my chamber
The sun its brightness shed,
Long since had I been sitting
In sorrow on my bed.

For help in shame I kneel to thee—
Bend thou down
Whom sorrows crown,
With mercy in thy face for me!

HALIFAX, N. S. A. W. GUNDRY.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY AND REVIVALISM.

BY LAON.

THE evangelizing labours of Messrs. Moody and Sankey have furnished almost the chief topic of interest and of discussion in the mother-country during the past two months. It cannot be expected that, on such a subject, there will be anything like unanimity of opinion; and it is decidedly better that each writer should frankly state his own view, whatever it may be, than that he should endeavour, by stringing together a number of doubtful and evasive phrases, to give a measure of satisfaction to all classes of minds, or at least to avoid offending any. Never is the press more seriously recreant to its duty than when, instead of putting the best thoughts of its best writers before the public, it seeks and strives merely to echo what is being said in the streets, and so to flatter the masses with the notion of their own infallibility. With regard to the preaching of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, we have had only too many non-committal judgments from the press; but we have had, on the other hand, some honest and distinct expressions of opinion. In dealing with this subject everything, it seems to us, depends upon the answer each one for himself is prepared to give to the following question:—Are the views of these men in the main true?

It is impossible, in fact, to take one satisfactory step until this point is decided. Now the case stands simply thus: if Messrs, Moody and Sankey have a true theory of the universe, or man's destiny, of his obligations, of the means by which his highest interests are to be secured, then all that we dignify by the name of "modern culture" is a damnable illusion and fraud. The whole current of thought for the last generation or two has been setting in an altogether false direction, carrying people away from, instead of towards, that which is their only hope, and training them in all kinds of mental habits wholly unfavourable to the reception of what on this theory we must regard as, in the highest sense, *the truth*. The best thing, therefore, for us to do, if it were in our power, would be to destroy by far the greater portion of all that we have held most valuable in the literature of the century, and establish ourselves once more upon the ideas of our grandfathers. There is no exaggeration whatever in this language, for what concord can there possibly be between the teachings of the revivalists and those of our Carlyles, Tennysons, and Arnolds? According to the views of the former, man is by nature ruined and lost, and only by availing himself of a special machinery devised for the purpose can he hope to redeem himself from eventual and irremediable destruction. They do not dwell much, we are told, on the terrors of future punishment; but their vast audiences know full well what is the *ultima ratio* of every argument and appeal; every "unconverted" person in these assemblies is made thoroughly to understand that he is suspended by only the frailest and most uncertain of cords over the abyss. From this terrible position the only rescue possible is by an act of faith. All natural striving after goodness and truth is of no avail. We can do nothing for ourselves or by ourselves; let us purify our motives and moralize our lives to the utmost of our power, and we only succeed in clothing ourselves in "filthy

rags." Human knowledge is as vain as human goodness; there is only one thing worth knowing, and that is what Paul resolved to know exclusively while labouring amongst the Corinthians. As knowledge is no advantage, ignorance is no drawback; in fact, according to these authorities, the more ignorant a man is, the more contracted his mental horizon, the more likely it is that God has given him a mission to enlighten his neighbours and the world. Their faith is so strong that nothing staggers it. Eminent scholars and theologians may have their doubts about Noah's Ark, or the falling down of the walls of Jericho at the blowing of Israelitish horns; but Messrs. Moody and Sankey have the same comfortable assurance about these marvels as they have with respect to the best-attested of contemporary facts.

We are perfectly willing to admit that the revivalists *may* be right. It may be that people are dropping into eternal fire every hour of every day, and that the smoke of the torment of untold millions of our fellow-creatures in past generations has been ceaselessly ascending for ages, and will continue to ascend, augmented by that of millions yet to be lost, through absolutely limitless time. It may be that all scientific and historical objections to any portion whatever of the Bible are as idle as human folly and presumption can make them; but, if so, then surely the most educated classes of the present day have many, many steps to retrace. If these things are true, then the books and magazines that are received with complacency and discussed with perfect coolness and self-possession by thousands of persons who call themselves Christians, should be shunned as containing the most virulent of moral poisons. The novelists who challenge our admiration and sympathy for natural goodness, and who make us feel that the best qualities any one can possess are heroism, honour, and disinterestedness, and that these are spontaneously developed in certain natures—the Scotts, the Dickenses, the Thackerays—should be treated as spreaders of the rankest heresy, and classed, in the most decided and profoundest sense, as immoral writers. The poet who hints that "good may somehow be the final goal of ill," and that some virtue may reside in "honest doubt,"—what terms of execration can be too strong for him? The essayist who, instead of warning us to flee from the wrath to come, insists on the paramount importance of *culture;* the philosopher whose theory of the origin of things is at complete variance with the book of Genesis; the accomplished journalist who wants to know everything among men except the theological "plan of salvation"—what shall we say of these, where shall they appear?

There are few persons we think, comparatively speaking, who like to bring important questions to definite issues; and many will object to having the contrast drawn clear and sharp between the intellectual system of the revivalists (who, apparently, are "doing so much good" in England) and modern culture. Still there is no reconciling the two, and the question is which is really based on truth. If the system of the revivalists, then there is a vast work of undoing and of demolition before us. There are names now in honour that must be consigned to disgrace, and ideas now regarded as salutary and ennobling that we must recognise as so many exhalations from the pit. In fact, the very foundations of modern thought will have to be re-laid. On the contrary if modern culture is right in its tendencies, if its science and criticism are, in the main, right in their methods, if a disbelief in the eternity of evil and suffering is the offspring of a true instinct, if an unwillingness to view the miracles recorded in Jewish history in any different light from those recorded in Roman, Grecian or Indian history is the

result of a true rectification of our standards of judgment, then Messrs. Moody and Sankey, whatever good they may do on the one hand, by rousing sluggish natures into something like moral life, must, on the other, be doing evil on no small scale by fortifying in the minds of thousands the most irrational beliefs, and thus exposing those whom they influence to subsequent moral shipwreck whenever they are brought to recognise the untenableness of the ideas bound up with their spiritual experiences.

We know there is a cynical idea abroad that culture is for the favoured few and superstition for the masses, but that idea we most earnestly repudiate. We do not in the least see what can be gained by depraving the reason of any human being; on the contrary, it appears to us the most unassailable of truths, that nothing would so conduce to the good of society as the cultivation among all classes, of sober accurate and rational habits of thought. It is by no means so clear as some people seem to believe that society is held together chiefly by the popular belief in heaven and hell; but it is as clear as noon-day that the confusion of thought and the logical contradictions which are regarded as perfectly in place in the theological region overflow into other regions, to the great detriment of common sense and common honesty. If it is a solemn duty to sum up two and two, and find the product five in theology, is it any wonder if people do similar sums to their own advantage in the ordinary transactions of life? If an argument that seems to have resistless force may be met with a smile of derision or a frown of condemnation in theology, why, in other matters, should greater respect be shown to any arguments one does not like? We hold that it is simply impossible that candour and intellectual honesty should be common virtues so long as there is one whole department of thought from which they are all but totally excluded; and as the efforts of the Evangelists are directed towards shutting people up more closely than ever in an arbitrary and unnatural system, and so perpetuating and intensifying the prevailing intellectual confusion of the time, we cannot recognise such success as they are having as affording any ground for congratulation.

There is no need whatever of raising the question of the sincerity of these gentlemen. It is only fair and decent, in the absence of all evidence to the contrary, to suppose them thoroughly sincere. Moreover, the effects they produce seem to place the matter wholly beyond doubt. Some would go further than this, and say that the effects they produce prove the truth of their doctrines. To this we cannot assent. As a "revivalist" Notre Dame de Lourdes leaves the two Americans far behind. We do not pretend to have at our command any philosophy of revivals, but they seem to us to be occasions on which the multitude fly to some central influence that promises to aid them in shaking off the listlessness and monotony of their ordinary lives, and escaping from that secret discontent from which few human souls are wholly free. What people in this state of mind want, is not any demonstration of truth, but some powerful appeal to feeling. They must have, in the first place, their expectations raised, and be made to feel that they are not left to struggle alone, but that some mighty power is coming to their aid. To excite hope in this manner is already more than half the battle; it is like the breath of spring upon an ice-bound river, mysteriously loosening the edges of its chilly burden until with one grand movement it is carried out of sight, while the liberated waters dance and sparkle in the eye of heaven. But these periods of excitement and exaltation cannot, in the nature of the case, be enduring; and the weak point of such a revival, particularly, as that now being conducted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, is that when the wave of feeling which they have set in motion has subsided, when thought begins to assert its

claims, and to assert them with all the greater peremptoriness for the all but complete neglect with which, during a certain period, they have been treated, will be found that the Evangelists have left nothing behind them but the echo, getting daily fainter, of their songs and their stories, that they have given the mind nothing to feed upon, nothing to aid its growth, no permanent defence against its ancient enemies. To realize vividly the falling down of the walls of Jericho, to believe intensely that Noah manufactured an ark, and that the beasts of the four quarters of the globe came trooping into it under divine guidance, does not constitute the best preparation for living in an age of the world in which, so far as any human eye can see, everything takes place in obedience to natural law. Yet these are the precise incidents which Mr. Moody brings forward to illustrate and clinch his arguments, and which therefore he requires should be absolutely fixed points in every hearer's mind. Of course there are very many who will disagree with us, but we must express our sincere conviction that a revival based upon such a faith as this cannot advance the moral education of society, or result in any permanent good to mankind. The teaching that cannot rouse the conscience without insulting the intellect is not adapted to the nineteenth century.

MEDICINE AND MATRIMONY.

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY ARNE.

CHAPTER I.

MR. JAMES, or Jamie, or Jim Rossèl, already bachelor of arts, had just received the degree of medicine and surgery from the most distinguished college of his Province.

He had left the crowded Convocation hall, returned to what he hoped was at length the very last in the varied series of dingy boarding-houses, and sought his own room in the second story.

For the first time he experienced an unrestrained feeling of freedom. The long and severe course of mental application that had kept his entire energies centred in one field, that of text-books and lectures, which had been of the most important benefit to his head, had taken no note of the existence of his heart, and had reduced him to a meagre shadow, was now at an end. The strain suddenly removed, his whole being, through its tingling pulses, went dancing along unaccustomed roads, in a grand celebration and jubilee, and he began to discover that the age of four-and-twenty was still the age of youth.

Excitedly and buoyantly stepping back and forth in his chamber, convincing himself that he was truly in no wise shackled, the novel sense of liberty sought expression outwardly. He threw aside his coat, arraying himself in a fantastic, many-hued, patched and tattered dressing-gown, the tough hero of many battles, in which he rushed over to a long shelf of grim-looking calf-bound books, and shook his fist violently at them. He then looked up defiantly to the top of the cupboard from whence a skull that had long since lost its teeth was grinning down

at him, and returned the grin with extravagant grimace, pulled open the door of a long narrow closet where a solitary skeleton was standing in an attitude of profound dismay, and exclaimed in an indescribable tone, "Ah, you old brute!" kicked over a box of bones, and finally ended his triumphal progress by flinging wide the window to the breeze, and stretching forth his arms as if they were wings, and he must needs fly.

The fresh April air was life to his senses, it cooled his hot temples and refreshed his heart. The strong spring sun poured down its wealth upon the earth, and made even the town glad. There was a glimpse to be had of the rich blue sky that reached so impenetrably far above the tall tinned steeple. And as he sniffed the keen life-bringing breeze that blew down upon him from the mountain, he felt as if it were spring too in his soul.

It seemed to him that all his past lay behind him in his dingy room, and the future, the vague, the hopeful, the brilliant future stretched out before him through the open window. He looked forth curiously, but with delight.

"It is spring, spring, spring!" he exclaimed to himself exultingly. "I and the spring go forth together."

He stood and planned out with splendid achievements this long, long spring-time. Here was no foreshadow of the autumn. If clouds appeared upon the horizon, they were rose-tinted ones, tinted by the dawn. To one determination he earnestly came, namely, that he would *deserve* success.

In the meantime up and down upon the sidewalks beneath him, a slender stream of people constantly went by. The street, being an unfashionable retired one, was not much frequented, and, if any thought at all of the passers-by had entered into his meditations, he had only connected them with himself as possible patients. The whole world he could not now avoid regarding as in some measure a prospective lazar-house, from any point of which practice, that necessary avenue to fame and prosperity, might open towards him.

But his attention became at length gradually arrested by a large, dark, rapidly-moving mass that was hurrying down the street upon the opposite side. It was a number of his fellow-students, the happy Passed, the much injured, much-sinned against, Plucked, and those, the free from care, the independent, the gay, who had not ventured their fortunes at all before the dread tribunal of examiners. They would now pay a visit of congratulation to their favourite, Jamie, who had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from their midst, when the day's sitting of Convocation had been dismissed.

Pausing in front of the open window and beholding him standing there in the full blaze of day in his grotesque attire, and in what they chose to consider a sentimental attitude, it was not in their nature to resist a salute. Certain extraordinary sounds broke forth, though not loud enough to reach the ears of any policeman errant whom an unusual destiny might have impelled on that direction.

On an occasion of this kind Mr. James Rossèl's genius or inventive faculty never forsook him. He now bent himself down half-way out of the window to reply, and from this position entered into an animated conversation with his delighted friends, during which he expressed himself by means of antics that would have been wonderful in a wanderoo.

In the midst of an exhibition more original even than any that had gone before, he became aware that another object of interest than himself was occupying the minds of the group opposite. Pausing, his glance followed theirs and went downwards.

It was only a young lady who approached, and who from a pair of the most beautiful dark eyes looked up at him in astonishment.

I have said, a young lady. But Mr. James

Rossèl could by no means, at least at first, give that account of the affair. Shot at thus by those dark and radiant arrows, he felt a peculiar quivering along every nerve of sensation, and, stammeringly, he wondered and questioned if it were a vision, a revelation, or a dream that had floated up to him on the breath of a fine odour from a foreign world. With his mouth and his eyes wide open he leaned out transfixed, while his confused impression of black and white striped drapery, quaintly gauze-frilled throat, and "basilisken and vampyren" glances floated on down the sidewalk and out of sight.

"Am I then turned into a salt-pillar by a woman's gaze?" he exclaimed at last coming to himself, and forgetting the true history of Lot's wife.

His friends, with a thousand sallies on their lips, were rushing across the street and into the house.

It was with a strange feeling that he went forth to meet them, for within the last five minutes he had risen from a medical student into a man.

CHAPTER II.

FOUR or five weeks passed, and posted upon the stone walls of a house in a more central and popular street, were to be seen two strips of paper, disposed diagonally, upon which was printed, in large black type, the legend:

DR. JAMES ROSSEL.

Sitting within this, his domain, one morning, he received from his uncle, the Judge, a letter, of which the following is a faithful sketch:—

The letter writer began by addressing the letter receiver as his dear Jim. Referring first to the gratification which he had ever derived from a correspondence carried on, at least upon Jim's side, with a constancy that furnished a model for all nephews, he proceeded to congratulate him upon his successful University career, just terminated. This, he said, had been a credit not only to Jim himself, but to him, the Judge. All expenses and anxieties were thus amply repaid. He, Jim, was now master of a profession which, with attention and prudence, and the skill that must necessarily follow, would no doubt soon yield him a handsome income.

Here occurred something that orally would have been expressed by a slight clearing of the throat, but which on paper took the form of a long dash.

The writer then went on to state that he had on that day made over to his nephew absolutely the sum of $5,000, which was at present lying in a certain bank, and bearing interest at the rate of seven per cent., adding a counsel to leave it there, and to use the interest alone, until such time as altered circumstances, or some unforeseen exigency, might demand the drawing of the whole.

The conclusion of the letter conveyed, with equal delicacy and decision, the hint that Jim was not to look for any further assistance from his uncle, at least for the present. He need not point out, he observed, that this was by no means the provision which he had intended making for his dear nephew, but the fact was, that he himself was entering, or about entering, into plans which, until very recently, he had not anticipated, and which if carried out, would, for the future materially alter their mutual relations. Unfortunately, he could not now speak more explicitly, but he desired at least this much of an understanding between them, that his nephew might not, at the very outset of his career, set sail under false colours.

Hoping that they would meet during the course of the summer, he remained his dear Jim's ever affectionate uncle.

"As an uncle and a Judge," thought Jim, putting down the letter.

If he had been building any air-castles on

the foundation of a possible inheritance from that quarter, they were now effectually popped over by this unexpected Post-fall. That such air-architecture would have been but natural is evident, from the fact that his wifeless and childless relative had in part adopted and educated him, and this, notwithstanding other good claims upon that relative's affections and means. Perhaps, however, this change in his prospects was more a matter of chagrin to him than of real regret. Certain little contemplated arrangements must be foregone, it was true, but what of that? The great question of life and work was no more and no less to be faced now than before.

Giving a few sighs then to a fortune which he had lost before possessing, he began whistling softly to himself, while his thoughts strayed far from both inheritances and uncles.

Dr. James Rossèl might now be said to be fairly on his own feet at last. Practically beginning the world, he found himself possessor of a brave heart and a determined head, in his pocket a quite slender purse, and in his soul an admirably clear photograph of a pair of dark eyes.

Yes, it must be confessed that since the day upon which that vision revealed itself to him from the sidewalk, he had not only persistently treasured its memory, but had endeavoured to get another and a fairer view of the reality. He did not profess to have fallen in love at first sight with a girl, if girl she was to be, of whom he knew nothing whatever, not even the name. But he did profess to entertain an earnest curiosity to meet once more the glance that had sent so extraordinary a thrill through him. He had already discussed that thrill with himself several times. It might have been a chill instead, precursor of the disagreeable cold in in his head that had soon after attacked him; or the shock of surprise at finding himself performing before an unbidden audience; a neuralgic or rheumatic affection. But at all these suggestions, after carefully considering them, he shook his head. A nobler chord had been touched.

Up to this moment he had not been very much in the habit of looking at ladies, having, indeed, been too engrossed with the anatomy of the human frame in the abstract, to pay particular attention to the mere external individual appearance. And now that he had begun his quest for the unknown, he could not help being struck by many things in the course of his investigations, all of which he carefully laid up for future reference. His search, however, continued to be in vain. In vain had he paraded the streets, stared out of his own and into shop and other windows, attended church morning and evening, and the choral litany in the afternoon. Under innumerable coquettish hats had he looked, and through an infinity of black gossamer veils. He saw many pairs of eyes, and many varied expressions therein of sweetness, of archness, or of intellect, but never all these combined as he saw them in the invisible, faithful picture that had been taken at one brief glance in the April sun.

While thus softly whistling and reflecting, his door unceremoniously opened, admitting a young friend and fellow doctor from the flat above, who was known in his own familiar circle by the silvery-sounding name of Spoons.

He was smoking a long pipe, and he proceeded to make himself comfortable. When he was finally settled in a chair, which he had tilted back against the wall at a somewhat alarming angle, he looked at his host for the first time, and said to him in an easy voice—

"And how goes the world with you this morning, Jamie, my boy? Indifferently well, I should say; for upon a closer examination, I see that you look a little, just a little, you know, like a love-sick girl pining for the man in the moon."

Jamie became slightly confused, as if he had really been detected moon-gazing. He

laughed, however, and his eye falling upon the lately-received letter, he tossed it across to his friend, saying—

"Read that, Spoons!"

Spoons took it leisurely. Before either opening it, or even examining the address, he cast a quick observant glance at the countenance before him.

"It strikes me, Jim," he remarked, "that this is about to be a case of 'my prophetic soul, my uncle!'"

He read the letter attentively.

"H'm!" said he, oracularly, after folding it up again.

"Does my uncle," he then asked, "carry his bank and railroad-stock, saw-mills, *et cetera*, into the kingdom of heaven with him intact?"

"Only into that of matrimony, I imagine," replied Jim.

Spoons gave a short series of nods of enlightenment.

There was a pause; a second pipe was lit, and smoked even more slowly than the first. It became a question if any further conversation was to ensue.

Suddenly, however, the silence was broken by Spoons.

"My dear sir," he exclaimed, and he had so exactly caught the intonation of the physician about to pronounce a judgment, that Jim involuntarily looked up. "What you want is sea-air."

"Sea-air; sea-air?" repeated Jim. "You don't mean anything so atrocious as that I want to see myself an heir, do you?"

"Not precisely," said Spoons, smiling. "But there, read that," and he in his turn tossed a letter over to the other.

It was addressed to Spoons, and contained an invitation to that young physician to take immediate advantage of a very good opening that had just presented itself up the country. The former aged physician had recently died, the practice was in admirable standing, the country charming, the neighbourhood desirable, and so on.

"There, you see," said Spoons, becoming animated. "Country air, village life, fishing, boating, pic-nicing, driving about on your rounds in the fragrant morning, with the atmosphere redolent of new-mown hay and clover, fresh milk, unsophisticated natures, health, and fortune! That settles me. Now for you, Jamie, my boy. I have a proposal to make to you, and that's what brought me down just now."

He then proceeded to give an elegant description of certain salt-water summer resorts down the river. The proprietor of the hotel at one of these places had made him certain offers if he would consent to accompany him thither as resident physician during the approaching season.

"The position is not overpoweringly brilliant," said he, "but a fellow might spend a summer in a worse. The management of the T— hotel cannot be impeached, mine host is a prince, the labour light," and, in short, this offer he now proposed that Jim should accept in his place, as he had fully made up his mind to leave at once for the country.

"Is this the hotel under whose front verandah the whale is advertised to spout?" asked Jim.

"The same. You will find there whales, seals, porpoises, and I dare say a good variety of gulls."

"You are a friendly fellow, Spoons," exclaimed Jim, reaching out his hand. "I am infinitely obliged to you, and if you think that positively no objections would be raised to my going instead of you, why I gratefully accept."

"None in the least. So that's all right. Be ready to leave by the last of June, and now ta-ta."

CHAPTER III.

IT was during one of these same spring months, either in the latter part of April or the beginning of May, that two travellers,

a middle-aged and a young lady, stood knocking at the door of a country mansion. The mansion was built on the banks of a beautiful river, and the river flowed out of the North.

And when the hostess herself opened the door, she gave a little scream of surprise, and immediately afterwards another different one of delight, before she fell heartily to kissing the travellers, who kissed her as heartily in return.

"But, dear Aunt Meiklejohn," she began, drawing them into a handsomely-furnished, sun-filled, flower-blooming parlour, where two canaries sang charmingly at the top of their voices.

"I know, my dear," returned Mrs. Meiklejohn, "that we left town intending to proceed first to the West; but Klari, for whom your lovely place has an extraordinary fascination, and whom I believe you must all have bewitched the last time she was here, begged me, after we were fairly on our way, to pay our first visit to Cousin Margaretta. I really do not know how I was thus overpersuaded to change my plans for this Miss Caprice, but so it is. We turned back from P—, my dear; and you did not receive my telegram?"

Mercantile pursuits were not quite happily combined with telegraphy in the village, and messages were sometimes delayed. Mrs. Meiklejohn's, however, arrived quite safely a few minutes after herself, with her niece's groceries.

But telegram or no telegram, Mrs. and Miss Meiklejohn would still have been as welcome to their friends in that hospitable house, as the flowers themselves in May.

Klari took her cousin aside on the first opportunity.

"You have heard of Macchiavelli?" asked she, anxiously.

Margaretta hesitated. "There was the Doge of Venice, and Massaniello ——"

"I feel so wretchedly artful," Klari went on hurriedly. "You see, dear Margaretta, all this change of plan is a scheme of my own to prevent myself from accompanying aunt to the West, and to get away, if possible, for a few weeks from the grand, all-absorbing, tiresome question of my marriage."

"Your marriage, dear Klari? You are then engaged, and have not told me!"

No, indeed, dear, I am not. The Fates have not yet been so benignant. It is only that aunt has fully made up her mind that I shall marry, and at once. Ah, you don't know what that means. Or rather, you and your husband fell in love with each other so earnestly, so exclusively, and so immediately, that aunt had no occasion to worry you. But with me it is quite different. You know that I have never thought of marrying, and for that very reason I have got on so happily until now. Not having any designs upon my gentlemen acquaintances, I have always been quite frank towards them."

"Yes, you have always been a great flirt, Klari," said Margaretta.

Klari shook her head. "No," said she sadly, "every one misunderstands me. But what I wished to say is that now everything is so different. To the feeling of fearlessness and independence with which I have always met the approach of gentlemen there has suddenly succeeded another of the most uncomfortable restraint. I feel myself to be like a bag of potatoes or a cart-load of cabbages and other vegetables standing in the market, labelled, 'This lot for disposal.' I dare scarcely raise my eyes."

"And that is perhaps as well for the peace of mind of these same approaching gentlemen," said Margaretta.

"And then the consequent life that we have been leading," continued Klari. "I consider the whole affair more like marketing than anything else, as I have already said, but aunt treats it in a martial spirit, and campaigns. Of course dress is our *mitrailleuse*, and for months past, dear Margaretta, it seems to me that I have been occupied upon nothing but dressing and

undressing. 'Dress well that you may attract attention. Being dressed, show yourself in as many places as possible;' these, with 'Eat much that you may continue to be fat and rosy,' constitute aunt's bugle calls when she is not shouting through her trumpet: 'Get married!'"

"But you used formerly to delight in gaiety."

"Yes, but that was gaiety for its own sake, not gaiety as now with a humiliating, matrimonial *arrière-pensée*. And if you knew, dear Margaretta, how tired I am, and how I have longed to be with you here in this sweet Sainte des Eaux, far from the pomps of battle, and with even my war-implements safely packed up in my trunks! Now, aunt as usual has shut up her house in town for the summer, and we have entered on another phase. Our present destination is this little Western country town, celebrated, I believe, for two or three remarkable and desirable *partis*. So you see we are carrying the war into Africa. Ah, if aunt would but consent to let me remain here with you for a while! You would keep me, dear, would you not?"

"Dear child, replied Margaretta," affectionately stroking her cousin's arm, "entrust it to me. I will myself speak to Aunt Meiklejohn. But Klari," she added with some hesitation, "you will not surely deny that it is the duty of every young lady, especially of those who like you, (and as I myself formerly did), depend entirely upon the bounty of others, sooner or later to settle herself in life."

"Yes, I know," answered Klari despondingly. "That is just what Aunt Meiklejohn is constantly saying."

That handsome and persevering campaigner gave her elder niece an opportunity of pressing her demands the very next morning.

The three ladies were alone. Klari lolled, with many cushions at her back, in the corner of a large sofa near the window, utterly indifferent to the conversation, and with an appearance of the greatest listlessness, occasionally looking out upon the river as the sound of a wave coming ashore met her ear.

Mrs. Meiklejohn, keenly aware of this lack of interest, sat up.

"My dear Margaretta," said she, in a tone of importance, "I wish to appeal to you as a woman of sense. You observe Klari? Just in that manner has she gone through the greater part of this past winter. I have had a dressmaker in the house constantly for months. I have accepted every invitation that has been sent us. I purchased tickets to the rink, and had Klari dress for both masquerades. I gave 5 o'clock teas, tobogganing and snow-shoe parties, two dances and three *musicales*, besides attending every concert and reading that was worth attending, and taking tables at two bazaars. No girl ever had so many chances placed directly in her way. And yet what is the result of my winter's work?"

She paused. No reply. Margaretta sat in an attitude of listening attention, and Klari had not moved.

Mrs. Meiklejohn continued, "Before we left town, there were at least four, I might indeed say five, advantageous alliances at her disposal, if she had but given the slightest encouragement to any of the amiable suitors. But her manner towards them to the last, at least in my presence, was that of a cold queen."

"The amiable suitor who led the forlorn hope," now observed Klari, but never dropping her listless air, "being the little, old, oily, auburn-wigged Mr. Augustus Spicer; so you can judge of the others."

"They were advantageous alliances," replied Mrs. Meiklejohn with emphasis. "When I first adopted Klari after your marriage, Margaretta, no one was more brilliant and more sought after than she. I anticipated for her a splendid future. But the years passed on, and she evinced no desire to alter her position. It is one of my

firmly settled habits, adopted after conscientious convictions, never under any circumstances to tell my own age or that of any of my family, but there can be no imprudence in stating here at this moment that Klari has now reached the age of three-and-twenty. And at three-and-twenty it is no longer optional, it is imperative, that a young lady should marry. Yet Klari, who fascinates when she chooses, now chooses absolutely to repel. And this notwithstanding my anxiety to see her well settled, which I do not hide from her, and my daily-repeated maxims. I assure you, Margaretta, that I am not only deeply mortified at Klari's behaviour, but I am utterly puzzled to account for the extraordinary change that has come over her."

"Dear Aunt Meiklejohn," interposed Margaretta at this point, "you began by appealing to me as a sensible woman, and I now propose that instead of taking Klari with you to repeat the scenes which she has just gone through, you should leave her with me for a while. It is my opinion that she is fagged out. Here she will have perfect quiet, both physical and mental, rest from the subjects that have lately occupied her; in fact a complete change in every way that cannot but be beneficial to her. I have a theory, you know, that the country is a kind of medicine, of a little of which every system occasionally stands in need."

Klari listening to the shore-coming waves with one ear, and to the hum of voices with the other, raised dark eyes of gratitude to her cousin.

Mrs. Meiklejohn hesitated. But being really puzzled over Klari's present state of mind, here was a safe chance of respite from the riddle for a few weeks at least, which after some reflection, she thought it best to accept. So she finally gave her consent, and a few days afterwards went away down the river, a blessing, as has sometimes happened, brightening as it took its flight.

(To be continued.)

MOHAMMED AND MOHAMMEDANISM.

THE appearance of a work such as that of Mr. Smith,* and the fact that the four lectures of which it consists were delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and by a master in one of the great public schools of England, are signs of the increasing toleration evinced by men of culture towards opinions differing from their own. A generation ago the work would have met with a storm of opprobrium from all quarters: now it is received with sympathetic appreciation and praise. This increasing tenderness of treatment of other people's ideas has been especially noticeable during the last fifteen years, since the publication of the late Mr. Mill's noble essay on "Liberty;" and is, perhaps, as much due to that work as to any other cause. Be the causes what they may, however, the fact is patent, and is one for which all liberal-minded men have much reason for thankfulness. It is indeed with a sense of shame that every large-hearted

* Mohammed and Mohammedanism. Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in February and March, 1874. By R. Bosworth Smith, M. A., Assistant Master in Harrow School; late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1874; New York: Harper & Bros, 1875; Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. [The quotations throughout the present article are from Mr. Smith's work, unless otherwise credited.]

Christian, who holds that the universal charity which his religion inculcates was intended to be something more than mere profession, must recollect that it is only within the present generation—after twelve hundred years of libel and vilification—that the character of the man who founded a religion which is the creed of one-sixth of the human race, is becoming appreciated at its true worth, and his name and memory relieved from the calumnious aspersions of those professing a nobler and purer faith; to whom he has been, sometimes Antichrist, sometimes the Man of Sin, sometimes the Little Horn, or Gog and Magog in one, or a Devil, a first-born child of Satan *—an impostor always.† Mr. Smith's eloquent book is in fact the first really popular account of the life and religion of the great Arabian prophet which has appeared in the English language. As such it will be hailed with pleasure by all who value freedom of conscience, and will no doubt mark an epoch in the popular appreciation of the man and the creed which are its subject. Such being the character of the work, it seems to us that it may serve a useful purpose to give our readers a brief summary of its contents, and a short sketch of the career of the great Prophet. Previous to doing so, however, it may be as well to dispose at once of the charge of imposture.

On this point Carlyle, writing over thirty years ago, says: "I confess I can make nothing of the critic, in these times, who would accuse Mahomet of deceit *prepense;* of conscious deceit generally, or perhaps at all; still more, of living in a mere element of conscious deceit, and writing this Koran as a forger and juggler would have done! Every candid eye, I think, will read this Koran far otherwise than so. It is the confused ferment of a great rude human soul . . . fervent, earnest. . . . Sincerity, in all senses, seems to me the merit of the Koran."* The Rev. J. M. Rodwell, author of the best translation of the Koran into English, says: "The evidence rather shows that in all he did and wrote, Mohammed was actuated by a sincere desire to deliver his countrymen from the grossness of debasing idolatries—that he was urged on by an intense desire to proclaim the great truth of the Unity of the Godhead which had taken full possession of his own soul."† The late Emanuel Deutsch, perhaps the greatest oriental scholar of the age says: "Mohammed, whatever view of his character . . . be held, has earned a place in the golden book of Humanity."‡ Another able reviewer, writing in the strictly orthodox organ of the English nonconformists, says: "We may dismiss without examination the exploded theory that once looked on Mahomet as a conscious impostor from the beginning of his career to the end. . . . Of Mahomet's thorough sincerity, of his honest faith in the truth of his own mission, at all events, during the first stages of his career, there can, we think, be no reasonable doubt; indeed, the opposite view seems no longer to have any adherents of whom much heed may be taken. The early Suras . . . carry with them the stamp of perfect sincerity.

* Literary Remains of Emanuel Deutsch, pp. 61-4.

† Even while we write, the half-a-million of children in the Public Schools of Ontario are, through the medium of Authorised Text Books, being taught to look upon Mohammed as a common impostor. It is but a few months back, too, that one of the most celebrated English preachers of the Gospel, in one of the largest churches in Toronto, an edifice devoted to the service of the God of Truth, in a discourse delivered to a congregation of some two thousand people, is reported to have used the words, "the impostures of the Prophet of Mecca." See a report of a sermon, by the Rev. Gervase Smith, in the Toronto *Globe*, of 21st September, 1874. When there is so plentiful a lack of knowledge on the part of public teachers, the depth of ignorance of the taught must indeed be such as no plummet can fathom.

* Heroes and Hero-worship.

† Preface to his translation of the Koran, p. xxi. 1861.

‡ Literary Remains, Article "Islam," p. 64.

These early chapters are the outpourings of the heart of the man himself, . . . of a man whose whole soul is given up to the contemplation of the goodness of God, and of the ingratitude and wickedness of mankind. It is only gradually that Mahomet assumes the character of a preacher, of a Prophet sent by God to announce to man the last revelation of His will. How far then was he sincere, and, if sincere, how far was he justified in thus assuming the character of a divine messenger? Of his sincerity, as we have already said, there can be no doubt. It is impossible to conceive any motive, except faith in his own mission, which could have borne him up through the contempt and persecution which he underwent as long as he abode at Mecca."* Mr. Smith's own opinion will be evident as we proceed. Having to some extent cleared the ground of prejudice, we proceed to the contents of his book, hoping that our imperfect summary may induce our readers to go to the work itself for fuller information.

Previous to the birth of Mohammed, and from time immemorial, Arabia had "been split up into a vast number of independent tribes, always at war with each other. The scanty sustenance which an arid soil yielded, they were fain to eke out either by trading themselves, or by plundering others who conducted caravans along the sea coast. Their hand was against every man, and every man's hand against them. Nor were they as uncivilized as has often been supposed. They were as passionately fond of poetry as they were of war and plunder." What the Olympic games did for Greece, the annual fairs at Okatz and Mujanira did for Arabia. "Here tribes made up their dissensions, exchanged prisoners of war, and competed with one another in extempore poetic contests." Each tribe had its poet-laureate, and the best poems were transcribed in letters of gold, or suspended on the wall of the entrance of the Kaaba at Mecca, where they could be seen by every pilgrim who might visit the most sacred place in the country. "There was a wild chivalry too, about them, a contempt for danger and a sensibility to honour, which lends a charm to all we hear of their loves and their wars, their greed and their hospitality, their rapine and their revenge. The Bedouin has been the same in these respects in all ages. 'Be good enough to take off that garment of yours,' says the Bedouin robber politely to his victim; 'it is wanted by my wife,' and the victim submits, with as good a grace as he can muster, to the somewhat unreasonable demands of a hypothetical lady." Such were the people of the country. With regard to their religion, our author says: "There is reason to believe that both the great religions of the Eastern world existing in [Mohammed's] time, Sabæanism, that is, and Magianism, had been, in their origin at least, vaguely monotheistic. They had passed through the inevitable stages of spirituality, misunderstanding, decline, and lastly, intentional corruption, till the God whom Abraham, according to the well-known Mussulman legend, had been the first to worship, because, while He made the stars and sun to rise and set, He never rose nor set Himself, had withdrawn behind them altogether; the heavenly bodies, from being symbols, had become the thing symbolized; temples were erected in their honour, and idols filled the temples. And as with Sabæanism, so with Magianism; Ormuzd and Ahriman were no longer the principles brought into existence, or existing by the permission of the one true God. . . . Fire had itself become the Divinity; and what offering could be more acceptable to such a god than the human victim, overwhelmed by the mysterious flame whose divine power he denied." Besides these two religions, there was also the grossest Fetishism, "the worship of stocks and stones, or of the grim array of 360 idols in the Kaaba; among which the aerolite, once believed to have

* *British Quarterly Review*, January, 1872, Article "Mahomet," p, 60.

been of dazzling whiteness, but long since blackened by the kisses of sinful men, was at once the most ancient and the most sacred." It would seem also that corrupted forms of both Judaism and Christianity were not unknown in the peninsula.

Such were the people and such their religions at the time of Mohammed's advent. But this was not all. It would seem that there was also "a general social and religious upheaving at the head of which the Prophet placed himself, and which partly carried him on with it, partly he himself carried it on; the train was already laid, and the spark from heaven was all that was needed to set the Arab world ablaze." Arabia was expecting her prophet. The Jews in Arabia are said to have watched for his appearance. And at last he came.

Under such circumstances, and in the year 571* was born Mohammed, at Mecca, the holy city of Arabia, and of the tribe of Koreish, the noblest stock of the country. Of earthly possessions he had few or none. In early life he was a shepherd. "His tending his employer's flocks; his journeys to Syria; possibly his short-lived friendship there with Sergius or Bahira, a Nestorian monk; his famous vow to succour the oppressed; his employment by Kadijah in a trade venture, and his subsequent happy marriage with her, are about the only noteworthy external incidents. Up to the age of forty there is nothing to show that any serious scruple had occurred to him as to the worship of idols, and in particular of the Black Stone, of which his family were the hereditary guardians." He would often retire to the caverns of Mount Hira "for solitude, meditation, and prayer. He was melancholic in temperament" and subject to epileptic fits. "Dejection alternated with excitement; these gave place to ecstacy or dreams; and in a dream, or trance, or fit, he saw an angel in human form, but flooded with celestial light, and displaying a silver roll. 'Read,' said the angel. 'I cannot read,' said Mohammed. The injunction and the answer were twice repeated. 'Read' at last cried the angel, 'in the name of the Lord, who created man out of a clot of blood; read, in the name of the Most High, who taught man the use of the pen, who sheds on his soul the ray of knowledge, and teaches him what before he knew not.' Upon this Mohammed felt the heavenly inspiration, and read the decrees of God, which he afterwards promulgated in the Koran. Then came the announcement, 'O Mohammed, of a truth thou art the Prophet of God, and I am his angel Gabriel.' This was the crisis of Mohammed's life. It was his call to renounce idolatry, and to take the office of a prophet. Like Isaiah, he could not at first believe that so unworthy an instrument could be chosen for such a purpose. Trembling and agitated, Mohammed tottered to Kadijah and told her his vision and his agony of mind." She reassured him, soothed him, and ended by becoming his first convert. Zeid and Waraka were the next to believe in him. But Mohammed himself was not satisfied. "A long period of hesitation, doubt, and preparation followed." At one time he thought of suicide, but was restrained by an unseen hand. In three years only fourteen proselytes attached themselves to him. "His rising hopes were crushed. People pointed the finger of scorn at him as he passed by: 'There goeth the son of Abdallah, who hath his converse with the heavens.' They called him a driveller, a star-gazer, a maniac-poet. His uncles sneered, and the main body of the citizens treated him with contemptuous indifference. At times his distress was insupportable:

'And had not his poor heart
Spoken with that, which being every where
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.'

* Some authors give 569 or 570 as the date of Mohammed's birth, but Mr. Deutsch gives 571, and his authority on such a point is probably conclusive. See "Literary Remains," p. 68.

But out of weakness came forth strength at last; out of doubt certainty; out of humiliation victory. Another vision, in which he was commanded to preach publicly, followed; and now he called the Koreishites together, those who had most to lose and least to gain by reform, and boldly announced his mission. They tried persuasion, entreaties, bribes, and threats. 'Should they array against me the sun on my right hand, and the moon on my left,' said Mohammed, 'yet while God should command me I would not renounce my purpose.' These are not the words, nor this the course of an impostor. Ten years passed away; his doctrine fought its way amidst the greatest discouragements and dangers by purely moral means. Kadijah was dead; Abu Taleb, his uncle and protector, died also. Most of Mohammed's disciples had taken refuge in Abyssinia, and at last Mohammed himself was driven to fly for his life, with one companion, his early convert, Abu Bakr. For three days he lay concealed in a cavern, a league from Mecca. The Koreishite pursuers scoured the country, thirsting for his blood. They approached the cavern. 'We are only two,' said his trembling companion. 'There is a third,' said Mohammed; 'it is God himself.' The Koreishites reached the cave; a spider, we are told, had woven its web across the mouth, and a pigeon was sitting on its nest in seemingly undisturbed repose. The Koreishites retreated, for it was evident the solitude of the place was unviolated; and by a sound instinct, one of the sublimest stories in all history has been made the era of Mohammedan Chronology." Respecting the facts of Mohammed's life thus far, Mr. Smith goes on to remark truly that no one "could have done what Mohammed did without the most profound faith in the reality and goodness of his cause. Fairly considered, there is no single trait in his character up to the time of the Hegira which calumny itself could couple with imposture; on the contrary, there is everything to prove the real enthusiast arriving slowly and painfully at what he believed to be the truth." Gibbon exaggerates nothing when he says, "that no incipient prophet ever passed through so severe an ordeal as Mohammed." The subsequent events of his career may be briefly told. After his flight to Medina his followers seem to have rapidly increased. He becomes strong enough to make a treaty with the rulers of Mecca, on a breach of which he marches against the holy city. His enemies meet him on the way, submit and become converts, and the Prophet enters the city in triumph. The holy place is purified and the idols are cast down, with the memorable words, "Truth is come, let falsehood disappear." One by one the Arabian tribes are gathered into the faith of Allah, and the obedience of the Prophet, who now adds to that character, that of founder of a nation, and founder of an empire. In the tenth year of the Hegira he undertook his last solemn pilgrimage to Mecca, with over 40,000 disciples, and there on Mount Arafat blessed them, like Moses, and repeated his last exhortations; chiefly telling them to protect the weak, the poor, and the women, and to abstain from usury. And then comes the last grand scene of all when, just as the great Arabian was girding up his strength to measure it against the mighty Empire of Rome, he was called away by a higher Power, as he had always told his doubting followers he must be, and "Omar, the Simon Peter of Islam, in the agony of his grief drew his scimitar and wildly rushing in among the weeping Mussulmans swore that he would strike off the head of any one who dared to say that the Prophet was dead—the Prophet could not be dead—it was by a gentle reminder of what the Prophet himself had always taught, that the venerable Abu Bakr, the earliest of the Prophet's friends, and his successor in the Kaliphate, calmed his excitement: 'Is it then Mohammed, or the God of Mohammed, that

we have learned to worship?' Thus then, on the 8th of June, 632, in the sixty-second year of his age and the tenth of the Hegira, he died, his head upon the lap of his beloved wife, Ayesha, his eyes gazing upwards, and the words "No, the companions above in Paradise" upon his lips. There seems to be no foundation for the legend that his death was due to slow poison, administered by a Jew to test his divine character.

Minute and trustworthy accounts have been preserved of his personal appearance and private character. He "was of middle height and of a strongly built frame; his head was large, and across his ample forehead, and above finely arching eyebrows, ran a strongly marked vein, which, when he was angry, would turn black and throb visibly. His eyes were coal black, and piercing in their brightness; his hair curled slightly; and a long beard, which, like other orientals, he would stroke when in deep thought, added to the general impressiveness of his appearance. His step was quick and firm, 'like that of one descending a hill.' Between his shoulders was the famous mark, the size of a pigeon's egg, which his disciples persisted in believing to be a sign of his prophetic office; while the light which kindled in his eye, they called the light of prophecy. In his intercourse with others he would sit silent for a long time together, but truly, his silence was more eloquent than other men's speech, for the moment speech was called for, it was forthcoming in the shape of some weighty apothegm or proverb, such as the Arabs loved to hear. When he laughed, he laughed heartily, shaking his sides, and showing his teeth, which 'looked as if they were hailstones.' He was easy of approach to all who wished to see him, even as 'the river bank to him that draweth water therefrom.' He was fond of animals, and they were fond of him. He seldom passed a group of children playing, without a few kind words to them; and he was never the first to withdraw his hand from the grasp of one who offered his. If the warmth of his attachment may be measured by the depth of his friends' devotion to him, no truer friend than Mohammed ever lived. Around him, in early days, gathered what was best and noblest in Mecca, and in no single instance, through all the vicissitudes of his chequered life, was the friendship then formed ever broken. He wept like a child over the death of his faithful servant Zeid. He visited his mother's tomb some fifty years after her death, and he wept there because he believed that God had forbidden him to pray for her. He was naturally shy and retiring; 'as bashful,' said Ayesha, 'as a veiled virgin.' He was kind and forgiving to all. 'I served him from the time I was eight years old,' said his servant Anas, 'and he never scolded me for anything, though I spoiled much.' The most noteworthy of his external characteristics was a sweet gravity and a quiet dignity, which drew involuntary respect, and which was the best and often the only protection he enjoyed from insult. His ordinary dress was plain, even to coarseness; yet he was fastidious in arranging it to the best advantage. He was fond of ablutions and fonder still of perfumes; and he prided himself on the neatness of his hair, and the pearly whiteness of his teeth. His life was simple in all its details. He lived with his wives in a row of humble cottages, separated from one another by palm branches cemented with mud. He would kindle the fire, sweep the floor, and milk the goats himself. He slept upon a leathern mat, mended his own clothes, and clouted his shoes with his own hand. Sometimes for months together he did not get a sufficient meal. The little food that he had was always shared with those who dropped in to partake of it. Outside his house was a bench or gallery, on which were always to be found a number of the poor who lived entirely on the Prophet's generosity and were hence called 'the people of the bench.' His ordinary food was

dates and water, or barley bread; milk and honey were luxuries of which he was fond, but which he rarely allowed himself. The fare of the desert seemed most congenial to him, even when sovereign of Arabia." The grand simplicity of his character was maintained to the end. Such is the striking sketch given by our author of this most lovable man. One of the truest tests of greatness is the amount of personal influence which a leader exercises over his followers and those who come in contact with him, and his capacity for inspiring them with something of his own enthusiasm. Judged by such a test there can be no question of Mohammed's greatness. Many striking instances of his power in this respect might be given; perhaps the most striking of all is that wonderful scene described in the fourth volume of Muir's Life, which is thus sketched by an able writer: "It may have been weakness to show the trust and favour which he showed to late and unwilling converts. Yet it was in the spirit of the highest wisdom, of that daring which is oft-times the truest prudence—it was in the spirit of a leader who could read the hearts of the men he led—that Mohammed won back his discontented followers, the Helpers [of Medina] of his early days, by the sublime appeal that he had given the things of earth to the men who cared for the things of earth, but to them he had given the higher gift that the Prophet of God had come to dwell among them. Appeals somewhat of the same kind are recorded of mere worldly leaders, of Alexander and of Cæsar; but no challenge of mere human loyalty could have called forth such a burst of passionate remorse as when the Helpers with one voice answered, with tears running down upon their beards, that they were content with the lot which their Prophet gave them."*

With disciples left behind, who had caught so much of their master's spirit, his death had scarcely an appreciable effect on the progress of his religion. Some of the Arabian tribes fall away, but Abu Bakr and Omar soon recall them to their allegiance, and the united people, in the name of God and the Prophet, go forth to the conquest of the world. And never since the world began had there been seen anything like the triumphant progress of the armies of enthusiasts and fanatics which now burst upon the older empires. Persia and the Eastern Provinces of Rome are conquered almost at once; and before the lapse of a century, the faith of Mohammed is taught in the temples of Cordova and the temples of Samarkand; and the Caliph of Islam reigns alike on the banks of the Jihon, and on the banks of the Tagus; over a region so vast that before it even the mighty empire of Alexander, and the still mightier empire of Rome must hide their diminished heads. The temporal reign of the Caliph has long since passed away, but the religion remains. Spain has been wrested from it, but it has more than made up for the loss by gains in other directions. In Africa, it is making giant strides, so that now it embraces the whole northern region between the Mediterranean and the fifth parallel of north latitude; and it was only the other day we heard of the perturbation among the missionaries of South Africa, caused by the success of Mohammedan pilgrims in making converts there. In India, it probably numbers as believers between fifty and sixty millions. "Within the last eight years a vast tract of country, called Western Chinese Tartary or Eastern Turkestan, has thrown off the yoke of China," and been added to the list of Mussulman kingdoms. In the East Indian Archipelago, in Java, Sumatra, Borneo and Celebes, Islam has raised the natives in the scale of civilization, and long been the dominant faith. It has even crossed the Atlantic with the coolies to Guiana in South America. The total number of believers cannot number much less than two hundred

* "British Quarterly Review," January, 1872, p. 66.

and fifty millions. Mr. Smith believes that wherever it penetrates, it proves an almost unmixed blessing, and that it is better for most of the people who own its sway, than even Christianity would be. He seems to have no hope that the latter religion will make any impression upon it for centuries to come, if ever. The quality to which it owes its power of propagandism, appears to be its sublime simplicity. Its theology may almost be summed up in the sentence, "Allahu-Akbar—God is great, there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet." Such is the creed. "Man must resign his will to to God's, and find his highest happiness in so doing." Such is the Mussulman life. The other articles of faith; the written revelation, man's responsibility, the existence of angels and Jinn, heaven and hell, the resurrection and last judgment; and the practical duties—prayer, almsgiving, fasting, and pilgrimage, were not original with Mohammed, being common to other religions.

The great blot upon the character of Mohammed, sensuality, and the great blot upon his religion, polygamy, must not be overlooked. But even here he has not received fair treatment. On both points he was in advance of his age and country. Polygamy in its most degrading forms had existed from time immemorial, and it would have been quite impossible to extirpate it. But Mohammed did the next best thing; he swept away the worst of its accompaniments—the slaying of female infants being one of them; and reduced the number of wives allowable by law to four, whereas previously the number had been unlimited. Nor must it be forgotten that he remained absolutely faithful to his first wife—a woman fifteen years older than himself—till the day of her death, when he himself was about fifty years of age. After that event it is not to be denied that he gave the reins to the one weakness of his nature, by allowing to himself even a larger number of wives than he allowed to his followers.

But our space is exhausted, and we must hasten to conclude our imperfect notice of Mr. Smith's admirable book, by quoting its eloquent closing sentences, those in which he gives a final estimate of the great Arabian; an estimate in which most of his readers, we think, will substantially coincide. "Compare Mohammed with the long roll of men, whom the world by common consent has called 'Great;' while I admit that there is no one point in his character in which he is not surpassed by one or other, take him all in all, what he was, and what he did, and what those inspired by him have done, he seems to me to stand alone, above and beyond them all. . . . By a fortune absolutely unique in history, Mohammed is a threefold founder—'of a nation, of an empire, and of a religion.' Illiterate himself, scarce able to read or write, he was yet the author of a book which is a poem, a code of laws, a Book of Common Prayer, and a Bible in one, and is reverenced to this day by a sixth of the whole human race, as a miracle of purity of style, of wisdom, and of truth. It was the one miracle claimed by Mohammed—his 'standing miracle' he called it; and a miracle indeed it is. But looking to the circumstances of the time, at the unbounded reverence o his followers, and comparing him with the Fathers of the Church or with Mediæval saints, to my mind the most miraculous thing about Mohammed is, that he never claimed the power of working miracles. Whatever he had said he could do, his disciples would straightway have seen him do. They could not help attributing to him miraculous acts which he never did, and which he always denied he could do. What more crowning proof of his sincerity is needed? Mohammed to the end of his life claimed for himself that title only with which he had begun, and which the highest philosophy and the truest Christianity will one day, I venture to believe, agree in yielding to him—that of a Prophet, a very Prophet of God. The religion, indeed, that he taught is below the purest form of

our own, as the central figure of the Mohammedan religion is below the central figure of the Christian—a difference vast and incommensurable; but, in my opinion, he comes next to Him in the long roll of the great benefactors of the human race; next to Him *longo intervallo* certainly, but still next. He had faults, and great ones, which he was always the first himself, according to his light, to confess and to deplore; and the best homage we can render to the noble sincerity of his character is to state them, as I hope I have tried to do, exactly as they were. 'It was the fashion of old,' to quote the words of our greatest novelist and greatest psychologist.* 'It was the fashion of old, when an ox was led out for sacrifice to Jupiter, to chalk the dark spots, and give the offering a false show of unblemished whiteness. Let us fling away the chalk, and boldly say—the victim *is* spotted, but it is not therefore in vain that his mighty heart is laid on the altar of men's highest hopes.'"

* George Eliot.

CENTRAL AMERICAN SKETCHES.

BY H. H.

IV.

Ancient ruins—Native languages—Costumes—Early marriages—Honesty of the Indians—Primitive agriculture—Indian towns—Economy in furniture—Municipal government—Elections—Land Tenure — Taxes — Whipping posts — Hiring labourers — Religious observances — Fees for priestly services—Anecdote—A new way of ventilating a grievance.

THE system of government introduced by Spain into its American colonies was, of necessity, one of paternal despotism. The conquered races were in every respect an inferior people to their conquerers. What little civilization they may at that time have possessed was soon destroyed, and very few traces exist of original greatness. There are here and there found ruins of sculptured idols, which show that at one time there were tribes of Indians who had attained a considerable amount of skill in masonry, but no mention is made by any early Spanish writers of what are now the ruins of Copan, Palenque, and Uxmal, and it is not improbable that they were in ruins, or abandoned, at the early occupation of the country by the Spaniards.

Other ruins exist besides those which have been described by the American writer, Stephens, but they are of buildings of altogether a different and very inferior construction, and have signs of being of more recent date. It appears to have been the policy of the conquerors to allow the destruction of every written record of the country which was found. The clergy formed the only educated portion of the new occupants of the soil, and with that thoroughness which characterized everything they did, they effectually stamped out all that could remind the Indians of the religion they had formerly professed, and at the same time wiped out every page of the country's history previous to the conquest; and the only thing to be learnt from existing ruins is that human sacrifice must have been the chief feature of their religion previous to their conversion to Christianity.

Guatemala has a population of about a million and a quarter of inhabitants, of whom nearly nine hundred thousand are pure Indians. Their principal characteristics are more or less the same. They are divided into tribes, using different languages and different dress. The principal languages or idioms are the Katchiquel, which prevails over the western part of the country, the Mams, the Pocomams, the Maya, and the Lacondon; and these are again subdivided into dialects which have little resemblance to the roots from which they are derived. The individuals of each tribe dress exactly alike, their dress never varies, and, perhaps, has not done so for many generations. The men of all the tribes wear straw hats, some white and others black. The shirt of most tribes is made something between a jacket and a shirt, and is embroidered with rude figures of birds or animals. The trowsers come down to the knee, are wide, and are usually made of coarse white cotton. Some tribes wear over these a wide pair of drawers, open half-way up the outer side of the leg, of dark woollen cloth, called gerga, and those of the colder climates have doublets of the same material. Their feet are always bare, but on a journey they wear a kind of sandal, of thick half-tanned hide, called quaites. The women wear their hair adorned in different fashions, according to their tribes, but all have it tied or bound in some manner with red or orange-coloured braid. Their covering for the upper part of the body is a kind of chemise, called a guipil, a short loose garment reaching a little below the waist, and which is nothing more than a piece of cotton cloth, with a hole in the centre, through which to pass the head, with other holes for the arms, with embroidery round the neck and arm holes. The skirt is of heavy cotton material, woven by themselves; it reaches down to the knees, and is of different colour, according to the tribe of the wearer. The skirt has no stitching, but is arranged by the Indian, when she puts it on, in large plaits round her waist, which she binds together with a broad band of thick striped cotton, which forms a girdle and great adornment. The only difference which exists in the dress of women of the same tribe is in the matter of the necklace, which is generally of coral interspersed with coins, the latter more or less valuable as the rank of the woman is higher or lower, and some of these necklaces are even hung with heavy silver dollars. They have the feet bare, and the covering for the head, called a reboso, is a long cotton scarf, which they throw over it on going out. It is almost impossible to meet with a more picturesque sight than an Indian market-place, between the hours of 8 and 9 in the morning, especially that of one of the larger Indian towns. The bright colours of the dresses, and their scrupulous cleanliness, the variety formed by the addition of a mixture of tribes, and the delicate tints in which the houses are painted or washed, are all set off by the clearness and brilliancy of the climate, and form a *tout ensemble* both lively and interesting in the extreme. With small exception, the clothing both of male and female is homespun, and every Indian girl's education is complete when she can spin well enough to clothe herself and her husband.

Apart from drunkenness, which is the Indian's curse, they are a moral and decently-behaved people. They marry very young, the men at from 16 to 18, the women as young as 11 years, and usually are faithful to their marriage vows; indeed in this respect they form a favourable contrast to the governing class of Ladinos.

They are often pilferers of little things, but are in many respects remarkably trustworthy and honest. It is the custom of the owners of plantations, and also of tradesmen, to send them long distances with gold or silver coin. Sometimes one man will have a thousand dollars or more to carry four or five days' journey, and I never knew a case of these

messengers failing in their trust, though, perhaps, the man who had thus been trusted on the road with a large amount of money would pilfer cigars, or any other little thing which might lie in his reach.

Unlike their nomadic brethren in the United States, they are essentially an agricultural race; but their system of agriculture is of the most primitive kind. They live in towns or townships, but every head of a family has his maize fields, usually one on the mountain slopes, and another smaller one in the vicinity of the town. The mountain plantation is that which gives the largest crop, and the system is to cut down the timber and undergrowth in the dryest part of the year, then as soon as it is dry to set fire to it, and the day after maize is dibbled into the soil without further preparation, the influence of the wood ashes, and the heavy rains which usually fall shortly after the time of planting, acting in the place of other cultivation of the soil. The weeds are cut down with a long knife, and about three weeks after the maize is planted it is hilled with a hoe, after which it is left to grow until the cobs are formed, when the stalks are bent over.

At harvest time the corn is stowed away in a little hut, on the same plot of ground, and brought down to the town-house on the Indian's back as his needs require. The same plot of ground is never planted two seasons together, each Indian having, by right of custom, the privilege of the land above him in a direct line to the mountain top. The land planted one year is altogether abandoned after being cropped, and the high bush again grows on it for several years, when it is again planted in the same fashion. April and May are the months for burning off, and the whole country is filled with smoke during those months to such an extent as to completely hide the sun, though there is not otherwise a cloud in the sky.

The towns of the Indians are, as a rule, models of order and cleanliness; the streets are wide, and all converge towards the Plaza, or market-place, on one side of which are the Church and Convent, on the other, the Cabildo or Town-hall.

The Indians rarely build their houses to the street; they usually lie far back from the road, each house being surrounded by a garden, in which are grown black beans, which, with cakes of maize, form the Indian's principal food. The fences towards the road are generally made with a stinging plant of high growth, called Chichicaste. They are kept well trimmed, and have a pretty appearance, though when touched by the naked hand they cause large blisters, which produce very painful effects. A few primitive flowers are grown in front of the house, for decorating the saint, or for fastening as offerings on the crosses which are placed at the corners of the streets. The outsides of the huts are usually more inviting in appearance than the inside, which is not always clean. The Indians do not require any furniture beyond a saint and a table to put it on, a hammock, and a low stool. These, with a stone on which to grind the corn, and a pot to cook the beans in, are, as a rule, all the Indian's household furniture.

The towns are governed locally by a municipality, consisting of a Governor, who is elected for a term of years; under him are the Mayor, Sub-Mayor, syndic, four "regidores," or councillors, and twelve auxiliaries, who act as messengers or police, as the case may require. It being a rare thing to find an Indian who can read and write, the secretary is generally of the Ladino class, and acts in the double capacity of secretary to the municipality and schoolmaster to the town.

The elections for municipalities take place on the first Sunday in December, each householder having a vote. The result of the election is sent to the head of the department, for the Chief Governor's approbation, and at midnight on the 31st of

December, the new municipality is sworn in, the wands of office being handed over to them by their predecessors. The municipality have their functions very clearly defined by law. They are responsible for order, and the punishment of minor offences. The Alcalde (Mayor) has to attend daily at his court-room, and little opportunity is given him for his private affairs during his term of office. Each municipality possesses the land on which the town is built, with a square league of land surrounding it, and no such thing as freehold exists in the town limits; but a person living in the town, or occupying land belonging to it, retains right of possession so long as he pays ground rent or "Censo," and he can transfer it or sell it at will, at his own price, without any interference from the municipality. Every male has to pay an annual tax of about half a dollar, and in addition he is compelled to work three days, at two seasons of the year, in repairing the roads outside the town, and also has to give gratuitous service for keeping the Church, Convent, or any other public building in repair. In front of the Cabildo, or Town-hall, in the Indian towns, is a whipping post, personal chastisement being the form of punishment most used in minor offences, both on men and women. One great and important duty of the Indian authorities is the distribution of what is called "Habilitacion." No Indian will work without part of his wages being paid in advance, and there are many towns whose inhabitants are sought after by estate owners, far and wide, owing to the aptitude of those particular Indians for field-work. When a person needs labourers, he first applies for an order from the Governor of the Department, for the "Alcalde" of the town to give him facilities for obtaining the number of men he requires, from 50 to 200, as he may need. The Alcalde, on receipt of the order, sends a drum round the town to call the people together, and on their assembling at the "Cabildo," the person seeking workmen gives over to the Alcalde the money he is willing to advance to each man whose name is put down by the secretary, and the Alcalde receives a douceur of so much a head. The men are not always forthcoming, but as the Alcalde is certain of a reprimand from the Governor if the number is not completed, and even in some cases is imprisoned, the Indians are sometimes taken by force and compelled to receive the money. Once paid in presence of the Alcalde, the man is bound to work until he has earned as much as he has received, and thousands of Indians are taken sometimes as far away from home as 200 miles, on foot, to earn three or four dollars which they have received against their will. It is very natural that many cases occur where the men try to run away to escape the work, and the system is a great evil both for masters and workpeople.

Religious observances forming so large a part of Indian life, the connection between the municipality and the priest is a very close one. All the Sacristans and minor officers of the church are appointed by the town authorities, and have to serve without remuneration, and as there is a daily celebration of mass, in addition to numerous baptisms, burials (marriages are always celebrated during mass), and visits with the host to the sick people, the number of persons employed in church matters is large.

If the priest is a good man, he has great influence in the town, and is treated with great deference and respect. The revenue of the priests in most of the Indian towns is large, and is derived directly from the people. The fee for a mass ranges from a dollar to fifteen dollars, according to its solemnity. The fees for burial are so high, if the priest attends, that such cases are extremely rare; instead of the priest, three Sacristans precede the body, who bear large silver crosses, and in some towns there are Indian women who make it their business to cry at funerals, and who are hired out for

this purpose. Marriages are necessarily performed by the priest, who has a scale of charges for the ceremony, ranging from three to twenty dollars, and amongst the Indians the baptism fee is half a dollar.

Although the Indians are never wanting in outward respect for the priest, they maintain a perfectly independent spirit in dealing with him. Should his general conduct be distasteful to them, they send their authorities to the Governor of the department to ask for his removal. Sometimes their petition is not attended to, but they are very persistent, and the following anecdote is a very good illustration of their shrewdness in dealing with their superiors:—

The priest of a town in Vera Paz, a Dominican Friar from Mexico, made himself unpopular, owing to his scandalous disregard of his vows of celibacy. This was not an uncommon fault amongst the Dominicans, but this one exceeded all bounds, and lived openly with the mother of his children.

The Indians complained of him many times to the Governor, and finding it was vain, went to the Government; but all their complaints being unheeded, they determined to pay a visit to the Archbishop, who lived in Guatemala City, preparatory to which they made five cheeses, one large one, one a little less, and three small ones.

The Archbishop was a man of great piety and virtue, very simple in his habits, and in every respect an estimable man. All the principal inhabitants of the town went to see him, and on their being ushered into the room, the Archbishop asked affectionately as to themselves, their families, their town, and then asked—

"How is the Tata Cura (Father Curate)?"

"Oh, he is in excellent health, thank God."

"And did you tell him you were coming to see me?"

"No, Father, we didn't say a word to him; we wanted to give you a little surprise, so we came away very quietly that you might not know beforehand of our visit."

Here the largest of the cheeses was unfolded from a clean white cloth, and the Alcalde went up to the Archbishop, before whom he knelt, saying—

"Will the good Father Archbishop deign to take from his children this little present?"

"But, my children, what a deal of trouble you have had. Have you come all this way to give me this nice cheese?"

"Yes, Father, we have; we had heard of you, and how you loved us, so we said amongst ourselves, 'we ought to go and see the good Father Archbishop; and here we are.'"

Whilst this was going on, another was unfolding the smaller cheese, and handing it to the Alcalde, he said—

"And, Father, though we do not see her with you, we have brought another cheese for the Mrs. Archbishop."

"What is that? Oh, dear, my children, what are you saying?"

Imperturbably the Alcalde went on—

"Yes, Father, we brought this cheese for your wife, and we have also brought these three little cheeses for the Archbishop's sweet little babies."

The poor Archbishop was dumbfounded. Wife and sweet little babies! Quite bewildered, he asked—

"But, my children, do not you know that I am a priest? How can you have lived in a Christian country without knowing that I cannot have either wife or children?"

The Alcalde went up to the Archbishop, and, kissing the ring on his finger, said—

"Pardon us, we are poor ignorant people, and know no better, but seeing that our priest had his wife and children, we made sure that if a simple priest had them, so great a man as the Archbishop would be sure to have them also.

The Indians gained their point. They had barely reached home when the offender was recalled, and his place was taken by one whose life was above reproach.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE announcement of Lieutenant-Governor Crawford's premature demise was followed by sincere expressions of regret throughout the Province. Party feelings have sometimes gone sad lengths, and, within our recollection, found angry utterance even around the grave; but the healthy instincts of humanity may be trusted to keep such ebullitions in check. In the case of Mr. Crawford, there were many reasons why political opponents, as well as political friends, should regret that his career had been cut short by the unpitying scythe of death. Mr. Howe died shortly after he entered Government House at Halifax, but he was full of years, and it had been obvious before his appointment that for all vigorous purpose or exertion the work of his life was done. Mr. Crawford, on the other hand, appeared to have years of work in him. According to human probability, as far as most of us were judges, he had at least a decade in prospect, for labour or for retirement. There is something which goes home to the heart of every man in the intelligence that another has been snatched away with his life-work a fragment—bequeathed to us as a torso—unrounded and incomplete. Perhaps, to turn to another sphere, the gorgeous exaggerations of Macaulay, and the honest, but dangerous, fallacies of Buckle, would have imperilled the interests of history and philosophy less if they had been spared to bring them to "the end." Certainly Dickens and Thackeray added to the popular regard and regret, by leaving "Edwin Drood" and "Paul Duval" unfinished. Humanity has not yet learned that honest and earnest work is too often marred and fractured, and that its author seldom can, at last, claim to be "*in se ipso totus, teres atque rotundus*"—perfect in himself, polished and rounded as an ivory ball. Hence, a reminder that in the midst of life, and in the midst of active labour, we are face to face with death, adds force and point to our regrets.

Mr. Crawford's position as a politician was clearly and honourably defined; yet we doubt if he could lay claim to the title of partisanship during his parliamentary career. His party proclivities were inherited, rather than the result of deliberate conviction. He was a Conservative by accident, and fought loyally under the standard; but he might, with equal propriety, have been a Reformer —say of Mr. Baldwin's school. He was beyond question sincere in the opinions he had imbibed; but politics seem always to have been a *dilettante* pursuit with him. Certainly he made no enemies by his partisanship; perhaps he was too closely connected with his opponents in material interests and associations to have given room for bitterness to the most spiteful of them. He was not even an ambitious member of the profession to which he was attached; his tastes led him rather to the building-up of monetary institutions intimately connected with the progress of his native country. Hence he gave little scope for political enmity, because he toiled in a field where he and his opponents were as one. The most rabid party man could hardly fight with one whom he met at the same green-baize board, or from whom he solicited discounts in the counting-room.

On the other hand, Lieutenant-Governor Crawford was not by any means of colourless character. As the chief personage in Provincial affairs he acted with singular industry, even after a regard for health might

have disposed him to indolent indulgence. He was by nature a man of active business habits; work was a necessity to him, and he indulged in it by predilection and without stint.

The intelligence of his death was, to many, the first intimation of his danger. We have nothing to add to the general regret, except that we sincerely share it with men of all parties, as we do also in their condolence with the deeper sorrow of those who were nearest to him. To them the loss must have been quite as great as if it had been unexpected. We cannot speak of relatives and friends as being prepared by anticipation of death as a probable contingency. Most of us know how affection proves the mother of fallacious hope, and how, also, although the event is clearly anticipated, the blow is never appreciated in its painful reality until it has fallen.

The appointment of the Hon. Mr. Macdonald as Lieutenant-Governor of the Province is in every way unexceptionable. So long as it is a recognized maxim in our politics that the victors have a right to the spoils, it is desirable that Lieutenant-Governors should not be of a disagreeable stripe of partisanship. We expect a party man to be covered all over with the war-paint of savagery, but it should not be tattooed, or, like Hoyle's prints, impressed in "fast colours." We must admit, however, that the appointment of Mr. Brown would not have been distasteful even to his political foes. The *Mail* went so far as to demand him of Mr. Mackenzie, although that may have been in irony. No doubt the Senator had the refusal of the office and refused it. A little reflection would have shown him that he had done wrong. Mr. Brown has many excellent and serviceable qualities, to which his opponents would willingly bear tribute, and of which his friends, perhaps, are not quite aware. We are speaking with perfect sincerity, and from some personal knowledge, when we say that, party bitterness and a certain amount of domineering temper apart—both the probable result of strong convictions—we know no man who can be more genial in social intercourse, more hospitable in his heart, or more thoroughly to be depended upon as a faithful and honest friend and *collaborateur* than he. If once the scales of party were removed from his eyes—in short, if he were in Government House, and the *Globe* transformed into an independent journal and raised to the serener sky of impartial judgment on public events, the political atmosphere of Canada would grow exceptionally clear. As Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Brown would have purged his mental vision; for he is too conscientious to be a party man in a station which calls for impartiality, and the *Globe* might be something better than the *Times* of Canada. However, as Falstaff says, "that's past praying for"—at least for the present.

The late Postmaster-General will be cheerfully accepted as a worthy successor of Messrs. Howland and Crawford. In the first place, though a Liberal of the straightest sect, he has never rendered himself distasteful to any one, unless, perhaps, to a few members of the country press. Moreover, he is, by descent, a Highland Scotchman, and notwithstanding what has been said of the clannishness of North Britons, we have seen none of them hitherto at the top of the tree since Lord Elgin's time. Besides, he is a Roman Catholic of a liberal and reasonable type, and that appears to us an additional reason for his elevation; not because we desire to see religion made a test of official qualification, but because in a Province overwhelmingly Protestant it is a graceful act to appoint an adherent of the minority to a post of honour, if he be otherwise qualified for it. It will show the Ultramontanes of Quebec, who are eternally whimpering about the intolerance of Ontario, that we are thoroughly in earnest about religious equality.

The appointment of the Postmaster-General to the Lieutenant-Governorship has rendered necessary a partial reconstruction of the Privy Council. Of this, we have perhaps only the first instalment in the accession of Mr. Blake, as Minister of Justice, and the transference of Mr. Fournier to the office just vacated by Mr. Macdonald. It may be expected, if we may put our trust in the *gobemouches*, that further changes are in prospect. It is said that M. Fournier has some notion of following his predecessor to the Bench, though he can hardly be chargeable with aiming so high as M. Dorion leaped at one bound. As M. Fournier's former office is usually a stepping-stone to judicial honour, it cannot be said that his ambition is unreasonable. In the event of such an elevation, Mr. Holton would naturally join the Government as the last of "all the talents."

It might have been predicted that Mr. Blake's appointment would give satisfaction to everybody; but it would appear that it does not. It seems the untoward fate of an independent statesman in our time to raise suspicion, whatever course he may adopt. When the member for South Bruce first took office at Ottawa, he was blamed; when he resigned it, he was abused; and now that he re-assumes the responsibility he is fairly badgered. To begin with a new-found friend, the *Globe*—whose air of patronage must be the bitterest drop in Mr. Blake's cup—we discover at bottom no solid satisfaction at the new departure. Even the ostentatious effort to appear contented with the delusion that a recalcitrant ally has been captured and muzzled is evidently half-hearted. The smile appears upon a countenance visibly pallid with the apprehension that a white elephant has been gained in the political raffle. Mr. Blake enters the school of the prophets, but who is to ensure that he will not beguile the teachers? *Quis custodiet custodes ipsos?*

The Opposition are annoyed, but for a different reason. They have been engaged in the laudable attempt to dissociate Mr. Blake from his former connections. A definitive schism in the ranks of the dominant party was obviously desirable from their point of view. The first tentative effort was ingenious, but the bait which will attract the gudgeon fails to lure the salmon. It was in vain to assure Mr. Blake that his proper *rôle* was desertion to the Opposition ranks. The result was a design to embitter the quarrel between the wings of the Government party. This also failed, Its only success, if success it could be called, consisted in his accession to the Cabinet, not as one who has forgotten or forsaken his principles, but as one who is in a position to enforce them.

For our own part, we have no regret to express, because everything appears plain to those who do not depend upon the party optician. There is no necessity for the question raised in some of the papers, "Who has compromised, Mr. Blake or Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Brown?" There would have been no sacrifice of principle if Mr. Mackenzie had taken in Sir J. A. Macdonald with Mr. Blake. In the appointment of the latter, however, we can afford to rejoice, because it ensures the presence of at least one independent spirit, by whom the pliant subserviency of the ordinary placeman and the insolence of the party dictator will be encountered with the scorn they merit. For the rest, the electorate may afford to trust in the abilities, the experience, and the integrity of the new Minister of Justice.

The only contested election not due to a decision of the judges was held at South Simcoe last week. The death of Mr. D'Arcy Boulton, soon after the general election, left the seat for South Simcoe vacant. We rejoice in the election of Mr. William McDougall, not because he is a member of the Opposition—although in so weak a com-

pany every head counts—but because he possesses exactly that knowledge, experience, and political tact in which the Opposition, whether taken singly or as a body, are wofully deficient. The course of the "Reform" journals was rather characteristic than consistent. They have always complained of the lamentable weakness of the Opposition; they re-echoed the low, stifled discontent of their opponents at the fitful character of Mr. Matthew Cameron's leadership; and yet no sooner has a man of capacity and leisure made his appearance, than he is set upon as wolves set upon their prey. It is true that none of the Ministers joined in the onslaught, and we think they showed a delicate sense of propriety in taking that course. With the press, however, it was otherwise. The clipping school of politicians came forward with extracts to show that Mr. McDougall had uttered some sharp things about Mr. Cameron, at a time when the latter strongly opposed Confederation, in company, it should have been added, with Mr. John Macdonald, M.P. for Centre Toronto, and other Reformers. The gravamen of the charge against Mr. McDougall, however, was the terrible discovery that he had joined the Tories. Not to dwell here upon the absurdity of these party distinctions, the accusation shows a lamentable ignorance, or something worse, of the plainest facts of history. Indeed, it is the first time it has been gravely formulated as a political maxim that men of different parties are forbidden to act together when in Opposition. Coalitions on the Treasury Bench have often been denounced as immoral, but never when men have been thrown into common action by circumstances, on the shady side of Mr. Speaker. From the days of Walpole until now, English history is full of instances in point. Men of the present generation can point to similar precedents in Canada. What drove Mr. Baldwin from office on the Chancery question, but a coalition? Who was it that sat, spoke, and voted with Sir Allan McNab, Sir J. A. Macdonald and Mr. Cayley, and supported them at the polls? A Reform "Cave" under the guidance of Senator Brown. Moreover, on both these occasions, grave differences of principle ought to have kept the divisions asunder—differences as great as those now existing between the extreme Right and the extreme Left in France. To speak of divergences in principle between parties in the Ontario Legislature now, is puerile in the extreme. The Government organs would probably admit that Messrs. Cameron and Macdougall might justifiably take office together; but is it not evident to any one who uses his brains that Mr. Mowat could include them both in the Cabinet without sacrificing his consistency or theirs? We have no idea that Mr. Macdougall will offer captious opposition to the Government; on the contrary, we believe he will do them essential service by purifying the miasmatic atmosphere on the Left, and bringing his knowledge and experience to their assistance in the proper business of legislation.

The election of Mr. John Macdonald for Centre Toronto reflects great credit upon that important constituency. In the first place, he is an intelligent and active representative of the commercial class, and, as such, a valuable acquisition to an assembly not over-blessed with knowledge on fiscal questions. It may be admitted that class interests should be kept well in hand; but that is no reason why they should be inadequately represented in Parliament. That Montreal, the commercial metropolis, should return three lawyers, seems, to say the least of it, an anomaly. At the present juncture, our trading and manufacturing interests are assuming portentous importance. Sooner or later, our commercial policy will take form and shape, and, thus stereotyped, may obtain for generations to come. In that

case it is surely desirable that it should be such as to command the approval of posterity. Had the intelligent representative scheme propounded in Parliament during the Commonwealth been grafted upon the constitution, or had even the tentative proposals of the younger Pitt found favour with our oligarchical legislators, not only would the entire commercial policy of Europe have run in a different direction, but the history of the world might have been different, and Sir Stafford Northcote spared the necessity of devising schemes for breaking off periodical chips from the mill-stone of debt which hangs about England's neck. But this was not to be; the commercial spirit was kept in subjection and also in ignorance, for the great families continued to rule the country, as by right divine, with Squire Western and his brethren at their backs.

Mr. Macdonald, moreover, is not only a merchant who has studied the wants of his class and of his country; but he is also one independent enough to act as well as think for himself. Though cherishing what are vaguely called "Reform principles," he is clearly not bound hand and foot by the swaddling clothes of party. When last in Parliament he opposed, against his leader, the scheme of Confederation. In that we think he erred; but he was honest at any rate, and that is the next best thing to being right as well as honest. From that time until now he has shown his impatience of dictation, as his memorable denunciation of the Brown-Thornton treaty demonstrated. The Conservative party acted prudently in not opposing Mr. Macdonald; at the same time it would be affectation to assert that the leaders were impressed by any such considerations as the above—they simply abstained from opposition because they could not find a candidate for immolation.

The method of party nomination at this election was not so satisfactory as its result. A public meeting was called ostensibly "for the purpose of selecting a candidate" in the Reform interest. Such meetings have often been called before on equally hypocritical pretences; but it may be well to expose the system occasionally. The meeting was not called to "select" at all; the selection had been made long before the meeting assembled. The ward-politicians and the party wire-pullers had taken order for it in advance, and all that the meeting could do was humbly to follow the behests of their minor dictators by giving an automatic assent. Now mark the "phantasmagoria," as the *Globe* editor would say, which followed. Everybody who had act or part in the management of the show was well aware that Mr. Wilkes had declined to stand, or been made to decline, perhaps we should say. Yet a gentleman appeared before the audience and with an earnestness which must have had a strange effect on those in the secret, pressed, in vigorous language, the claims of Mr. Wilkes; a seconder arose and did likewise. Their remarks were received with loud applause, even by those who would not have supported that gentleman, had he been proposed in sober earnest. It was then Mr. Wilkes's cue, and to the credit of his good-nature be it said, he passed through the ordeal bravely, ending, of course, with the genuine, after declining the sham, nomination.

We have no hesitation in saying that this miserable wire-pulling and more miserable exhibition of it is a shameful depravation of the electoral system. It transcends in impudence the system of conventions, because even there those who work the puppets cannot always ensure success when so many wires are in hand; but it has the merit of simplicity, and is adopted therefore whenever circumstances favour. It seems to us that the previous member has a prescriptive right to the privilege of meeting his constituents and asking their approval. Having received their trust in the face of day, to use the words of Burke at Bristol, in the face of day he ought, if need be, to accept their dismission—not

in the penetralia of a cabal. We believe that Mr. Dymond is of the same opinion, notwithstanding his call for a convention. The ex-member for North York, although we differ from him widely on many points, we believe to be an able and conscientious worker. If Atlas could only fling the burden from his shoulders, he might be a serviceable representative in Parliament. The mention of his constituency reminds us of a predecessor whose name will survive in Canadian history as a conspicuous actor in the memorable struggle for constitutional rights—Robert Baldwin. It would seem absurd to ask those who have studied his career to fancy him standing or retiring at the will of wire-pullers, or dancing attendance upon the party dictator in the editorial room of a newspaper office. When he last appeared as a candidate in his old constituency, he was defeated by the intrigues of a cabal, and when he was nominated, as a fitting reward of long and invaluable services, to the Legislative Council, he was again met with the same weapons, and disappeared from the political arena forever. Conventions are bad enough, as every student of American history knows, but sometimes they result in "the survival of the fittest;" the new *mode*, for the most part, in the survival of the least fitted, but most subservient—an inverted kind of evolution not recognised by Darwin. It will not do, as in the case of Centre Toronto, to allege that wire-pulling sometimes serves a good purpose and brings forward an independent man. Certainly, is the reply; but only when it cannot find one available who would be more subservient and obedient to the clique whose servant he is. A representative should know no responsibility save to his constituents, and every scheme which deprives the electorate of the real choice, and rests it in the hands of a "ring," stands *ipso facto* condemned as a fraud upon the elective system. It is in fact the old aristocratic nomination system in popular guise, and the men it usually turns out are incomparably inferior to those placed in public life by its doomed predecessor.

It is to be feared that people generally do not sufficiently sympathise with the judges in the terrible infliction of dreary and monotonous labour resulting from election petitions. When other men of means and leisure are off for their annual holiday, they must sit, in the heat of the dog-days, listening to the oft-repeated story of Jones treating all hands at the bar and throwing down fifty cents in payment, and to the momentous questions whether Jones was an agent, whether the lemonade had or had not "a stick" in it, and if any of those who drank were voters, and so on interminably. All this labour is necessary, no doubt, but it must be wearing work nevertheless. Even the Premiership has its hours of ease and its well-earned holiday to be enjoyed at long intervals, as Mr. Mackenzie, we are pleased to see, is about to enjoy it; but the bench is no longer a rest for the weary. Moreover, a member may be unseated, but unless he be absolutely disqualified, the judge can give no guarantee that he will not crop up again in a few months for a new trial, like one risen from the dead. Messrs. Irving and Wood, of Hamilton, for example, have been again returned, though by somewhat decreased majorities; yet they have no assurance that they will not be again cut down before the winter. Mr. McDougall, of South Renfrew, knows something of this terrible uncertainty by an extended and disagreeable experience. It is satisfactory to know that after a prolonged season of adversity, poetical justice has been rendered him in the last chapter of the book.

Two of the newly elected members of the Local House have been unseated and disqualified, one from each party. We imagine that, had the opportunity offered, they would have had recourse to what may be termed the ducking process—in other words, bent

their necks gracefully to the storm, or perhaps, we should say, to the axe. Fortune, however, was against them, and, in the end, they were broken on the wheel. It seems, no doubt, hard to them that they should have suffered so severely, when others, guilty of grosser offences possibly, escaped the major excommunication by a questionable stratagem. So long as that practice is permitted, it cannot be said that even-handed justice is done; yet the escape of other and graver offenders is no adequate defence for those actually brought to book. In North Wentworth, and in Halton, the facts, as established, showed no systematic violation of the law; but as one transgression is sufficient for the purpose, inasmuch as it shows a disposition to disregard or ignore the statute, there can be no doubt of the substantial justice of these decisions. In both these cases, the party journals have taken care to betray a want of the judicial spirit, by endeavouring to rehabilitate their own friend, and deepen the guilt of their opponent. That editors writing with an avowed bias should venture to review the decisions of the bench, and affect, with mock gravity, to expound law and weigh evidence would surprise us, if we could any longer feel surprise at any of the freaks of party.

In the case of Mr. Stock, the offence charged and proved was treating—he having been present, countenancing his agent in the violation of the statute. This act, occurring alone, so far as the evidence goes, though that is by no means conclusive of its being the only one, voided Mr. Stock's seat, and disqualified him by law as effectually as if he had repeated it at every tavern in the riding. The respondent's friends affect to consider it peculiarly hard that he should suffer for one trivial offence. We fail to see the hardship. The law has been at great pains to purge the exercise of the franchise from every corrupt influence. Treating *is* such an influence, and with some men a more potent one than direct bribery by money; moreover, the Legislature, in order to check, as far as possible, for it is evidently impossible to prevent, drinking, closes the taverns and liquor-shops. Every candidate, therefore, who does his part towards renewing the drunken orgies of old, either on the polling-day or before it, should meet with his deserts. The fact that it is a first or solitary offence is beside the question. The language of the law to every candidate is: "*Obsta principiis*, and if you do not, care will be taken that your further progress shall be prevented, at least for a term of years." Nor is thoughtlessness, even were it susceptible of proof, an adequate excuse. Nature makes no allowance for it, when her laws are transgressed, but exacts the penalty to the uttermost farthing, and there is no reason why man should do otherwise, when the purity of his most cherished institutions is attacked.

The Halton case turned on a different question. The respondent was found guilty by Chief Justice Draper, of promising a Mrs. Robins "a valuable present," if she succeeded in procuring her husband's vote for him. The evidence adduced in proof of the promise, was the testimony of the wife, the husband, and the son, who swore distinctly to the fact. On the other hand, Mr. Barber, the respondent, while admitting that he retired with Mrs. Robins to a distant part of the room, solemnly denied on oath that he made any such promise. Mr. McCraney, an agent, swore, not that Mr. Barber made no such promise, but that he did not hear it, and believed that he must have heard it had it been made. The inference, of course, being that if the agent, who was sitting at the stove talking to the father and the son, failed to hear the promise, neither could they have heard it. This, however, by no means follows. Assuming the truth of the Robins's story, McCraney would be at the stove purposely to keep the two men from interfering, and would have no motive for listening; they, on the other hand, would naturally have their

suspicions aroused, and would listen not to McCraney, but to Barber.

On the whole case, there are a few general reflections which should have great weight with any one who desires to form an impartial judgment on the case. Where there is a conflict of testimony, the effect left upon the trained mind of a judge is entitled to vastly preponderating weight. From constant and prolonged experience, he is the best appraiser of the relative value and trustworthiness of witnesses. He sees, as his critics do not, their demeanour, the style in which they give their evidence, the manner in which they pass the ordeal of cross-examination—embracing frequently a hundred minute points, which a less acute or imperfectly trained intellect would fail to observe. Moreover, the ordinary laws of evidence are dimly understood by those not professionally engaged in the study and application of them. In one of his orations (*pro Milone*) Cicero puts a test question—"*Cui bono fuerit?*" "for whose advantage would it be," that a certain state of facts should be established? Applied to this case, it unquestionably bears against the respondent. Since the trial a number of charges have been made against the Robins' family, so as to throw discredit upon their veracity. Why were they not produced at the trial of the petitioner? Mr. Barber must have known of them from their very nature; yet he made no effort to impeach the trustworthiness of people into whose power he had thrown himself under suspicious circumstances. We have no intention to refer to the crookedness of that gentleman's political career, or his intense devotion to his personal interests. Having no acquaintance with him, we have no motive in pressing upon him unduly, nor should we do so in any case. It may be, of course, that after all he was imprudent merely, misinterpreted by the adverse witnesses, and thus involved in trouble he did not fully deserve—if so, he is a fit subject for sympathy. It has not been cheerfully that the case has been referred to at such length, yet not reluctantly, because it has been made the occasion of another of those unworthy assaults upon the bench, which call for public reprehension whenever they are made. We know not what the future may have in store; but, at present, the healthy instincts of Canadians will cause them to protest against light and causeless attacks upon the judges, and to frown upon every attempt to introduce here in any guise the repulsive features of Kenealy's *Englishman*.

Mgr. Bourget, R. C. Bishop of Montreal, has issued a pastoral to his clergy, touching the local elections in Quebec. It contains some excellent advice to the people on the importance and solemnity of the duty they are about to perform. They are admonished to prepare for the exercise of the franchise by prayer and meditation, so that they may be preserved from evil passions, intemperance, frauds, false oaths, and violence. They are also to keep their skirts clear of bribery, treating, and other violations of the law. It would not be amiss, perhaps, if such admonitions were oftener heard from the lips of Christian bishops and pastors. In the Church of Rome, which holds each of its members by a mystic thread, they are uttered with potent effect. That it will be disobeyed by many thousands who notwithstanding are and will remain Catholics is no doubt true; but, if episcopal influence fail, there is nothing else, in the shape of moral suasion, to invoke. The use of this influence for so laudable a purpose is highly to be commended. Unfortunately, as we shall see in the sequel, it may also be illegitimately and mischievously exerted.

In the Province of Quebec, the Roman Catholic Church is in a somewhat anomalous position. In many points it resembles an Establishment, but it wants some of the essential marks of such an institution. Its rights and privileges are guaranteed by treaty or sanctioned by Imperial legislation. The

clergy have a right to the tithes from the members of the church in every parish—a right enforceable in a court of law, and the entire fabric is hedged about with privileges with but one saving-clause—"Subject always to the law of England." None of these rights and privileges is in the slightest peril, nor is there anything the clergy could reasonably claim, which has not been conceded. As far as we know, they have not actually laid claim to any liberty they do not possess already. So entirely are they masters of the field that there is no country in the world where their church is so free—so completely unfettered by the civil power.

Such being the case, it might be reasonably expected that they, in turn, would conscientiously abstain from intermeddling with political affairs. For the most part the bishops did, in former days, leave Roman Catholics to the free exercise of their political opinions. Archbishop Baillargeon declared that every man had the right to vote according to his own conscience, without regard to the convictions of another; and his opinion was re-echoed by other members of the hierarchy. That time, however, has gone by. The *Globe* speaks of bishops who "do not think with the Bishop of Montreal." Unfortunately the verb should be put in the past tense instead of the present. The utmost diligence on the part of our contemporary will fail to discover one such thought expressed in any pastoral issued since the adjournment of the Vatican Council. Rome then assumed the offensive, and even in Quebec, where it is endowed with the most complete freedom of action, it is palpably aggressive. The first call to action was a pastoral of the Bishop of Three Rivers, in April, 1871. At that time the Conservative party was in close league with the hierarchy and received its warmest support. Mr. Cartier's star was yet in the ascendant, and the *Parti National* was under the ban, not having as yet had an opportunity of displaying exoteric zeal for views they despised. The Bishop's pastoral was adopted as the back-bone of the celebrated Catholic "programme." It is comparatively mild in tone, but we recognise, in germ, what is now being more clearly unfolded. "It is impossible to deny," he said, "that politics are closely linked with religion, and that the separation of Church and State is a doctrine absurd and impious. This is especially true under constitutional rule which, assigning the entire legislative power to Parliament, places in the hands of those who compose it a two-edged weapon which might prove terrible." Translated out of Vaticanese into English this signifies that the depositary of power is Parliament; that the separation of Church and State, in other words the subordination of the former to the latter, is absurd and impious; therefore the Church ought, by manipulating the elections, to turn the tables on the State and grasp the supreme authority. Having endeavoured, by some further observations, to render his children "wise as serpents," if not "harmless as doves," he proceeded to give general rules in certain cases. If two Conservatives appeared in the field, they were to support the man who assented to the programme. When a man of each party presented himself, they were to vote for the Conservative and not for a Liberal (*un adepte de l'école libérale*). If both were Liberals, they should support the one who would subscribe to the required conditions. Then came the trial of his Lordship's casuistry. Suppose the struggle should be between a Conservative rejecting the "programme" and a Liberal even (*quand même*) accepting it. "The position," observed the Bishop, "would be very delicate." By accepting the Conservative they would surrender their main object. By voting for the other they would put the Conservative party, which "we" desire to see powerful, in peril. The knot was cut, rather than untied, by the advice that electors should stay at home.

Since the spring of 1871, many changes have taken place. Sir George Cartier lost the

friendship of the hierarchy, and the latter was fain to seek out new allies. It found them, strange as it may appear, in *l'école libérale*, but the league was too insincere on both sides for permanence. We are hardly in a position to judge yet how far the breach will extend, but it can hardly be expected that the Bishop will support Conservatives for the Local Parliament, and send Liberals to Ottawa. Before proceeding to Mgr. Bourget's pastoral, let us correct another error into which the *Globe* has fallen. The Bishop did not say "that if they have taken such money" (*i.e.* as bribes), "they are obliged to return it." His Lordship has been better instructed in Christian ethics not to comprehend a sounder doctrine on the subtle distinctions between *meum*, *tuum*, and *suum*. What he did say was, "You cannot retain this money, because you have acquired it dishonestly; therefore, you must give it, not to him from whom you have received it, because he has no right to it, on account of his double-dealing, but to the poor, in the shape of alms, and as penance for the fault committed." In other words, he gave it to you, yet it is not yours; it is not his, because he gave it to you; therefore it is mine;" and it is held *in mortuâ manu*, in the dead hand of the Church—that great almoner of the diocese of Montreal.

Let us now glance at those portions of the pastoral which really constitute its main purpose, and to which we venture to take strong exception. In the first place, Mgr. Bourget has a Syllabus of his own, within which the Papal Syllabus is enshrined. Amongst other classes of men to be repudiated as candidates for popular suffrage are the following:—Those "who wish the Church to be separated from the State; who maintain the propositions condemned by the Syllabus; who reject all intervention of the Pope, Bishops, and Priests in the affairs of governments, as if these governments were not subject to the principles which God has revealed to the Church for the good government of the peoples; who dare to teach that the Church has no business to interfere in political matters, and that she makes a mistake when she does so who, *in spite of their protestations in favour of religion*, efficaciously aid and employ newspapers, books, and societies which the Church reproves and condemns," &c.

If proof were wanting that the Church "makes a mistake," and a very grave one, when she interferes in civil affairs, Mgr. Bourget has supplied it. That a prelate of whom, because of his high position and sacred office, we desire to speak with every respect, that a ruler in the Church should propose to any free people such a test of political qualification as the Papal Syllabus almost passes comprehension. Judge Drummond laughed the very reference to it out of court in scorn; Dr. Newman, in his reply to Mr. Gladstone, boldly denied its binding force on the Church, and yet the Bishop of Montreal forbids any Catholic to vote for a candidate who is not prepared to deny the right of freedom in press or pulpit, the validity of marriage by civil contract, the privilege of the Church to persecute, the right of the State to establish schools for all classes, or the error that the religion of the Queen is a form of Christianity!

It is not necessary to notice the eulogy passed upon the gentlemen concerned in the infamous Tanneries job; but we must refer briefly to the censure upon those who did, like MM. Masson and Mousseau, assert "the rights of the people of Manitoba to the general amnesty which was promised them, and of the Catholics of New Brunswick to separate schools, of which an unjust and vexatious law despoiled them." When, it may be asked, was an amnesty promised at all, and by whom that had a right to give the promise? Bishop Bourget seems to forget that he is dealing with a Royal Prerogative, or, perhaps, that he is living in the British Empire, and is a British subject. If so, he had better refer the matter to Cardinal

Manning and Mr. Gladstone, who know something about "civil allegiance," with Earl Carnarvon as umpire. So far as New Brunswick is concerned, the matter rests with the people of that Province, and it ill becomes the Catholics of Quebec, who owe their rights to the justice of Great Britain, and the safeguards provided by her laws, to seek to trample upon the rights of their neighbours. We have already expressed our regret that the people of the Maritime Province have not seen the justice and policy of yielding to Catholic demands, but until they do, there is nothing for it but patience and remonstrance. The *Globe* thinks the attempt to control the elections by spiritual terrors merely "illiberal and imprudent." If our contemporary had not been of late in strange company, he would agree with us that a prelate, having such machinery as Mgr. Bourget can command—almost omnipotent as it is in many constituencies—who can thus use it, is chargeable with what is usually styled as "undue influence and intimidation."

The energy displayed by the Department of Agriculture in prosecuting the arduous work of collecting or copying documents of historical value, is worthy of all praise. The task should have been undertaken long ago; but the subject is one not calculated to evoke any fervid enthusiasm from the general public. So far as we are aware, the only step taken, prior to the systematic efforts now in progress, began and ended with the publication of two works of great importance—the Memorials of the Jesuits, and the Edicts and Ordinances of the French Kings. We are speaking, of course, only of such documents as have been translated and printed by Government. From a period dating back many years, literary and historical societies in the Province of Quebec, and single workers in the field, especially amongst the French clergy and laity, have honourably distinguished themselves by their persistent ardour in research. Students in history beyond the limits of the Province are, perhaps, chiefly acquainted with our early annals through the works of Mr. Parkman, whose examination of the French archives, cursory though it appears to have been, has proved of considerable value. His histories, however, especially the latest of them, have not approved themselves to the French scholar, because of the unfavourable view he has felt it his duty to take of the influence of the Bishops and Jesuits.

All these efforts, highly creditable though they are to the associations and individuals who made them, partake too much of a sporadic character to satisfy the needs of the historian. To be thoroughly performed the work must be undertaken and carried on as a recognised branch of departmental business, for many years, at least, if not *en permanence*. It is a reproach to us that we have been so far outstripped by our neighbours. The bulky volumes from several of the States standing on the shelves of our public libraries, broad of beam, prim and self-assertive, have always appeared to us as if looking down upon Canadians with a contemptuous air of superiority. A year or two ago the Government at length resolved to commence, in good earnest, the work of collection. During the interval which has elapsed, considerable progress has been made, chiefly and of necessity in the examination and cataloguing of papers in the English and French record establishments.

The report of the Minister of Agriculture for 1874 is in the press, and we only refer to the subject now in order to direct the attention of students, journalists, and all who take an interest in early Canada, to its importance. For the present, there is nothing more recent than the report of 1873, to which brief reference may be made. The Department first commissioned Mr. Brymner, of Montreal, to visit Halifax and London, and constitute a thorough search for all papers of importance in the public offices bearing

upon the history of Canada. The Halifax papers extend over the long period from 1779 to 1870, many of them relating to military operations being of importance. These have been transferred to the Dominion by the military authorities, and are now at Ottawa. In London, Mr. Brymner found "that much of the labour expended in the prosecution of the search would be barren of result;" but he also found that he must expend the labour because "the titles of documents but imperfectly represented the nature of their contents." Another obstacle presented itself in this way:—"A considerable number of the papers were written in French, and in a style of handwriting which it is often difficult to decipher; and many of those in English being also very difficult to read." There can be no doubt that, as regards both the barren toil and the provoking crabbedness of chirography, many another worker amongst these musty records has had the experience of Mr. Brymner. The Government might, we should think, profitably lessen the labour and expedite the progress of the search by empowering the commissioner to engage the services of one or more experts. The depositories searched included the Tower, the Record and War Offices, and the British Museum. In the last of these, Mr. Brymner appears to have reaped his most abundant harvest, especially in two valuable collections—the Bouquet and the Haldimand papers.

M. L'Abbé Verrault, the record of whose labours will be embodied in the coming report, is the commissioner to France. The concluding sentences of Mr. Brymner's report refer to "scattered papers." They consist of family papers, "the contents of which would throw much light on events in the history of the B. N. A. Provinces." We are informed that many of those in present possession of these papers "are unwilling to let it be known"—why, it seems difficult to say. Where they are really of importance to Canadian history, we should suppose they would be exceedingly glad to have the power of contributing their share to the general sum. Where the originals are valued for family reasons they may be copied, and ample security provided against the publication of personal matters the holders desire to keep from the eye of the curious. It is desirable that the information to be embodied in the next report should receive more prominent notice from the press, so that those who possess documentary information of value may clearly understand the nature of the work, and be induced to co-operate with the officers of the department.

American affairs are decked in summer garb, that is to say, have grown exceedingly dull. Wall Street, shoddy and oil, with their fair daughters, have packed up, and are off to Paris, Chamounix, the Rhine, Florence, St. Petersburg, or some other locality where lions may be seen and hunted. Even the New York Legislature has gone about its business, and there is nothing now to talk about except the Centennial, Mr. Beecher, and the pest-heaps of the Harlem Flats. Of the latter subject—a very savoury one when the thermometer ranges between eighty and ninety—the *Herald* has been obliged, by force of circumstances, to make a specialty. The only political event of note is the meeting of the Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania. Mr. Hartrauft was again nominated for Governor, so that unless the Democratic re-action makes more headway before the autumn than at present appears likely, that gentleman will be the second national luminary at the great Centennial. The Convention, however, further distinguished itself by "a firm, unqualified adherence to the unwritten law of the Republic," sanctioned by "the most venerable of examples," and declared itself "unalterably opposed to the election to the Presidency of any person for a third term." In spite, however, of the formidable opposition to his cherished hope, there is a prevailing

impression that General Grant has not abandoned it, but that he is, even now, working like a mole "i' the earth." To ordinary seeming there is no method by which he can compass his object unless it be a systematic, patient manipulation of office-holders all over the country so as to ensure a packed National Convention.

Mr. Disraeli can hardly have pleased any one, not even himself, when he made the unprecedented threat that he would not advise Her Majesty to prorogue Parliament until every one of the Government Bills had passed. Mr. Gladstone, who has not been in the melting mood of late, characterized the threat as more sweeping than had ever been uttered by a Prime Minister. The ex-Premier used to be charged with imperiousness of temper himself, but he is evidently determined not to endure it in a Conservative leader, who began the session with a manner at once childlike and bland. Mr. Disraeli will scarcely be able to make his words good, unless he is prepared to see his cerebral offspring mangled before his face. Sir S. Northcote's financial measures, including his pet project as to the Debt, are yet unfledged. The Duke of Richmond's Land Bill will meet with merciless treatment when the Commons get at it. Then there is the Artizan Dwellings Bill, the Sanitary Bill, and a number of others, some hardly out of long clothes. The Premier, on a question of confidence, is, of course, backed by numbers; but his majority is evidently not to be relied on in all matters, and when Bills are committed it becomes rather too fluid for security.

Lord Belmore introduced the Lepine case to the House of Lords, in connection with the general question of gubernatorial pardons. There was singular unanimity amongst the Colonial Secretaries, past and present, on the general bearing of the subject. Lord Lisgar also spoke in commendation of the course adopted by Lord Dufferin. Nothing new was elicited in the shape of fact, unless, perhaps the statement that the Governor-General had asked advice on the subject, as his instructions required, before acting on his own responsibility, but that the advice had not been committed to writing. We can easily perceive why it was not embodied in a minute of Council, and are prepared, all things considered, to acquiesce. Still it is a rather dangerous precedent; for if Ministers are to continue responsible to Parliament for advice tendered to the Crown, it is necessary that that advice should be producible when called for; otherwise, how is Parliament to pass judgment upon it? At the last moment, the *Saturday Review* of the 15th ult., has come to hand, with a furious onslaught on Canada for disloyalty to the Empire in attempting to abolish, by a sidewind, appeals to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Sir John Macdonald's vaticination has been fulfilled, and we shall probably hear enough about the un-British character of the Supreme Court Act shortly. In the end it may probably be disallowed. We observe that the *Review* has the notion that the Speaker of the Senate holds an analogous position to that of the English Speaker. What would it say if it knew that Mr. Speaker Christie is really the Canadian Lord Chancellor; that he votes on every occasion, with a casting vote in reserve; and that, on the occasion referred to, he devoted both to the service of M. Fournier? After all the grumbling in which he indulges, it would appear that the English journalist does not so much object to the abolition of the jurisdiction *per se*, as to the manner in which it was effected: "The significance of the Canadian Bill consists in the haste and levity with which a Sovereign prerogative is abolished."

The Archbishop of Canterbury has imprudently written a letter, as many learned and amiable prelates have done before. The "evangelical" world of London appears to be deeply stirred at present by the ministrations of Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

The more thoughtful are looking to their ordinary spiritual guides for some expression of opinion upon this novel mode of arousing religious feeling. Some have answered the appeal by "patronizing" the evangelists; others, all unheeding, continue to plod over the old road at the conventional pace; being head of the Church, as by law established, Dr. Tait has thought it his duty to indite a letter on the subject. As far as can be gathered from the imperfect cable report, the Archbishop is prepared to give a distant recognition to the movement, such an inclination of the head, in fact, as a countess would concede to a younger daughter of the county member. He is pleased to hear that great masses of persons assemble to hear "simple addresses on Gospel doctrines," and the clergy are "rejoiced that the truth is being urged upon the people's consciences." Yet we speedily find that it is *not* the "truth;" being on the one hand defective, and on the other adulterated by "crude errors," not to mention his Grace's "original objection," which is ominously held in reserve. Finally, as though to make the contradiction more palpable, the letter concludes with a hope that "the clergy will endeavour to deepen the *salutary* impressions produced by the revivalists." Now bishops must be cautious and non-committal we may admit, without perceiving any reason why they should be illogical.

The accounts which reach us are so conflicting that it is difficult—perhaps impossible—to form an accurate estimate of the real significance of the "movement." We have no doubt that its importance is greatly exaggerated, and but little faith in its permanence as an abiding element in the life of the people. It is not necessary to take into account here the precise value of the truths inculcated. To those who have surrendered their belief in God, immortality, and revelation, the teaching of the "evangelists" are of course *superstitiones aniles* — "old wives' fables." To those who have put to themselves Strauss's question, "Are we yet Christians?" and answered it in the negative, Christianity in any form is a superstition, and therefore the creeds of Manning, Liddon, Stanley, Martineau, or Moody are as one. *Cela va sans dire.* Indeed it is not certain that they do not welcome the somewhat grotesque style of exaggerated realism in Mr. Moody, as a *reductio ad absurdum* of all Christianity, even in the cultured and etherialized form which has been adopted by Matthew Arnold. To them *Glaube* and *Aberglaube*, faith and superstition, mean the same thing. For the present, however, as through all ages, religion is felt as a necessity of man's nature; and it even crops up in the most unpromising soils, as the *cultus* of the Kosmos, the Inscrutable, the Unknown and Unknowable, or as the Religion of Humanity. With an overwhelming majority in Europe and America, Christianity still obtains as a Divine Revelation, and therefore holds at least a prescriptive right to be heard on its own ground. That is exactly the ground on which Mr. Moody professedly stands, and therefore the only question—a most difficult one unfortunately—to be solved is, whether, from a Christian stand-point, his teaching—in which we include his method—is deserving of censure or approval. It is not enough to attribute motives to the hearers who flock to the Agricultural Hall or the Opera House. A large, or say an overwhelming majority of them, if you like, may be impelled thither by curiosity, by *ennui*, by sympathy with passing fashion, by love of excitement, by a desire to see or hear something new, or by any other idle motive; but if of these, or of the residuum, only a handful are led to live purer and better lives, who shall pronounce the movement to be utterly in vain? Whether such are the actual results it is difficult for any man to say.

We certainly do not imagine that Mr. Moody's addresses can commend themselves to the cultured class; but that class forms but a drop in the bucket of humanity. The preaching which seems vulgar and despicable

to the man of culture may find a welcome otherwhere. Culture may be found divorced from religion, or in association with it; but religion, to be worthy of its name, must be accessible and adaptable to all—cultured and uncultured alike. But it by no means follows that the spiritual insight is as refined in one man as in another. What to the one is sober faith, his neighbour may regard as superstition; and, conversely, the clearer ether to which the soul of one delights to soar, may daze and confound the grosser sense of his less favoured brother. They may subscribe to the same creed, and worship beneath the same fane, and yet their spiritual as well as their intellectual natures may be wide asunder as the poles. Religion, therefore, may exist without culture; but culture cannot be a substitute for religion. Until the conditions of human life undergo a radical change, culture in any ennobling sense cannot be the possession of the many; and even if it could, it would still want the essential and characteristic qualities of religion. If again we adopt from Comte the three stages of human progress—theological, metaphysical, and positive—we must also admit with him that, in our age, the vast mass of humanity have not emerged and will not emerge from the first.

We affect no admiration for the preaching of Mr. Moody; to us his *bizarreries* are exceedingly distasteful; but we have no right, on that account, to deny that his method, and especially his apparent earnestness, may, with the "environment" of contagious sympathy, impress some minds and hearts for good. In America, revivalism under excitement does not commend itself to the approval of the sober-minded; most of the resolutions formed, and the greater part of the spiritual fervour, have proved ephemeral in their power over the life; yet it is not so in all cases, and these are exactly the cases which are not obtruded upon public attention. We have no doubt that the labours of Messrs. Moody and Sankey will run the usual course, and result in the normal effects of all similar movements.

In one respect the French war panic has been a boon to the Government. When M. Buffet read his Conservative programme, on meeting the Assembly for the first time as Minister, the disruption of the new alliance, between the Centres and the Left was obviously a question of time. The *tendresse* between the two parties had been too demonstrative to be lasting. M. Gambetta has, with some difficulty, kept the centrifugal elements of his section in subjection, but it has not been without some loss of prestige. When a leader of the people accepts the *rôle* of brakesman, he may act from patriotic motives, but he will not get the credit of them. His ingenious speech at Belleville was adroitly phrased so as to persuade the Radicals that they had out-manœuvred their allies, without unnecessarily alarming the latter. The Left have received too much credit of late for the self-denying spirit in which they have surrendered cherished dreams, and consented to the establishment of obnoxious institutions. The truth is they are only biding their time. If they were to break up the alliance now, they know full well that they might bid good-bye to the prospect of a speedy dissolution. The Assembly once dissolved, as it will probably be in October, then, but not before, will the mask be thrown off, and the Radicals will shake hands with moderation and go their own way. Even now, although it is obviously their policy to be quiet, they cannot help turning restive. The question whether members should be elected, as heretofore, *en bloc* by departments, or by *arrondissements* or districts, was a lion in the path; but M. Buffet appears to have cut the Gordian knot by that last expedient of desperate politicians—he has made it an open question. There is a new Committee of Thirty, of whom twenty belong to the Left and Left Centre, only four are attached to M. Wallon, the father of the

new Constitution, and six graciously given to the Right by their opponents. These six are, of course, out of the reckoning, for they will either resign or refuse to act. M. Buffet declined to fix any day for the general election, "because foreign complications may arise" in the meantime. When it does take place the Radicals may discover that they have been too confident of success, and that the great majority of the people strongly prefer the Conservative Republic, and next to it the Empire, rather than the Radicalism of Paris, Lyons, and Bordeaux.

In the years immediately following 1848, the eye grew familiar with the official bulletin—"France is tranquil." Less than thirty years have elapsed, and people have ceased to care much for the internal repose of France. The absorbing question of the hour is the state of Germany's temper. Bishop Berkeley's prophecy has scored a palpable miss; for "the star of empire" has taken an easterly course. The air of Europe has not been perfectly cleared by the movement; unhappily, on the contrary, it is charged with war-clouds, and though the rumbling of distant thunder has ceased for the time, the sky is as dark and louring as ever. So far as Belgium is concerned, the passage of the law to place an offer to assassinate on the same level as a threat, will probably be the end of that *imbroglio*. The German announcement that Bismarck had no hostile designs on the independence of Belgium, his only desire being to replace the Ultramontane Cabinet by a Liberal one, has done his friends a serious disservice, for the Liberals have been thereby constrained to rally round the standard they detest, and vote confidence in their enemies. English journals are divided as to the actual position of Franco-German relations. One thing seems clear from the announcement made by the Government, and that is, that some diplomatic "unpleasantness" has occurred between Berlin and Paris. Otherwise it can hardly be supposed that Lord Derby would ask Bismarck for an explanation of his attitude towards France. Of course England "received a satisfactory reply;" she always does, and goes to sleep again until awakened by the booming of cannon, as in 1870. When the "scare" was at its height the Czar reached Berlin, some said as a peace-maker; others, as a conspirator. He with Bismarck, and Bismarck with Gortschakoff, held mysterious interviews, and that is all the public is permitted to know about it. Another meeting at which the three Emperors are to consult, is to be held shortly at Ems. There is little doubt that the visit of Francis Joseph to Victor Emanuel at Venice, caused some uneasiness at Berlin. The *Saturday Review* hints that Bismarck was apprehensive that the alliance between France, Austria, and Italy, which would have been arranged by Napoleon, if he had not precipitated hostilities, was again on the *tapis*. If we may trust the *North German Gazette*, Bismarck's organ, as reported by cable, the Holy Alliance is *un fait accompli;* for it tells us that the visit of the King of Sweden *has* a political significance, that Monarch having given in his adhesion to the policy of the three Emperors.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

IN the *Contemporary Review* for May, Prof. Lightfoot, after a brief interval of repose, renews his onslaught upon "Supernatural Religion" with unabated vigour, but with far less acrimony. The subject of the present paper is Polycarp of Smyrna. The interest attaching to the name of this venerable martyr, "he owes," says Dr. Lightfoot, "to his peculiar position rather than to any marked greatness or originality of character. Two long lives—those of St. John and Polycarp—span the period which elapsed between the ministry of our Lord and the great Christian teachers living at the close of the second century. Polycarp was the disciple of St. John, and Irenæus was the disciple of Polycarp." Now, as we know the teaching of St. John, if the canonical books bearing his name are genuine, and as "we are fully acquainted with the tenets of Irenæus," it follows that any genuine utterance of Polycarp would bridge a century during which the literature is meagre and scanty. Such it is claimed we have in what purports to be an Epistle to the Philippians by Polycarp; thus the authenticity and bearing of this epistle become points in dispute. The author of "Supernatural Religion" devotes only nine pages (vol. i. 274-282) to Polycarp, but as the authenticity of the Ignatian epistles forms part of this particular section of the controversy, the sixteen pages immediately preceding may also be taken in. The first thing noticeable in Prof. Lightfoot's argument is an important admission which shows an essential change of front on the part of apologists under the fire of hostile criticism. He says:—"Of a Canon of the New Testament, strictly so called, it is not probable that Polycarp knew anything. This was necessarily, as Dr. Westcott has shown, the growth of time." Comparing the Smyrniote Bishop with the Roman Clement, he remarks:—"The New Testament has exchanged places with the Old, at least so far as practical use is concerned;" that is to say, Polycarp ceases to quote the Old Testament and substitutes the sayings of Jesus or of St. Paul, although not under the name of Scripture in the Jewish sense of the word. Polycarp's life, according to Dr. Lightfoot, extended from A.D. 69 or 70 to A.D. 155 or 156. The author of "Supernatural Religion" places the date of his death at A.D. 166 or 167, which would make a very important difference so far as his intercourse with St. John is concerned. Irenæus, who, as a disciple of Polycarp, ought to have been well informed, asserts that the latter was appointed Bishop by St. John. Now Polycarp's age at the time of his martyrdom is fixed by his own words. When urged to save his life by recantation, "he declared himself unable to blaspheme a Master whom he had served for *eighty-six* years, and from whom he had received no wrong." Now, as St. John died about A.D. 98, if the later date be the correct one, Polycarp must have been only 18 or 19 years of age at that time, and it is hardly likely that he could have been ordained at that early age; but by the prior date, he would be nearly 30 years old. The cause of the difference in these dates admits of ready explanation. The anonymous author follows Eusebius in fixing Polycarp's death at 166 or 167. It appears, however, that a careful examination of the proconsular *fasti* of Asia Minor has put another face on the matter. Polycarp was burnt to death during the proconsulship of Statius Quadratus, *i. e.* according to newly found inscriptions, in 154 or 155. Renan accepts the change, but, for other reasons, prefers the following year 156. An important point which renders the authenticity of Polycarp's Philippian Epistle an important matter is the fact that it would at once cut the ground from beneath the fabric reared at such pains by the Tübingen School on the supposed antagonism between the followers of St. Paul and St. John. The Bishop of Smyrna, the disciple of St. John, quotes St. Paul's epistles—perhaps as many as eleven out of the thirteen—with marked deference. As evidence of their authenticity this is of no great consequence, since the first four epistles are beyond the reach of criticism, and of the rest, all but the pastorals are very generally admitted even by rationalists. Polycarp's testimony regarding the Gospels is, however, of vital importance. This is why such vigorous attempts are put forth to impugn or establish the genuineness of the Ignatian Epistles and Polycarp's Philippian Epistle. We are inclined to think that Drs. Lightfoot and Westcott have much the best of the argument, and that therefore a complete *catena* has been stretched across the chasm between the first half of the first and the close of the second centuries. When Polycarp quotes the "Logia" or discourses of our Lord, they are substantially those in the Synoptic Gospels—not always quoted as a Jew would quote the Law and the Prophets, but with sufficient approximation for practical purposes. Any one turning to "Supernatural Religion"

(p. 279) will see how very slender is the basis of the opposing argument, when once the authority of Polycarp's Epistle is admitted.

Sir Thomas Watson's brief paper on "Vivisection," will meet with general approval in its conclusions. No reasonable man ought to object to the infliction of pain on animals, when it is absolutely necessary for the establishment of any scientific truth of primary importance to humanity. The cases in which these experiments cannot be performed while the animal is under the influence of anæsthetic agents are not exceedingly numerous; and where that is clear the objection falls to the ground, subject to such limitations as those suggested by the writer of this paper. These are, that no experiment should be made at random, to see what will happen; that no man should make such experiments without the necessary skill, judgment, and previous knowledge, or without proper apparatus; that one who has previously satisfied himself by experiment of any physiological fact, ought not to repeat the experiment to satisfy the morbid curiosity of others; and that, in case a point remains in dispute, a single experiment ought to be allowed. The question is now before Parliament in the shape of two bills—one introduced by Lord Henniker, and the other by Dr. Lyon Playfair—the latter representing the views of the humanitarian division of the scientific world.

Mr. Macleod's answer to the question, "What is Political Economy?" is that it, or Economics as he prefers to call it, "is the science which treats of the laws which govern the relations of exchangeable quantities." It is impracticable to give even a *resumé* of the paper, which is in great part an historical sketch from Aristotle downwards. Much of what remains consists of arguments for or against contemporary definitions, unintelligible unless the texts cited were given in *extenso*. We think it not difficult to show that Mr. Macleod has done Mr. Mill gross injustice in attempting to make that logical thinker contradict himself in his chapter, "On Credit as a Substitute for Money." There is in reality no contradiction at all, as any one may safely assert, before examining the passages. At the same time, Mr. Macleod has done essential service by sweeping away a good deal of rubbish, and giving a clear and at the same time simple definition of the science. Mr. Grant Duff's "Notes of an Indian Journey" are in diary-form. They record the impressions of an acute observer on the occasion of a first visit to India, but are scarcely available here. "Mr. Chappell and Professor Helmholtz," is a defence of the learned German's "Theory of Tone-perceptions" against the evident misapprehensions of it entertained by so eminent an authority as the author of the History of Music. Prof. Major's review of Mr. Jukes's work on "The Restitution of All Things," is a well-reasoned plea for the final restoration of the human race. "The question of the endless duration of future punishment," writes Prof. Major, "may be discussed on the ground of reason (of natural religion, as Butler would say) and on the ground of revelation." He then gives a *resumé* of Mr. Jukes's arguments, of which he substantially approves, including, of course, under the second head, Prof. Maurice's celebrated *brochure* on the much-debated word *aionios*. The scheme is consistent in its form and matter, but might, it appears to us, be pressed into the service of metempsychosis. Dr. Carpenter gives the second part of his reply to Dr. Huxley's doctrine of Human Automatism. The learned physiologist also falls foul of Prof. Clifford and Herbert Spencer. We have only room for one sentence referring to the former:—"My contention with Professor Clifford, therefore, is that until he can show that he knows all about matter and its dynamical relations, Prof. Huxley's assertion—based on 'the normal experience of healthy men'—that running a pin into one's flesh is the *cause* of the state of consciousness which we call pain, and my assertion that those states of the conscious Ego which we call volitions and emotions are the *causes* of bodily actions that execute the former and express the latter, have a better claim to be accepted as truths of science than Prof. Clifford's assertion that such statements are simply 'nonsense.'" The immediate purpose of the fifth instalment of Matthew Arnold's "Review of Objections to 'Literature and Dogma,'" is to establish the genuine character of the Fourth Gospel. Taking a motto from Homer, (Il. xx. 249), "Wide is the range of words! words make this way or that way," he enters upon an elaborate dissection of the tactics employed by Strauss and the Tübingen School, and mercilessly exposes the inherent weakness of their microscopic criticism. We need hardly say that their English adapter, the author of "Supernatural Religion," receives his share of Mr. Arnold's attention.

The *Fortnightly* opens with the first part of an essay by Mr. Swinburne, on "The Three Stages of Shakespeare." There is nothing original in the writer's principle of interpretation, but much in its application. It is simply that of "tracing the course of his work, by the growth and development, through various moods and changes, of his metre," especially in the matter of rhyme. On another occasion we may be able to command space to give a sketch of Mr. Swinburne's method. For the present, crowded into a corner as we unfortunately find ourselves, we can only say that the paper is very pleasant reading, and that it is in many respects a relief after the tedious prosings of some commentators. Still the style is too "gushing," and appears somewhat wanting in ballast. The paper on "Hesiod"—the father of pastoral poetry, the bard of common life—is from the pen of Mr. Symonds, to whom the world is

already in debt for his studies on Dante. An exceedingly instructive account is given of both the Bœotian poet's great works—the "Theogonia" and the "Works and Days." Mr. Morley's "Diderot" is still in progress. As a psychological study, this monogram is of great interest. The prominent features of the current part are Diderot's experiments with the blind, with a view to the confirmation of his materialistic philosophy, the story of his imprisonment under a *lettre de cachet*, and his wretched domestic life. There is a very striking account of the opinions of Nicholas Saunderson, the blind Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge. His anticipation of Darwin's theory of the "survival of the fittest," is clear and remarkable, although we think something like it may be found in the patristic and scholastic writings. As for the rest of the reported arguments of Saunderson against Theism, we are somewhat sceptical. They bear too clear a resemblance to Diderot's own arguments, and were put into Saunderson's mouth at a time when the former had evidently some motive for dissimulation. Signor Pozzoni's sketch of "The Old and the New Economists in Italy," is interesting. The old school adheres to the system of Adam Smith, as developed by Say, McCulloch, Ricardo, and Mill; the new repudiates in part or *in toto* the *laisser faire* doctrine, and follows the German Socialistic school in clamouring for State interference. Mr. Pollock's account of "Cosmic Philosophy," a new work by Prof. Fiske, of Harvard, contains little that is new. The American writer undertakes to give, in manageable form, the entire results, so far, of the Evolution doctrine, as interpreted by Darwin and Spencer. Mr. Fiske appears to have done his work thoroughly, and thus the "Outlines" will be a boon to those who wish to master the teachings of the great masters of modern science and philosophy without wading through the entire literature of the subject.

BOOK REVIEWS.

NATURE AND THE BIBLE. A Course of Lectures on the Morse Foundation of the Union Theological Seminary. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., and Principal of McGill College. New York: Robt. Carter & Bros. Montreal: W. Drysdale & Co. 1875.

This little volume is only a popular statement of views expressed at greater length and strengthened by a fuller statement of facts and arguments in the author's larger work, "Archaia." It consists of six lectures, with illustrative appendices, and is further improved by engravings of extinct animals, fossil remains, &c., as well as by tabulated statements of the Mosaic and Palæontological periods. After an interesting survey of the "general relations of science to the Bible," including an elucidation of the ideas of Monotheism, the unity of nature, law, order, use and plan, Prof. Dawson proceeds to a comparison of the Biblical and geological accounts of creation, especially as they bear upon the "Origin and Early History of Man." The concluding lecture is an admirable summary of the views advanced by Spencer, Mill, Bastian, Huxley, Tylor, Lubbock, Max Müller, and Kingsley.

It will thus be seen that "Nature and the Bible" covers extensive ground, and, it may be added, covers it conscientiously and completely so far as the necessarily contracted limits of a lecture-course permit. Since so many have failed, it might reasonably be expected that even the learning and piety which Principal Dawson has brought to the task would not enable him to bring about a complete reconciliation between the Mosaic cosmogony and modern science. This is virtually admitted when recourse is had to the possibility of future discoveries as an element in the case, as we shall see presently.

Before pointing out the assailable points, we must refer briefly to a singular error into which Prof. Huxley fell, and to another of which Dr. Dawson is the victim. In his Rectorial address, at Aberdeen, the former took occasion to blow off a little rhetorical steam at the expense of Addison, quoting the well-known hymn beginning, "The spacious firmament on high," originally published in the *Spectator*, (No. 465) but now enshrined in English hymnology. Prof. Huxley proceeded very gravely to reprove Addison for his serious astronomical errors. He added that "if he had consulted a scientific friend," he would have been spared making such an exhibition of himself. Now Addison had a friend of that description named Newton, but he flourished in the times of ignorance, when humility had not yet ceased to be regarded as a virtue by scientific men. If, however, he had ventured to complain to Addison—and we are sure, with the *Spectator* in his

hand he would not—the answer would have been promptly given. Poets are not scientific people; they use the language of common life, dignified by so much of genius or art as they can command. Addison's hymn, as appears from its context, was scarcely a paraphrase of the nineteenth Psalm, but an inspiration from it. It is difficult to see why Prof. Huxley should have attacked Addison's verses in preference to other verses, unless it be because they recognize design in creation and intelligence in the Creator, otherwise he might, with equal propriety, have assailed Byron for the beautiful lines which open *The Curse of Minerva* and the third canto of *The Corsair:*

> "Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
> Along Morea's hills the setting sun."

Addison might have substituted for the "dark terrestrial ball," "the splendid solar ball," for that would have counted just as well on the fingers; but Addison, though not a born poet, was a better judge of poetical *chiaro-oscuro* than Prof. Huxley. Moreover, if the Professor had known a little more of the writings of Addison he would have said less; for in many passages in the *Spectator* (e. g. No. 412)he shows an entirely correct idea of the immensity of the universe and of the position of the earth in the Solar System. Dr. Dawson, in turn, falls into the mistake of attributing error to Prof. Huxley, adducing as "a singular exemplification of the difficulty of avoiding error in even the most simple scientific statement, that the Professor's 'emendation' is 'equally faulty,' for though the planets move round the 'splendid solar ball,' the stars do not." Prof. Huxley never said that they did, as our author may see in his own extract (p. 17); at any rate that would not make the diverse proposition true, that the stars move round the earth. Still further, it is astonishing to find Dr. Dawson asserting that the beautiful simile of the bridegroom (Psalm xix., 5, 6) affords "no peg whereon to hang any criticism;" it is distinctly the error of Byron, which Prof. Huxley did not reprove because he was in search of nobler quarry.

The general scheme of reconciliation between Genesis and science forms, as we have hinted, the bulk of Dr. Dawson's work. He repudiates the forced interpretations of Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Pye Smith, not only because they are forced, but because there was no such chasm as they are bound to suppose between the Tertiary period and man's appearance. Our author's own explanation seems to approach as near to a solution of the serious difficulties in the path as we are ever likely to attain. At the same time, we must confess to feeling constantly haunted by the uncomfortable idea that Dr. Dawson is unconsciously reading into Genesis what he wishes to find there. The same method, if applied to Hesiod and the physical school of Greek Philosophy, or to Ovid's Metamorphoses, might evolve similar results. In order that the reader may compare the geological record with Dr. Dawson's view of the initial chapter of Genesis, we may state in order the alterations he proposes in our version. The word translated "day" should read ages or æons; "creeping things" includes all the lowest organizations, in fact all invertebrate animals, "with the] fishes and a few of the humbler members of the other vertebrate groups"—the term thus translated not applying "to their locomotion, but to their reproduction;" and "great whales" (*tanninim*) should be translated "saurians," *tannin* being the generic name of the crocodile tribe. By now collating the natural and revealed orders of creation in tabular form and comparing the work of the each æon with its counterpart in the rocks, Dr. Dawson claims to have reconciled the two. With regard to the creation of man there is little difficulty, although, on account of recent anthropological theories, that branch of the subject demands fuller consideration. Many scientific men believe that man existed in the pre-glacial period, and nearly all admit that he was, in Europe, the contemporary of the mammoth, the reindeer, and the giant elk. In Genesis, he is made, not developed, during the same epoch as the higher mammalia.

The difficulties in the way must be very shortly stated. The existence of light, not before the creation of the sun, but before he was "set" to rule the day, has always been a pet objection with sceptical writers. We cannot say that it seems to us to deserve much weight. The primitive state of the earth after its crust had solidified may be the subject of theory, but it is too far removed from anything like human experience to enable us to affirm positively regarding the forces then at work. Dr. Dawson does not state his views here as clearly as could be wished. He includes in *or*, the word translated "light," all the forces of nature and speaks of it as related to *αἰθήρ;* but although the word ether was unquestionably connected with light and heat by derivation, no Greek could have understood it as including gravitation, electricity and chemical affinity. Mention is made also by our author of a photosphere around the earth, but that must surely have been when it was in a state of incandescence. There is, however, another, and a still graver difficulty. Geologically, animals and land-plants did not appear in the order represented in scripture. Of course such herbage as the lower organisms might require may have existed simultaneously, without leaving any trace; but that will not meet the objection, for, in the Mosaic account, (vs. 11 and 12), the vegetable kingdom appears complete, even including fruit trees, in the third age, whilst the sun is not set as the ruler of the day and the great fosterer of vegetation until the fourth, and animal nature does not appear till the fifth. To this Dr. Dawson can only urge feebly—"Either there is some

discrepancy between the two records, or there is an old plant-bearing formation yet undiscovered,"—a forlorn hope, we take it. There is the further difficulty between the first and second chapters, which must be familiar to our readers through the Colenso controversy; this our author does not mention.

On the whole, these are objections of detail, and do not mar the general narrative. With regard to the existence of trees out of their geological order, Dr. Dawson's suggestion seems not unduly strained. Vegetation of a very low kind may have existed on the land in the third age, as we know it did at a very early period and it may be that, in the history, the general subject was mentioned *en bloc* at the time of its first appearance. Or as we should prefer putting it, the *æons* or periods, instead of absolutely succeeding each other, overlap.

Whether these difficulties be solved or no, Dr. Dawson is right in saying that the points of agreement under the circumstances are so wonderful as to be inexplicable by the suggestion of guesswork. There are here several prominent ideas, perfectly unique, and entirely original with the author of Genesis. The unity of God, the unity, order, and purpose of creation by Him, and the gradual progress of organic nature from lower forms to higher. So far as the lower animals are concerned, the text plainly hints at creation by development in obedience to law; and that this is no mere modern shift to get over a difficulty is proved by the fact that St. Augustine and Thomas Aquinas, as well as other Fathers and Schoolmen, gathered the doctrine therefrom centuries before evolution was dreamed of as a scientific hypothesis.

We should like to have made a few remarks on the concluding chapter; but we have already occupied too much space. We close, therefore, with a recommendation to all who feel stirred by the formidable problems of the day, to read this little volume, as an introduction to a deeper acquaintanceship with the serious questions at issue.

ENGLISH PORTRAITS. By C. A. Ste. Beuve. Selected and translated from the "Causeries du Lundi." With an Introductory Chapter on Ste. Beuve's Life and Writings. London: Daldy, Isbister & Co.

We confess to a feeling of sympathy with a man who tries to introduce Ste. Beuve to English readers. In the first place he must himself appreciate Ste. Beuve, or the idea would not have occurred to him; and that is a point in his favour, as it shows that his literary taste is good. In the second place, the task he undertakes is likely to be far more laborious than glorious. Ste. Beuve is an extremely difficult author to render into English; and, when the rendering is done, how many are there that will care for it? In his own country, Ste. Beuve was highly thought of as a critic, and may almost be said to have had for years no rival in the region of criticism; but he was never what could be called a popular writer. And in England, or on this continent, it is only the few who can find a real interest in the delicate, ingenious, and elaborate essays that were the result of his life-long activity. The type of the English essayist adapted for popularity is Macaulay. Here you have bold and vivid portraiture, logical sequence, firmly-drawn conclusions. You see the point you start from, you know whither you are being carried, and have perfect confidence that you will not be carried too far. Macaulay's positive and dogmatic spirit seeks no collaboration on the part of the reader; throws upon him no burden of doubt, no responsibility for a decision; but simply asks an attention which it is really easier to grant than to refuse to so vivacious, enthusiastic, and withal so instructive a pleader. Very different is the mode of the French critic. With him criticism is simply seeing every object in the light, and from the point of view, best adapted for enabling us to grasp its essential qualities. He did not practise his art for edification, or with the view of adding strength to any set of opinions or principles; he had nothing in him of the spirit either of the advocate or of the prosecuting counsel. He did not feel that he was responsible for things *being* as they were; his business, he held, was to try to *know* them as they were, so that he might judge them as far as possible with comprehension and sympathy. To those who are not themselves in a hurry to pronounce final opinions, who are more anxious to understand than to attribute praise or blame, his essays, especially if they can be read in the original, will be full of interest. He always leaves the characters he is discussing plenty of room to breathe; he neither smothers them with praise, nor does he, after the boa-constrictor fashion of certain critics, throw around them the coils of a merciless logic from which there is no escape. He can be keen upon occasion; but he takes no pleasure in the "back-breaking" criticism for which his countrymen have invented a name.

We have left ourselves we fear but little space in which to discuss the merits of the present translation. It includes critical biographies of Mary Queen of Scots, Lord Chesterfield, Benjamin Franklin, Gibbon, Cowper, and Pope, and also an appraisement of "Taine's History of English Literature." This selection, which has been made, we cannot doubt, more with the view of interesting English readers than of exhibiting the great critic's powers to the best advantage, is the justification of the title given to the work of "English Portraits." It would be a mistake to expect any translation to reproduce the peculiar merits of a writer like Ste. Beuve, so far as these are connected with style. The present translator might,

however, we think, have given us a better version than he has done of the essays he has taken in hand to translate. He is not a tyro in the art of translation; and, as an original writer, his own style is excellent. How then did he come to give us such sentences as the following? "This practical man [Franklin] had nothing in him deterrent from Utopia; he rather was in accord with it by his novelties and the facilities of perception he seemed to open out on the side of the future." (page 110). Or this? "Yet she had to take part in the work; she had to entice Darnley into the snare by a feigned renewal of tenderness, who was then recovering from the small-pox." It was Darnley, of course, who was recovering from the small-pox, and not "tenderness;" but why should a man, who can write well, express himself in such an awkward manner? There are many pages of the book, however, that read well, and in general the version is lively and expressive; though too often, to those who are familiar with French phraseology, it will recall the structure of the original. One fault of the present translator is that he stands too much on ceremony with his author. If you want to get good English out of good French, you must take the French to pieces, and fuse it over again till its primitive organic structure is utterly destroyed; so that you can throw the essential meaning into the native forms of English speech. It is hard to do this sometimes; the foreign forms seem to lodge themselves in the mind, and to defy all reduction. Still, if the author is worth translating at all, nothing less than the complete effacement of the original language ought to satisfy the translator. We have said that the translator treats his author with too much ceremony; we may add that he is painfully punctilious towards little adverbial forms of speech like "du reste," "d'ailleurs," "pourtant," and others, which often have next to no meaning in French, and for which, in many cases, an English sentence will afford no harbourage whatever. Here is an example: "He confesses that at a period of inexperience he gave way to indulgence in wine and other excesses to which, moreover, he was not naturally prone." (Page 24). Now what has the word "moreover" to do in this sentence? Absolutely nothing; in fact it makes nonsense. In scanning the book we have observed a number of cases of this kind, where the translator has allowed himself to be embarrassed by some little phrase in the original which ought to have been wholly neglected. One might as well try to translate all the μεν (s) and δε (s) in a Greek oration as to reproduce in English every little adverbial clause for which French style finds room.

An interesting and valuable feature in the work before us is the Introductory Chapter on the Life and Writings of Ste. Beuve. This is well done. The author seems to have taken great pains in gathering his facts; and his critical judgments, sound in themselves and felicitously expressed, are enforced with an abundance of literary illustration.

LETTERS FROM EAST LONGITUDES: Sketches of Travel in Egypt, The Holy Land, Greece, and Cities of the Levant. By Thomas S. Jarvis, Student-at-Law. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

The young writer of these notes of travel, we fear, has committed literary *hari-kari* in giving them the publicity of print without first purging from them those outbursts of jocosity in which he so frequently, and often so inopportunely, indulges, and which, though they may give spice, of a pardonable kind, to letters passing between friends or relatives, can only be considered as a serious blemish when thrown into a work having any literary pretensions. As a native production, and the work of one at an age when literary manipulation is more often directed by the heels than the head, it may be expected to be read and criticised with bodily and mental eyes purblind for the occasion. But the book has so much merit, thnt the author, despite his numberless offences against propriety and good taste, really interests us in his travels, so that we could have wished that some judicious friend, or some remorseless publishers' reader, had been permitted to place the MS. in literary quarantine before it reached the printer's hands. The title of the book, and its dedication to Lord Dufferin, recall the well-known work of that distinguished *littérateur*, and Mr. Jarvis's book consequently suffers by comparison, as it lacks that felicitous ease in composition, and that grace and dignity of style, which is so characteristic of "Letters from High Latitudes." The subject of Mr. Jarvis's book, also,—notes of travel 'mid the "sacred shrines and holy places" of the East,—places him again at a disadvantage, for the scores of works which have become classic in the language naturally suggest themselves in contrast with the Letters of this young Canadian traveller. But our Canadian tourist bears himself well; and if his animal spirits too often break out incongruously, and to the hindrance of our enjoyment of his book, we are sure to respond to his hearty enthusiasm, and to appreciate the cheerfulness and *bonhommie* which makes him ever tolerant of the discomforts and disappointments he experienced, and which are incident to all travel. But for the zest given to the narrative by the presence of these qualities, the work would lack much of its interest, for the descriptive parts of it, though often freshly and graphically written, are not such as to lead one to substitute our author for the better and graver authorities extant, or even to induce one to relinquish in its favour any of the excellent guide-books to the East which one may be possessed of. Indeed,

we cannot but regret that Mr. Jarvis pitched upon the East as the field for his holiday disportings, and that, when he came so suddenly to the determination to accompany his American friends to Egypt and Syria, he went in so exuberant a mood, and in such company. The effect of this is traceable all through the book. We not only find our traveller working off his superabundant vitality in originating all sorts of humorisms, which disfigure the narrative, but doing so after the questionable models of Mark Twain and his own *compagnon de voyage*, Jimmy, whom we are informed "lives out West." What, for instance, can be more repugnant to the feelings of every reader of these letters than the irreverent manner in which the beautiful "Hymn of the Nativity" is introduced on pages 97–98, and the levity with which reference is made to the "adorned grottoes" to be found at all points of sacred interest in Palestine, and which culminates in representing the Shepherds at the nativity as gathered round a fire in one of these caves at Bethlehem "having a quiet rubber."

There are repeated instances in the volume of similar violations of propriety and good taste, but they seem to be more the product of thoughtlessness, and of a demonstrativeness of manner which even the rain-storms and the discomforts experienced during the author's sojourn in Syria could not repress, than of any warp in his moral nature. There are nevertheless, many passages, even of beauty, expressive of a devout feeling and sympathy with the scenes visited, which partially atone for these offences; such, for instance, as the one describing "a Sunday in Jerusalem and service on Mount Zion," at pages 75-76.

The limitation of space forbids our making any selection from the volume, or extending our remarks further; but we may add that we shall not be sorry to renew our acquaintance with the author; though we should recommend the rough untrodden ground of our great North-West as the scene of his future explorations, or any land not so sacred to Christendom as the one he writes of in the present volume, and of which a Ritter, a Robinson, a Tristram, and a Farrar, have been the eloquent and devout historians.

From the department of the Clerk of Routine and Records we have always received the courtesy of being placed in possession of the numerous documents which Government has, in its wisdom, deemed necessary to issue for the information of the country, and the publication of which is considered one of the inalienable privileges of Parliament. We need hardly say that we refer to those national registers of information and culture—*the Blue Books*. Hitherto we may have been heard to speak not altogether respectfully of these monuments of enterprise in figures; but we have found, of late, that they, too, illustrate the development theory, and, through the agency of natural selection, are subject to improvements in race and breed, as they pass through the hands or brains of the *genus* Civil Service.

Recognising the influences to which we have alluded, as having given increased value to the species, and having derived some pleasure from the perusal of several specimens recently to hand, we hasten to make acknowledgment of the fact, and, in some degree, to atone for the scant justice we have hitherto done this branch of literature. It might be invidious, after this confession, to indicate the particular Report that has brought us to a juster sense of the value of these multitudinous treatises. We shall not, therefore, indicate this more precisely than by saying that we have had the satisfaction of examining the 3rd volume of The Census of 1871, just to hand; of consulting the Report on the state of the Militia for 1874; and of looking over the interesting documents emanating from the Departments of the Interior and of Marine and Fisheries. We do not wish to be understood as eulogising Blue Books in the mass, or of commending the study of their facts and figures as aids to any high culture. Nor can we quite comprehend the bent of mind which can place itself in that intense and absolute relation to the world of facts stored in their pages, which characterizes the Annalist and Statistician. Still we are free to say that if Blue Books are not attractive reading, they have some reason for complaint if their uses are not fully recognised, and their value duly appreciated. Where shall we look for incidents more impressive, for lessons more emphatic, and for utterances more prompt and conclusive, than are to be found in the pages of a Blue Book? To parody Jefferson's words with reference to newspapers, one might safely say: "If I had to choose between a Government without Blue Books, and Blue Books without a Government, I should prefer the latter." After what we have said, we should consider it would be treating the subject with too much levity, if we asked whether the public has any intelligent apprehension of how much is annually spent in Ottawa on this interesting species of literature. It is not the least remarkable feature in the economy of Blue Books, nor the least signal feature of their triumph, that they possess immunity from all criticism, and that their circulation is independent of any popular caprice.

We have a further acknowledgment to make in a department of industry somewhat akin to the one above referred to—except that the service is rendered by private labour and enterprise. We allude to Mr. Morgan's new issue of the "Parliamentary Companion," a compilation which each year increases in interest and usefulness, and correspondingly enlarges its claims upon the gratitude of the public.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE principal events of the past month in the operatic and dramatic world have been the performances of the celebrated Kellogg Opera Troupe, in the one sphere, and those of the well-known English comedian, Mr. Toole, in the other. The troupe which Miss Kellogg's excellent abilities as a manager have enabled her to bring and keep together is unquestionably the finest operatic company on this continent; and their short season in Toronto gave those whom the high prices of admission did not debar from the pleasure, an opportunity of seeing serious opera performed in a style such as has never before been witnessed here. The troupe is a very complete one, numbering altogether some seventy performers, including a very fine orchestra and chorus. Among the solo performers there are no less than four or five prima donnas, Miss Kellogg herself, Madame Van Zandt, and Madame Julia Rosewald (*sopranos*); Miss Beaumont (*mezzo-soprano*); and Miss Annandale (*contralto*). The male element is almost equally strong, including Mr. Maas and Mr. Castle (*tenors*); Mr. Carleton and Mr. Hall (*baritones*); and Mr. Conly (*bass*). The *répertoire*, as performed here, was a varied one, embracing Verdi's "Ernani" and "Il Trovatore"; Ambroise's Thomas's "Mignon;" Flotow's "Martha;" Balfe's posthumous opera "The Talisman," and for the Saturday *matinée* a selection consisting of the second act of Gounod's Faust and the last two acts of Balfe's "Bohemian Girl." Miss Kellogg herself appeared only in two characters, *Mignon* in "Mignon," and *Edith Plantaganet* in "The Talisman." The production of the latter opera, for the first time in Canada, was the event of the week. As regards *mise en scène*, costumes, and accessories, it was magnificently put on the stage. In a musical and dramatic point of view, however, the opera is somewhat uninteresting, and we doubt if it will secure a permanent place on the lyric stage. Like all Balfe's operas, however, it has several tuneful numbers; the principal being a plaintive love story "The Lady Eveline" for *Edith*, and the Rose song for *Sir Kenneth* (Mr. Maas), in the first act; a quaint and pretty romance "La guerra appena" for *Queen Berengaria* (Miss Beaumont), and the Ring duet between *Edith* and *Sir Kenneth*, in the second act; and a brilliant *bravura* "Radiant Splendours" for *Edith*, in the last act. These five numbers, however, are hardly sufficient to carry the opera through successfully; so that—the rest of the music being for the most part somewhat heavy and tame—it dragged a good deal at times, especially during the first half; a fact, however, no doubt due also in a great measure to the libretto, which is unmistakably dull and lacking in dramatic interest. Miss Kellogg sang the music of *Edith* very finely, being encored in the duet with Sir Kenneth, and in the air "Radiant Splendours," which, latter, however, she declined to repeat. Dramatically, the part of *Edith* is an insignificant one, but it was gracefully acted by Miss Kellogg. Miss Beaumont is fortunate in the possession of a very fine stage presence, and she looked the part of *Queen Berengaria* admirably. She also sang the romance in the second act so well as to secure the first encore of the evening. Mr. Maas, who has a magnificent tenor voice, sang Sir Kenneth's music very finely, but the part is one which affords little little scope for acting, and was rendered tamer by Mr. Maas's lack of histrionic power. Mr. Carleton is a fine singer and actor, and did full justice, in both respects, to the arduous part of *Richard Cœur de Lion*.

Thomas's "Mignon" is a much more interesting opera, dramatically speaking, than "The Talisman," and here Miss Kellogg's excellent qualities as an actress had full scope for display. Miss Kellogg is not a great lyric artist; we cannot imagine her carrying away an audience, or exciting them to enthusiasm, after the manner of a Nilsson or a Patti. Her powers fit her more for light parts, such as *Mignon;* and she sang and acted it admirably. She was ably seconded by the other leading soprano of the troupe, Mdme Van Zandt. This lady has a very fine voice, equally powerful and brilliant; and she sang the bravura music allotted to *Filina*, in splendid style. Mr. Castle's vocal powers are somewhat impaired, but as the hero, *Wilhelm*, he sang and acted like a genuine artist. Mr. Hall acted the part of *Lothario* well, but appeared to be suffering from hoarseness.

Mdme Van Zandt's best impersonation, however, was unquestionably the title *rôle* in "Martha," in which she sang and acted really delightfully throughout. Though this lady's *forte* is evidently in comedy parts, she nevertheless displayed a good deal of dramatic power in the tragic *rôles* of *Elvira* in "Ernani," and *Leonora* in "Il Trovatore," especially the latter. Madame Van Zandt came to Toronto unheralded and almost unknown, but long before she left she had firmly established herself as a genuine favourite, and will, no doubt, be very heartily welcomed should she ever revisit us. The

same may be said of Mr. Maas. This gentleman sang superbly in the three parts taken by him, *Sir Kenneth*, *Lionel* in "Martha," and *Manrico* in "Il Trovatore." His weak point is in acting, and it is to this branch of his art that he should principally direct his efforts for improvement, otherwise he can never hope to attain that place on the lyric stage to which his voice and singing would entitle him. Mr. Carleton, the leading baritone of the troupe, was also new to Toronto. He has a fine voice, though it is somewhat deficient in power and volume. His best effort was the *Count di Luna* in "Il Trovatore," in which he achieved a well-deserved encore for his fine rendering of the well-known "Tempest of the Heart."

At the matinée on Saturday, Madame Julia Rosewald, a young prima donna who has but recently made her *début* on the stage, made her first and only appearance here, in the second act of Gounod's "Faust." The genius of Goethe shines throughout this scene, even in its operatic guise. It is, perhaps, the most beautiful and touching love episode in the whole range of dramatic literature, outside "Romeo and Juliet." The character of the heroine has received various interpretations. That of Mdme Rosewald was the German Gretchen, not the French Marguerite; and exquisitely natural and truthful was her acting throughout. In fact, in the hands of this youthful artiste the dramatic interest is so absorbing that the musical setting is not so much *heard*, as *felt*, and becomes quite a secondary and subordinate element, thus practically realizing the theory of Wagner as to "The Music of the Future." We never came so near to subscribing to that theory as when witnessing this performance of the second act of Gounod's "Faust." It is obvious, however, that in order to carry out Wagner's idea completely, operatic librettos must be far stronger than they are at present. Mdme. Rosewald was well supported by Mr. Castle as *Faust*, and Mr. Conly as *Mephistopheles*, the latter being particularly good. The last two acts of the "Bohemian Girl" were very well done. Miss Beaumont, as *Arline*, made a charming gipsey girl, and sang the music very nicely; but her acting was somewhat deficient in feeling. The *Devilshoof* of Mr. Cayla was remarkably good, especially in the third act, in which he was exceedingly amusing. Miss Annandale, as the *Gipsey Queen*, manifested considerable power, and sang the beautiful air "Bliss forever past" with much pathos; still, she did not quite equal the splendid performance of Mrs. Seguin in this part, two years ago, at the old Lyceum. Mr. Castle was encored in "Then you'll remember me," and "The fair land of Poland." The short operatic season wound up with "Il Trovatore." Having incidentally noticed the other principal singers in this, it only remains to add that Miss Beaumont's *Azucena* was a powerful and striking performance. The contrast to her *Arline* was so great as to prove conclusively that her chief powers lie in a tragic direction. The orchestra and chorus are by far the best ever heard in opera in Toronto, and performed their arduous part of the week's entertainment admirably.

Respecting Mr. Toole's merits as a comedian and character actor, we are inclined to think either that they have been somewhat overrated, or that he is past his best day. As a general rule an actor does not acquire so great a reputation as that of Mr. Toole without good grounds; the latter supposition then is the more probable one, and his general style makes it more probable still. Both his humour and his pathos are of a somewhat stereotyped description, and the former occasionally degenerates into buffoonery. It would be absurd to deny, however, that Mr. Toole still possesses very considerable and versatile powers. Among comic parts he was at his best as *Spriggins*, in "The Steeplechase," and *Mr. Grumly*, in "Domestic Economy," in both of which his humour was natural, genuine, and irresistible. He was at his worst in parts such as the one filled by him in "The Pretty Horsebreaker." In this his tendency to exaggeration, his constant reiteration of gags and stock phrases, and his mannerisms generally, were somewhat wearisome; and the same exception may be taken to his *Artful Dodger*, and some of his other characters. As *Paul Pry*, and as *Billy Lackaday*, in "Sweethearts and Wives," he displayed less exaggeration, and was consequently more satisfactory. Mr. Toole is also an excellent "character" actor. In the semi-tragic drunken scene (*solus*) in "Dearer than Life," and in the scene in "Uncle Dick's Darling," where he wakes from his terrible dream, he displayed great powers of a realistic order. We have only space to add that throughout his two engagements, Mr. Toole was admirably supported by Mrs. Morrison's stock company, and by Miss Johnston and Mr. Herbert, an actress and actor who have accompanied him from England.

EXHIBITION OF THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

THE change of quarters occupied by the Exhibition of Ontario Artists from the Music Hall to a back office is, we trust, not symbolical. The artists may console themselves with the reflection that last year they suffered from lack of light, which after all is more disastrous than deficiency of space, for viewing pictures, as may be learnt from certain rooms in Europe, no larger than the scanty ones rented this season by the Society of Artists, where pictures are on view by the chiefs of the art world. After all, the growth of artistic power is not contingent upon public displays, still less on public applause. Indeed there is a danger that exhibitions may serve to do harm to the artists as such, by stimulating their industry at the expense of their patience, and by their most laudable desire to make a good living by their work inducing them to hurry through as many pictures as possible for the yearly show, with the same thought that milliners have when preparing for their season's reopening after their annual "return from Paris," by way of the Custom House and an express van.

We should regret saying aught to weaken public interest in these exhibitions, as they are most helpful in quickening the dormant sense of the charm of pictorial beauty, and in teaching how much deeper is the fascination exercised by an original work than by mechanical transcripts. Still we must say that there is not the fresh vitality manifest this year which gives promise of an enduring permanence to the Artists' Society. The fruit borne by some of the older trees shows pleasant signs of wise husbandry in cultivation, but of others it must be urged, as of the fig-tree in the parable, that they be digged about and dunged, and if they bear then better fruit, well; if not, they should be cut down as cumberers of the ground. What is, however, chiefly to be regretted is that the Artist-orchard seems not to be stocked with young plants whose blossoms would be full of hope and gladness and promise for the future. Able as are some of the pictures—as able as any ever hung by this Society—they are too exclusively mere repetitions of subjects treated before to rouse any enthusiasm in the connoisseur, or delight the public, who in art see things as in a glass darkly, and need some touch of nature—their own nature—to place them in such kinship to a picture as will enable them to understand and love it. Landscape, infinite in its varieties to the vision which Art has opened and scaled, is to the common eye monotonous; it stirs no chord which vibrates through their emotional, reflective, or imaginative spheres; its power therefore to interest is transient. An exhibition of landscapes appeals then only to the few, to those to whom rocks and trees and water and atmospheric phenomena are as living and lovable as their own kind, often more so, being so rich in those subtleties of colour harmony which touch their souls as a strain of noble music, and of a beauty so perfect as to give the imagination the strange joy of ease. But to such the standard is high of what a landscape on canvas should be—must be, indeed, to be a work of art at all; and it is painfully evident that many of the pictures shown this season not only do not reach this, but fall below the excellence attained by learners at a very early stage of pupilage. We mention none in detail; it is needless for those we write for, and we urge upon the artists to so reorganize their institution, as to exclude from an artists' exhibition, pictures which many amateurs would never show to their friends save in fun. There is too much of the Thomson's Seasons character about the works of this Society; we prefer—and the taste is universal—to have glades and woods and moors and stream banks peopled as Shakspeare fills his canvas, as the great masters of landscape enliven theirs, from Claude to Birket Foster. This, however, necessitates a discipline and tutoring which Canada does not yet afford her sons whose instincts lead them to follow Art as a vocation, without which there will remain an elementary crudeness in all the art work produced here. The ordeal for our artists would be severe for a time, but full of hopeful stimulus to those who have the gift of learning, a most precious possession, were the artists' exhibition made also, as in English provincial towns, a display of high class works from foreign easels, to be loaned by their fortunate owners, who could thus do their country an act of patriotism in elevating the national taste while gratifying their own. Our artists need not fear any loss of commissions by such a conjunction of native and foreign talent; nay, they would look at it with hope and confidence did they fully realize how surely the taste for possession comes from the pleasure of transient enjoyment, or were they but sensible how richly would their own powers be vivified and expanded by the familiar study of a few masterpieces of ancient and modern skill. But the need is for a School of Art, where will be taught and practised precision in drawing, accuracy of perspective, faithfulness to natural laws of form and vision, and those principles of colour harmony and their technical expression which are the heritage left by generations of talent, and which to neglect or disdain or be deprived of is for the

path of the modern painter to be as obscure as would be that of an astronomical student shut off from the light which has arisen on that science since the days of Copernicus. The exhibition of a painting of a foot or hand true to nature in anatomical expression and coloring, would be a brighter, surer sign of the rising of the sun of Canadian art than a gallery of landscapes, however attractive. It would show that the genius of patient study had given that inspiration of technical skill which is the source of all that is true in art, being to it the outward visible sign of fidelity to divine law which is the living spring of all that is beautiful, worthy, and enduring, in all the arts, all the sciences, all the domain of human feeling and thought.

A friend of ours, when a lad, called on Chantrey for lessons as a sculptor. The master threw a towel on a nail and said, "Copy that for me in plaster." It was done, and Chantrey, from that work, pronounced him worthy his tuition, which he gave him without fee or recompence. That youth, now a noted sculptor, told us he was so angered at being set to so ignoble a task as towel modelling, that he was tempted to withdraw in a pet from the studio; but, said he, "I know now what Chantrey was after, he tested my ability severely, but my spirit as an artist far more so, for as Chantrey himself put it, 'If you do so well, so thoroughly, what is without interest or value, I know what you can do on better work.'" That spirit of conscientious *thoroughness* to the last detail is the very life-blood of art, it is the fruition of inborn genius developed and trained under wise discipline, and to that cultivation alone we look for such progress in the fine arts in this Dominion, as will enable our artists to appeal for appreciation and reward beyond their locality to that wide world of art lovers which has no geographical expression or boundaries. Whether Canadian scenery affords equally good subjects to European, is disputable; but this none can question, that Canadian men, women, and children, historic or living, could be so painted as to rival in artistic interest any work ever touched by a brush.

An episode of Canadian life on canvas would touch a nobler chord than mere patriotism; it would stir the common heart of humanity. Who is there preparing to step into this gap and make himself and his country illustrious?

LITERARY NOTES.

The service rendered to a community by literary or scientific institutes and public libraries, so far as Canada is concerned, has, we fear, yet to be adequately acknowledged. Anything in the form of a literary society, hitherto established in our midst, has had but little vitality, or has experienced strange vicissitudes. As for a public library, the soil has never seemed congenial enough in which to plant the seeds of such an institution. While public gardens, parks, and promenades, with their health-giving functions, have never enlisted the interest, or called out the public spirit of our citizens, it is not to be wondered at that institutes and libraries, with their beneficent attractions, have never had their claims recognized. With the growth of the city in population and intelligence, it is to be hoped that, whatever have been our shortcomings in the past, we shall soon awake to the necessity for establishing such organisations as will tend to bring our educated classes together, and for giving an equipment to such institutions as will best serve their objects and secure their permanence.

Having long despaired of seeing any fresh project for the establishment of a Literary Institute in Toronto, we are glad to find that the Council of one of our oldest and most important societies, the Canadian Institute, have decided to erect a new and suitable building, to inaugurate courses of scientific lectures, and to extend their existing library. The Institute is possessed of the nucleus of what might readily be expanded into a most important and influential society, and such resources as they at present possess may, by the plan they propose, be so easily augmented as to equip and endow an institute, with its accompaniments of Library, Lecture Rooms, &c., which may be productive of the greatest service to the community at large. We hope to have the opportunity of again referring to this project, and of indicating what seems to us the re-

quirements of such an institute. Meantime, we wish the scheme now on foot the amplest success; and we trust that no time will be lost in taking the first step towards realizing the project—that of providing the necessary building.

The publishers of General Sherman's Memoirs, which are creating so much excitement in military and political circles in the United States, announce the twentieth thousand of the work as being in press, though it is barely a fortnight published.

A new volume from the pen of John Ruskin is now ready, entitled, "Frondes Agrestes: Readings in 'Modern Painters.'" A reprint of this, bound up with the author's recent production, "Mornings in Florence," is to be undertaken by a New York House.

Mr. Carlyle's recent contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*, "The Early Kings of Norway," and "An Essay on the Portraits of John Knox," have been issued in a volume by his London publishers.

Jean Ingelow's new story, "Fated to be Free," a sequel, we believe, to her previous work, "Off the Skelligs," is announced for immediate republication in Boston.

Reprints of two rather notable books, which are occupying the attention of critics in England just now, are announced on this side the Atlantic. We refer to "The Keys of the Creeds," and "The Unseen Universe; or Physical Speculations on a Futute State." The latter work is an attempt to harmonize the facts of science with those of revelation; and is said to be the joint production of Prof. Guthrie Tait, of Edinburgh, and Prof. Balfour Stewart, of Owen's College, Manchester.

Messrs. Appleton have just contributed another original volume to the International Scienfic Series in Prof. Whitney's "The Life and Growth of Language: an outline of Linguistic Science." The new addition to their Library of Popular Science, is a reprint of Mr. Galton's "English Men of Science: their Nature and Nurture." An important contribution to Ethnology, is also appearing from this house. We refer to Mr. Hubert Bancroft's great work on "The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America," the first two volumes of which have just appeared, and have been most favourably received by those on both sides of the Atlantic who are interested in the early civilization of this Continent. The work is designed to be completed in five octavo volumes.

It is announced that the Duke of Argyll is engaged on a work, "Law and Theology," which is shortly to appear. Mr. Tennyson's new work, the subject of which it is said is, "Mary Tudor" may also be shortly expected from the press.

The latest English novels of which we have had reprints on this side, are Mr. Wm. Black's "Three Feathers," from *Cornhill;* and a new work, "Signa," by Ouida. Canadian reprints have just appeared of Mrs. Stowe's new work of fiction, "We and Our Neighbours," issued by Messrs. Belford, Brothers, Toronto; "Whiteladies," by Mrs. Oliphant, from the press of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co.; and "The Boudoir Cabal," by Mr. Grenville Murray, issued by Messrs. Rogers and Larminie, Toronto. The latter, it will be remembered, was issued serially in the *Globe*, and is a cleverly written and interesting story.

We learn that Mr. W. D. Pearman, M. A., Classical Tutor of University College, Toronto, has in preparation for the press, an edition of Cicero's *De Legibus*, with notes, which is intended to be brought out in England, in the early autumn. Mr. Pearman was formerly a Scholar of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and his classical attainments are of a high order.



PREFACE.

THE compilation of these Annals was undertaken with a view to supplying the Canadian reader with a concise summary of the leading events in the history of his country.

The work is divided into three parts—the first embracing the period from the discovery of Canada to the capitulation of Montreal; the second commencing with the Treaty of Paris and terminating with the Rebellion of 1837; and the third covering the term from the Union of the Canadas, in 1840, to the Confederation of the Provinces in 1867.

Leaving, then, for the study of those who have leisure and inclination for poetic fancies, the story of a lost Atlantis and the misty outlines of the travels of early Norsemen, the reader will be brought at once to the time from which the history of the settlement of Canada may be traced with tolerable accuracy. Thenceforward will be found a simple record of events in the order of their occurrence, comment being for the most part avoided as foreign to the object of the work, which is rather to enable the reader to ascertain at once, with ease and certainty, the date of each occurrence, and the names of the persons and places connected therewith.

In the earlier years the events to be noted are few and far between, and the reader may perhaps be of opinion that occurrences of too trivial a character have been recorded; but it must be borne in mind that the theatre of action was very limited, and the actors few; and it may be hoped that on such grounds the plea for a little extra indulgence on the part of the public will not be disregarded.

Great care has been taken, by comparison of different authorities, to secure accuracy in the dates and in the names of persons and places.

In a work of this kind, brevity is of course indispensable, and, therefore, as before remarked, the reference to each event will be as concise as possible. A singular coincidence may be remarked in some of the events recorded, as for instance, the defeats of Generals Braddock and the Baron Dieskau, where the regular forces of the two most powerful nations in Europe were severally defeated by bodies of pro-

vincial troops, inferior to them in every respect, save one—the ability to adapt their tactics to the exceptional circumstances of their respective situations.

Many of the occurrences which took place in connection with trade and commerce under the old *régime*, prove very conclusively that combinations, or rings, are not by any means a modern invention; and it is very doubtful whether any subsequent operator has eclipsed the Intendant Bigot in the magnitude of his operations.

In military matters, the jealousies between the regular troops from France and the militia of Canada caused the governors great disquiet, the Marquis de Vaudreuil being forced to allude to the effects of these misunderstandings, even at a time when the safety of the colony was in jeopardy.

In matters ecclesiastical, human nature asserted itself in our early history pretty much in the same manner as it does now. M. de Laval, Bishop of Petrœa, found it impossible to place himself in accord with the Abbé de Queylus; whilst the governor, the Viscount d'Argenson, asserted the supremacy of the State by demanding the place of honor at ecclesiastical ceremonies, which place M. de Laval stoutly contended belonged to him as Bishop—a dispute which remained unsettled during the terms of three governors in succession.

The story of the early settlement of Canada is full of romantic incident. In those times there was no thought of converting the sword into the ploughshare, for the hand which guided the plough had but too often to defend it with the sword, and the golden sheaves of harvest were not seldom crimsoned with the blood of the husbandman. Few, if any, can read without deep interest the simple record of the travels of the early missionaries, who may well be said to have carried their lives in their hands, as they fought their way—half-starved, weary, and foot-sore—through the mighty forests of the New World.

The reader will no doubt discover many omissions, and some inaccuracies, in the following pages; but if the perusal leads him to consult those works which treat more fully of the events recorded, and thus brings him to a better knowledge of the history of his country, the object of publication will have been fully attained.

WILLIAM WHITE.

OTTAWA, *January, 1875.*



THE ANNALS OF CANADA.

PART I.

FROM 1492 TO 1760.

1492. The Bahamas were discovered by Christopher Columbus.

1494. Jacques Cartier born at St. Malo on 31st December.

1497. John and Sebastian Cabot sailed in May, under a commission from king Henry VII. of England, dated 5th March, 1496, to endeavour to find a North-west passage to India and China (Cathay). They sighted Prince Edward Island on St. John's day, which led to its being called the Island of St. John.

1498. The Cabots are believed to have explored the Gulf of St. Lawrence and a considerable portion of the Atlantic coast this year.

1500. The coast of Labrador was visited by Gaspar Cortereal, who sailed from Lisbon.

1501. Gaspar Cortereal, a Portuguese, sailed from Lisbon for America a second time, but was never again heard from; nor was his brother Michael, who sailed in 1502 in search of him.

1518. Baron de Lery is said to have landed on Sable Island, and to have left some cattle there.

1523. Giovanni Verrazzani, a Florentine navigator, was commissioned by Francis I, to undertake a voyage of discovery to the New World.

1524. Verrazzani returned to France but was not very well received, as he had failed to bring back with him gold, valuable merchandize, or any other objects of great interest or curiosity. Verrazzani returned to America the year following. Of his subsequent discoveries and ultimate fate nothing definite is known, but he is believed to have been killed by the natives.

1534. Jacques Cartier, an experienced navigator, having been commissioned by Francis I. to continue the discoveries of Verrazzani, sailed from St. Maloes on 20th April, coasted the greater part of the gulf, which he named *St. Lawrence*, and took formal possession of the country in the name of his master the king of France. On his return to France, which he reached on the 5th September, he took with him two of the natives.

1535. Cartier left St. Maloes on the 19th May, and returned to Canada with three vessels, discovered and named the Saguenay, left two of his vessels at Quebec, and passed up the St. Lawrence, through Lake St. Peter, to

Hochelaga, where he found an Indian village, which he called Mount Royal, from the mountain in rear of the village. Having returned to Quebec, then named Stadacona, his vessels were frozen in on 15th November.

1536. On the 5th April, Cartier's vessels were released from the ice, and on the 6th May he sailed for France. As he proceeded slowly, in order to observe the coasts and islands in the Gulf, he did not leave Cape Race until the 19th June, and arrived at St. Maloes on the 16th July.

1540. Cartier arrived at Quebec from France on 24th August. He built a small fort near the River St. Charles, and leaving a garrison there, returned to France.

1541. François de la Roque, Seigneur de Roberval, who had been commissioned, June 15, 1540, by Francis I., king of France, as viceroy and lieutenant-general in Canada, Hochelaga, &c., left France on 23rd May, with five vessels, well manned and equipped, having Cartier with him as chief pilot, who landed on Cape Breton, or on the adjoining coast of Nova Scotia, where he built a fort, garrisoned and provisioned it. Roberval himself proceeded to Quebec, and thence sailed to France.

1542. Roberval returned from France and, on reaching Newfoundland, met Cartier, with the garrison left the year before, on his way back to France. Roberval, however, persuaded Cartier and the men of the garrison to return to the fort where they had passed the winter, whilst he himself proceeded to explore the St. Lawrence.

1549. Roberval, accompanied by his brother and a numerous train of enterprising young men, again embarked for Canada, but they were never afterwards heard of.

1576. The coast of Labrador was visited by Sir Martin Frobisher in this and the two following years.

1583. 11th June—Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed from Plymouth with five ships, and arrived off Newfoundland on the 11th July, when he proceeded to take formal possession of the Island in the name of the Queen of England. The ship commanded by Sir Humphrey foundered on the return voyage, and all on board perished.

1592. Juan de Fuca discovered Vancouver's Island and gave his name to the straits between the Island and the mainland.

1598. The marquis de la Roche was appointed by Henry IV. lieutenant-general of Canada, Hochelaga, &c., and sailed for Canada with about sixty persons, most of whom were landed on Sable Island where many of them perished miserably. The marquis visited the neighbouring coast of Nova Scotia and then returned to France.

1599. Captain Chauvin, a naval officer upon whom had been conferred powers similar to those given to the marquis de la Roche, and M. Pontegravé, visited Tadousac, and established a trading post there.

1600–1, 2. MM. Chauvin and Pontegravé made several voyages to Tadousac during these years, having, in 1602, associated with them M. de. Chattes, commandant of Dieppe.

1603. Captain Chauvin died, and a patent was issued by Henry IV. to Pierre Dugast, Sieur des Monts, (a Calvinist) giving him exclusive trading privileges and powers of government between the 40th and 46th degrees of latitude. Des Monts and M. de Chatte associated with them Samuel Champlain, who made his first voyage to Canada in this year.

1604. Des Monts sailed for America with four vessels, having with him Pontegravé, Champlain, Pontrincourt, and Lescarbot. Des Monts landed in Acadia (Nova Scotia), and attempted to found a Colony there.

1605. Champlain continued his exploration of the coasts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and wintered near the mouth of the river St. John.

1606. Port Royal (Annapolis) was settled by Champlain, who returned to France this year. Port Royal and the land in the vicinity were shortly after granted to Jean de Biencourt, baron de Pontrincourt, who was really the founder of the place.

1607. Champlain and Pontegravé are said to have made a voyage to Tadousac this year. Pontrincourt returned to France.

1608. Samuel Champlain left France in April, entered the St. Lawrence, and at the junction of the St. Charles with the St. Lawrence he landed, made a settlement, and thus, on the 3rd July 1608, laid the foundation of the City of Quebec, the Capital of New France.

1609. Champlain ascended the St. Lawrence, and discovered the lake which now bears his name. On 30th July he experienced for the first time the horrors of Indian warfare, having engaged, with his friends the Algonquins, in a battle with a party of Iroquois, who were defeated and the prisoners tortured by the Algonquins.

1609. Champlain having returned from his excursion to Lake Champlain, appointed Pierre Chauvin to take charge of his colony, and sailed in September for France.

1610. Champlain, accompanied by M. Pontegravé, sailed from Harfleur in April, and reached Tadousac on the 26th May. He afterwards ascended the St. Lawrence as far as the River Richelieu. On returning to Quebec, Champlain heard of the assasination of King Henry IV., and, accompanied by Pontegravé, immediately sailed for France. Pontrincourt arrived at Port Royal in June, and on 24th June a large number of Indians were baptized here by Josné Fléche.

1610. A merchant named Guy, who sailed from Bristol, is said to have landed at Conception Bay, Newfoundland, and to have founded a colony, or established a trading post there.

1610. Hudson's Bay was discovered by the celebrated navigator, Henry Hudson, who, being sezied by his mutinous crew, was turned adrift in an open boat with eight of his men who remained faithful to him, and was never afterwards heard of.

1611. Champlain and Pontegravé returned to Canada early in the spring. The former ascended the St. Lawrence as far as Hochelaga (Montreal), where he commenced a settlement on the Island, which he named St. Helen's in honor of his wife Helène Boullé. Charles de Bourbon, comte de Soissons, was appointed viceroy of New France, but, dying shortly after, he was succeeded in his viceroyalty by Henri, Prince de Condé, who appointed Champlain his lieutenant.

1612. Champlain does not appear to have visited Canada during this year, having, it is said, been detained in France by the intrigues of certain merchants of St. Maloes. On the 15th October, Champlain was appointed lieutenant of the viceroy of New France.

1613. Champlain sailed from St. Maloes on 6th March, accompanied by Pontegravé, each being in command of

the ship in which he sailed; they reached Quebec on 7th May. During this season Champlain ascended the Ottawa River as far as Allumette Island; returning to Quebec, he sailed thence for France, with Pontegravé, about the end of August.—Port Royal destroyed by Captain (afterwards Sir Samuel) Argall.—An expedition was organized, and a vessel of one hundred tons fitted out at Honfleur, chiefly at the cost of the Marquis de Guercheville, under command of M. de Saussaye, who sailed on 12th March; reached La Have on 16th May, and then proceeded to Penobscot Bay, where a settlement was made, but at once broken up by Captain Argall; most of the party returned to France.

1614. Champlain remained in France, engaged in forming from the merchants of St. Maloes, Rouen, and Rochelle, a commercial association for trading with Canada.

1615. In April Champlain left Harfleur with several vessels, bringing with him four members of the religious order of *Recollets** (Franciscans), Fathers Denis, Dolbeau, Le Caron, and Du Plessis. Champlain, accompanied by Joseph le Caron, one of the *Recollet* fathers, ascended the Ottawa to Mattawan; thence passing by Lake Nipissing and the French River, he entered the Georgian Bay, and, turning southwards, reached the settlements of the Hurons lying between Lake Simcoe and Nottawasaga Bay. Champlain then accompanied his Indian friends, the Hurons, on an expedition against the Onondagas. The Hurons, leaving their settlements near Lake Simcoe, followed a south-easterly course until they struck the *Otonabee* and *Trent* rivers, down which they proceeded, reaching Lake Ontario by the Bay of *Quinté*; they then passed to the eastern end of the lake, which they crossed. After their disembarkation, the Hurons advanced upon the Onondaga settlements some eighty miles south of the lake. The attack was not successful, and, notwithstanding the assistance rendered by Champlain and the few Frenchmen with him, the Hurons were compelled to retreat. On their return home, Champlain desired to descend the St. Lawrence to Montreal, but the Hurons being unwilling that he should leave them, he accompanied them back to Lake Simcoe, remaining, however, some time at Rice Lake, where they collected fish and game for winter use. The party reached their settlements on 23rd December.

1616. Champlain, who had remained during the winter of 1615–16 with the Hurons, set out in June with Father Caron on his return to Quebec, which was safely reached on the 11th July. After remaining about a month in Quebec, Champlain and Father Caron sailed for France.

1617. A family named Hebert accompanied Champlain to Quebec. Louis Hebert, the father of the family, has been accounted the first *emigrant* to Canada, he having come to Canada to practice agriculture. Champlain returned to France in the autumn.

1618. During the winter of this year the Indians became disaffected, and two Frenchmen were murdered at Three Rivers. A conspiracy was entered into by the Indians for the destruction of the colony, but Brother du Plessis (one of the *Recollets*) became aware of what was going on, and con-

*Recollets—Friars Minor of the strict observance order of St. Francis. They originated in Spain. Introduced into Italy in 1525. They were invited to France in 1592 by Louis de Gonzaque, duc de Nevers; he first established them in the convent des Recollets, and its name thenceforward distinguished this branch of the order of Franciscan friars.—DICT. DES DATES.

trived to disconcert their plans. Pope Paul IV. confided the charge of the missions in Canada to the *Recollets* of Paris.

1620. Henri Prince de Condé surrendered his viceroyalty in favour of the duke de Montmorency for eleven thousand crowns. Champlain was confirmed in his post of lieutenant-general by the new viceroy, and his appointment and past services were especially recognized by the king. On this occasion Champlain was accompanied to Canada by Madame Champlain, his wife, and by a number of persons whom he induced to embark with him with a view to settling in the country. The *Recollet* Fathers laid the foundation stone of their chapel this year. Lord Baltimore founded a settlement in Newfoundland, but shortly left for Maryland.

1621. The Association formed for the purpose of trading with Canada, was suppressed, and its rights were conferred upon William and Emeric de Caen. The first child of European parents was born at Quebec on 24th May, being the son of Abraham Martin and Margaret Langlois. The boy's name was Eustache. The whole of Acadia was granted to Sir William Alexander (afterwards earl of Stirling), who first gave it the name of Nova Scotia.

1623. M. Pontegravé returned from Canada to France, his health being much impaired. William de Caen visited Quebec. Father Joseph Caron, accompanied by Gabriel Segard, went on a mission to the Huron settlements near lake Simcoe, to use their influence in establishing a general pacification amongst the Indians, and succeeded in arranging a treaty of peace between the Hurons, the Iroquois, and Algonquins.

1624. Champlain sailed from Quebec for France on the 15th August; he was accompanied by his wife and two Recollet priests. Emeric de Caen was left in charge of the little colony at Quebec, now numbering about fifty souls. A stone fort was erected at Quebec this year. Henri de Levy, duc de Ventadour, nephew of the king, purchased the viceroyalty of Canada from the duc de Montmorency. Sir William Stirling's patent confirmed by Charles I., 12th July.

1625. Fathers Charles Lallemant, Enemonde Massé, and Jean de Brebœuf, of the order of Jesuits, came to Canada under the auspices of the duc de Ventadour, who took great interest in promoting the propagation of the Catholic faith. Nicholas Viel, a Recollet priest, drowned by the upsetting of a canoe, at the place now known as the *Sault au Recollet* (Island of Montreal). Baronets of Nova Scotia were created this year, with certain grants and privileges, with a view to aid in the settlement of Nova Scotia.

1626. Champlain returned to Canada in the summer, accompanied by Father Caron and M. Boullé. M. de Queylus arrived at Quebec from Normandy, having been appointed vicar-general of Canada. The French established a settlement at Placentia bay, Newfoundland.

1627. The company known as the "One hundred Associates," was established by royal edict dated 29th April, "for the primary purpose of converting "the native Indians to the Catholic "faith," and "for the purpose of obtaining for his Majesty's subjects new "commercial advantages, derivable "from a better management of the fur "trade, or from the discovery of a route "to the Pacific ocean, and to China, "through the great rivers and lakes of

"New France." This company was organized under the especial patronage and management of Cardinal de Richelieu, and held New France with all the privileges of a feudal seigniory under the king. Louis Hebert, who may with truth be styled the first Canadian farmer, died this year.

1628. Champlain received a summons on the 10th July, from Sir David Kirkt, demanding the surrender of Quebec to the English. Champlain having returned a spirited refusal to this demand, Kirkt relinquished his design for the time, and occupied himself in cruising to capture the supplies intended for Canada. M. de Roquemont, who had arrived at Gaspé Basin, with a fleet from France, rashly provoked an action, and lost his whole fleet.

1629. Father Philibert Nogrot and Father Charles Lallemant were wrecked on the Acadian coast on their voyage from France to Canada with supplies for Champlain. Louis and Thomas Kirkt, brothers of Sir David, appeared off Point Levi early in July. Champlain and Pontegravé, having neither ammunition nor provisions, were compelled to surrender, and the English took possession of Quebec on the 19th July. Champlain, and all who chose to leave the colony with him, embarked on board the vessel of Thomas Kirkt on 24th July, and sailed for England, and thence passed over to France. The conditions of surrender having been ratified by Sir David Kirkt, who had remained at Tadousac, the golden lilies of France gave place to the red cross of St. George, and Canada became an English Colony.

1629. King Louis XIII. granted a commission dated 11th March, to Charles de St. Etienne sieur de la Tour as King's Lieutenant-General in Acadie and dependencies. Charles LaTour and his father Claude had been created baronets of Nova Scotia in 1629-1630.

1632. The circumstances attending the capture of Quebec having been enquired into, it was found that the surrender did not take place until two months after peace had been proclaimed between England and France; the negotiations which had been entered into between the two countries, terminated in the restoration of Canada to the French crown, and a treaty was signed at St. Germain-en-Laye on the 29th March 1632, by which not only Quebec, but Acadia (Nova Scotia) and Isle Royale (Cape Breton) were ceded to France. In pursuance of the stipulations of the above mentioned treaty, Emeric de Caen, armed with authority from the government of France, and furnished with an order under the sign manual of the king of England, superseded Thomas Kirkt in the command at Quebec, and Canada again came under the dominion of France on 13th July 1632.

1633. On the 23rd May Champlain landed at Quebec amidst manifestations of great joy. He brought with him merchandise, ammunition, and provisions, and lost no time in resuming his labours for the advancement of the colony.—Lord Falkland was appointed Governor of Newfoundland, the English having maintained possession of this Island.

1635. Champlain was attacked by paralysis on 10th October, and after lingering for more than two months, died on Christmas day, 1635. His remains were placed in a vault, over which was built a small chapel, known as "Champlain Chapel." Father Lallemant, who had been his confessor, officiated at his funeral. Thus terminated the earthly career of Samuel de

Champlain, who, from 1607 to 1635, may well be said to have been the mainstay of French power and progress in North America. His singular honesty of purpose, and unswerving adherence to the truth, gained him the respect and confidence of his own countrymen and of all the Indian tribes.

1635. Réné Rohault, son of the Marquis de Gamache, gave six thousand crowns towards the foundation of a college in Québec, and the foundation of the Jesuits' College is said to have been laid this year.* On the death of Champlain, M. Chateaufort assumed charge of the colony.

1636. M. Charles Hualt de Montmagny, who had been appointed Governor of Canada on the death of Champlain, reached Quebec in May.

1637. An institution was founded by M. de Sillery, a knight of Malta, for converted Algonquins. It was situated near Quebec, and named "Sillery," after its founder. Father Le Jeune is said to have been placed in charge.

1639. The Hotel Dieu, at Quebec, was founded through the instrumentality of the Duchess d'Aiguillon.

1640. The Ursuline Convent was founded at Quebec by Madame de la Peltrie, who came out from France accompanied by three nuns, who were to act as nurses for the Hotel Dieu, and three Ursuline sisters for the convent. A society known as "La Compagnie de Montreal" was founded in Paris for the promotion of religion in the colony, and M. de Maisonneuve was selected to conduct the operations and preside over the affairs of the company in Canada. The grant of the greater part of the Island of Montreal to M. de Maisonneuve and his associates bears date 17th December, 1640.—The church and college of the Jesuits at Quebec was destroyed by fire.

1641. M. de Maisonneuve and his party arrived at Quebec early in the season, and, notwithstanding the objections raised by the Quebec colonists, proceeded without delay to Hochelaga (Island of Montreal).

1642. On the 17th May the spot selected for the site of the town of "Ville Marie" was consecrated by the Superior of the Jesuits, and the new settlement, which was destined in after times to become the commercial metropolis of Canada, started into life.

1643. Jean Nicolet, the discoverer of the Mississippi, was drowned about the end of October by the upsetting of a canoe going from Quebec to Sillery.

1644. The grant of the Island of Montreal to the Seminary of St. Sulpice was confirmed by the King on the 13th February. Wheat was first sown in Canada this year.

1645. M. Maisonneuve returned to France, on account of the death of his father, and to obtain supplies and assistance for his colony at Ville Marie. Father Jerome Lallemant returned from the country of the Hurons, and was elected on the 16th September Superior of the Jesuits.

1646. 16th March—The chapel of the Hotel Dieu at Quebec was blessed by Father Vimont. The Jesuit Father Isaac Jogues was murdered by the Iroquois who were very troublesome to the settlers at this time.

1647. The church at Sillery was blessed on the 8th May. M. Louis D'Aillebout de Coulonge, who had some time before been commandant at Three Rivers, was appointed Governor of Can-

*By some writers, the date of the foundation is stated to be two years later, in 1637.

ada in succession to M. de Montmagny, whose term of office had expired.—La Tour's fort at St. John was taken by M. d'Aulnay de Charnisy, the garrison hanged, and Madame La Tour, who had defended the fort in her husband's absence, died of grief shortly after.

1648. August 20th.—M. D'Aillebout arrived at Quebec from France to assume the Government of Canada.—Father Anthony Daniel was tortured to death by the Iroquois in one of a series of attacks upon the Huron Settlements; several hundreds of the Hurons were put to death during the onslaughts.*—Sillery was destroyed by the Iroquois.—Large flocks of white partridges (*Tetrao Mutus*) visited the vicinity of Quebec. Twelve hundred were killed in the course of a month.

1649. A girl, aged sixteen, was executed at Quebec for theft.

1650. The house of the Ursulines at Quebec was destroyed by fire on the night of the 30th December.

1651. March 13th—M. D'Aillebout laid the foundation-stone of the church at Ste. Anne du Petit Cap (now known as La bonne Ste. Anne—the Good St. Anne).—Jean de Lauzon was appointed to succeed M. D'Aillebout as Governor of Canada on the 17th January, and landed at Quebec on the 14th October.—Charles de la Tour appointed Governor of Acadia, by Louis XIII.

1652. November 12th — MM. St. Denis and Gaillarbois were killed by the Indians at Cap de la Madeleine.—M. du Plessis and eight other Frenchmen were also murdered by the Iroquois.

1653. M. de Maisonneuve, who had been to France to obtain succour, returned with a reinforcement of 105 men.—The benediction of the Chapel at the Island of Orleans, near Quebec, by Father John Lallemant, took place this year.

1654. Brothers Louis le Bœsme and N. Liegeois were murdered by the Iroquois.—Port Royal taken by the English 16th August, and Le Borgne carried prisoner to Boston.

1655. A sanguinary engagement took place between the Iroquois and the Eries, in which the power of the latter was utterly destroyed.

1656. A large part of Acadia was granted to Sir Thomas Temple and others by Oliver Cromwell.

1657. The Seminary of St. Sulpice was founded by the Abbé Queylus, who was commissioned for that purpose by the St. Sulpicians of Paris.—François de Laval, Abbé de Montigny, who was born at Laval, Mainè, France, 23rd March, 1622, was consecrated Bishop of Petrœa and appointed Vicar Apostolic for Canada; Monseigneur de Laval (a scion of the noble house of Montmorency) was thus the first Bishop sent to Canada.

1658. New buildings, consisting of hospital, choir and church for the Hotel Dieu, Quebec, were finished, and the latter consecrated on 10th August by the Abbé de Queylus.—The foundation of the church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours in the city of Montreal was laid by the Sœur Marguerite Bourgeois.—M. Pierre de Voyer, Vicomte d'Argenson, who had been appointed Governor of Canada in 1657, arrived at Quebec on 11th July, and immediately assumed the reins of government.

1659. The Convent de la Congregation, at Montreal, was founded by

* These repeated onslaughts almost annihilated the Hurons; the remnant of the tribe sought aid from the Missionaries, and were established near Quebec, where some of their descendants may still be found.

Marguerite Bourgeois.—From this time the control of the Jesuits over the clergy of Canada virtually ceased.*—M. de Laval, the first Bishop who came to Canada, arrived at Quebec from France on the 16th June.

1660. M. d'Aillebout died at Montreal on 21st May.—A grant was made by the French Government to Captain Sueve Doublet, of the island of St. John (now Prince Edward Island).

1661. Pierre du Bois, Baron d'Avaugour, succeeded Vicomte d'Argenson as Governor of Canada.

1662. A large number of emigrants and a company of regular soldiers arrived from France.—An extraordinary meteor is said to have been seen both in Quebec and Montreal.

1663. A violent shock of earthquake was felt throughout Canada and parts of the New England States on the 5th February.— The Chevalier Augustin de Saffray Mesy arrived at Quebec on 15th September, and assumed the reins of government in place of the Baron d'Avaugour, who had been recalled.—The Seminary of Quebec was founded by M. de Laval, who had obtained the formal approval of the King in April, before sailing with M. de Mesy for Canada.—The date of the landing of M. Augustin de Mesy may fairly be considered to be the date from which the new *régime* commenced. Thenceforward the decree of 21st March was to have effect, and Canada was to be governed by a Supreme Council, consisting of the Governor, the Bishop, the Royal Intendant, five Councillors, an Attorney-General and Chief Clerk.—M. Robert, a Councillor of State, was the first Royal Intendant, but it does not appear that he ever assumed the duties of his office.—The year 1663 was not only memorable on account of the political changes which took place, but also on account of the natural phenomena which occurred. On January 7th, and again on the 14th, very brilliant mock suns were observed at Quebec, where, also, on 5th February, a violent shock of earthquake was felt. Earthquakes are said to have occurred frequently from February to August, 1663, and to have extended throughout Eastern Canada and the New England States, producing in many places on the lower St. Lawrence a complete change of the surface of the valley, elevating and depressing it, and changing the beds of the smaller streams.

1664. M. Alexandre de Prouville, Marquis de Tracy, who had been appointed Viceroy of all the Colonies of France, sailed from Rochelle in February for the West Indies, whence he was to proceed to Canada on a tour of inspection of all the French Colonies in North America.

1665. A comet was visible in Quebec at Eastertide.—February 24th and October 15th violent shocks of earthquake were felt at Murray Bay and Tadousac.—M. de Mesy died at Quebec on 5th of May.—June 19—Four companies of the Carignan regiment arrived at Quebec—June 30.—The Marquis de Tracy, Viceroy of the Colonies of France, arrived at Quebec, accompanied by four companies of the Carignan regiment.—August 19—M. de Salières, Colonel of the Carignan regiment, arrived at Quebec with four companies. The four remaining companies of the Carignan regiment arrived in Canada on 20th August.—September 12—Daniel de Rémi, Sieur de Courcelles, who had been appointed to succeed M. de Mesy as Governor, arrived at Quebec, bringing with him M. de Talon, Royal

* M. le Vicomte d'Argenson is stated to have introduced *letters de cachet* into France.

Intendant.—During the autumn of this year detachments of soldiers were sent up the country and erected forts at Sorel, Chambly, and St. Therèse, posts on the river Richelieu.

1666. January 9th—M. de Courcelles left Quebec on an expedition against the Indians, and returned on 17th March. May 31—The Marquis de Tracy laid the foundation-stone of the Jesuits' Chapel in Quebec, M. de Courcelles laid the first stone of the first chapel, and M. de Talon the first stone of the second chapel. July 11th—The Cathedral of Quebec was consecrated by M. de Laval, under whose auspices it had been built.—A second expedition, numbering upwards of 600 men, under the Marquis de Tracy, accompanied by M. de Courcelles, marched against the Indians in October. The Indians retired into the forest, declining an engagement, and the French, having burned their villages and stores of provisions, returned to Canada.

1667. Acadia was restored to France by the treaty of Breda, made in July.—The Marquis de Tracy returned to France in the autumn, having accomplished the object of his mission.—The first ball given in Canada took place at the house of a Mons. Chartier, on the 4th February, and the pious old Jesuit who records the fact expresses the fervent hope that no evil consequences may ensue.—Jean Vincent de St. Castine, Baron de St. Castine, settled near Pentagoët (Penobscot).

1668. Formal cession to France by King Charles II. of all Acadia, by letters patent, dated in February.—The Intendant Talon established a brewery in Quebec.

1669. Charter granted by King Charles II. of England to the Hudson's Bay Company.

1670. A Royal edict was issued by Louis XIV. for the encouragement of early marriages amongst his Canadian subjects.—M. de Courcelles took charge of an expedition against the Senecas (Sonnontouans); he proceeded as far as the Bay of Quinté, when the Senecas came to terms and complied with all his demands.—Although Acadia was formally ceded to France in 1668, possession was not given until 1670, when the following places were surrendered: Pentagoët, St. John, Gemisick (now Jemseg, on the St. John river), Port Royal, Lahève, and Cape Sable. The surrender was made by Sir Thomas Temple to Hubert d'Audigny, chevalier de Grand-fontaine.

1671. Madame de la Peltrie (who founded the Ursuline Convent at Quebec) died in November.—M. de Lusson made a treaty with the North-Western Indians at the Falls of St. Mary (Sault Ste. Marie).

1672. Louis de la Buade, Count de Paluan and de Frontenac, was appointed to succeed M. de Courcelles as Governor of Canada: his commission bearing date 7th April. September 12th—M. de Courcelles, accompanied by the Intendant de Talon, sailed from Quebec for France.—By a decree, dated at St. Germain-en-Laye, 4th June, and signed by the Queen Marie Therèse, the Intendant Talon was authorized to frame police regulations and to appoint Judges both in Canada and Acadia.—Joliet, accompanied by a priest named Marquette, penetrated, in December, as far as Michilimakinac.

1673. The corner-stone of the Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours was laid this year. The erection of this church had been delayed since 1658, when the foundation was laid.—Fort Frontenac (now Kingston) was

built and garrisoned under the orders of the new Governor.—Joliet and Marquette, passing by way of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, reached the Mississippi on 17th June, and descended as far as the confluence of the Arkansas. —With a view to check the trade which had sprung up between the Indians and the *Coureurs des Bois*, a decree was issued by the King, dated from the camp at Vossen, between Brussels and Louvain, on 15th June, forbidding any Frenchman to remain in the woods more than twenty-four hours without leave from the Governor.

1674. By a decree issued at St. Germain-en-Laye, Louis XIV. resumed the powers and privileges granted to the West India Company, and the trade with Canada thus became open to all his Majesty's subjects.—Canada was made an Episcopal See, and M. de Laval, titular bishop of Petrœa, became the first bishop of Quebec.* — Sir Thomas Temple died.

1675. A royal edict, dated 5th June, confirmed the establishment of the Sovereign Council, which was to be composed of the Governor, M. de Laval, recently appointed Bishop of Quebec, or, in his absence, the Grand Vicar; the Intendant, and seven other Councillors.—The Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, at Montreal, was finished, and the first mass said therein on the feast of the Assomption.

1676. An edict of the king was issued in April confirming the arrangement made by the Bishop of Quebec for the affiliation of the Seminary of Quebec with that of Paris.—M. de Chambly appointed Governor of Acadia, subject, however, to the Governor of Canada.

* Those who desire a more intimate acquaintance with the character of M. de Laval, cannot do better than consult "*The Old Regime in Canada*," recently published by Francis Parkman.

1677. The Indian chief Garaconthié, who had been a firm ally of the French, died this year. — La Salle visited France to obtain authority to prosecute his researches in the western part of the continent.

1678. La Salle returned from France, and passing by way of Lake Erie in the *Griffon*, built above Niagara Falls, he founded a settlement by himself at Detroit; proceeding thence to the Straits of Mackinaw (Michilimakinac), sailed across to Green Bay, and thence to the River St. Joseph, where he established Fort Miami.—Several of the Recollet Fathers returned to Canada under the patronage of the Intendant Talon, and much to the annoyance of M. de Laval, whose authority they slighted.

1679. By an edict of the 7th May, it was forbidden to arrest or imprison any person except by order of the Governor, or of the Sovereign Council.—An attempt was made this year to establish a parochial clergy, vesting the power of appointment in the Seigneurs; but, owing to the determined opposition of the Bishop, the attempt was not successful.

1680. A great meeting was held at Montreal and negotiations were carried on between the Count de Frontenac and the Iroquois chiefs, with a view to a better understanding between the French and the Indians; but the relations between the Cantons and the French Colony remained on the same uncertain footing up to the time of Frontenac's recall in 1682.

1682. M. Lefebvre de la Barre was appointed to succeed the Count de Frontenac as Governor of Canada; de Frontenac having been recalled owing to the difficulties which arose in carrying on the Government from the Governor's irritable temper. — M. de

Muelles was at the same time appointed Intendant.—A great fire occurred in Quebec, by which nearly all the buildings in the lower town were consumed. —La Salle arrived on the Mississippi from Canada on 2nd February, and conducted an expedition down the river. He claimed the entire valley for the French King, and named it Louisiana in his honour. La Salle was accompanied on this expedition by a priest named Hennepin.

1684. An expedition against the Indians was undertaken by the Governor de la Barre, but it ended in a complete failure; the indecision and want of skill on the part of the Governor alienated the feelings of the Indians who had hitherto been friendly to the French.—M. de la Vallière appointed to command in Acadia, M. de Chambly having gone to Grenada, of which island he had been named Governor. M. de la Vallière seems to have been succeeded in a short time by M. Perrot.

1685. M. de la Barre was superseded on the result of his expedition against the Indians becoming known in France, and was succeeded by Jacques Réné de Brisay, Marquis de Denonville, a cavalry officer of some reputation in the French service.—Six hundred regular troops arrived from France to strengthen the garrisons in Canada.

1686. The Island of St. John (Prince Edward), the Magdalens, and Isle Royale (Cape Breton), were granted by Louis XIV. to Gabriel Gautier, by patent dated in May, 1686.—By the treaty between France and England, dated 16th November, it was stipulated that if hostilities should break out between the two Crowns in Europe, peace should not thereby be broken in America.—The Ursuline Convent at Quebec, which had been rebuilt after the fire of 1650, was again destroyed by fire.

1687. M. de Menneval appointed Governor of Acadia in place of M. Perrot; his government to extend from Cape Gaspé, to the river Kennebec. By commission dated 16th March, he is directed to reside at Port Royal, and to give particular attention to the christianizing of the Indians.—M. de Denonville, having assembled at Montreal a mixed force of upwards of two thousand men, marched up the St. Lawrence, crossed Lake Ontario near the mouth of the Genessee, where he erected a fort, and proceeded to the settlements of the Senecas, who, being defeated in the action which ensued, retired into the woods. The French, having destroyed the provisions and growing crops of the Senecas, retired. The marquis established a fort near Niagara Falls, and, having left a garrison there, returned to Montreal.—Chevalier de Vaudreuil arrived in Quebec with a reinforcement of eight hundred men.

1688. Sieur de Goutins appointed *écrivain du roi* in Acadia.—Sir Edmond Andros, governor of New England, landed at Pentagoët (Penobscot), and pillaged the residence of the Baron de Castine.—M. de la Vallière succeeded M. de Laval as Bishop of Quebec.

1689. The Indians attacked the Island of Montreal on 6th August, and nearly destroyed the settlement; hundreds of persons were cruelly massacred. The want of success in his operations against the Indians on the part of M. de Denonville, led, as in the case of M. de la Barre, to his recall, and he was succeeded by the Count de Frontenac, who arrived at Quebec on the 18th October, accompanied by M. de Callières.

1690. A party of French Canadians and Indians commanded by M. Le Moyne de St. Helène, attacked Corlaer

(Schenectady) during the night of February 18th, and surprising the inhabitants in their sleep, ruthlessly murdered about sixty, and carrying off as many more; with the cattle and other spoil, which they hurriedly gathered together, they returned to Canada. Many stragglers were, however, cut off by the infuriated settlers, who collected and harassed the retiring party.—A second expedition started from Three Rivers under Francois Hertel, who, following the St. Francis and Connecticut rivers, arrived at Salmon Falls (Portsmouth, New Hampshire), on 27th March, where a tragedy similar to that of Corlaer was enacted; some thirty persons were murdered, and a number carried away as prisoners; the houses, cattle, and stores were destroyed by fire.—A third party under M. de Portneuf penetrated to Casco, on Casco Bay, Maine, and, after a slight resistance, captured the forts. They then burned the habitations and demolished the defences, and taking the survivors with them, retreated to Quebec. In this attack the English colonists lost about thirty men, the French two. Mr. Nelson, who had been appointed English Governor of Nova Scotia, was taken prisoner by M. Villebon and sent to Quebec. These expeditions were organized by Count Frontenac with a view to raise the character of the French in the estimation of the Iroquois, the frequent defeats sustained by the Canadians under M. de la Barre and the Marquis de Denonville having completely destroyed the prestige they had acquired during the administration of M. de Courcelle.—Sir William Phipps, governor of Massachusetts, appeared off Quebec on the 16th October with a fleet and a body of troops under Major Walley and demanded the surrender of Quebec. Count Frontenac returned an indignant refusual, and Sir William opened fire upon the city. The troops landed on the 18th, but after two days fighting, (during which M. de Sainte Helène was mortally wounded) the English came to the conclusion to abandon the attempt; the troops were therefore re-embarked, and the fleet returned to Boston. Great rejoicing took place after the departure of the fleet, and a new church, *Notre Dame de la Victoire*, was erected in honor of the victory.* Annapolis, then called Port Royal, was captured by the English under Sir William Phipps. In May, M. de Menneval, the Governor, and the whole garrison (about 40 men) were taken prisoners, and the settlement was pillaged. The Chevalier de Villebon arrived at Port Royal on 14th June, and learning what had taken place, he withdrew to Gemisick (Jemseg) and proceeded thence to Quebec. Commissioners from the English Colonies met at New York on 1st May to concert measures for joint attack on the French possessions. A deputation was sent to London to solicit naval and military co-operation.

1691. The Indians assembled in force at the confluence of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence above Montreal, and from thence threatened the settlements, treating with the greatest cruelty such of the inhabitants as fell into their hands.

1692. The Grey Nunnery at Montreal was founded this year.—Early in the spring Colonel Schuyler of New York invaded Canada at the head of a considerable body of colonial militia and Indians; he was, however, met and defeated by a force under M. de Varennes.—The defences of Quebec were greatly improved and strengthened this

* A medal was struck by the King of France, bearing the words "Francia in novo orbe victrix Kebeca liberata, A. D., M.D.C.X.C."

year, and the St. Louis and St. John gates were built.—An edict of the king was issued in March authorizing the establishment of a general hospital at Quebec, and also confirming the establishment of the Recollets.

1692. Sir William Phipps dispatched an expedition to Nachouac (now Nashwaak) up the St. John river to capture Villebon, but finding the French were prepared, the attack was abandoned. —A fort was erected at Pemaquid by Sir William Phipps, under instructions from the English government.

1693. Frontenac led an attack against the Iroquois early in the season. —This year the court called *Justice Royale* was established at Montreal. It was a court having both criminal and civil jurisdiction, and was sanctioned by an edict dated March, 1693.

1694. The Indians having suffered very severely from the incursions of the French in 1693, sent emissaries to Quebec and Montreal to negociate a treaty.

1695. Fort Frontenac was reëstablished and garrisoned.

1696. M. de Frontenac having fixed upon *Isle Perrot* as the place of rendezvous, ordered all the forces of the colony to assemble there, and having collected some two thousand three hundred men, left on 7th July to attack the Indian settlements on the south side of Lake Ontario. Having destroyed the villages of the Onondagas and Oneidas, the governor suddenly decided, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his lieutenants de Calliére, de Ramezay, and de Vaudreuil, to return to Montreal. It was upon this occasion that the French captured a very old man,* the only person left in the settlement, and handed him over to their Indian allies to be tortured, a fate which he bore with the greatest fortitude.

1696. M. d'Iberville captured the English fort at Pemaquid which was demolished. The English settlements in Newfoundland were attacked by a French squadron of six men of war. The English man of war, *Sapphire*, was destroyed by her captain (Cleasby) to prevent her falling into the hands of the French, who made prisoners of the crew, and inflicted great injury on the settlements.—Major Benjamin Church, commissioned by Lieutenant-Governor Stoughton of Massachusetts, embarked at Boston, and proceeded to Beaubassin (Chignecto) which he completely destroyed. This expedition, having been joined by Colonel Haythorne, who assumed the command, then ascended the St. John river and attacked Villebon at Nachouac, but was repulsed.

1697. By the treaty of Ryswick, ratified by King William III. on 25th September, 1697, France was confirmed in the possession of Canada and Acadia.—A French fleet under the Marquis of Nesmond was sent from Brest to attack the English settlements in Newfoundland and New England, but not arriving at Placentia until 27th July, the design was abondoned.—Governor Bradstreet, of Massachusetts, died at Salem on 27th March, aged 94. —Sir John Gibson was dispatched to Newfoundland with large reinforcements.

1698. Fort William, at the harbour of St. John, Newfoundland, was built by Sir John Gibson.—In May, Lord Bellamont, then governor of New York and Massachusetts, sent Colonel Schuyler on a mission to Count Frontenac, informing the latter of the conclusion

* Stated to have been nearly 100 years of age.

of peace, and proposing an exchange of prisoners. Owing to a misunderstanding which arose, this mission led to a controversy which Count Frontenac did not live to see the end of. Count Frontenac died, after a few days illness, at Quebec, on 28th November; his remains were interred in the Church of the Recollets, at Quebec. On the death of Count Frontenac, he was succeeded by M. Louis Hector de Callière, who was at that time commandant at Montreal.*

1700. M. de Fontenn sent by the King of France to report on the state of affairs in Acadia. He advised the king to abandon the forts on the river St. John, (at Nachouac and St. John) and to make Port Royal the headquarters of the government.—Captain John Alden, in a memorial addressed to his excellency the Earl of Bellamont, then governor of New York, claims the St. Croix River and Passamaquoddy Bay to be the boundary between the French and English possessions.—M. de Villebon,* governor of Acadia, died on 5th July. He was succeeded by M. de Bouillon.—The Governor, de Callière, sent a deputation composed of MM. Bruyas (a priest), de Maricourt, and Joncaire to the Cantons to confer with the Iroquois, and a kind of preliminary treaty was entered into at Montreal on 18th September.—Marguerite de Bourgeois, who founded the Convent de la Congregation (Black Nunnery) at Montreal, died at Montreal on 12th January, in the 80th year of her age.

1701. Towards the end of July, some fifteen hundred Indians assembled at Montreal, including Abenaquis, Hurons, Algonquins, Montagnais, and converted Iroquois, and a grand conference took place, which ended in the conclusion of a general peace on 4th August, 1701. Amongst those who came to attend this gathering, were Nicholas Perrot, and the famous chief Kondiaronk (Le Rat), who has been

* [The following paragraph and notes were inadvertently omitted under their proper dates. It has been thought well to give them place here before proceeding to the next century.]

1635. Christmas Day, 1635, was a dark day in the annals of New France. In a chamber of the fort at Quebec, breathless and cold, lay the hardy frame which war, the wilderness, and the sea had buffeted so long in vain. After two months and a half of illness, Champlain, at the age of sixty-eight, was dead. His last cares were for his colony, and the succour of its suffering families. Jesuits, officers, soldiers, traders, and the few settlers of Quebec, followed his remains to the Church; Le Jeune pronounced his eulogy, and the feeble community built a tomb in his honour.—*Francis Parkman.*

1660. This year should be ever memorable in the history of Canada for the noble act of self-devotion of Adam d'Aulac, Sieur des Ormeaux, and his sixteen brave companions, who met the Iroquois whilst descending the Ottawa on their way to attack the settlements at Montreal. D'Aulac had taken possession of a small palisade fort, and he and his companions, aided by a party of Hurons under Annahotaha (most of whom, however, deserted during the fight and joined the Iroquois) defended the post with such persistent vigor, that when d'Aulac and his companions had all been slain (save five Hurons who escaped to Montreal), the Iroquois, dismayed at their losses, returned home, sullen and dejected.

Note to 1666.—Many of the settlements on the St. Lawrence were named after the officers of the Carignan regiment—for instance, Berthier, Sorel, Chambly, Saint Ours, Contrecœur, Varennes, Vercheres. The greater part of this regiment remained in Canada. Seignories were granted to the officers, and they, in turn, gave lands to their men; and thus a chain of military settlements was formed between Quebec and Montreal.

* M. de Villebon is said, by some wriers, to have been one of the eleven sons of Charles le Moyne, first baron de Longueuil. This, however, can hardly be the case, as Mr. J. M. LeMoine, in "Maple Leaves," says the sons were de Longueuil (the younger), d'Iberville, de Maricourt, de Serigny, de Bienville, de Chateauguay, d'Assigny, Jean Baptiste (de Bienville), and Antoine de St. Helene, all, but one who died young, men of great mark who contributed largely to the advancement of their country.

styled "*an Indian only in name*" by those amongst the French who knew him best.—The Seminary of Quebec was destroyed by fire on the 15th November.—A fort was erected at Detroit this year.—The Earl of Bellamont, governor of New York, died at New York.

1702. King William III. died in March, and Queen Anne ascended the throne. On 4th May, war was declared by Great Britain, Germany, and Holland, against France and Spain.

1703. M. de Callière died at Quebec on 26th May. On the death of M. de Callière, the colonists petitioned the king to appoint as his successor, M. de Vaudreuil, then governor of Montreal, and his Majesty having been pleased to accede to this request, Philippe de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, became governor of Canada on 1st August, 1703. —Sir John Leake with an English fleet, destroyed three French men of war, and upwards of thirty merchantmen off the coast of Newfoundland.—A decree was issued at Versailles on 20th March, cancelling previous grants of lands in Nova Scotia, to the duke de Vendôme le Borgne, Latour and others, declaring Acadia reunited to the Royal Domain, and granting lands to Latour and others in lieu of those resumed by the Crown. —A conference was held by Governor Dudley, of Massachusetts, with the Indians of Acadia at Casco, where assurances of peace and friendship were mutually given, but, in less than two months, these same Indians attacked the English settlements all along the frontier, with their usual ferocity.—François de Laval de Montmorency, Abbé de Montigny, who was sent to Canada in 1659 to preside over the church in Canada, with the rank of Vicar Apostolic, and who subsequently became Bishop of Petrœa, and later first Bishop of Quebec, which dignity he resigned in 1688, died at Quebec at the advanced age of 86.*—M. de Beauharnois was appointed Royal Intendant in place of M. de Champigny.

1704. In May an expedition left Boston to scour the coasts of the Bay of Fundy and Basin of Mines, under Colonel Benjamin Church, who finished by landing at Beaubassin (Chignecto), which he destroyed.—Peregrine White, the first child born in the Plymouth Colony, died on 20th July, aged 83 years. His descendants are said to have removed with other loyalists to the County of Shelbourne, Nova Scotia. — The Bishop of Quebec, (Jean Baptiste de la Croix de St. Valier), whilst on his way from France to Canada in *La Seine*, a French frigate, was captured by the English, and carried a prisoner to England.

1707. The English Colonies sent a large force to attack Port Royal, (Annapolis), by sea and land ; the attack failed, but the beseiged, commanded by Subercase, assisted by de Castin, were very hard pressed, and had great difficulty in maintaining the place.

1708. Deerfield and Haverhill, in New England, were destroyed by an expedition from Canada, under de Chaillons and Hertel de Rouville, and many of the inhabitants were massacred.

* Francois Xavier de Laval-Montmorency, Abbé de Montigny, born at Laval, Maine, France, 23rd March, 1622—a descendant of the great Constable of France, Anne de Montmorency—trained under the immediate superintendence of Bernieres de Louvigny at the well-known "Hermitage" at Caen, was the man selected by le Jeune as a fit ruler for the Church in Canada, and the choice did credit to the sagacity of the learned Jesuit. Laval was a man born to rule ; his proud, imperious nature could brook no superior (and whilst in Canada he certainly never acknowledged one). He was consecrated Bishop of Petrœa, and appointed Vicar-Apostolic for Canada. M. de Laval was thus the first Bishop sent to Canada.

1709. St. John's, Newfoundland, captured by M. de St. Ovide, who commanded the French post at Placentia. Carbonnear was thus the only place in the Island still occupied by the British.

1710. The New England States again invested Port Royal, which, after holding out for about three weeks, capitulated on 16th October. The name of the place was then changed to Annapolis. Port Royal was defended on this occasion, as in 1707, by Subercase and the Baron de St. Castin; the English were under the command of Francis Nicholson, as general, with Colonel Vetch as adjutant-general. After the surrender, Vetch remained in command with a garrison of marines and New England volunteers.

1711. Sir Hovendon Walker sailed from Boston in command of a large fleet, and numerous transports, having on board 4,000 men, destined to operate against Canada, but owing to the damage sustained by the fleet by a heavy storm at sea, the expedition was abandoned, and General Nicholson, who had left New York at the head of an army intended to co-operate with Admiral Walker, returned to New York without firing a shot.

1712. A rumour having spread abroad that another attack was about to be made on Quebec, the merchants raised a subscription amounting to 50,000 crowns, which sum they presented to the Governor to aid him in his preparations of the defence of the city.—Michel Bégon de la Picardière became Intendant of Canada.

1713. On 11th April, 1713, a treaty of peace was signed at Utrecht, between Queen Anne and Louis XIV., by which the French King surrendered to Great Britain, all claim to Hudson's Bay, Acadia, (Nova Scotia), and Newfoundland. Cape Breton was still to belong to France. General Nicholson* was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia, and Colonel John Moody Governor of Newfoundland.

1714. Queen Anne died on 1st August, and was succeeded by George, Elector of Hanover, who became George I. of England.—M. de Mornay appointed coadjutor to the Bishop of Quebec. —M. de Vaudreuil went to France on leave of absence: M. de Ramezay administered the affairs of the colony during the absence of the governor.

1715. Louis XIV., King of France and Navarre, died 1st September, after a reign of over seventy years, having ascended the throne on the 14th May, 1643. He was succeeded by his grandson Louis XV., born 15th February, 1710.—Phillippe, duke of Orleans, became regent.

1716. M. de Vaudreuil returned to Canada.

1717. An edict was issued by the king on the 12th January, establishing a Court of Admiralty for Canada.—Benjamin Church, who had frequently commanded expeditions against the French settlements in Acadia, died, aged 78.—Colonel Richard Phillipps was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland; his commission, however, bears date 9th July, 1719.

1718. Ginseng, (*Aralia quinquefolia*), was discovered in Canada by the Jesuit Lafitau. This plant has at times become a valuable export from

* Francis Nicholson who had been Lieutenant-Governor of New York, Virginia and Maryland in succession, and finally Governor in chief of Virginia, subsequently became Governor of Nova Scotia (1713), and South Carolina (1721). It is very doubtful if any other person ever filled the office of governor in so many different places.

Canada, but the distance of the only market (China), and the consequent uncertainty attending the trade, led to its abandonment.

1719. Colonel Gledhill was appointed lieutenant-governor of Placentia in place of Colonel Moody.

1720 Charlevoix visited Canada, and travelled as far as Lake St. Clair; from his glowing description of the climate, the scenery, and the attractions of Canadian society, he would seem to have been highly pleased with his visit.—The fortifications at Louisburg, Cape Breton, were completed at a cost of a million and a half sterling. Louisburg at this time traded largely in coal, fish and lumber with the West Indies.—Improvements were commenced in the fortifications at Montreal and Quebec, under the superintendence of M. Gaspard Chaussegros de Léry, the expense being defrayed by an assessment upon the inhabitants of the two cities.—Governor Phillipps* arrived from Boston at Annapolis Royal, in the middle of April.—Canso attacked and plundered by the Indians on 7th August; loss estimated at £20,000.

1721. Baron de St. Castin, who was recognized by the Abenaquis as their chief, was taken prisoner by an armed vessel from Boston. After being kept for several months in captivity, he was released on the urgent representations of M. de Vaudreuil. The capture of St. Castin was followed by an immediate attack on the New England settlements by the Abenaquis. The Jesuit Père Rasle was killed by the Americans in one of the attacks upon the Abenaquis.—Mails were regularly conveyed between Montreal and Quebec for the first time.

1722. Canada was divided, (with the assent of the duke of Orleans, then regent of France), into eighty-two parishes.—Governor Phillipps writes from Canso to the Board of Trade at Whitehall, that he has been drawn into a war with the Indians.

1723. The duke of Orleans, regent of France, died 22nd November.—As an indication of the great impetus which the long peace had given to the commerce of Canada, it is stated that nineteen vessels cleared from Quebec this year, and eight vessels (including two men-of-war), were built.

1725. Colonel Schuyler, and three deputies from New England, went to Montreal to treat for peace with the Indian chiefs then assembled in that city. The conferences were held under the auspices of M. de Vaudreuil.—The French man-of-war *Le Chameau*, having on board the new Intendant, M. de Chazel, M. de Louvigny, Governor of Three Rivers, and many officers, ecclesiastics and others, was wrecked at Cape Breton, and all on board lost.—M. de Mornay succeeded M. de St. Valier as Bishop of Quebec.—Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence Armstrong appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia on 8th February.—The long and successful administration of the first Marquis de Vaudreuil was terminated by his death on 10th October, an event which caused the deepest sorrow to the Canadians, by whom the marquis was held in the highest esteem. On the death of her husband, Madame de Vaudreuil returned to France.—M. Bégon, who had so ably filled the post of Intendant during the administration of M. de Vaudreuil, returned to France

* The Nova Scotia Archives, (published by the Record Commission, 1869), contain a number of letters from Governor Phillipps to the Right Honorable James Craggs, Secretary of State, in which the affairs of the colony are discussed with great minuteness.

on the death of the marquis.—M. Le Moyne, Baron de Longueuil, (a Canadian), Governor of Montreal, administered the affairs of the colony pending the appointment of a successor to M. de Vaudreuil.

1726. Charles, Marquis de Beauharnois, who had been appointed Governor of Canada on the death of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, arrived in Quebec, accompained by M. Dupuis, who (M. de Chazel who was first named having been lost on his passage to Canada), succeeded M. Bégon as Intendant.—A treaty of peace was made at Boston, (called Dummer's treaty) on 15th December, 1725, between the Indians of Nova Scotia and New England, and the governments of the New England States and Nova Scotia. This treaty was signed by the Nova Scotia Council and the Indian chiefs, at Annapolis, on 4th June, 1726.—John Doucett, Lieutenant-Governor of the fort at Annapolis, died on 19th November.

1727. King George I. died on Sunday, 11th June, and was succeeded by his son, George II.—Lieutenant Otho Hamilton was appointed secretary to the council in Nova Scotia on 28th July.

1728. David Dunbar, surveyor-general of His Majesty's woods in America, was, by commission from the Lords of the Treasury, dated Whitehall, May 9, 1728, appointed surveyor-general of His Majesty's lands within the Province of Nova Scotia, and to mark out and set apart, for masts and timber for the use of the Royal Navy, 200,000 acres.

1729. Governor Phillipps arrived at Annapolis Royal from England, (having spent some weeks at Canso on his way), on 20th November.

1731. Governor Phillipps left Annapolis for England on 27th August, 1731, to arrange certain affairs connected with the regiment of which he was colonel. Lieutenant-Governor Armstrong assumed the government on the departure of General Philipps.—The French erected a strong fort on Lake Champlain,* at a point afterwards known as Crown Point.

1733. M. Pierre Herman Dosquet, Bishop of Samos, coadjutor to the Bishop of Quebec, superseded M. de Mornay in the Bishopric of Quebec.

1734. Bishop Dosquet visited Canada, but returned to France the same year.

1736. Lieutenant-Governor Armstrong, writing from Annapolis in September, says that he has nine effective companies for the defence of Nova Scotia, and that there is one more company stationed at Placentia.—Colonel Gledhill, Lieutenant-Governor of Placentia, Newfoundland, died, and was succeeded by Major Henry Cope.

1737. Isaac Provender, a lad of ten or eleven years of age, was arrested for setting fire, on the 19th of April, to the house of his master, Lieutenant Amherst, at Annapolis; the house and contents were entirely consumed. The case is mentioned as the deliberations of the Lieutenant-Governor (Armstrong) and his council shew with what care, even in the earliest days of the colony, justice was administered; the decision arrived at being, that as the boy was within the years of discretion, they could not proceed against him.—A commission was appointed by the Board of Trade to settle the boundaries between Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire; the Nova Scotia members of the commission sailed for Hampton, where the commission was to sit, on 3rd July.

* Fort Frederic, so named in honor of Jean Frederic Phelippeaux, Count de Maurepas, at that time Minister of Marine.

1738. The Lieutenant-Governor and council of Nova Scotia appointed, by an order dated 13th January, four terms annually for the trial of causes, viz., the first Tuesday in March and May, and the last Tuesday in July and November. On 10th June, the council of Nova Scotia addressed a letter of remonstrance to Governor Phillipps (then in England), giving in detail a list of the reasons, which, in their opinion, hindered the advancement of the Province.

1739. On Thursday, 6th December, the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Lieutenant-Colonel Armstrong,* was found dead in his bed, having five wounds in his breast, his sword lying carelessly by his side. An inquest was held on the 7th, and a verdict of lunacy rendered.—M. Pourray de l'Auberivière was appointed Bishop of Quebec.—On the death of Lieutenant-Governor Armstrong, the government of Nova Scotia was assumed by Mr. John Adams, the senior member of the council.

1740. M. de l'Auberivière, Bishop of Quebec, arrived in Quebec. An epidemic was raging at the time; he caught the infection, and died before he could take up his duties.—Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Mascarene was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia in succession to Lieutenant-Governor Armstrong. Colonel Mascerene was major of General Phillipps' regiment, and had been a member of the Nova Scotia council since 1720.—A formal declaration of war between Great Britian and Spain was made on 14th May at Annapolis.—A royal commission, dated 4th September, 1740, to mark out and settle the boundaries between the Provinces of Massachusetts Bay and the Colony of Rhode Island, was issued, and amongst the members of this commission were included five members of the council of Nova Scotia.

1741. M. Dubreuil de Pontbriant was nominated by Benedict XIV. to succeed M. de l'Auberivière, as Bishop of Quebec.

1742. Lieutenant-Colonel Cosby, who was lieutenant-colonel of General Phillipps regiment, and lieutenant-governor of the fort and garrison at Annapolis, died on 27th December.

1744. M. du Vivier, with a force from Louisburg, surprised and captured Canso on 13th May, carried the small garrison, seventy or eighty men, and the inhabitants to Louisburg. Canso was burned, and an English vessel in port captured.—A proclamation informing the inhabitants of the war between England and France, was published at Annapolis on 15th June.—The Indians attacked Annapolis on 1st July, and on 25th August were joined by Du Vivier with eight hundred men, chiefly Indians and militia. Aid was sent to Annapolis from time to time from Boston, and after failing in all his attempts to take the place, Du Vivier retired on 26th September.—War was declared tween Great Britain and France, by France on 15th March, and by Great Britain on 9th April. From this date such laws only were to have force in Canada, as were duly registered by the superior council at Quebec; hence the French *Code Marchand*, not having been registered, was not in force in Canada.—A shock of earthquake was felt at Quebec on the 16th May.

1745. An expedition for the conquest of Cape Breton, under command of Colonel William Pepperell, sailed from

* Lawrence Armstrong was Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment of General Phillipps, which had been stationed in Nova Scotia for many years. He was appointed a member of the first council of Nova Scotia, called by Governor Phillipps at Annapolis in 1720. He was appointed lieutenant-governor 8th February, 1725.

Nantasket on 24th March, and arrived at Canso on 4th April. The land forces numbered about four thousand men, being militia from New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut; the naval part of the expedition amounted to thirteen armed vessels, carrying two hundred guns. The principal officers who accompanied the force, were Colonel Pepperell, (with local rank of lieutenant-general), in command, Colonels Wolcott, (with local rank of major-general), Samuel Waldo, John Bradstreet, Jeremiah Moulton, Messervé, Gorham, Gridley, and Vaughan, and Captains (naval) Edward Tyng and Rouse. The expedition reached Louisburg on 30th April. On the 18th May, the *Vigilant*, a French ship-of-war of sixty-four guns, commanded by the Marquis de la Maisonforte, and having on board stores for the garrison, was captured by the *Mermaid*, belonging to the fleet of Commodore Warren, which, having followed the expedition to Canso, was then co-operating with the land forces. Louisburg capitulated on 15th June, and the British forces entered the town on the 17th. The garrison, comprising six hundred regular soldiers, and one thousand three hundred militia, together with the inhabitants, about two thousand, were sent to France. The news of the capture of Louisburg was received in London with great rejoicing. Pepperell was made a baronet, and Commodore Warren a rear admiral. Commissions as colonels in the regular service were issued to Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, and Pepperell.

1746. Jacques Pierre de Taffanell, Marquis de la Jonquière, Admiral of France, was appointed to succeed the Marquis de Beauharnois as Governor of Canada, but was taken prisioner (on his voyage from France to Canada), by the British fleet, under Admiral Anson, in action off Cape Finisterre on the 3rd May.—The New England troops, who had been in garrison at Louisburg since its capture in June, 1745, were relieved on 24th May by Fuller's and Warburton's regiments (with part of Frampton's), which had been despatched from England the previous autumn, and had wintered in Virginia. M. de Ramezay arrived at Beaubassin, from Quebec, in June, at the head of six hundred Canadians, with the intention of organizing an attack upon Annapolis. The duke d'Auville, who had command of the expedition despatched from Rochelle on 22nd June for the re-conquest of Cape Breton and Acadia, arrived at Chibouctou, Halifax, on 10th September, and died there on 17th. He was buried on a small island (said to be St. George's Island), at the entrance to the harbour. Vice-Admiral d'Estournelle, who commanded the fleet, desired to return to France, but his views not being acceptable to the council of war, called on the 18th September to determine the course to be pursued, he fell on his sword, and died the next day. The fleet soon afterwards encountered a storm off Cape Sable, and was dispersed, and so eventually returned to France—having suffered great loss by storms and sickness, without effecting anything. Troops were sent from Boston in December to the Basin of Mines, to assist in repelling the expected attack of de Ramezay. Colonel Noble commanded; the force numbered about four hundred and seventy men, and were quartered among the people at Grand Pré.

1747. On the capture of the Marquis de la Jonquière becoming known to the French Government, Roland Michel Barrin, Count de la Galisonnière, was appointed Governor, *ad interim*, and immediately sailed for Quebec, where he arrived on September 19th.—Madame Youville assumed charge of the Grey

Nunnery at Montreal.—M. de Bienville, under the instructions of the governor, defined the boundaries between the French and English possessions, and marked the line by sinking, at proper intervals, leaden plates bearing the Royal Arms of France.—An attack was made by the French, under command of M. Coulon de Villiers, before day-break, on 11th February, upon the English, under Colonel Noble, at Grand Pré (Horton). Colonel Noble was aroused from his sleep and killed, before he had time to dress; four other officers, and a number of men, variously estimated at from seventy to one hundred and forty, were killed, and some fifty or sixty taken prisoners; the remainder of the force, who were entrenched in a stone building, renewed the action the next day, but were compelled to capitulate, being allowed however, to retain their arms and ammunition on condition that they left for Annapolis in forty eight hours.

1748. A proclamation of Governor Shirley of Massachusetts,* dated 21st October, 1747, was received at Annapolis on 12th April, promising the king's protection to the loyal inhabitants of Nova Scotia, proscribing, by name, twelve persons who had been guilty of treason, and offering a reward for their apprehension.—A treaty of peace was signed by France and Great Britain at Aix-la-Chapelle, on 7th October, by which Cape Breton (Isle Royale) was restored to the French Crown. A sum of £235,749 sterling was voted by Parliament to the New England Colonies, to indemnify them for the expenses incurred in the conquest of Louisburg.—Francois Bigot appointed Intendant of Canada.

1749. The Marquis de la Jonquière, who had been set at liberty, sailed for Canada, and relieved the Count de la Galisonnière,* who returned to France, for which he sailed from Quebec on 24th September.—Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, visited Canada during this year.—Colonel the Honorable Edward Cornwallis† was gazetted as Governor of Nova Scotia on 9th May, and sailed on 14th. He reached Chebucto (now Halifax) on 21st June. A large number of settlers came out with Colonel Cornwallis, and early in July the first preparations were made for a permanent settlement. On 14th July the new council was sworn in, and general rejoicing took place. On 18th July, at a council held on board His Majesty's Ship *Beaufort*, the new settlement was named Halifax in honour of the Earl of Halifax,‡ then President of the Board of Trade.—The first trial for murder in Nova Scotia took place at Halifax. One Peter Carteet had stabbed the boatswain's mate of the *Beaufort* man-of-war, Abraham Goodside by name; juries were empanelled on 31st August,

* It may, at first sight, appear strange that a proclamation having reference to the affairs of Nova Scotia, should be issued by the Governor of Massachusetts, but it must be borne in mind, that the possession of Nova Scotia was altogether owing to the constant aid and support derived from the New England States.

* M. de la Galissonniere was charged in 1756 with an expedition to Minorca for the seige of Port Mahon; his fleet, on his return, was met by Admiral Byng's squadron, which he defeated. He died at Nemonis on 26th October, 1756, on his way to Fontainebleau, where Louis XV. then was.

† The Honourable Edward Cornwallis, was the son of Charles, third Baron Cornwallis; he was born in 1712. He was colonel of the 24th foot, was Member of Parliament for Eye in 1749, for Westminster in 1753, afterwards Governor of Gibraltar. His twin brother, Frederick, was Archbishop of Canterbury.

‡ George Dunk Montague, Earl of Halifax, was President of the Board of Trade in 1748, he was subsequently Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, a Lord of the Admiralty and Secre ary of State. Lord Halifax died in 1772, when, having no heirs male, the earldom expired.

a grand jury brought in a true bill, and on trial before the governor and council, who sat as a general court, the petit jury found him guilty of murder, and Carteet was hanged accordingly, under a warrant from the governor, on 13th September.

1750. Commissioners met in Paris to determine the boundaries of Nova Scotia. The British commissioners were William Shirley (Governor of Massachusetts) and William Mildmay. The French commissioners were the Marquis de la Galissonnière and M. Etienne de Silhouette. The conferences lasted for three years, but were practically useless owing to the impossibility of reconciling the conflicting claims of the two parties.—M. de la Jonquière caused a fort (named Fort Rouillé, after M. Rouillé de Jouy, then foreign minister at Paris) to be erected on the site now occupied by the City of Toronto.—Notwithstanding the appointment of a commission to determine the boundaries of the English and French possessions in North America, a feeling of mutual distrust was rapidly spreading amongst the subjects of both crowns, and M. de la Jonquière was most energetic in devising means of checking the encroachments of the English colonists. He strengthened the post at Detroit, and despatched reinforcements to the Alleghanies; whilst at the same time the Chevalier de la Corne was instructed to lose no time in organizing the Acadians, and opposing, by every means in his power, the advance of British settlements in Nova Scotia. The possession of Chignecto at once became an object of importance to both parties, and whilst La Corne erected a fort at Beausejour, around which Father Le Loutre* collected his Acadians, Major Lawrence was despatched from Halifax to erect a fort on the eastern side of the Missiguash, afterwards known as Fort Lawrence.—Sir Danvers Osborne, Bart.,† arrived at Halifax in the *Saltash* sloop on the 23rd August, and was sworn in as one of His Majesty's Council for Nova Scotia on 29th August.—Edward How was treacherously shot through the heart by a party of Indians under Le Loutre, whilst holding parley with a French officer across the Missiguash river (Chignecto).

1751. Count de Raymond succeeded M. Desherbiers as Governor of Louisburg. Dartmouth, (opposite Halifax) Nova Scotia, attacked by Indians in May, and, notwithstanding the presence of a company of rangers, a number of persons were killed, and others carried away as prisoners before the Indians were driven off.

1752. The Marquis de la Jonquière died at Quebec on the 17th May, and Charles le Moyne, Baron de Longueuil, Governor of Montreal, replaced him pending the appointment of a successor. Captain the Marquis Duquesne de Menneville, an officer of marine, was appointed to succeed M. de la Jonquière.—Two ships laden with wheat were despatched from Quebec to Marseilles,

* Louis Joseph de la Loutre was sent to Canada the Society of Foreign Missions at Paris in 1737. In 1740 he was missionary to the Micmacs in Nova Scotia. In 1743 he led a body of Abenaqui Indians in an attack upon Annapolis. De Loutre held the office of Vicar-General in Acadia, and was a most determined opponent of British power in America. After having misled the unfortunate Acadians by his pernicious counsels, he deserted them at their greatest need, and went to Quebec, where he found a very cold reception. He then sailed for France, but the vessel in which he sailed was captured by the English, and he was sent a prisoner to Jersey, where he remained until the conclusion of peace in 1763 when he returned to France.

† Sir Danvers Osborne was M.P. for Bedfordshire in 1747; was appointed Governor of New York in June, 1753; and died in that province a few days after his arrival

being, in all probability, the first cargoes of wheat shipped from Canada.—Peregrine Thomas Hopson, colonel of the 40th regiment, was sworn in as Governor of Nova Scotia, on 3rd August, in place of Governor Cornwallis, who returned to England.—Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable Robert Monckton (who afterwards fought at Quebec) was appointed to command at Chignecto, (Fort Lawrence).

1753. Fort Duquesne (on the site of the modern city of Pittsburg) was built at the confluence of the Monongahela and the Alleghany rivers with the Ohio, by M. de Contrecœur, acting under the instructions of M. Duquesne. Fort Venango was also erected at the same time, at the junction of the Rivière aux Bœufs with the Alleghany. To counteract the influence of the French, the English built a fort on the Monongahela, which was called Fort Necessity, and was erected under the superintendence of Lieutenant-Colonel George Washington.*—A settlement was made at Lunenburg (Nova Scotia) by a number of German emigrants, who arrived there from Halifax on 7th June.—Governor Hopson sailed from Halifax for England on 1st November, leaving Charles Lawrence as Lieutenant-Governor.—The German settlers at Lunenburg (Nova Scotia) became so dissatisfied, mainly owing, no doubt, to their ignorance of the English laws and language, that they broke into open rebellion, and Colonel Monckton was sent down from Halifax with two hundred regulars to restore order. The ringleader, Hoffman, was arrested, and taken prisoner to Halifax, when order was soon restored.

1754. Jonathan Belcher appointed Chief Justice of Nova Scotia.—William Osgoode, first Chief Justice of Upper Canada, born in March.—M. de Jumonville,* a French officer, was killed on 28th May, in a skirmish near Fort Duquesne, between a small party of Canadians under his command, and a body of Virginia militia under Lieutenant-Colonel George Washington. On 28th June M. de Contrecœur despatched a force of six hundred French and one hundred Indians from Fort Duquesne, under the command of M. de Villiers, to attack Washington's force wherever it might be found.—On the 3rd July M. de Villiers attacked the Virginians, who had reached Fort Necessity; after sustaining the French fire for ten hours, Washington, having lost ninety men, was, on 4th July, obliged to surrender. The garrison were, however, permitted to march out with the honors of war, and to return to Virginia with everything but their artillery, which was to be destroyed by the captors.—The Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours at Montreal was destroyed by fire.

1755. The Marquis Duquesne, desiring to re-enter the naval service, requested his recall, and was succeeded by Pierre Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil-Cavagnal—Governor of Louisiana—who was born at Quebec in 1698.—A large fleet, under Admiral de la Mothe, sailed from Brest at the end of April, having on board the new governor, and upwards of 3000 men under the command of Major-General the Baron Dieskau. Admiral Boscawen, with an English fleet, was despatched to intercept the French fleet, and succeeded

* It was whilst engaged in these expeditions against the French on the Monongahela, that Washington laid the foundation of that great reputation as a military commander, which he acquired in after years.

* The circumstance attending the death of Jumonville gave rise to much angry recrimination, it being held by the French that he was shot whilst bearing a message under a flag of truce, whilst Washington explictly denies that any foundation existed for such a statement.

in taking two men-of-war off Cape Race; the remainder of the fleet reached Quebec in safety in July. — Major-General Braddock arrived at New York with reinforcements, and immediately took the field, but met with a most disastrous repulse on the 9th of July, whilst advancing on Fort Duquesne; upwards of sixty British officers were killed and wounded. General Braddock received a shot which passed through his right arm into his lungs, from the effects of which he died on the 13th. M. de Beaujeu, who commanded the French, was also among the slain. — Colonel Washington, who was present on this occasion on the staff of General Braddock, was one of the few officers who escaped unhurt, and he was thus enabled to render valuable service in conducting the retreat of the remnants of the British force.—Sir William Johnson, who had marched against Crown Point with a force of militia and a small body of Indians, was more successful, having, on the 8th September, completely defeated Baron Dieskau, who was severely wounded and taken prisoner.—An expedition under Colonels Winslow and Monckton against the Acadian settlements in the vicinity of Baie Verte was also attended with success. Fort Beausé jour (commanded by M. Vergor Duchambon) was attacked by Colonel Monckton, and, after a few days' resistance, surrendered on the 16th June. Fort Gaspereaux was taken by Colonel Winslow on the 18th. The capture of these forts placed the Acadian population entirely at the mercy of their conquerors, and, after much consideration, the council of Nova Scotia came to the conclusion that the only safe means of preventing the return of the Acadian families and their formation into a compact body always ready to act adversely to British interests, was to distribute them amongst the colonies from Georgia to New England, and this was accordingly done. Many of the Acadians, however, with that love of country with which they were so deeply imbued, found their way in after years to the land of their birth, and very many of their descendants are counted in the present population of Nova Scotia.—General Shirley, who, on the death of General Braddock, succeeded to the command of the army, was despatched with a strong force to act against Fort Niagara, but, after throwing a reinforcement of seven hundred men into Oswego, he returned to Albany.—Fort William Henry was erected by Sir William Johnson, on the site of his action with the French under the Baron Dieskau.

1756. The Earl of Loudon* was appointed Governor of Virginia, and Commander of the British forces in America, and the Marquis de Montcalm to a similar position in Canada. With the Marquis de Montcalm came the Chevalier de Lévis, M. de Bougainville, and M. Bourlamaque, officers of distinguished merit, and troops to the number of about a thousand.—War was declared between France and Great Britain, (on 18th May in London, and on 9th June at Versailles).—Charles Lawrence† was appointed Captain-

* John Campbell, fourth Earl of Loudon, was born in 1705; succeeded his father in the earldom November 1731. He raised a regiment of Highlanders to oppose the Pretender in 1745; became Colonel of the 30th regiment of foot in 1749; Colonel of the 60th Royal Americans in 1755; Colonel of a regiment of Foot Guards in 1770; and died, unmarried, on 27th April, 1782, aged 77.

† Charles Lawrence was Major in Warburton's regiment of foot; he went to Halifax with the troops in 1749, and was sworn in as a member of the council on 31st July of that year, by Governor Cornwallis. He was gazetted Colonel in 1757, and commanded a brigade at the siege of Louisburg in 1758. Colonel Lawrence died, unmarried, at Halifax on 19th Octo-

General and Governor-in-Chief; and Robert Monckton Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia,‡ by royal commission, and they were sworn in on 23rd July.—Fort Oswego, on the River Chouagen, was invested by the Marquis de Montcalm, and after a short resistance, was taken on the 16th August. Large stores of ammunition and provisions, one hundred and twenty-one guns, seven armed vessels, a large sum of money, and 1600 prisoners, (chiefly of Shirley's and Pepperell's regiments), fell into the hands of the enemy.—War was publicly declared against France in Halifax on 9th August.

1757. An expedition, under the Earl of Loudon and Admiral Holburne, was despatched against Louisburg, but finding the French had (including the Indians) a garrison of 10,000 men, and a fleet of fifteen men-of-war, the expedition was abandoned. Lord Loudon strengthened the garrisons of Halifax, and of the forts in the Bay of Fundy, and returned to New York.—An expedition, under M. de Rigaud, (brother to M. de Vaudreuil), was despatched to attack Fort William Henry about the end of February. It was hoped, by making the attack unexpectedly, the garrison might be surprised, and forced to surrender; the attempt was, however, a failure; and after burning as many of the outworks, batteaux, palisades, &c., as possible, M. de Rigaud returned.—A second expedition, under M. de Montcalm, accompanied by De Lévis, De Rigaud, Bourlamaque, and Bougainville, started for Fort William Henry on 30th July. The attacking force consisted of 3,000 regulars, about 3,000 Canadian militia, and some 1,700 or 1,800 Indians. The fort was commanded by Colonel Monroe, and contained a garrison of about 2,700 men. Operations were commenced on 4th August, and after a spirited defence, in which the besieged lost some 200 men, a capitulation was agreed upon on the 9th August; the garrison was to march out with the honors of war, on condition that they did not serve again during the war. The British, having accepted their terms, started on their march to Fort Edward, but had barely gone a mile when they were fallen upon by the Indians, and a large number most barbarously massacred — Garneau says that nearly 600 reached Fort Edward; but as 2,372 surrendered, and only 200 or 300 are claimed to have been carried off by the Indians, (most of whom were subsequently ransomed by Montcalm), and 500 to have succeeded in getting back into the Fort, there remain about 1,000 to be accounted for. When it became known that Montcalm—with a force of 6,000 regulars and militia on the spot—had permitted this massacre to be perpetrated under his very eyes, the deepest indignation was felt throughout the British Pro-

ber, 1760. He was much respected, and a monument was erected to his memory in St. Paul's Church, Halifax, by the Legislature of Nova Scotia.

‡ The Honorable Robert Monckton was the second son of the first Viscount Galway, and his wife, Lady Elizabeth Manners, who was a daughter of the Duke of Rutland, and a grand-daughter of Lord William Russel, who was beheaded in 1683. Robert Monckton commenced his military career in Flanders in 1742, and was present at the battle of Dettingen. He was sent to Halifax in 1753. He commanded at the reduction of Beauséjour in 1755. In 1757 he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the 4th Battalion of the Royal Americans, and joined the army under Lord Loudon. He commanded a battalion at the siege of Louisburg; and served as Brigadier-General under Wolfe at the capture of Quebec, when he was wounded in the lungs; for these services he was given the Colonelcy of the 17th regiment. In 1761 Monckton became a Major-General, and shortly after Governor of New York, from whence he proceeded in command of the expedition against Martinico, returning to New York after its capture. The appointment of Governor of Berwick was conferred upon Monckton in 1766; he was made a Lieutenant-General in 1770; Governor of Portsmouth (which place he represented in Parliament) in 1778; he died in 1782.

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